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V O L U M E 246

JANUARY — JUNE, 1973

Numbers 1472 — 1477

I. AUTHORS
II. ARTICLES
III. FICTION
IV. VERSE
V. DEPARTMENTS
VI. WRAPAROUND
VII. BOOKS
VIII. ILLUSTRATORS and PHOTOGRAPHERS

HARPER'S MAGAZINE CO. 2 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016

I. AUTHORS

Auden, W. H. - A Curse, Apr. 11
Avorn, Jerry - Beyond Dying, Mar. 56

Bane, Mary Jo, and Christopher Jencks - Five Myths About Your I.Q., Feb. 28
Barthelme, Donald - The Inauguration, Jan. 86; The Educational Experience, June 62
Bender, Paul - The Obscenity Muddle, Feb. 46
Bennett, Margaret - Commentary. See Departments.
Bernard, Kenneth - Why We Might Have to Move to the Country, June 60
Berns, Walter - Ratiocinations, Mar. 36; Absurdity at the New York Times, May 34
Bissonette, David - What the Bones Do, Feb. 82
Bond, Harold - Limbo, Jan. 46
Borton, Lady - Commentary. See Departments.
Branch, Taylor - Taxpayers' Eve, Apr. 70
Branfman, Fred - Indochina: The Illusion of Withdrawal, May 65
Bremer, Arthur H. - An Assassin's Diary, Jan. 52
Brown, Frederick - Books. See Departments.

Cabbell, Paul - The California Mortgage Scandal, Feb. 76
Cawley, Kim P. - Commentary. See Departments.
Cole, John N. - The Return of the Coyote, May 48
Connery, Donald S. - Letter from New Delhi, Apr. 26
Cottle, Thomas J. - A Middle American Marriage, Feb. 56
Cravens, Gwyneth - Talking to Power and Spinning with the Ally, Feb. 91

Dominguez, Jorge I. - Freeze or Thaw? The Pros and Cons of Recognizing Castro's Cuba, Apr. 68

Eaton, Charles Edward - The Nude Poet, Mar. 66
Ellis, R. Joseph - Commentary. See Departments.
Emerson, Gloria - Arms and the Woman, Apr. 34

Fairlie, Henry - Camelot Revisited, Jan. 67
Fischer, John - The Easy Chair. See Departments.
Friedenberg, Edgar Z. - The Hostile Delusions of the Working Class, June 12
Frutkin, Ren - A School for Life Now, Jan. 97

Gold, Herbert - Friendship and the Lifeboat, Mar. 44
Goodell, Charles E. - Where Did the Grand Jury Go?, May 14
Guthrie, Jr., A. B. - Commentary. See Departments.

Hammond, Allen L. - Public Issues. See Departments.
Head, Barry - Public Issues. See Departments.
Hendin, Josephine - Books. See Departments.
Hill, Arthur N. - Commentary. See Departments.
Hollander, John - Cohen on the Telephone; Eine Kleine Nachtmusik; Officer's Quarters; The Ziz, Apr. 82

Jefferson, Margo - Performing Arts. See Departments.
Jencks, Christopher, and Mary Jo Bane - Five Myths About Your I.Q., Feb. 28

(AUTHORS continued)

Kanfer, Stefan - Books. See Departments.
Karpel, Craig - Republican Magic, Feb. 42
Keithley, George - Buster Keaton & the Cops, Mar. 67
Kempton, Murray - Books. See Departments.
Klappert, Peter - The Spider Unsurprised, Mar. 66

Larson, Charles R. - Commentary. See Departments.
Levy, Joseph - Commentary. See Departments.
Lifton, Robert Jay - The Struggle for Cultural Rebirth, Apr. 84

Malamud, Bernard - Notes from a Lady at a Dinner Party, Feb. 86
McIlwain, William - Last Walk on Bald Head Island, Jan. 26
McKeown, Tom - The Second Awakening, Jan. 46
McPherson, Sandra - Cinderella, Jan. 46
Menaker, Dan - "An American Family," Mar. 98
Merwin, W. S. - Verse, June 58
Mollenhoff, Clark - Presidential Guile, June 38
Morris, Robert - Commentary. See Departments.
Mothner, Ira - Commentary. See Departments.
Moyer, Donald L. - For H. G. Moyer: November 19, 1910 - January 24, 1968, Feb. 82

Nelson, George - Design: Personal Writing Tools, Apr. 46
Nicholson, Jr., Joe - Inside Cuba, Apr. 54

Ognibene, Peter J. - Getting and Spending, May 52
Oliver, Mary - The Family, Feb. 82

Pastan, Linda - After Agatha Christie, May 78
Phillips, Kevin - Conservative Chic, June 66

Rapoport, Roger - Games Some People Play. See Departments.
Richie, Mary - A Paleness of Heart, June 71
Rosen, Winifred - Down the Up Staircase, June 28
Ross, Warren R. - Commentary. See Departments.
Rozin, Skip - Long Live the Center for Short-Lived Phenomena!, Mar. 48

Saroyan, William - Isn't Today the Day?, Mar. 74
Schickel, Richard - Books. See Departments.
Schorr, Alvin L. - Books. See Departments.
Schorr, Daniel - A Chilling Experience, Mar. 92
Schultz, Terri - Bamboozle Me Not at Wounded Knee, June 46
Schwebs, Ursula - Commentary. See Departments.
Seidman, Hugh - Veblen & Ellen, May 79
Sexton, Anne - Red Roses, Jan. 46
Shore, Benjamin - Commentary. See Departments.
Shorris, Earl - Books. See Departments.
Spivack, Kathleen - Now the Slow Creation, May 79
Stade, George - Books. See Departments.
Szasz, M.D., Thomas S. - The Second Sin, Mar. 68

Thomas, Lewis - Notes of a Biology Watcher, Feb. 98
Thompson, Chandler - Commentary. See Departments.
Thorsen, Thomas - Commentary. See Departments.
Treisman, Eric - Indian Giving, Jan. 79

Wagoner, David - Unloading the Elephants, May 79
Walker, Alice - Everyday Use, Apr. 74

(AUTHORS continued)

Walton, Mary - After the Flood, Mar. 78
Wells, Malcolm B. - Commentary. See Departments.
Whalen, Richard J. - Washington: The Pleasures of Defeat, Apr. 22
Wiseman, Carter - Books. See Departments.
Wright, James - The Good Young Man, Feb. 83
Wright, Jay - From: Twenty-two Tremblings of the Postulant, Mar. 67

II. ARTICLES

Absurdity at the New York Times - Walter Berns, May 34
After the Flood - Mary Walton, Mar. 78
"American Family, An" - Dan Menaker, Mar. 98
Arms and the Woman - Gloria Emerson, Apr. 34
Assassin's Diary, An - Arthur H. Bremer, Jan. 52

Bamboozle Me Not at Wounded Knee - Terri Schultz, June 46
Beyond Dying - Jerry Avorn, Mar. 56

California Mortgage Scandal, The - Paul Cabbell, Feb. 76
Camelot Revisited - Henry Fairlie, Jan. 67
CATV, A Guide to, Mar. 34
Chilling Experience, A - Daniel Schorr, Mar. 92
Conservative Chic - Kevin Phillips, June 66

Design: Personal Writing Tools - George Nelson, Apr. 46
Down the Up Staircase - Winifred Rosen, June 28

Educational Experience, The - Donald Barthelme, June 62

Five Myths About Your I.Q., - Mary Jo Bane and Christopher Jencks, Feb. 28
Freeze or Thaw? The Pros and Cons of Recognizing Castro's Cuba - Jorge I. Dominguez, Apr. 68
Friendship and the Lifeboat - Herbert Gold, Mar. 44

Getting and Spending - Peter J. Ognibene, May 52

Hostile Delusions of the Working Class, The - Edgar Z. Friedenberg, June 12

Indian Giving - Eric Treisman, Jan. 79
Indochina: The Illusion of Withdrawal - Fred Branfman, May 65
Inside Cuba - Joe Nicholson, Jr., Apr. 54

Kennedy, Agnew & Black America, May 42

Last Walk on Bald Head Island - William McIlwain, Jan. 26
Letter from New Delhi - Donald S. Connery, Apr. 26
Long Live the Center for Short-Lived Phenomena: - Skip Rozin, Mar. 48

Middle American Marriage, A - Thomas J. Cottle, Feb. 56

Notes of a Biology Watcher - Lewis Thomas, Feb. 98

Obscenity Muddle, The - Paul Bender, Feb. 46

Paleness of Heart, A - Mary Richie, June 71
Presidential Guile - Clark Mollenhoff, June 38

(ARTICLES continued)

Ratiocinations - Walter Berns, Mar. 36
Republican Magic - Craig Karpel, Feb. 42
Return of the Coyote, The - John N. Cole, May 48

School for Life Now, A - Ren Frutkin, Jan. 97
Second Sin, The - Thomas S. Szasz, M.D., Mar. 68
Struggle for Cultural Rebirth, The - Robert Jay Lifton, Apr. 84

Talking to Power and Spinning with the Ally - Gwyneth Cravens, Feb. 91
Taxpayers' Eve - Taylor Branch, Apr. 70

Washington: The Pleasures of Defeat - Richard J. Whalen, Apr. 22
Where Did the Grand Jury Go? - Charles E. Goodell, May 14

III. FICTION

Everyday Use - Alice Walker, Apr. 74
Inauguration, The - Donald Barthelme, Jan. 86
Isn't Today the Day? - William Saroyan, Mar. 74
Notes from a Lady at a Dinner Party - Bernard Malamud, Feb. 86
Why We Might Have to Move to the Country - Kenneth Bernard, June 60

IV. VERSE

After Agatha Christie - Linda Pastan, May 78
Apples - W. S. Merwin, June 58
Attention - W. S. Merwin, June 58
Buster Keaton & the Cops - George Keithley, Mar. 67
Cinderella - Sandra McPherson, Jan. 46
Cohen on the Telephone - John Hollander, Apr. 82
Contemporary, A - W. S. Merwin, June 59
Curse, A - W. H. Auden, Apr. 11
Eine Kleine Nachtmusik - John Hollander, Apr. 82
Encampment at Morning, An - W. S. Merwin, June 59
Family, The - Mary Oliver, Feb. 82
For H. G. Moyer: November 19, 1910 - January 24, 1968 - Donald L. Moyer, Feb. 82
Fowler, The - W. S. Merwin, June 58
From: Twenty-two Tremblings of the Postulant - Jay Wright, Mar. 67
Horse, The - W. S. Merwin, June 59
In Winter Silence - W. S. Merwin, June 59
Limbo - Harold Bond, Jan. 46
November, 1972 - W. S. Merwin, June 58
Now the Slow Creation - Kathleen Spivack, May 79
Nude Poet, The - Charles Edward Eaton, Mar. 66
Officer's Quarters - John Hollander, Apr. 83
Red Roses - Anne Sexton, Jan. 46
Second Awakening, The - Tom McKeown, Jan. 46
Spider Unsurprised, The - Peter Klappert, Mar. 66
Unloading the Elephants - David Wagoner, May 79
Veblen & Ellen - Hugh Seidman, May 79
What the Bones Do - David Bissonette, Feb. 82
Young Good Man, The - James Wright, Feb. 83
Ziz, The - John Hollander, Apr. 83

V. DEPARTMENTS

Commentary

Bennett, Margaret - The Masque of the Read Death, Feb. 71
Borton, Lady - Vietnam Vignettes, June 74
Bowie, Phil and Cotton, Larry - Funky Philately, Apr. 102
Cawley, Kim P. - Milk Carton Philosophy, May 82
Ellis, R. Joseph - The Wildflowers of Vietnam, May 84
Gans, Herbert J. - Interpretations of Arthur Bremer's Diary, Feb. 70
Garrison, Jim - Interpretations of Arthur Bremer's Diary, Feb. 72
Guthrie, Jr., A. B. - Reflections on a Flush Toilet, Mar. 88
Hill, Arthur N. - American Motors Names a Car, Jan. 91
Larson, Charles R. - In Search of an Employer, May 80
Levy, Joseph - Clifford Irving's Wounded Knee, Jan. 88
Morris, Robert - What Do You Do After the Doctor Leaves?, Jan. 89
Mothner, Ira - Polacci's Thumb and the Right to Fail, May 82
Ross, Warren R. - Onward and Upward for One More Year, May 84
Schneider, M.D., Daniel E. - Interpretations of Arthur Bremer's Diary, Feb. 69
Schwebs, Ursula - Do Plants Have Feelings?, June 75
Shore, Benjamin - The Congressional Franking Privilege: An Abuse Whose Time Is Up, Apr. 102
Steele, David E. - Interpretations of Arthur Bremer's Diary, Feb. 70
Thompson, Chandler - Graffiti in Vietnam, Jan. 91
Thorsen, Thomas - To Be Licked, Mar. 88
van den Haag, Ernest - Interpretations of Arthur Bremer's Diary, Feb. 71
Wells, Malcolm B. - We'll Have the Five-Day Forecast After This Brief Message, Mar. 86

Countersigns - Jan. 51; Feb. 55; Mar. 55; Apr. 53; May 47; June 45

Easy Chair, The

Fischer, John - Letter from Leete's Island: A Case of Termination, Feb. 25; A Threat of Death by Mail, May 30

Games Some People Play

Rapoport, Roger - No Kill - No Pay, June 18

Harper's Game, The

Bicentennial Blues (no author), May 116
Leavitt, Edith Schur - Magazine Profiles, Feb. 114; Winners, Apr. 116
Mantell, Suzanne - Dishonest Acronyms, Mar. 111; Winners, May 116
Meyer, Robert - Polychrome (Nov.) Winners, Jan. 108
New Year's Resolutions (Dec.) Winners, Feb. 114
Paul, Jack - Proverbially Speaking, June 90
Stallworth, Elaine - Misleading Artifacts, Jan. 108; Winners, Mar. 111
Wien, Byron R. - Form 1040, Apr. 116; Winners, June 90

Letters - Jan. 16; Feb. 14; Mar. 16; Apr. 14; May 113; June 99
Also see Reader Response in Wraparound

(DEPARTMENTS continued)

Performing Arts

Jefferson, Margo - Ripping Off Black Music, Jan. 40

Public Issues

Hammond, Allen L. - Breeder Reactors: Marvel or Menace?, Jan. 30
Head, Barry - Voices on the Cable, Mar. 28

VI. WRAPAROUND

Authors

Appelbaum, Judith - Controversial Elixirs, June 10
Asimov, Isaac - Technology: Extending the Sensory Reach, Jan. 6
Ayres, Gene - Vilcabamba, June 6
Bernstein, Jeremy - The Uses of Wonder, May 8
Blumenthal, Ralph - Planning with Sense, Jan. 5
Bowen, Joe - 14,000 Miles on a Bicycle, Apr. 10
Braudy, Susan - Women Discovering Their Bodies, Jan. 8; Changing Faces but not Forms, Feb. 10
Brozan, Nadine - A Case of Self-Sufficiency, Mar. 7
Buhler, Franchot - Lessons from the Peace Corps, Feb. 7
Church, Joseph - Play to Last a Lifetime, May 9
Cravens, Gwyneth - Play Data, May 7; 26 Surefire Ways to Beat the Reaper, June 91
Dickinson, Timothy - The Varieties of Spiritual Conversion, Feb. 107; Celebrations, June 4
Disch, Thomas M. - The Universe as Modern Dance, May 12
Ditlea, Steve - Old People's Lib, June 4
Elliott, Robert E. - Art in the Ideal Society, Mar. 103
Erlanger, Richard - Recycled Cars, Apr. 108
Fahey, Monsignor Charles - The Staff of Life, June 91
Freeman, David - Meeting My Body, Unexpectedly, at a Party, Jan. 6
Frutkin, Ren - A Tale of Imperfection, Mar. 12
Gallagher, Dorothy - Shipwrecked in the Suburbs, Feb. 4
Gardner, Hugh - The Carnival of Communal Styles, Mar. 10
Green, Jonathan - Sincerity Isn't Enough, Mar. 11
Harlan, Elizabeth - The Toy Establishment, May 9
Herrera, Philip - One-Man Crusade, Apr. 107
Hills, L. Rust - Becoming What You Are, Feb. 6
Jones, Tony - Exploring the Frontiers Nearest at Hand, Jan. 3; Starting Fresh: The Art of Changing Your Life, Feb. 3; The Utopian Urge: You Make the Future Today, Mar. 5; Living With/Without the Automobile, Apr. 5; Rules of the Game, May 5; Longevity, June 3
Kanter, Rosabeth Moss - The Old Spirit in New Form, Mar. 7
Kaufman, Michael - A Side of the New Mobility, Apr. 10
Kuttner, Bob - Searching for the Elusive Average, Jan. 4
Lapham, Lewis - The Precarious Eden, Mar. 6; What of Eros?, Apr. 12; Psychoanalysis and Longevity, June 5
MacLean, Frazer - How to Do It, May 105
Manning, Donald L. - How GM Is Looking at the Future, Apr. 9
Maracotta, Lindsay - Do-It-Yourself Repairman, Apr. 109
Moss, Thelma, and Kendall Johnson - The Body as Energy Field, Jan. 9

(WRAPAROUND Authors continued)

North, Amelia - Why I Will Always Drive, Apr. 8
Pilpel, Robert - A Flank Attack on Urban Traffic, Apr. 6
Pines, Maya - Things About Self-Control Your Mother Never Told You, Jan. 4
Platt, Charles - So You're Immortal - So What?, June 9
Price, Jonathan - Taking Country Pleasures in the City, Jan. 102; Play Artist, Feb. 113
Pride, Bill - The Lure of Good Mass Transit, Apr. 6
Range, Peter - Georgia Dream, Mar. 8
Richardson, Jack - Why I Do Not Drive, Apr. 8
Schwartz, Jonathan - The Quintessential Spectator, May 11
Shnayerson, Robert - The Impossible Choice, Apr. 107
Simmons, M. L. - Animal Spirits, June 9
Spilhaus, Athelstan - Inventing New Cities, Mar. 8
Stickney, John - Hedges Against Crisis, Feb. 8
Strauss, Susan - Abkhazia, June 6
Strehler, Bernard L. - Making the Machine Run Longer, June 8
Thomas, Irv - Without the Automobile, Apr. 107
Van der Zee, John - The Art of Dangling Explained, Feb. 4
Weisman, Steven R. - Playing Politics, May 10
Wheelis, Allen - Trying Harder, Trying Differently, Feb. 8
Young, Patrick - Those Unearthly Sensations, Jan. 7

Book Reviews

Aging, 3 books on, June 91
Automobiles, Bicycles, Walking, Repairs, 11 books on, Apr.109
Exercise, 12 books on, Jan. 101
Human Body, 17 books on the, Jan. 103
Play and Games, 9 books on, May 105
Starting Fresh, 6 books on, Feb. 107
Utopian Societies, 12 books on, Mar. 102

Topics

Automobile, Living With/Without the, Apr. 5, 107
Longevity: Ah, To Be Young While Old..., June 3, 91
Playfulness, May 5, 105
Rediscovering Your Body, Jan. 3, 101
Starting Fresh: The Art of Changing Your Life, Feb. 3, 107
Utopian Urge, The: You Make the Future Today, Mar. 5, 101

I. BOOKS

(About Books)

Brown, Frederick - Figures in a Wagnerian Landscape, Feb. 100
Hendin, Josephine - Doris Lessing: The Phoenix 'Midst Her Fires, June 83
Kanfer, Stefan - The Trivialization of Evil, Apr. 98
Kempton, Murray - Three Men of Labor, May 96
Schickel, Richard - In TV News, There's Nothing to Fear Except the Mind of the Public, Apr. 93
Schorr, Alvin L. - Who Killed Cock Robin Hood?, June 86
Shorris, Earl - Donald Barthelme's Illustrated Wordy-Gurdy, Jan. 92; The Worldly Palimpsest of Thomas Pynchon, June 78

(BOOKS: About Books continued)

Stade, George - The Realities of Fiction and the Fiction of Reality, May 86
Wiseman, Carter - The Playground Pioneer, Feb. 105

Book Reviews

(Also see relevant books reviewed in Wraparound)
Barlow, Elizabeth - Frederick Law Olmsted's New York, Feb. 105
Barthelme, Donald - Sadness; City Life; Unspeakable Practices, Unnatural Acts; Snow White; Come Back, Dr. Caligari, Jan. 92
Epstein, Edward Jay - News from Nowhere: Television and the News, Apr. 93
Fein, Albert - Frederick Law Olmsted and the American Environmental Tradition, Feb. 105
Goulden, Joseph C. - Meany, May 96
Kosinski, Jerzy - The Devil Tree, May 86
Larrowe, Charles P. - Harry Bridges: The Rise and Fall of Radical Labor in the United States, May 96
Lelchuk, Alan - American Mischief, May 86
Lessing, Doris - Summer Before the Dark, June 83
McNally, Raymond, and Radu Florescu – In Search of Dracula, Apr. 98
Moynihan, Daniel Patrick - Politics of a Guaranteed Income, June 86
Pfeiffer, Ernest (ed.), Elaine and William Robson-Scott (trans.) - Sigmund Freud and Lou Andreas-Salome: Letters, Feb. 100
Pynchon, Thomas - V.; The Crying of Lot 49; Gravity's Rainbow, June 78
Richardson, Elliot (sponsor) - Work in America, June 12
Sheridan, Walter - The Fall and Rise of Jimmy Hoffa, May 96
Vonnegut, Jr., Kurt - Breakfast of Champions, May 86
Wurman, Richard - The Nature of Recreation, Feb. 105

VIII. ILLUSTRATORS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS

Avillez, Martim, Apr. 86; June 28
Atlantic, Jan. 45
Barthelme, Donald, Jan. 86; June 62
Bergman, Barbra, Feb. 86; June 60
Berkman, Henk, Jan. 16, 88
Bettmann Archive, The, Feb. 100
Blechman, Feb. 42
Block, Herbert, Mar. 92
Burke, Carmen, Jan. 102
Burke, Chris, Feb. 57; Mar. 36
Chess, Jan. 42
Colos, Apr. 93; May 30
Culver Pictures, Mar. 9
Dale, Robert, Feb. 77
Diele, John, Feb. 91; Mar. 66; June 59
Endo, Tadashi, Jan. 7
Ervin, Wilma, Jan. Cover; Jan. 61; Feb. 69
Fifth Grade Students, May 5
Friedman, Benno, Apr. 74
Gatewood, Charles, Feb. 46
Gentilini, Franco, Feb. 7
Gersten, Gerry, Mar. 68; May 42
Gorey, Edward, May 86
Grace, Alexa, Feb. 28
Grashow, James, Apr. 22
Green, Norman, May 49
Griffiths, Philip Jones/ Magnum Photos, Inc. Apr. 34
Gross, Michael, May 34
Hanlon, James, May 14
Hopper, Edward, Apr. 11

(ILLUSTRATORS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS continued)

Kooluris, Linda, May 80
Kubota, Hiroji/Magnum, Mar. 6
Launios, John, June 3
Lockwood, Lee/Black Star, Apr. Cover
Lyon, Danny/Magnum, Mar. 7
Magritte, Rene, Jan. 9
Mantel, Richard, June 12
Meiselas, Susan, Jan. 97; June 71
Museum of the American Indian, June 47
Muybridge, Eadweard, Jan. 3
Newsday, Mar. 92
Newspaper Enterprise Assn., Mar. 92
Nicholson, Jr., Joe, Apr. 54
Park, W. B., May 52
Parola, Rene, May 8
Quays, The, May 78
Rasmussen, Jeanne, Mar. 78
Rauch, Hans-Georg, May 6
RCA, Jan. 42
Reprise, Jan. 44
Rogers, Richard, Jan. 97
Ross, Larry, Mar. 28
Rubinstein, Eva, Feb. 25
Running, John, Jan. 79
Samaras, Lucas, Jan. 4
Sarapochiello, Jerry, Feb. Cover; Mar. Cover; Mar. 57; May Cover; June 68
Scarfe, Gerald, Jan. 72
Seley, Jason, Apr. 10
Silverman, Burt, Mar. 75
Slackman, Charles B., June 83, 86
Smith, Joseph, May 67
Stevenson, Terry, Apr. 46; June Cover
UPI, June 45

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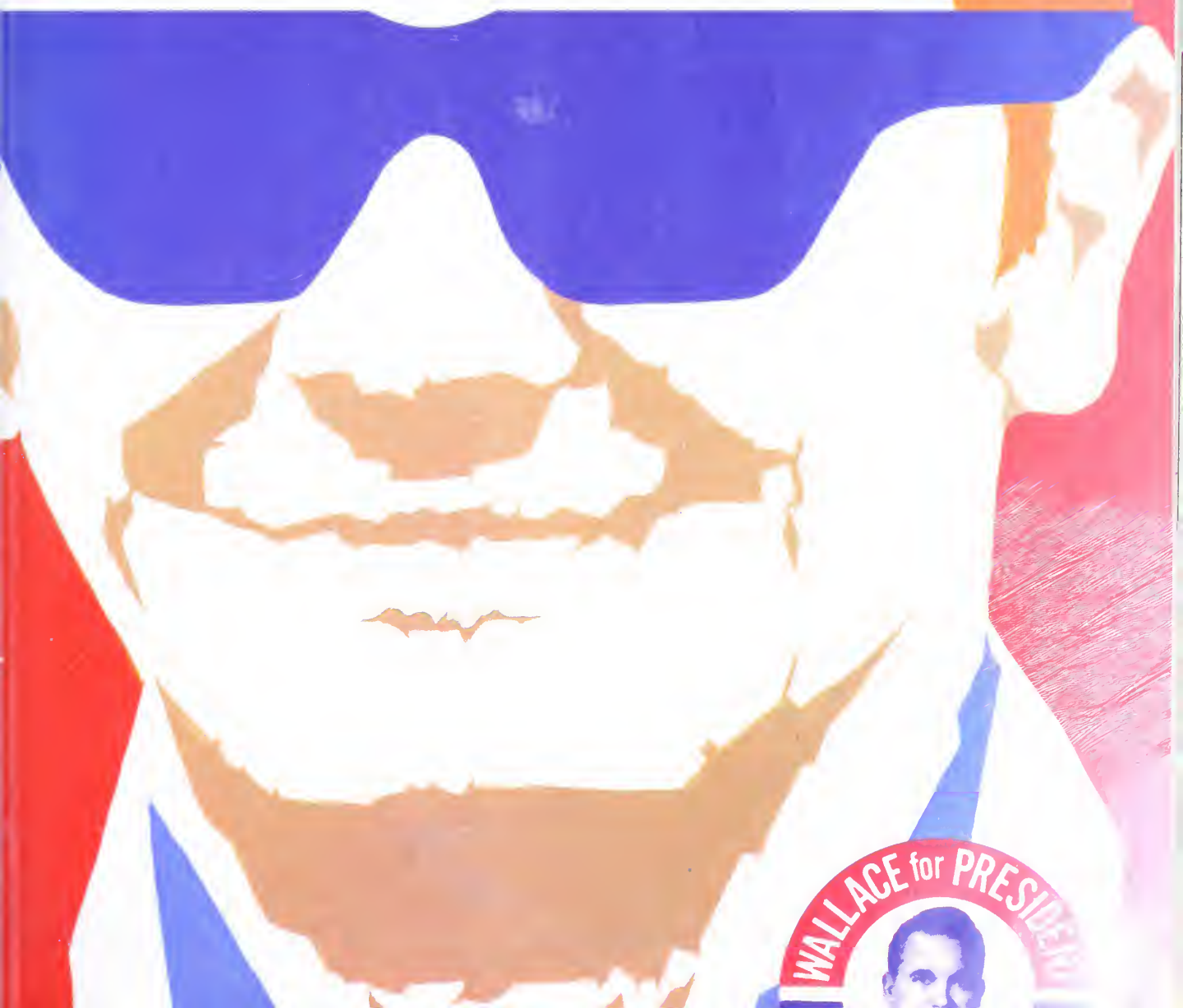
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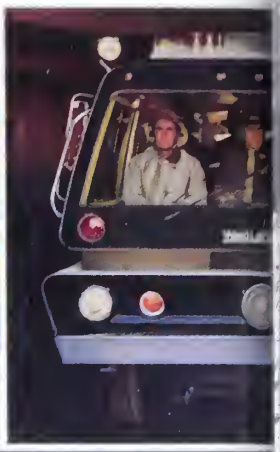
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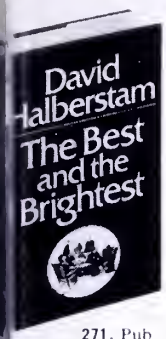








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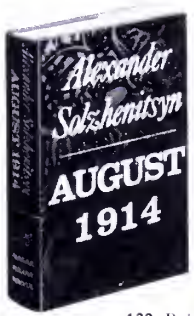
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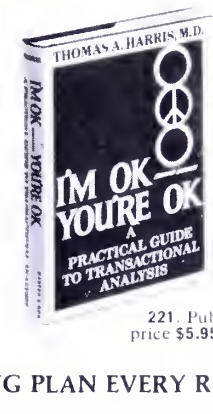
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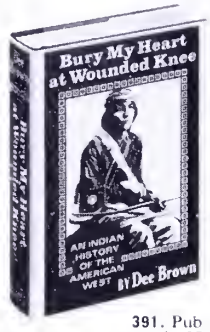
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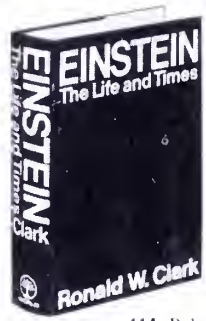
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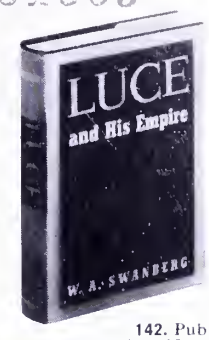
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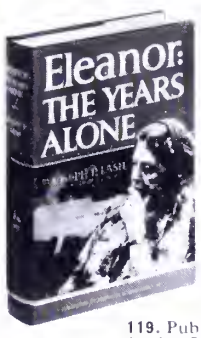
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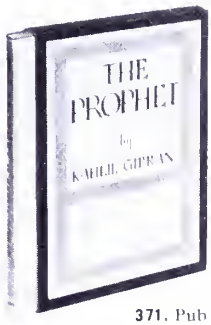
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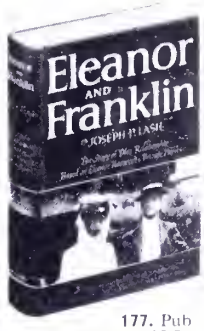
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HERE'S TO EVERYONE WHO CAN'T THINK UP A GOOD TOAST.



"I... well ah... I... er..."

Everybody gets a little shook when it comes time to say a few well chosen words.

It's only natural, and we'll tell you right off the bat we can't turn you into a George Jessel just like that. It isn't easy to be witty, charming, personable, sincere, and debonair all at the same time in front of a group of people.

Especially *before* you've had any wine.

So we at Inglenook Vineyards would like to help you out by telling you a bit about the history and purpose of toasting. And we'll give you a few sample toasts so you can appear to be witty, charming, personable, sincere, and debonair.

WHY WE CALL IT "TOAST."

In the year 450 A.D., a pretty Saxon maiden offered King Vortigern a mazer full of toast and ale and said, "Waes Hael," Saxonese for "to your health." Thus, the first toast was proposed.

Of course they didn't call it a toast then, because there was no reason to call it anything. But people began prefacing their drink with a few kind words for each other, and the name "toast" stuck.

HELP YOURSELF TO THESE TOASTS.

Most toasts are short and sweet, like Salute, Salu, Salud, and Chin Chin: Italian, Spanish, French, and Chinese respectively for "to your health."

Other short ones include "Cheers," and "Here's mud in your eye," a toast which refers to the sediment in the bottom of a wine glass, a common occurence before modern filtering techniques.

Wordsworth said simply:
"Drink, pretty creature, drink."

Richard Sheridan avoided a long winded toast by offering:
"Let the toast pass.
Drink to the lass.
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for a glass."

Then there's always:
"Here's to you and here's to me,
And may we never disagree.
But if by chance we ever do
Then here's to me and to hell with you."

And finally,
"May you be in heaven a half an hour before the Devil knows you've died."

So much for short toasts.

Now for the kind that go on and on.

Genevieve Dariaux, in her book, *Entertaining With Elegance*, gives a recipe for a basic formal toast:

Basic ingredients: A chronological review of the most flattering exploits of the person's life, which you should not be afraid of describing in the most grandiloquent terms, at the same time keeping in mind the fact that while some people pride themselves on having started at zero and risen to the top, there are others who do not like to be reminded that they were born on the wrong side of the tracks.

In order to render the dish more digestible, it should be seasoned with one or two witty anecdotes, perhaps describing a mutual prank at the age of ten, or making fun of a personal idiosyncrasy in a kindly, lighthearted way.

Sugar with several eulogistic phrases, and flamber with a few eloquent and affectionate words designed to set off a chorus of "Bravos!"

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After every toast comes the clink of the glasses. The clink is the exclamation mark of the toast. Everybody loves the clink of the glasses, especially the glass industry, so we've illustrated the three most popular clinks.



THE TRUTH.

Your toasts can be as complicated or as simple as you like.

The important thing is that they be sincere. The best toasts come, not from prepared notes, but rather from the heart. If you say what you feel then and there, you can't go wrong.

Which prompts us to say what we feel in our hearts here and now.

Estate Bottled Inglenook wine is among the finest to come out of the Napa Valley. We have to charge more for it, because we do more to make it. We estate bottle it, which means we have total control over our wine's production from grape to glass.

And all of our estate bottled wine carries a vintage date, practically unheard of among California wines.

Presidents, Kings, even Astronauts have toasted with it.

So the next time you want to say a few words, give Inglenook a try.

If you blow the toast, at least you'll be admired for your taste in wine.

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Inglenook



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CHENIN BLANC

1970

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Harper's Magazine

FOUNDED IN 1850 VOL. 246 NO. 1472 JANUARY 1973

3 **HARPER'S WRAPAROUND:** Rediscovering Your Body

4 Reports
101 Starting Points
103 Resources
104 Tools for Living
106 Information
107 Play

ARTICLES

Arthur Bremer 52 AN ASSASSIN'S DIARY
On the dark side of the American Dream lies the lethal impotence of have-nots like Arthur Bremer, who sought the terrible fulfillment of assassination. Bremer's notebooks, here published at length for the first time, reveal the grandiose delusions of the nobody who may have shifted the balance of votes in the 1972 Presidential election.

Henry Fairlie 67 CAMELOT REVISITED
A harsh judgment of John Kennedy's Presidency and an argument that the civil strife of the late 1960s can be attributed, at least in part, to the adolescent expectations aroused by the illusions of political romance.

Eric Treisman 79 INDIAN GIVING
In New Mexico the treacheries of the old frontier take the form of real estate deals.

FICTION

Donald Barthelme 86 THE INAUGURATION
How to handle a touchy scene

VERSE

Harold Bond 46 LIMBO
Tom McKeown THE SECOND AWAKENING
Sandra McPherson CINDERELLA
Anne Sexton RED ROSES

ARTS & LETTERS

William McIlwain 26 LAST WALK ON BALD HEAD ISLAND
What to do before the developers come

Margo Jefferson 40 PERFORMING ARTS
The music rip-off: from black art to white rock

Earl Shorris 92 BOOKS
Sadness and others by Donald Barthelme

COLUMNS

Allen L. Hammond 30 PUBLIC ISSUES
Breeder reactors as a national madness

Ren Frutkin 97 A SCHOOL FOR LIFE NOW
Where busy hands are at work on good dreams

COMMENTARY

88 Contributions by Arthur N. Hill, Joseph Levy, Robert Morris, and Chandler Thompson

DEPARTMENTS

16 LETTERS
51 COUNTERSIGNS
108 THE HARPER'S GAME

Painting by Wilma Ervin

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LETTERS



The Republican Convention

"In a Manner That Must Shame God Himself" by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. [November] was an extremely well-written article that revealed a great insight into the true nature of American political life. As long as we have thinkers of Mr. Vonnegut's stature in America, we can retain some hope that the social and political ills cited in the article may be corrected. I would like to thank the entire staff of *Harper's Magazine* for putting together such a smashing issue.

WILLIAM S. DUNDAS
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Thank you several times over for bringing us Kurt Vonnegut's view of the Winners and Losers in American politics. I have often wondered why it is not more widely recognized that Vonnegut is in fact the visitor from another planet that he pretends to be in his article. Only an extraterrestrial could manifest such perspicacity.

LYNELL JOHNSON
San Mateo, Calif.

Dr. Trueblood's conviction that Nixon is God's man, as reported by Vonnegut, seems the most powerful argument yet for atheism.

WILLIAM S. DOXEY
Carrollton, Ga.

No one, in my opinion, has approached the "Orwellian undertakings" of the Republicans in convention with such clarity and depth of perspective as that of Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. Although you might not wish to publicly admit it, it took courage to publish it. Congratulations.

PAUL D. TRAVIS
Oklahoma Baptist University
Shawnee, Okla.

Love Among the Cabbages

In re: "Love Among the Cabbages" [Peter Tompkins and Christopher Bird, November], I *don't* love my weeds and they grow faster than the flowers, which I *love*. Please explain.

MARIE BEATTY
Denver, Colo.

MESSRS. TOMPKINS AND BIRD REPLY:

It is Cleve Backster's contention that weeds are plants that "won't listen." Either they are immune to suggestion and ignore signals from man, or it may be that they can thrive on hate. Would this be why, in the Bible, Jesus inveighed against them?

After reading Tompkins and Bird's maundering article on "sense and sensibility in the realm of plants," my first impulse as a practicing biologist was to attempt to write something refuting it item by item. But, alas, it is almost impossible to argue sensibly with this sort of undocumented pseudoscientific garbage without stooping to the same level.

Of course, there has been a great deal of public interest lately in astrology, necromancy, secrets of the pyramids, the occult life of plants, etc. Writings on "spiritual communication with the primordial architects of the plant world, the ancient Devas who control the universal laws of plant growth," and citations of such scientific authorities as *Pravda* and Swami Yogananda seem now to be very salable indeed.

JOHN P. WISE
Key Biscayne, Fla.

MESSRS. TOMPKINS AND BIRD REPLY:

Although it is unclear from John Wise's letter what kind of biology he practices, perhaps he will find time to check with researchers Backster, Vogel, or Gunar or with the professionals who have been closely following their work before he speaks of "maundering." Has he read a single line by Paramahansa Yogananda?

The history of science is replete with examples of new and controversial discoveries being attacked by those who would not deign to look at, let alone try to repeat, them. It would seem that this attitude persists today if Wise's approach is typical.

The Giant in the Tub

Because football was our only i
tercollegiate sport when I went
college in the late Twenties (and b
cause I was the first girl cheerlead
in my college), the game has alwa
been slightly romantic (!!) to m
The thrill of seeing a perfectly throw
and caught pass, the agility of a ru
ner evading pursuers, an accurate
placed kick, the excitement of watc
ing a seventy-yard touchdown run-
these things, and others, were the re
sons I watched football on the tub

Now, after reading "The Giant
the Tube" by Anton Myrer [Nover
ber], I probably can never aga
watch football games, pro or colleg
Apparently, as a widow in her mi
sixties, I have done so only to satis
some hitherto unknown sex drive. A
though I would have to agree wi
many of Mr. Myrer's statements no
that I have been made aware of ther
he has ruined what used to be son
entertaining hours. Guess I'll ju
have to go back to spending weeken
doing the household chores witho
being entertained by those giants.

MARGARET DUSENBERI
Bozeman, Mor

The Easy Cha

John Fischer's conversation piec
are always a delight. The one in th
November issue ("The New Here
of Light Whiskey") was as warm a
cozy as anything he's written. I a
sure that three ounces of Smith
Glenlivet would not have put me in
happier state of euphoria than I w
in as I came to the end of the piec

PAUL KAPLOWI
Washington, D.

The Individual as Institutio

William Irwin Thompson's abb
analogy ["The Individual as Instit
tion," September] has, to my way
seeing, a flaw that accounts for son

Vacation in the 18th Century.

The change will do you good.
It will take you back to a time
s chaotic, yet far more courtly
ıan our own. A time when so
any new social, political, and
cientific ideas burst forth on our
orld that calling those years "The
nlightenment" is clearly an un-
erstatement.

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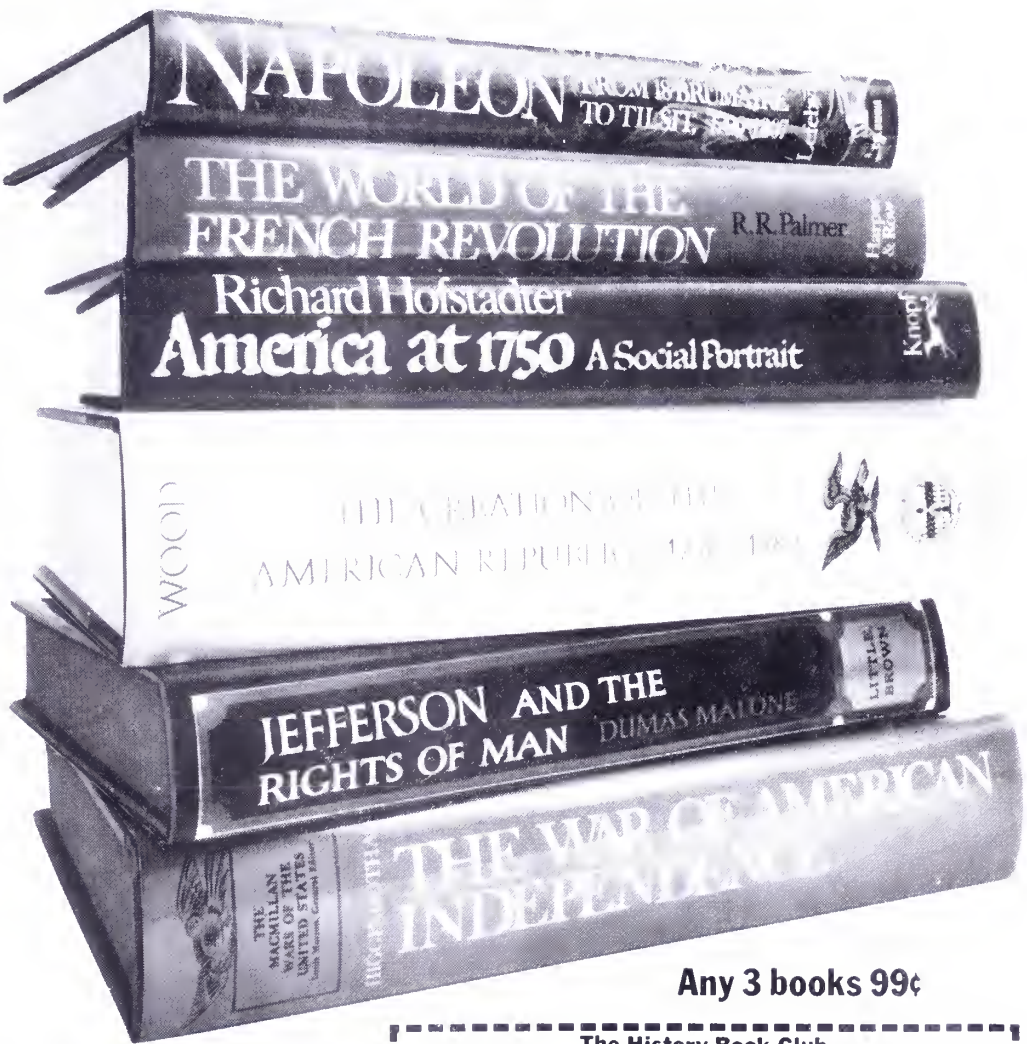
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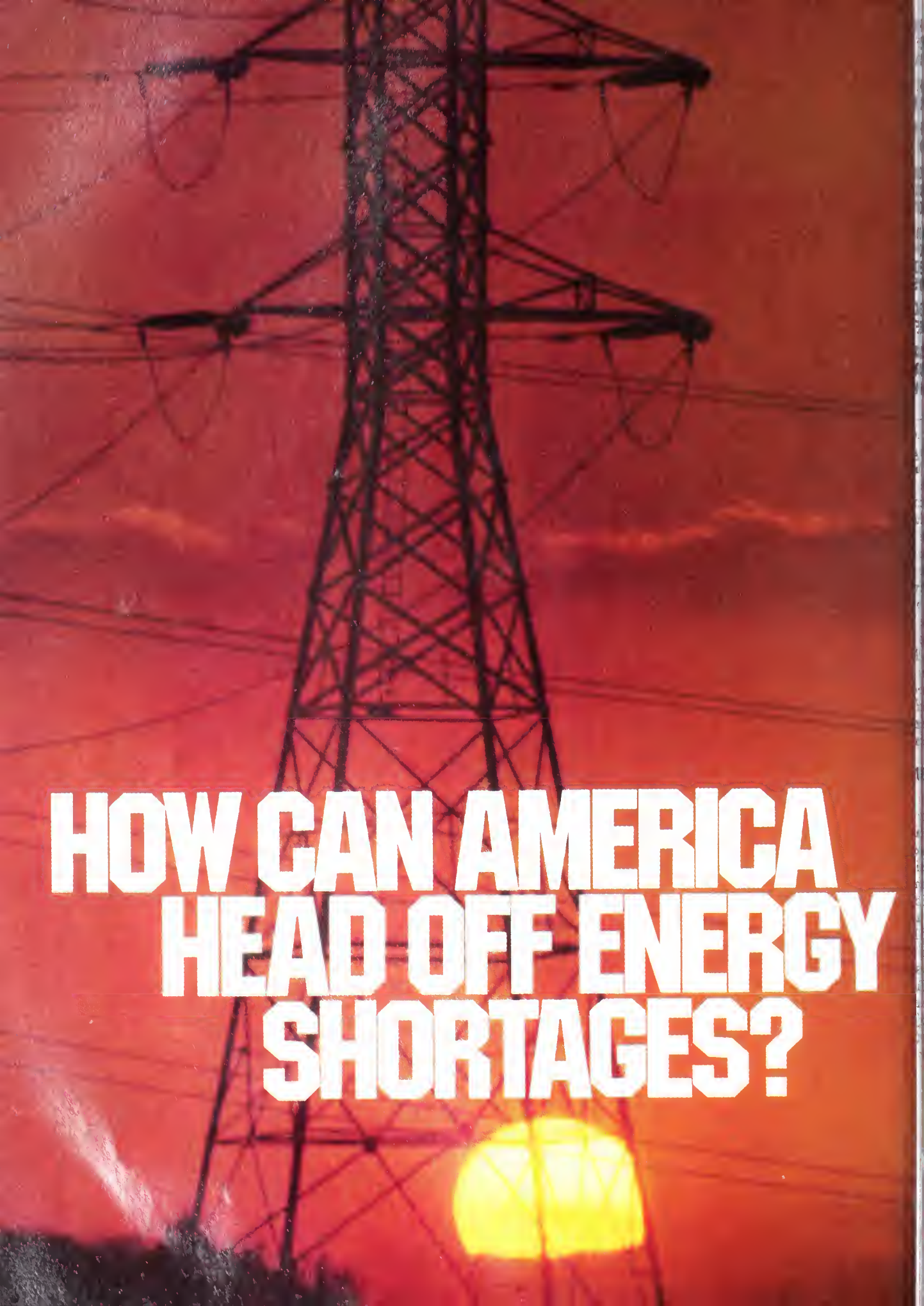
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EO IMPORTS, BUT WE SHOULD NOT ME OVERLY DEPENDENT ON THEM.

' AMERICAN SHOULD KNOW THE ABOUT THE ENERGY SUPPLIES ON HIS WAY OF LIFE DEPENDS.

Energy is the power to keep machines ng.

Thousands of kinds of machines: le machines like home furnaces, en ranges, air conditioners, light automobiles; public machines like , trains, television networks, water cation plants; all the complex ma- y modern industry uses to make the we use in our daily lives.

Abundant and low-cost supplies of y have given Americans one of the st standards of living in the world. Oil and natural gas furnish 77% of r energy, including nearly 40% of lectricity. Yet today, with energy nd expected to almost double within xt 15 years, production from known stic reserves has reached a peak.

USING MORE, FINDING LESS

n 1971, domestic natural gas pro- n was 96% of what we used. By unless we take steps now to en- ge exploration for new supplies, stic production will meet only 40% mated demand.

Domestic oil production in 1971 care of about three-fourths of de- By 1985, domestic supplies will e less than half of our needs—un- start now to increase these supplies. ur other domestic sources of energy sent are coal (18%), hydroelectric (4%), and nuclear and geothermal (less than 1%). By 1985, nuclear 's share may rise as high as 17%, while the relative shares of coal and hydroelectric power are expected to decline slightly.

We have learned how to make synthetic oil and gas from coal, and to produce oil from shale and tar sands. But it will be many years before these sources can make a significant contribution.

Some day we may even get power directly from the sun. But solar energy is still a long way off.

For the next critical decade or longer, the great share of our growing energy burden must be borne by oil and natural gas.

WHERE CAN WE GET ENOUGH?

Experts believe there are substantial resources of oil and natural gas still to be discovered in America, particularly offshore. But environmental concerns and economic factors are postponing their development.

Nuclear power and coal could contribute more to our energy supply but have not because of a combination of economic and environmental considerations.

"Imports" are one obvious answer to the supply problem. But that answer is not as simple as it may seem to be.

In 1971, we imported about one-fourth of the oil we used. That share will rise, year after year. So may imports of natural gas.

But the cost of imports is rising steeply. By 1985, if we have to import more than half our needs, our balance of payments deficit for oil and natural gas could be a staggering $25 billion a year, according to economic analysts.

And it's not only a matter of dollars. How dependent do we want to become on foreign sources for the oil and gas we need?

Our aim should be to keep our dependence on imports within reasonable limits by concentrating on the development of additional energy sources here at home, where we know they will not fail us.

SAVING MORE BY USING LESS

Over a period of time, it should be possible for the United States to conserve energy. More efficient automobile engines, improved thermal conversion and power transmission, better construction techniques, new concepts in mass transportation—all these can play a part.

Meantime, as individuals, each of us should make sure that we and our families use energy as thoughtfully and responsibly as possible.

By using all our energy supplies wisely—in our homes and in driving our cars—through proper insulation, storm doors and windows, weather stripping, wise appliance use, regular auto tune-ups, good driving practices—we might be able to slow the growth in energy demand.

But this alone will not solve the problem.

HOW TO GET MORE OIL AND NATURAL GAS

Above all, we must increase domestic supplies of oil and natural gas. And we'll have to build new refineries and other facilities to make them into useable products.

We must do so with proper regard for the environment. The continuing technological advances of the petroleum industry make this possible.

Accelerated government leasing of public lands, both inland and offshore, for exploratory drilling is urgently needed.

Exploration for natural gas should be encouraged. It has been discouraged by the artificially low prices that have been imposed by the Federal Power Commission for the past 18 years.

A healthy economic climate should be provided to stimulate investment and help meet the huge capital requirements of the petroleum industry—an estimated $175 billion or more during the period from 1970 to 1985.

THE REAL SHORTAGE IS TIME

The United States will not "run out" of energy in the near future. But, right now, we are running out of time to make wise decisions about our energy supplies. Because of the long lead time required to develop new petroleum supplies, today's delays could haunt and plague us for at least the next 15 years.

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A COUNTRY THAT RUNS ON OIL CAN'T AFFORD TO RUN SHORT.

target misses. He might have to come to terms with the Adam and Eve syndrome that, consciously or not, makes the scholar survey and interpret reality as if it were beginning with man: therefore the dilemma of spirit versus or against matter. The dilemma poses itself as the question: are we *homo sapiens* (*homo faber?*) the *discoverer* of the spirit, or are we, the whole of life, the *creator* of it?

As abbot in this first world, and definer of an urban environment, I would be a spiritual plumber for society. As abbot in the second world, and definer of an urban environment, I am a plumber seeking creation (the spirit).

The historical view of the first abbot makes man the *discoverer* of the spirit. The evolutionary view of the second abbot makes life the *creator* of the spirit. For the first one, matter is death for the spirit; for the second, the bridge from matter to spirit is matter becoming spirit.

The first abbot makes spiritual plumbing and mortifies the spirit by chastening the flesh. The second makes physical plumbing (cityscape) that by serving psychosomatic man will let spirit reinforce itself if it is in it to do so (the *necessary* instrument is not *sufficient* for good music). Therefore I have all the intentions and presumptions not of discovering the apple *preserve-conserve* but of (*radically*) making the apple. I and the other billions of us, I mean.

As a "transcoral reef builder" (city builder) I'll gladly, humbly, tentatively accept the trademark of the second abbot, the plumber in quest of the spirit. This disentitles me to the medieval, or Dark Ages, button. There are other points I would like to touch upon, hierarchy, responsibility, routine, etc.

I am most grateful to Thompson for the article. I hope we will pursue the dialogue. It is most important for us at the Foundation and for the work we are doing.

PAOLO SOLERI
Cosanti Foundation
Scottsdale, Ariz.

I feel compelled to write regarding "The Individual as Institution" because of my conviction that solutions to complex problems should be considered analytically rather than emotionally. The disillusionment suffered because science has not created a perfect world should not be assuaged by the euphoric reaction that antiscience can achieve a better one. . . .

Soleri's arcology presumes a nondemonstrable necessity, the conservation of space. Yet the population density of the earth (150 million square kilometers, 3 billion people) is 10.6 acres per person. The U.S. is quite close to the world average with 11.4 acres per person. That prototypical "huge megalopolitan beast," New York City and its five adjacent suburban counties, houses 11,500,000 people—5.5 percent of the U.S. population—in 0.05 percent of the U.S. land area. At the same density, the U.S. population would require 1 percent of the U.S. land area, or about three-fourths of New York State. The facts are essentially that 75 percent of the U.S. population lives in 2 percent of the land area. As to farmland, 400,000 square miles—11 percent of the U.S. land area—are cultivated; this is ample to produce crop surpluses. When a resident of crowded, frenetic Westchester County relaxes his urban tensions in pastoral Bermuda, he has gone from an area of 2,019 people per square mile to one of 2,476 people per square mile. This suggests that planning, rather than density, is the dominant factor in livability.

Ignoring the fact of communications, Soleri postulates that physical privacy prevents cultural participation. He proceeds from a false need to a dubious feasibility. The "huge megalopolitan beast" is pictured as a consumer of farmland and a waster of energy. But Soleri's arcology is far worse. Its energy demands for artificial ventilation, lighting, and cooling must exceed those of the "beast," where most of these requirements are naturally satisfied.

The logic of transporting things up rather than horizontally to conserve energy is strange. Consider filling a bathtub 3,000 feet above ground in ten minutes. A bathtub 5 x 2 x 1.5 feet holds about 1,000 pounds of water. Neglecting friction, work is done at the rate of 100 pounds lifted 3,000 feet per minute, or 300,000 ft-lb per minute. Since one horsepower equals 33,000 ft-lb per minute, nine horsepower are required to fill a bathtub, compared to a fraction of a horsepower for the pump in a typical suburban home supplying the entire household.

Imagine a zero-weight elevator carrying 12 people weighing 2,000 pounds at 500 feet per minute (12 minutes from ground to top, exc ing stops). It needs 30 horsepo or about what a bus uses to mov people not at one vertical mile pe minutes, but at one horizontal per 3 minutes (20 miles per ho The heliport is one kilometer al ground. Why? To take an elev down to get into another elevator Is Soleri aware that one kilomet perilously close to the hovering ing on a hot day of most light copters? Why waste energy clim to land dangerously?

The surface area of a typical S arcology is about two square m To radiate the heat load from a of 550,000 with energy consump considerably greater than a t tional city with an area of perh fifty square miles would be a undertaking. Besides, in the sum none of the surface can radiate he presumably the windows are in ro that are cooler than the outside. may commune with an eight- circle of farmland converted to face radiators instead of parking just to keep thermal pollution l comparable to megalopolis. W fraction of 550,000 people migh expected to suffer from claustro bia, vertigo, fear of falling, du a twelve-minute elevator desc Could anyone who has experien power failure sleep with the chi realization that it means entrapm and suffocation? Someone should form Soleri that species evolve; viduals do not.

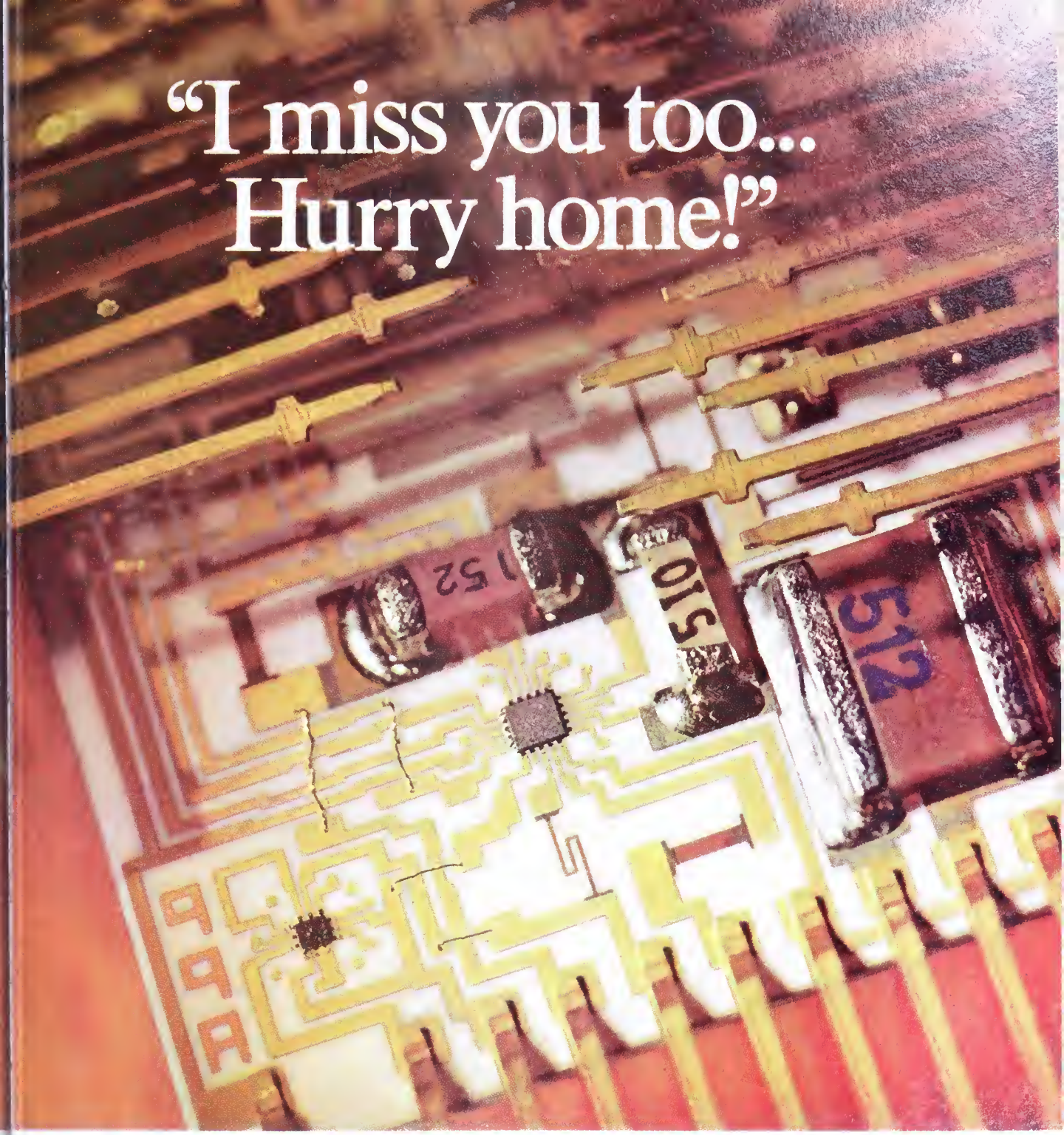
The mindlessness of the whol ercise is characterized by Soleri's tion of selling wind-bells to suppor creation of a windless environm

JEROME S. GOLDHAM
Allied Research Associates,
Newton, Upper Falls, M

Comments on Comment

We have read with inte "Thoughts on Paper" by Ro Bullen ["Commentary," Septemb and feel it contains many err ous assumptions and assertions would tend to mislead the public

1) The development of GSA sp fications for recycled paper was outgrowth of a Nixon pledge to duce the amount of municipal s waste going to landfill and not du an increase in availability of recy paper due to an advance in t nology. In fact, the percentage of



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☐ If a group, please specify name_____.

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availability of recycled paper
been declining for the past tw
eight years . . .

2) A deduction that an increa
recycled content of paper will no
duce the load of paper in the u
waste system is not only "simple
is positively erroneous. The p
that is removed from the urban w
system to be recycled just has t
duce the amount of waste for
disposal.

3) The argument that increa
public demand for recycled paper
raise the value of waste paper
somehow keep cities from spen
money on "expanded and impr
incineration" is too simple. Reg
less of the amount of recycling
ried on, the amount of carbonac
material to be disposed of in c
will remain high enough to war
continuing attention to final disp
Whether or not incineration is
most economical technique is a ma
for separate discussion.

1) It is simply not true tha
claiming fiber "costs more for
paper mill than the making of fib
the normal virgin-pulp operati
Recycled newsprint, for exampl
eight to ten dollars below virgin-
newsprint per ton.

CYNTHIA HE
Concern,
Washington.

ROBERT BULLEN REPLIES:

Apart from specific difference
tween us that Mrs. Helms' l
brings up, I wonder whether
hasn't misread my main point.
cycled paper is only one of sev
ways of doing the ecologically r
thing in the use of paper: gro
wood is better ecologically and
recycled papers are perhaps no
good but OK if other environme
factors are taken into considerat
Also I'm hard put to see that spe
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waste that proponents claim for it

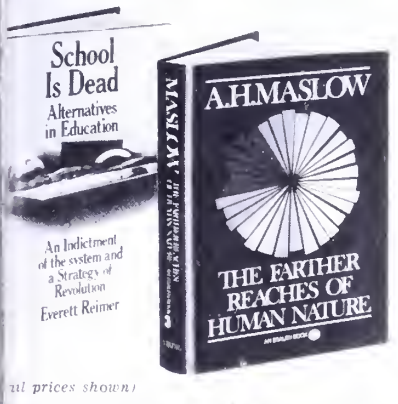
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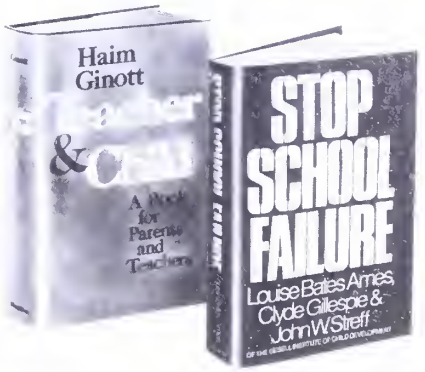
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The way it was is not the way it will be

by William McIlwain

LAST WALK ON BALD HEAD ISLAND



As we were crossing the first salt marsh, ankle-deep mud sucked at my tennis shoes and I pulled my backpack, shifting the weight. The canned goods were beginning to feel heavy, as Bill, my son, had said they would. I watched him to the right of me, moving on, his back perfectly straight, a strong, skinny kid traveling light. Instant oatmeal, bread, jam, and instant tea. And he was doing something else, I could see: he was not sinking into the mud. He was swinging his legs and putting his feet down sideways, as if he were kicking a soccer ball with each step; he was depressing the marsh grass, getting a good clump under each foot. He was not sinking into the mud. We would walk nineteen miles before dark, and I wondered now whether I would show him Bald Head Island, or he would show me Bald Head Island.

"There's a heron," he said. "This is a really tough place."

Someday, in easier, worse times, the two of us may return to Bald Head Island, transported in luxury by launch from Southport, North Carolina, to play golf, tennis, sip drinks beside a pool, ride horseback, shop, attend theater, dine on a patio, and sleep under the white sheets of a great resort hotel. Go to a beauty parlor, in fact, if either of us chooses. That is how Bald Head Island will be, developers have decided—something for everyone.

But I wanted Bill, who is fourteen, to see Bald Head as it is now, a place unlike any other on the Atlantic Coast, so rough, deserted, and beautiful a man can hardly stand it: seven miles of ocean beach where thousand-pound loggerhead turtles flop ashore in June to lay and bury their eggs; foxes, looking like gray-black dogs, that come to dig up and eat those eggs; the unreal juxtaposition of ocean, forty-foot sand dunes, and palm trees and an inland forest thick with live oaks, moss, yaupon, and pine; herds of hogs, long ago abandoned when the Coast Guard moved off the island, running wild and producing litters in the forest; herons, clapper rails, and egrets working the marshes; pelicans and porpoises working the sea.

Those beauties, yes—and the horseflies, mosquitoes, and May flies that sting you crazy, the sun that blisters you, the oysters that cut you, and the mud that takes, and keeps, your feet. So we were in the marsh now, moving, on our way to say goodbye to Bald Head Island.

Bald Head sits at the southeastern tip of North Carolina, where the Cape Fear River flows into the Atlantic Ocean, and the best access is by boat, across four miles of relatively tranquil water from the shrimp and fishing village of Southport. But Bald Head has become the center of a great ecological controversy, and the island now is posted. Its principal visitors are surveyors, bulldozer operators, and prospective land buyers. William R. Henderson, a lanky forty-nine-year-old millionaire who worked his way up from being the poor kid of a Methodist preacher, bought Bald Head in 1970 for $6,000,000. It is worth at least $20,000,000, he says, and his Carolina Cape Fear Corporation is pressing on with plans to develop it. Ultimately, Bald Head will have condominiums, 3,300 homes, an inn with 200 rooms, a hotel with 2(rooms—and all the sporting ple sures and shopping convenienc necessary to keep its citizens happ

State officials of North Carolir which years ago passed up the chan to buy Bald Head for $11,000 back taxes, thought for a while th could block development of t island by denying Henderson dred ing permits and a bridge. Hend son, however, is going about l business, bulldozing a golf cour that will be ready for play next ye and the state has apparently giv up hope of stopping him. For a ti "Save Bald Head Island" citize groups sprouted, selling bump stickers for $1, vaguely hoping help North Carolina acquire Ba Head as a state park. But some ec ogists argued that Bald Head wo be ruined if it were touched in ev the slightest way—say, turned ir a limited-access park. Henderso own view—and he appears to sincere—is that he will take gr care with Bald Head's ecology a make the island a model of h "man can live in harmony with ture."

Bill and I probably could ha got a boat ride to Bald Head; m likely Henderson would have ranged a grand tour. But I am no potential condominium dweller a we did not want to sail, or mot under false colors.

Walking is not the easiest way reach an island, and Bald Head no exception. But I wanted Bill see the island as I first had: in a w that makes you realize how good drink of water tastes and how go a fire feels at night. That is how will always remember Bald Head as a place that rids your mind high interest rates, third auton

Mr. McIlwain is deputy managing editor of the Toronto Star. *His book* A Farewell to Alcohol *will be published by Random House.*

s, the state of contemporary arts, concern over the proper width your britches' leg.

OMING OUT OF THE MARSH, we stepped onto a narrow strip of d and looked across a salt creek ut eighty yards wide.

How deep is it?" Bill asked.

I don't know," I said. "I was ing we'd hit it at dead low, but re a little late."

'ar in the distance, across a mesh creeks, marsh islands, and Buzl's Bay, I could see the 155-year-Bald Head Lighthouse. We were nd-hopping, making our way at tide across water that would be gerous several hours later. We left the mainland at Federal nt and although our pace was ged, I didn't think we were far ugh off schedule to be in trouble. he creek bottom was soft, but pared to the marsh it was like king on pavement. At midpoint, giggled as the cool water reached is back, nearly to his pack. "We miss the next marsh," I said. y in the water to the north." the walking there got tough n—mud, sudden drop-offs, end-clusters of oyster shells—and sked, "Are you sure this is bet-than the marsh?"

and out of the water and mud, moved on, headed for the firm l of Bald Head's northern end. it was there, beside a clump of stunted cedars, that we dropped ne ground and rested.

Are you tired?" Bill asked.

Not too bad," I said. "Are you?"

No." He smiled. "Are you still en-ng the pork and beans?"

Well, they're heavy," I said, "but njoy them tonight. Do you want e with your oatmeal?"

'm having Pop Tarts tonight."

'e had made an agreement the t before in the supermarket n we were buying supplies. Each s could eat whatever he liked—as much as he liked—provided arried it. "Those cans weigh a d," Bill had said, indicating pork and beans that I was tak-off the shelf.

That's not much."

t is," he said, "with corned hash, Vienna sausages, and po-es."

s we rested in the shade of the rs, we could see birds in all directions, overhead and in the marshes that we had just left. Some of them I didn't recognize, but I knew the two extremes: the herons, who stand and wait, and the bull bats, diving endlessly, making their weird call as they swoop, looking as if they're coming to the ground to get you. I thought of a great magazine piece that I had read years ago, maybe fifteen years ago, long before "ecology" was a word common at cocktail parties, in grade-school classrooms, and in halls of government. The writer had shown how dependent each part of nature is upon another—that if man wipes out a nuisance, he may at the same time destroy something lovely. That set me to thinking about Bald Head's marshes and the mosquitoes and gnats and stinging flies. However much care is taken with the ecology of the island, someone must attack its insects or there will be little patio dining on the hot dead-still nights in the long dog days of summer. I wondered how the birds will fare. And the baby shrimp that are nurtured in the marshes of Bald Head before moving out into the ocean. Can they live on?

I told Bill what I could remember of the magazine story, written before he was born. He understood it perfectly because his generation is more intelligent than mine.

We stayed on a while beside the cedars, talking, resting, and enjoying each other. And we made a plan: we would leave most of our supplies here—a good campsite—and cross over to the ocean beach and walk to the island's southern tip, about seven miles on good sand. We would be able to make it back before dark.

"Will we go to the Coast Guard house?" Bill asked.

"Sure," I said. "I want you to see it. And I want to see it again too."

He had heard the story often—of a night four years ago that I spent here during a hurricane, sitting in an abandoned Coast Guard house with a man called "Goober." Listening to a transistor radio, we drank vodka all night, worrying less and less about the rising wind and reports of evacuation south of us.

Before leaving the cedars, Bill and I ranged out in opposite directions, picking up driftwood and bringing it back to the campsite. We wanted enough wood for a fire that

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would last all night. The temperature now was in the low 80s, cool for Bald Head at this time of year, and the night would feel cold. Someone, probably a fisherman or an earlier camper, had left a pile of boards, and we threw our wood down beside it.

On the beach, we struck a steady pace, walking easily on sand that had been packed hard by the low tide. We could see the southern tip of Bald Head in the distance, a vague sliver bending slightly into the ocean, but it was not an encouraging object to fix upon. We seemed never to be getting any closer.

Not far offshore there were porpoises, five or six of them, traveling in the same direction we were. With their rolling motion, humpbacking their big fins out of the water, they appeared to move slowly, but soon they were down the beach, leaving us behind.

"I've seen inland people get mighty scared by porpoises," I told Bill. "They see those big fins and think they're sharks."

"Well, if you didn't know the difference," he said, "it would scare you. But sharks don't move that way, do they?"

"No. They swim straight."

We walked on, pausing occasionally to look at shells and once to pick up a barnacled fishing rod. It was getting hot, and we were about to stop for a rest and a swim when Bill said, "Look!" High on the beach, almost to the dunes, a fox was digging in the sand. He must have heard us because he straightened and turned, staring at us for what seemed a long while, as if he were debating whether to run. And then he did, but not fast, over the dune and into the bushes.

"Let's go see what he was doing," Bill said.

But even before we reached the spot, we knew the fox had been digging for turtle eggs. The flip-flop, dragged-out tracks of a loggerhead led up through the soft sand, and not far away were her return tracks. She had come in the night, laid probably a hundred eggs, and left at daylight. The fox, we could tell, had not been there long. He had dug down to the eggs, but only a few of them, torn and sucked clean, lay outside the hole.

It was no problem to cover the hole, but neither of us knew what would keep the fox from returning after we left. Foxes have a fine sense of smell.

We smoothed the sand in all directions and laid several boards on top. "He can dig right under the boards," Bill said. He studied our work. "Would it help," he asked, "if we pee on it?"

"I don't know," I said. "It might."

AT LUNCHTIME WE SAT under a dead tree behind the dunes, slapping horseflies and talking. We shared the water that Bill was carrying and, despite our agreement, he gave me a piece of bread to eat with the Vienna sausages. Looking out over the ocean, we watched pelicans, flying in twos and threes, and high above them the faint trail of a jet, the only reminder of man.

"Do you think the fox went back?" Bill asked.

"I don't know much about foxes," I said. "We can look when we go back that way."

But it won't be foxes that finally wipe out the loggerhead; it will be men, women, and children. Each year the giant turtles find fewer and fewer deserted beaches on which to lay their eggs. When Bald Head is developed, there will be one less beach for them, and the loggerheads will stop coming here.

Bill and I walked a mile farther on the beach and turned inland, onto a sand road that cuts through the bottom of the forest. It was dead-still there, no breeze reaching in from the ocean, and the heat was intense. Sweating and trying to fend off the relentless May flies, we moved as quickly as we could. When we came out of the forest, we could see a long slope of bare sand leading to high ground and three Coast Guard houses, abandoned twenty years ago.

"Which one did you spend the night in?" he asked.

"The one on the right. It looks beat up, but it's a fine building."

"Were you scared?"

"No, not really. Goober's been around the ocean all his life. He said the water couldn't reach us and it would take a hell of a lot of wind to blow the house down. We just sat and drank, talking and listening to the radio. Somehow it tickled Goober—all the excitement on the mainland, and us on the island having a good time. He kept saying, 'Watch out, Savannah! Watch ou Charleston!' "

Bill and I sat in the shade of th house, resting and drinking wate I pointed to a spot twenty feet awa "I saw an old mother hog bring h pigs right up there. We haven't see one all day and they used to be a over the island."

It was midafternoon now an time to start back for camp.

Most of the way, we walked i silence, heads down, intent only o keeping moving. I was getting tire very tired, and I thought that Bi must be too. But he never me tioned it.

We did stop at the turtle nest t see if the fox had returned. The ne was undisturbed and Bill said, " worked. We fooled him."

We reached camp well befo dark and I asked Bill if he wou build a fire while I went to cat some crabs. I didn't have a line a fish head for bait, but crabs a plentiful in the salt creeks and netted five quickly. When I got bac Bill had a good fire going. H pointed to the pile of boards. " snake's in there," he said. "I didn get a good look at him, but it m be a copperhead."

We turned up the boards and f a moment it looked as if there we a dozen snakes, looped and writ ing in the sand. Actually there we only two: a pair of good-sized co snakes. They aren't poisonous, b they will bite. We threw one o into the grass, but he came bac we threw the other out into th grass, but she came back. Finall we got both of them out into th grass together, and that was the la we saw of them.

I offered Bill some of the cra to eat with his Pop Tarts, but h declined. I ate mine with the po and beans. After supper, we sat l the fire, talking, but it must n have been much after nine o'clo when we were ready to go to slee

"It's been a good day," he said.

"Yes," I said, "it sure has."

I woke up around two in th morning, a beautiful night with sta and threw some more wood on th fire. Bill was asleep in his blank and I watched him for a while. wondered whether he would have son; and if he does, will there be good place left for them to go to together?

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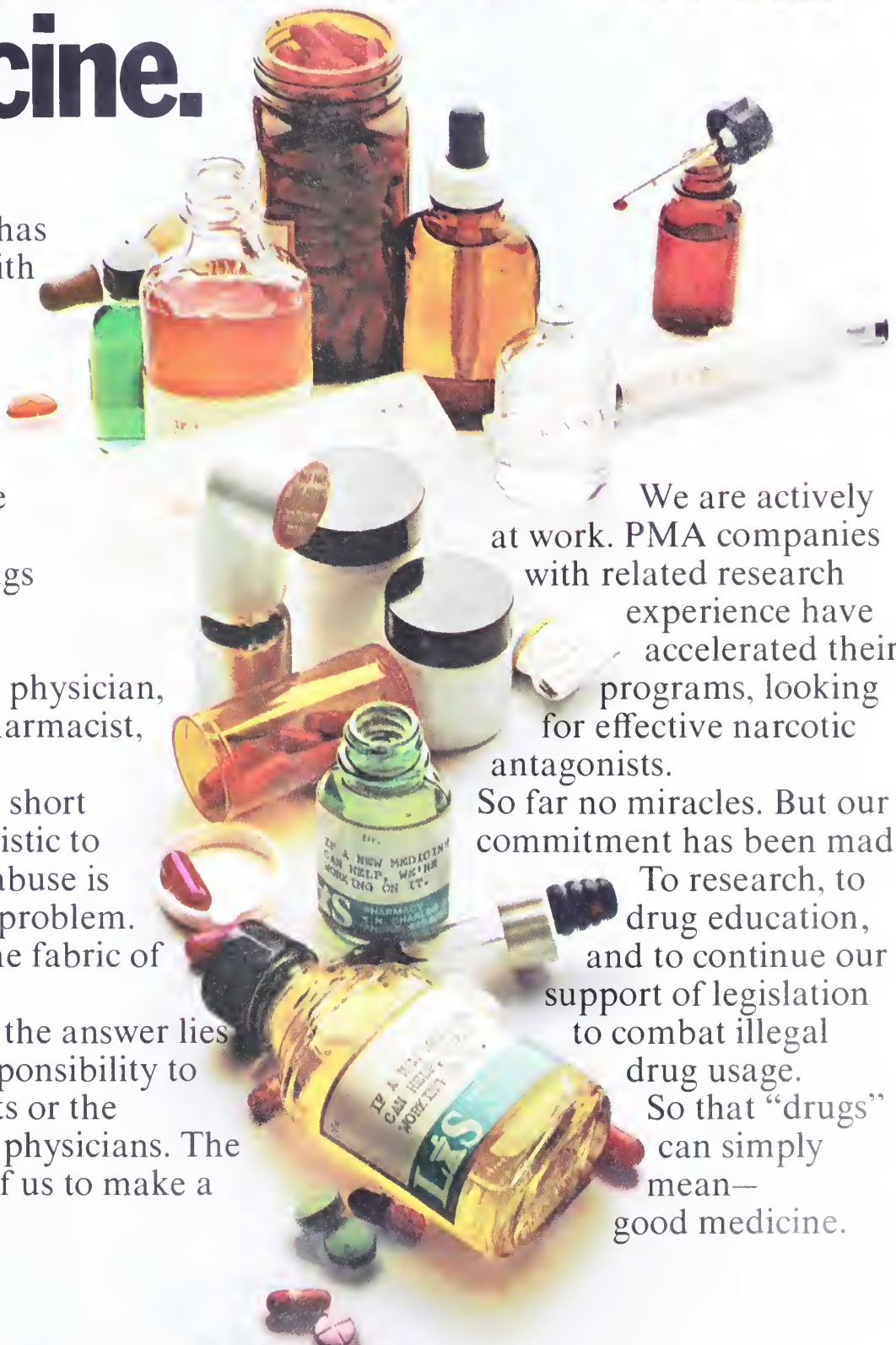
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Allen L. Hammond

BREEDER REACTORS: MARVEL OR MENACE?

The case for rethinking a national commitment that could be a national disaster

AT ONE TIME, Americans obtained ample energy with a technology no more sophisticated than an ax. Now we depend increasingly on electricity generated in central power stations—most of them fueled by coal, with its side effects of air pollution and strip-mine damage. The U.S. also has twenty-five uranium-fueled nuclear power plants; many more are under construction. But neither coal nor uranium can supply our energy needs indefinitely. Uranium particularly is in short supply; according to the Atomic Energy Commission, reserves of this fuel will run low within twenty or thirty years. Ultimately we will have to develop other fuels and still more sophisticated technologies to power our industries and light our homes. Worse, the U.S. demand for electric power is likely to double twice by 1990, creating a genuine energy crisis.

How we should marshal our resources to meet our energy needs is a controversial subject. Some years ago, the Atomic Energy Commission decided unilaterally that our highest priority should be the breeder reactor, a new and complex type of nuclear reactor that will burn plutonium instead of uranium. The breeder has the almost magic ability to produce, or "breed," more nuclear fuel than it consumes, and it will, the AEC claims, provide cheap, abundant electric power with less pollution than uranium-fueled reactors. By the year 2000, the AEC plans to have in operation more than 500 breeder reactors, representing a quarter of this country's electrical generating capacity.

In contrast, the breeder's critics argue that it will lead to unprecedented environmental hazards. Far from being an ideal solution to the energy dilemma, they believe, the breeder may well be the worst of the alternatives at hand. Physicist and Nobel laureate Hannes Alfvén claims that with this technology, "a total poisoning of the planet is possible." Even some thoughtful proponents of the breeder have pointed out that large-scale use of these reactors will pose novel difficulties arising from their production of vast amounts of radioactive plutonium, a long-lived and extremely lethal material. There is a "moral responsibility" to face up to such potential dangers, says Alvin Weinberg, director of the AEC's Oak Ridge National Laboratory. Given the dangers, one might reasonably ask why we do not devote more resources to cleaning up fossil fuels (coal, oil) and to developing less hazardous sources of energy, such as nuclear fusion, solar energy, or geothermal energy, instead of building breeder reactors.

AT ISSUE HERE is the way in which we as a society are to make decisions about our technological future. As in the struggle over the supersonic transport, the traditional methods for making these decisions are inadequate; the conventional framework for judgment is not broad enough to encompass widely differing visions of what America should be. The rejection of the SST, in part for environmental reasons, was a healthy precedent. But it was only a skirmish; we didn't really need that airplane. The real battle in technology assessment lies ahead; it concerns future energy systems. Here the stakes will be higher—we do need energy—and the risks of a hasty or ill-considered commitment will be far more serious.

The AEC's program to commercialize breeder technology already has considerable momentum. By 1980 the agency and its Congressional sponsor, the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, plan to spend more than $2 billion in federal funds on developing the breeder, more than is being spent for research on all other types of energy together. In a message to Congress in June 1971, President Nixon called the breeder "our best hope for meeting the tion's growing demand for econ ical clean energy." The utility in try has pledged more than $ million to help build a demonstra power plant powered by a breede actor; construction is schedule start late next year.

Unfortunately, none of this h long activity was preceded by serious study of energy resource any open debate on the merits disadvantages of various method generating power. In fact, the gov ment still lacks any overall nati policy for energy. Because the A has preempted the field—simu neously developing and promo the use of nuclear energy for twe five years—the AEC's point of has become *de facto* national po

Alaska's Senator Mike Gravel repeatedly attacked the breeder gram on the Senate floor, but far his lonely battle has been successful. What may prove t a more effective move is a law filed against the AEC by the S tists' Institute for Public Informa (SIPI), a group headed by b gist Barry Commoner and ant pologist Margaret Mead. The S lawsuit seeks to compel the AE file an environmental impact s ment on the breeder program, w the AEC has refused to do. As plaintiffs see it, the National vironmental Protection Act requ a detailed statement assessing only the breeder's long-range co quences but also the possible alte tives to this new nuclear technol The AEC, with White House back claims that it need only prepare statements on a plant-by-plant, pi meal basis. With the help of anti-environmentalist federal dis judge in Washington, D.C., where suit was filed, the government the first round in late March 1 The legal action then moved to Court of Appeals, which has p ously overruled the judge in sev environmental cases. As of Nov ber, a decision on the case was p ing.

Dr. Hammond, a physicist and writer, is currently research news editor of Science, the journal of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

he SIPI suit asks, in effect, that federal government put its na- il energy policy on a rational and icit basis so that Congress and ·ested citizens can have a say in ormulation. It is a modest but :theless revolutionary request, if successful it may provide the rmation needed for a proper ssment of the breeder program.

THE BREEDER another irresponsi- le high adventure in technology g the lines of the SST? Or is it, ie AEC claims, the only feasible native we have? Before we ex- ie the arguments for these con- ng points of view, we need to v something about how breeder tors work and how they differ i the type of nuclear power plant is now being built around the ıtry.

uclear reactors exploit the pro- of nuclear fission—the splitting he atom. The heat produced in process is in turn used to gener- electricity in nuclear power ts. Only a few natural substances ily undergo fission, however, and most common of these, uranium- constitutes less than 1 percent ie uranium found in nature. Com- ·ially recoverable reserves of fis- able materials are limited; hence ear reactor fuel will eventually ı short supply—exactly when de- ls on the extent of the deposits ıigh-grade uranium ore. A pos- · solution to this impending short- is to have nuclear reactors artifi- y breed new fuel for themselves converting "fertile" materials, as the more plentiful uranium- and the element thorium, into onable materials such as pluto- n; for this reason the breeding ·ess has been of interest since the y days of nuclear energy.

uclear reactors of the kind now g installed in power plants breed ll amounts of new fuel, but the ersion process is relatively in- ient, producing only about sixty ıs of plutonium for every 100 ıs of uranium consumed. Breeder tors, as their name implies, are e efficient at the conversion pro- and produce more nuclear fuel they consume. The resulting onium can be used as a fission- fuel in a breeder to produce still e plutonium, thus doubling the onium on hand about every ten



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years. If AEC projections for the commercial use of breeders prove correct, these reactors will be producing as much as 80,000 kilograms of plutonium a year by the end of the century.

Such large quantities of plutonium, according to the AEC point of view, represent a distinct benefit to mankind. As fuel in a nuclear reactor, for example, a pound of plutonium can produce as much energy as three million pounds of coal. By using plutonium instead of fissionable uranium as a nuclear fuel, we will extend our energy resources and obviate the need for costly separation facilities to process the uranium. As a result, the AEC claims, plutonium constitutes an almost inexhaustible fuel.

But plutonium is also among the most toxic substances known to man. Experiments have shown that trace amounts induce lung cancer in animals. Federal health standards recommend no more than 0.6 microgram (about twenty billionths of an ounce) as the total amount to which a human body should be exposed. Because plutonium combines readily with oxygen, there is a substantial fire hazard wherever this material is used. The critical mass of plutonium, the amount that could cause a nuclear explosion, is only a few kilograms, thus requiring unusual care in handling, storing, and shipping to prevent such quantities from coming together. Not the least of the problems posed by plutonium is its radioactivity; the radioactive half-life, or decay period, of plutonium is about 24,000 years, so that the contamination of an environment with plutonium by whatever means would be essentially permanent. Both the projected scope of plutonium usage—what former AEC chairman Glenn Seaborg has optimistically described as the "plutonium economy of the future"—and the hazards associated with this valuable yet dangerous material make the debate over the merits of the breeder a significant one.

THE AEC IS CONFIDENT that dependence on plutonium fuel will present no irremediable difficulties; its top officials are apparently unwavering in their belief that the breeder is the best solution to our energy problems. But this conviction and the AEC's case for the breeder seem to depend on the tacit assumption that some form of nuclear energy is inevitable. In essence, the AEC's arguments are threefold: (1) we must have the breeder and have it quickly, if we are to continue to enjoy the benefits of nuclear energy; (2) breeders will make available abundant and inexpensive electric power; and (3) the plutonium problems notwithstanding, the AEC claims that the breeder will pollute less than other sources of energy.

The first argument is essentially a scarcity argument. AEC estimates of commercially recoverable uranium indicate a shortage of nuclear fuel before the end of the century if breeders are not built. Because it will take fifteen to twenty years to develop breeder reactors and perfect them to the point of commercial acceptability, the AEC reasons, it is urgent to move ahead rapidly if the energy crisis is to be staved off. There is indeed no question that, in the long run, breeder reactors will be necessary if we continue to use nuclear fission as a source of energy. But there is disagreement about whether we have fifteen or fifty years before this necessity must be faced and choices made. The AEC's estimates of uranium assume, for example, that no new discoveries of uranium ore will be made, that no more drilling (to verify suspected deposits) will be done, and that no uranium will be imported from Canada and Australia, where most of the free world's reserves of this mineral are located. Independent studies of uranium reserves have questioned the AEC's findings and have indicated that sufficient domestic supplies of high-grade ore exist to fuel the growing nuclear industry through at least the year 2020 without recourse to breeders. The point is not that breeders should never be built but that, if these independent studies are correct, there is no justification for a crash program to develop breeders. We have enough time to make an informed and rational choice.

WHAT ABOUT the argument that breeder reactors have economic advantages as a source of power? Even the AEC no longer believes, as it once did, that breeders will make electricity "too cheap to meter." But the AEC does claim, as justification for federal investment in breeders, that the introduction of this technology might save as much as $2 billion in the nation's power bill ov a fifty-year period. Several nucle experts who have looked closely the design to which the AEC is co mitted are dubious that the breed will in fact perform as economical as claimed. A recent study by R sources for the Future, a reputab nonprofit group in Washington, D.C indicates that the breeder is like to be a far more expensive source electricity than present nuclear pow plants. The relative attractiveness the breeder will also depend in pa on the effort and money expended develop and improve other sourc of energy.

The AEC's third argument is environmental one: breeders w eliminate the air pollution that fos fuel plants would cause; they will r duce waste heat and thermal pol tion compared to present types nuclear power plants; and they w further reduce the release of tra amounts of radioactivity into the e vironment. These are substantial a vantages, taken one reactor or pow plant at a time, but they do not gi the entire picture. The large numb of breeder reactors that the AEC e visions will make the issues of react safety, the transport of nuclear fu and the disposal of the radioacti waste products of reactors much mo serious questions than they are present.

Reactor safety, for example, is r something that can be absolut guaranteed. Nuclear power plants a probably among the most carefu engineered and rigidly regulat structures in the world. Allowanc are made even for unlikely even near airports, these plants must designed to withstand an airpla crash without releasing substant amounts of radioactivity. But ev the most conservatively designed a carefully run industrial facilities have accidents.* The possibility unforeseen natural disasters, war, sabotage cannot be ruled out. Wh the chances of a serious nuclear ac

* Since January, the safety of existi nuclear power plants has been challeng in hearings at Bethesda, Maryland, members of the Union of Concerned S entists, a Boston group, and by some the AEC's own safety experts. The A has admitted that reductions in pow output of up to 20 percent may be quired in several such plants. Because their greater complexity, breeder react may have still more difficult problems.

it may be exceedingly small at a
en plant, the net probability will
considerably increased when sev-
l thousand breeder reactors are in
eration.

At regular intervals, nuclear reac-
s must be refueled and the fission
ste products and plutonium re-
ved and shipped to a fuel repro-
sing plant. The radioactive waste
hen to be shipped to a depository
long-term storage, while the plu-
ium is refabricated into reactor
l and shipped back to a nuclear
ver plant. Transportation accidents
ur with predictable frequency;
way cars, for example, are de-
ed about once every million miles.
the year 2000, there will be as
ny as 600 shipments of highly
ioactive fuel per week, so that we
expect a certain number of acci-
ts in which radiation is released.
s number will probably be very
all, but that is not the point—
re will be some accidents. One
forced, as with the possibility of
ctor accidents, to make unpleasant
isions about what risk, in terms
human exposure to radiation and
tamination of the environment,
are prepared to tolerate as the
e for power from the breeder.

Long-term storage of radioactive
stes is a problem the AEC has still
adequately solved. According to
rent projections, more than ten
llion gallons (or their solid equi-
ent) of such wastes will have ac-
nulated by the end of the century.
ese toxic materials must be cared
over many thousands of years.
shall have to build or find reposi-
es that, like the pyramids, will
last our present culture as monu-
nts to our use of nuclear energy.

O BE SURE, technological problems
are amenable to solution, at least
theory. But the same cannot be
l for the social problems created
technology and human nature.
plane hijacking is one example.
diversion of plutonium to illegal
poses may well be another. Plu-
ium is extremely valuable as nu-
r fuel and is worth about $10,000
kilogram—comparable to the
lesale price of heroin and about
times the value of gold. Given
incentive and the relative ease
ruck hijacking or of stealing in
ll amounts from industrial stock-
s, it seems likely that a black
market for plutonium will develop, an assessment with which the AEC's own experts agree. Moreover, it takes only a few kilograms of plutonium for an atomic bomb, and the know-how to construct such a bomb is readily available. One can imagine, without too much difficulty, an extremist group of the future demanding an enormous price in return for not blowing up New York City. Even without bombs, the public health and national security hazards of a clandestine plutonium market will be considerable.

Despite a distinct resemblance to science fiction, these are not hypothetical problems. The AEC is aware of the difficulties that a "plutonium economy" will bring and is seeking ways to avoid or ameliorate them, although the agency has not always been candid with the American public about these problems and their consequences for the future. It is also fair to say that, while AEC spokesmen often talk about including the environmental and social costs of fossil fuels in their price tag, they have not seen fit to apply the same reasoning to the breeder.

Hence our central dilemma: the future of nuclear energy depends on breeders, yet the widespread use of this technology may pose unacceptable costs in environmental damage, health hazards, and social chaos.

WHAT ALTERNATIVES to the breeder do we have—or might we have if we committed as many resources to their development as to the breeder? In the short run it would be to our advantage as a society to decrease our use of electric energy if we can, but there is no easy way to legislate the ever-rising demand for power. Improvements in the way we use fossil fuels are possible and may represent a good social investment for the immediate future, but fossil-fuel reserves will run out eventually, probably within a few centuries.

On a longer time scale the only sources of energy for mankind will be nuclear fission (i.e., the breeder), nuclear fusion, solar energy, and geothermal energy. Methods of capturing sunlight and converting this energy to heat or electricity look promising, but it is uncertain how much these methods will cost. Similar statements can be made about the prospects of tapping the geothermal



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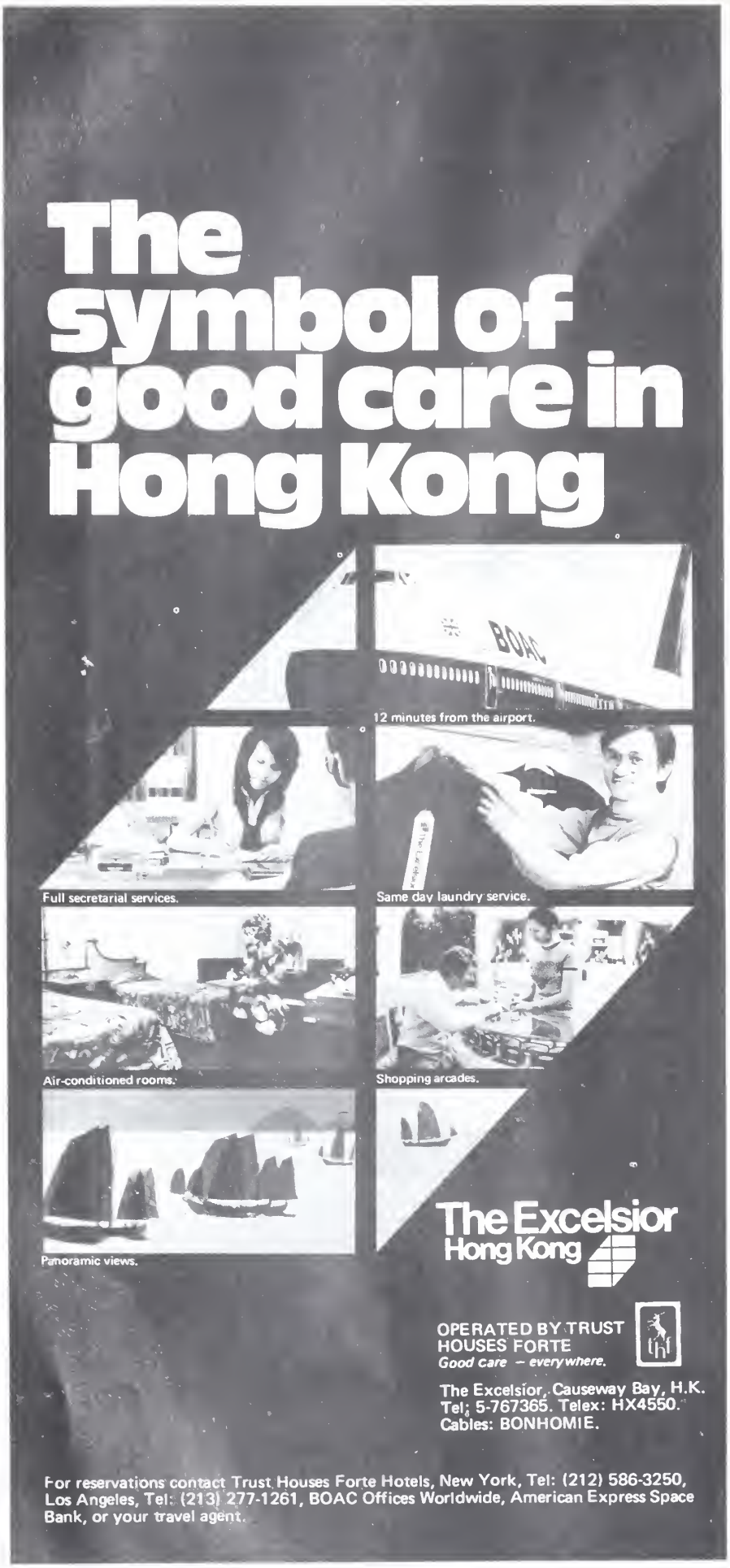
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heat below the earth's surface. The process of nuclear fusion, in which isotopes of hydrogen combine to form helium and release large amounts of energy, also has high potential, but it has not yet been shown that controlled fusion can be made to work, let alone that it can be economically competitive. Given the problems associated with large numbers of breeder reactors, however, we might be well advised as a society to find out more about these options, which are currently being investigated on a meager scale compared to breeder development.

Thanks to the AEC's years of effort, the breeder reactor is now the most advanced of our alternatives for a future source of energy. Other countries, including the U.S.S.R., Great Britain, Germany, and Japan, have also committed themselves to building breeder reactors. Many nuclear experts agree with President Nixon's view that the U.S. should not lag behind in exploiting this new technology. But the energy dilemma is a novel problem for mankind. The human race has never before had to make long-range decisions about its future of comparable magnitude to those we now face. It is not easy to dismiss the view that, among our energy options, the breeder ought to be "the last choice of a desperate nation," as some critics believe. Under the circumstances, it would be irresponsible to rush ahead without careful study and public debate; we would be unwise to barter our long-term future for short-term gain whether political, economic, or environmental.

It may be that breeder reactors are the best or even the only feasible source of energy for mankind. It may be that the complexities associated with large inventories of plutonium are part of the price of living in a technological society. But it would be well to be sure before the enterprise is too far advanced and the cost of error too high. We must free ourselves from the narrow vision of the past and ask for a reassessment of energy problems in a forum accessible to a wider range of interests than ever before. The call for a comprehensive national policy on energy is now fashionable, but we have not yet begun to reallocate the resources and acquire the information that could provide a basis for such a policy. It is long past time that we did. □



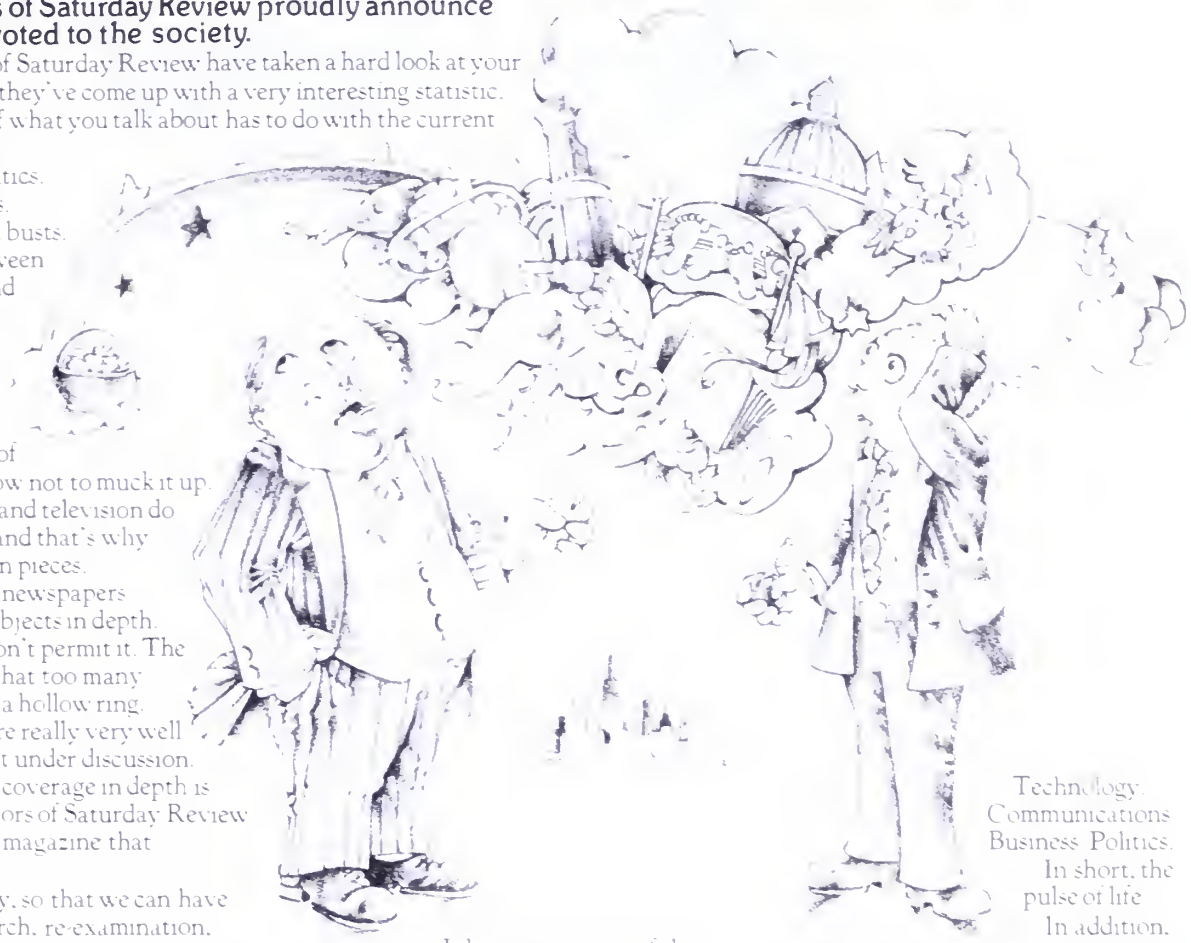
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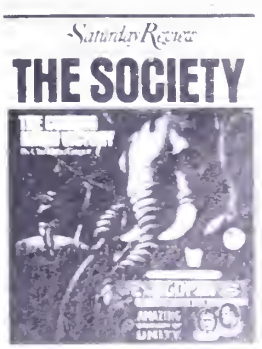
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A great new natural resource has been discovered in Tampa



easure is where you find it, and Tampa it's being found every y in the garbage. Steel cans—"tin" cans that soft drinks and ier products come in—can live ain in other forms, and in mpa they do.

re's how it works. People in mpa who buy their products in el cans just throw the empty ns in their garbage pails. At the nicipal incinerator, magnetic parators pull the cans out of the rbage—at the rate of more than) million cans a year.



use At Incinerator

w those cans will be sold to a cal steel mill, which will melt em down and recycle them into eel reinforcing bars for construction.

e beautiful thing about this ocess is that it benefits everye. Citizens do their ecological ty without strain. The city saves ndfill space. It also makes ney by selling the cans. And a ecious natural resource is conrved and reused, again and ain.

In Tampa, glass and aluminum are returned by hand to collection centers. Only steel has the unique quality that permits it to be separated magnetically from household garbage.

Some 350 cities now have collection centers where people turn in cans that they've separated from their own garbage. Last year their total effort brought in an estimated 800 million cans.

In just 17 cities like Tampa, where magnetic separators are being used, the recovery rate is about two-and-a-half billion steel cans a year.

The system makes so much sense that it's no surprise the way it's spreading. By the end of 1973, 11 more cities will have joined the ranks of those with magnetic separators.



Magnetic Separator in Action

It doesn't matter how a municipal system disposes of its garbage. Whatever the system, steel cans can still be separated by magnets.

Most people seem to prefer one-way cans, and if they want to keep getting them, recycling has to be workable. We know it is.



Steel Cans Recycled Into New Steel

If you'd like to help your city get on the bandwagon, write for a copy of **Progress Report on Recycling.** It has all the facts on steel can recovery, tells how your city can learn more about magnetic separation. Give it to your city officials. Help them enter the magnetic age.

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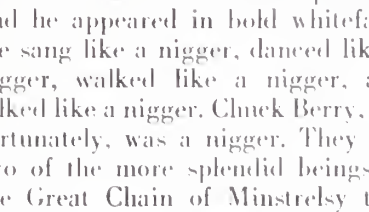
Margo Jefferson

RIPPING OFF BLACK MUSIC

From Thomas "Daddy" Rice to Jimi Hendrix

Part the First: Being an Exposition on the Development of the Myth of Rock Music as Viewed by Antagonistic Participants, and Containing as Much of the History of the Minstrel Show as Is Necessary for the Reader's Understanding.

ELVIS PRESLEY was the greatest minstrel America ever spawned, and he appeared in bold whiteface. He sang like a nigger, danced like a nigger, walked like a nigger, and talked like a nigger. Chuck Berry, unfortunately, was a nigger. They are two of the more splendid beings in the Great Chain of Minstrelsy that stretches from the start of the nineteenth century to the present, encompassing circuses, medicine shows, Broadway, the Fillmore East, nightclubs, concert halls, television, and Las Vegas.



Thomas "Daddy" Rice

The patriarch of the minstrel show was Thomas "Daddy" Rice, a white gentleman who, with a keen eye for entertainment, based his 1829 debut on the antics of a deformed and rheumatic ex-slave. The ex-slave made a few pennies a day performing a necessarily limited but appealing song and dance he called "Jump Jim Crow"; charmed with it, Daddy studied, rehearsed, and in a short time made show-business history. His "Jump Jim Crow," buttressed with ragged clothes and blackface makeup, was acclaimed the comic performance of the Louisville season; within weeks Daddy was the toast of New York, and eight years later the toast of London.

Naturally, minstrel shows grew like Topsy, playing to the highborn and the lowly across the land. With their Irrepressible High Spirits they cheered the South through the Civil War, and managed to create such goodwill in their audiences that by the late 1860s even Negro performers were in demand. Negro minstrels, though, were accorded no special privileges, the assumption being that none had a patent on the "pathos and humor," the "artless philosophy," or the "plaintive and hilarious melodies" of Negro life once it became public entertainment. Like their white co-workers, black minstrels wore burnt cork makeup and colorful rags (as country bumpkin Jim Crow) or white gloves and tails (as city dandy Zip Coon). Once these Ethiopian bards overcame some prejudice, particularly among Southern audiences, they were said to be very funny indeed.

Secession, abolition, the Civil War, and Reconstruction passed: the minstrel remained. When the form itself faded toward the century's end (lamented by song publisher E.B. Marks as a sign that manners no longer flourished in America), its clowning and soft-shoe routines trotted into vaudeville and its songs drifted into Tin Pan Alley and musical comedy. Songs by black writers were placed in white shows, serving as vehicles for white stars and as best sellers for white publishers. White composers, updating Stephen Foster's habit of borrowing melodies from black churchgoers and boatmen, spent hours in black clubrooms writing down the tunes they heard and copyrighting them as their own.

Song-and-dance comics George Walker and Bert Williams were billed for a time as "The Two Real Coons" by managers anxious to distinguish them from numerous noncoon rivals. And James Weldon Johnson writes about the famous New York producer who gained a reputation for inventiveness by studying the Will Cook/Paul Lawrence Dunbar show, *Clorindy—the Origin of the Cakewalk*, and learning from it that choruses might be taught to sing and dance simultaneously, and that a certain syncopated beat was very catchy when applied to orchestral music. As radio took its place in the entertainment pantheon, minstrels began to call themselves Amos 'n' Andy; and when the first talkie musical film opened, no one was surprised to see veteran vaudeviller Al Jolson enter in blackface, prance down a runway, fall on one knee and cry "Mammy!" while the orchestra played "Swanee" furiously in the background.

The white minstrel has an endless supply of incarnations: playing nigger is first-rate theater. It has laughs, tears, cheap thrills—a bargain catharsis. The performer's white skin, like an actor's curtain call, is an ingenious safety device, signaling that the show is over and nothing has changed. Aristotle neglected to mention that the aftermath of a catharsis is the viewer's smug satisfaction with the capacity for feeling, a satisfaction that permits a swift and comfortable return to business as usual. You can't lose playing the White Negro, because you are in the unique position of retaining the material benefits of being white while sampling the mythological ones of being black.

MUCH HAS BEEN MADE of the 1950s, when America's teenagers thrilled to the sounds of rhythm and blues. It began, so they say, with a small group, first listening to the

Margo Jefferson, a free-lance writer living in New York, graduated from Columbia University School of Journalism in 1971.



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fugitive sounds on black radio stations, then venturing into black clubs and theaters. White disc jockeys took notice, white record producers and radio station owners took action, and faster than you could say "Zip Coon" the country's youth was dancing to the sounds of Elvis Presley and Chuck Berry.

Chess



Chuck Berry

RCA



Elvis Presley

In fact, one portion of America chose Elvis, son of Daddy Rice, and the other opted for Chuck, bastard of Jim Crow. Elvis was a good boy. In addition to appearing on *The Ed Sullivan Show*, he made movies in Hollywood with scrubbed starlets and stage-set teenagers who bopped like the Peter Gennaro Dancers. Chuck Berry remained in rock shows and black theaters, complaining about courts and car salesmen, mocking high school, and begging rock and roll to deliver him from the days of old. Elvis lived quietly in Hollywood with his mother while Chuck tried to smuggle a child bride across the Georgia state line, and when Elvis went into the Army, Chuck went to jail.

Then there was Bo Diddley, Chicago follower of Howlin' Wolf and Muddy Waters, who declared that he had a tombstone hand and a graveyard mind, a taste for diamond rings, barbed wire, and cobra snakes; he warned, prophetically, that you can't judge a book by looking at its cover. And there was Little Richard, who piled his hair in lush waves, dressed in satin and brocade, taught the Beatles to cry "Woooo!" and forbade a young band member named Jimi Hendrix to wear a fancy shirt onstage because "I am the King, the King of Rock and Rhythm. I am the only one allowed to be pretty."

There was Fats Domino too, and Jackie Wilson and Chuck Willis; also Bill Haley, Jerry Lee Lewis, and Bobby Darin; there was LaVern Baker, minstrelized by Theresa Brewer, and Etta James, Jane Crowed by Georgia Gibbs. There were many others too, like Big Maybelle, Ruth Brown, the Chantels, and the Jesters, who stayed in the rhythm and blues market, with their unpalatably ethnic voices and rhythms, and were rarely heard of by whites until the 1950s revival nearly twenty years later, when no one cared to spoil the nostalgia by remembering whom they had or hadn't grown up listening to. Peter Townsend of the Who has written about those days:

I'm a substitute for another guy,
I look pretty tall but my heels are high.
The simple things you see are all complicated,
I look pretty young but I'm just backdated.
It's a substitute lies for fact . . .
I look all white but my dad was black . . .

Elvis and his contemporaries shocked and thrilled because they were hybrids. What had taken place was a kind of Immaculate Miscegenation, resulting in a creature who was at once a Prancing Nigger and a Blue-Eyed Boy.

THE BEATLES emerged before American audiences in 1963, with a varied assortment of songs, some clever updatings of the Everly Brothers sort, some new versions of old black rock hits by the Isley Brothers, the Shirelles, Little Richard, the Miracles, and Chuck Berry. According to rock and roll chroniclers, the Beatles "revolutionized rock and roll by bringing it back to its original sources and traditions"—in other words, they brought Us together. It would be more accurate to say that the Beatles seasoned, cooked, and served some of Us up to others of Us with appropriate garnishing. They refined and expurgated the minstrel show performed rather crudely by Elvis, preferring to sketch what he had filled in and to suggest what he had made literal.

Their charm lay in the fact that they were the visual antithesis of what they sang, "a minstrel entertainment entirely exempt from the vulgari which have hitherto characterized gro extravaganzas." * When Ch Berry sings, "Roll Over Beethov Dig these rhythm'n' blues!" it is outlaw's challenge to white cult When the Beatles sing their versi it has the sweet naughtiness of P Pan crowing "I Won't Grow Up."

The Beatles, the Rolling Stones, Animals, and others sparked a j lee. In news conferences they bo announced that they listened to Ch Jackson, Smokey Robinson, and omon Burke; white fans listened or at least memorized the names. Stones pronounced Wilson Pick "Midnight Hour" the best recor the year; "Midnight Hour" bec the hit record of the year.

Far from breaking ground, t groups were the inheritors of a tr tion that began in England with eighteenth century, when "N songs" were first performed on concert stage. In 1866 a black strel troupe visited London, and local streetsingers began to bla their faces; English music-hall s were soon crossing the Atlanti popularize black-inspired Amer songs with white American audien During the 1920s small group English people began to cultivate jazz styles that black creators abandoned, collecting records, b ing performers to Europe, and f ing their own bands.



Howlin' Wolf *Muddy Wa*

Eventually a country blues rev developed, during which blues like Big Bill Broonzy, Sonny Te Brownie McGhee, and Leadb

* An advertisement for the Virg Minstrels, one of the most succes white groups of 1843.

nd themselves celebrated less as sicians than as walking marks of ierican oppression. Tours for "au-ntic" blues and gospel singers were anged and the new urban blues resented by Muddy Waters' elec- guitar frowned upon. By the early ties, though, rhythm and blues had en hold, and young Britishers were ening eagerly to Sonny Boy Wil-nson, Howlin' Wolf, Slim Harpo, l Bo Diddley, while practicing ck voices in local clubs and base-nts. After a time they began to e themselves very seriously: "We g more colored than the Africans," sted John Lennon, and few Amer-ns were inclined to dispute him.

High-school and college students ped out in style. People began to ve onto campus in their converti-s with the local soul station blaring naximum intensity. Boys began to lscape their sentences with "man," gether," and "can you dig it?" rybody had an amusing story ut a trip to the Apollo or the al in the custody of a black friend. ck rock history became fashion-e as a kind of gutter camp: one ke of how dynamic the Temps e live; one spent an afternoon in bury tracking down a copy of nction at the Junction." One mur-ed the words of songs by Gary S." Bonds and the Coasters, and ted them to perform at one's ol, wishing privately that they ld get rid of their iridescent suits try to look as if they hadn't been king. If one was really *into* black ic, one spoke to a black friend ut the tragedy of Billie Holiday— she know the song "Don't Ex-n"?—and one was puzzled and a hurt when the black friend an-red sharply that she had known n't Explain" since she was eleven s old.

is jarring and most distressing walk into a room one has consid-l private and find it ringed with eras, spotlights, and insistent ngers claiming long acquaintance making plans to move in and re-orate without being invited. Black ic and with it the private black were suddenly grossly public— ed onstage, dressed in clown e, and bandied about with a glee-rrogance that just yesterday had en to ignore and condescend.

lacks, it seemed, had lost the le for mythological ownership of , as future events would prove.



Remedios Guanzon.

Father dead.

Mother blind.

REMEDIOS GUANZON
AGE 5. Father dead. TB. Mother blind. Earns a few pennies begging. Brother is a scavenger. Remedios guides mother's hands to spots on clothes that require particular scrubbing. Family lives in one small room. Must crawl through small opening to enter. Walls from material found at city dump. No facilities. Help to Remedios means help to entire family.

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35 YEARS OF HELP WITH A HUMAN TOUCH

Part the Second: A Short Account of the Monterey Pop Festival, With Special Attention Paid to Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin.

THE MONTEREY POP FESTIVAL. Summer. 1967. California. Acid rock was decreed the new force in rock music, its best exponent being the Jefferson Airplane. The East was honored through Ravi Shankar, Africa acknowledged through Hugh Masakela, and hovering over it all was Otis Redding, veteran of the rhythm and blues-gold lamé suit circuit. Having been largely ignored by American whites until Monterey (and possibly until England voted him the number one vocalist of the year), Otis was praised extravagantly and dubbed the King of Soul promptly after he died that winter. A tragedy that he had been so taken for granted (blacks were unaware that *they* had taken him so for granted), and there will never be another Otis (no, of course not, said blacks, but there will be Wilson and Bobby and LeRoy and Sonny), and his recording of "Satisfaction" was not up to the Stones', still . . .

Monterey was the counterculture melting pot, and the blend was, as usual, suspiciously lacking in variety. "It's an American Dream," declared Eric Burdon. "Includes Indians too." There were none onstage at Monterey and few in the audience, but clearly people thought well of them: why else were they all wearing beaded headbands and fringed vests?

Two cult figures performed at Monterey: Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin.

Jimi Hendrix learned to play the guitar listening to Muddy Waters, Elmore James, B.B. and Albert King. He played with Little Richard, the Isley Brothers, Ike and Tina Turner, and King Curtis, and he found success in England with music that was a tense fusion of acid electronics, jazz, and blues. He made himself a grotesque and a god—America's handcrafted Spade, obscene and absurd, sensual and elegant. He came onstage at Monterey with pressed hair and a shirt of scarlet ruffles. He shuffled, jived, flashed his teeth, and announced to the crowd, "I just want to grab you and—you know—one of them things man, one of them things. But I just can't *do* that. So I'm gonna sacrifice something I really love. We're gonna do the English and American combined anthem. Now don't get mad . . . It's the only thing I can do." And he began to chant "Wild Thing." Then, determined to fulfill or to parody every living fantasy of black macho-sexuality, he raped his guitar, set it on fire, and danced as it burned.

Two years later he came to Woodstock. "Wild Thing" had become an autopsy of the *Star-Spangled Banner*, his ingratiation a distant "You can all leave if you want. We're just jamming." He stood still and played, and while his music grew multiple and rich he seemed to splinter and fragment. To blacks he was the pimp of a cheap acid rock craze; to whites he was a sacred whore, dispensing grace and salvation by playing Black Stud Madman over and over. And so he began with his guitar and ended by sacrificing himself to an audience that fed off his complex pain as they would have from a dazzling display of costumes at a Ziegfeld spectacular. When he screamed they cheered; when he pounded his feet they clapped their hands; when he choked on his own vomit they played "Purple Haze" and told each other that he was kissing the sky. It was a common death, though, like the alcoholic Chicago winter death of Blind Lemon Jefferson, or the drug death of Charlie Parker; a sinister death, like Sam Cooke's shooting and Otis Redding's Wisconsin plane crash.

And then there was Janis, shifting from Bessie Smith to Mavis Staple to Big Mama Thornton, stopping at Otis Redding, Tina Turner, and Big Maybelle along the way. She was a misfit from Port Arthur, Texas—"I got treated very badly in Texas—they don't treat beatniks too good Texas"—and she discovered ea that identifying with archetypal n fits makes life a little easier. She 1920s in style, with ostrich feath silver bracelets, and a raunchiness sometimes wore like a new and slig ly tight piece of clothing. Janis's had echoes of Bessie Smith's, b being small-town Southern girls took the cities with their singi drinking, and swearing; both be dubbed Queen of the Blues, wh means be on top when you s "Down-Hearted Blues" and be winner when you sing "Women Losers." But Janis was a white wor using a black woman's blues to to her own. At her worst she paroc and hid the other; at her best (har to come by, not as pleasing to audience), the mimicry stopped her own pain came out in her way. She may have dismissed or gotten the distance between an tress and her role: having purche a tombstone for Bessie Smith s thirty years after the fact, she a few weeks later, on the same Bessie had.



Jimi Hendrix

Part the Third: Containing an Ex ination of the Rock Star, in Both White and His Black Incarnati

ELVIS, THE BEATLES, the Ston the Animals, Mountain, Cre Joe Cocker, Julie Driscoll, the Gr ful Dead, Led Zeppelin, Leon Russ Rod Stewart, fans and record buy —all took some part of the partic style of hedonism, toughness, sex ity, and cynicism found in bl music and committed the sins of le inization, definition, and miscom hension against it. The crudity of Daddy Rice-Jim Crow transaction been smoothed out over the years, no black performer yet has been to get the praise and attention he she deserves independent of w tutelage and translation. Rock adopted and refined Europe's r rotic patronage system, based o birthright of race rather than fan Here the benevolent aristocrat, so times a critic, more often a perfor dips into the vat of scrambling m cians and extracts one or two appeal to him—whose impuri have been boiled away over the ye Sonny Boy Williamson, B. B. K Muddy Waters, Papa John Cre simmered and done to a turn.



The Rolling Stones

A Stones tour is rarely complete hout a black performer, be it vie Wonder or Ike and Tina Tur- : the black performer gets nation- le fame and fortune; the Stones a crack at authenticity. Mick Jag- stood in the wings every night to ch Tina and the Ikettes slide, turn, l kick with impeccable abandon; the time he was content to move out the stage hitting a tambourine il it broke and then hitting an- er. By the tour's end, much to ia's surprise, he had managed to vise a unique if labored form of thmic dancing, though it is said repaid their beneficence by having microphones turned off if they formed too well. B.B. King, Muddy ters, and most of the long-standing especople were brought to theaters, bs, and large audiences by bands their young, white, and much more cessful imitators. Brenda Hollo- y of "Every Little Bit Hurts" sings ling backups for Joe Cocker; rry Clayton was "discovered" cking the Stones; Billy Preston was ought forth from the wilderness by orge Harrison.

What follows is inevitable. There is asured praise in the *New York nes*, comparing the performer to er black "greats" and warning ainst commercialism. There is a per interview or review in *Rolling ne*, which also mentions commer- lism (tied, it seems, to the black's reagerness to be successful). ere is a brief appearance on the nny Carson or Dick Cavett show ere the performer is hustled off hout being allowed to speak or ed for a definition of soul. There a string of tours and an album, with tes written by a white disc jockey, oducer, or performer, referring to funkiness of the artist and the wn-home quality of the black musi- experience.

The economics of the patronage stem are obvious. Rock music is naged by the big powers that control Madison Avenue and by the smaller ones that wish they could. Whites control the media that promote a performer, the apparatus that produces records and arranges the right concert appearances, and as consumers, they outnumber blacks ten to one. Under these circumstances it is difficult for black audiences to support black performers financially as they need and deserve to be supported, and it is not realistic to expect performers to shun an audience of several million when the returns are so great. And so whites take other whites' word on which black performers to listen to, and these black performers move from the chitling to the chopped-steak-and-caviar circuit because certain whites were clever enough to detect how black, hence how successful with black audiences, they were. The Ethiopian Business, as Stephen Foster called it, is a strange business indeed.

Part the Fourth: In Which Patterns of Imitation and Sacrifice Are Examined and Found Wanting.

THE CURRENT FAMILIARITY, then, breeds contempt, exploitation, and a great deal of bad music. Borrowing itself is not the question, since music lives by eclecticism. Still, if you borrow, you must return, and nobody wants an imitation back if they've lent out an original. Bonnie Raitt, Carole King, Bonnie Bramlett, Randy Newman, Joy of Cooking, Tracey Nelson, Bob Dylan, and some others have characters or traditions of their own to which they have joined blues and jazz. Others are singing and playing in styles that derive more from Country and Western, pop and musical, or classical forms. But far too many white performers thrive and survive on personas and performances that are studies in ventriloquism and minstrelsy, careless footnotes to a badly read blues text. "There are a lot of colored guys who can sing me off the stage," says Rod Stewart. "But half the battle is selling it, not singing it. It's the image, not what you sing."

And the minstrel image has grown more complex over the years: starting, as Imamu Baraka has said, with a simple "Watch these Niggers," it moved to, "Watch how well I imitate these Niggers," then to, "Let's all abandon ourselves and act like Negroes," and finally to, "Observe, participate and enjoy, as I, a white, adopt certain characteristics of the blacks, bestowing upon them a style and a setting that they are missing in their natural, rougher form."

Has a young admirer ever attached himself to you? He dogged your footsteps, dressed as nearly like you as possible, acquired your mannerisms and expressions, and told everyone how wonderful you were. At first you may have been amused, even flattered. But you became uneasy, then annoyed. You were being caricatured, your individuality undermined and cheapened. You felt used, fed off of, and your admirer took on the lewdness of the voyeur. You were being appropriated for his needs, used as raw material in his efforts to divert or remodel himself. Finally, you despised him.

Imitation is a form of cannibalism. And the imitator is never content merely to nibble; oh no, every so often, when life becomes dull or frustrating, he becomes greedy. Nothing will satisfy him but the whole, body and blood.

Black musicians have made up an impressive display of sacrifices over the years. Their records are distributed with the reverence accorded the wine and wafer, while magazine litanies lament the cruelty of the world and the tragedy of candles burned at both ends. Nevertheless, the sacrifice, it is finally agreed, was for the good of the community, since the appetite satisfied was the spiritual craving for fresh vision and emotional rebirth. Or, as Eric Clapton told the *New York Times*, the death of Jimi Hendrix was "almost a necessity." Sacrifices are always "almost a necessity" when you are not the victim.

The night Jimi died I dreamed this was the latest step in a plot being designed to eliminate blacks from rock music so that it may be recorded in history as a creation of whites. Future generations, my dream ran, will be taught that while rock may have had its beginnings among blacks, it had its true flowering among whites. The best black artists will thus be studied as remarkable primitives who unconsciously foreshadowed future developments.

Two weeks later Janis Joplin was dead. What does that mean? I asked myself, momentarily confused. It means she thought she was black and somebody took her at her word. □

VERSE

RED ROSES
by Anne Sexton

Tommy is three and when he's bad
his mother dances with him.
She puts on the record,
Red Roses for a Blue Lady
and throws him across the room.
Mind you,
she never laid a hand on him.
only the wall laid a hand on him.
He gets red roses in different places,
the head, that time he was as sleepy as a river,
the back, that time he was a broken scarecrow,
the arms like a diamond had bitten it,
the leg, twisted like a licorice stick.
all the dance they did together.
Blue Lady and Tommy.
You fell, she said, just remember you fell.
I fell, is all he told the doctors
in the big hospital. A nice lady came
and asked him questions but because
he didn't want to be sent away he said, I fell.
He never said anything else although he could talk fine.
He never told about the music
or how she'd sing and shout
holding him up and throwing him.

He pretends he is her ball.
He tried to fold up and bounce
but he squashes like fruit.
For he loves Blue Lady and the spots
of red red roses he gives her.

THE SECOND AWAKENING
by Tom McKeown

I was a man of peace
and died quietly

but now
the mirrors open
their fragile doors

now the fields arch
their hairy backs
in anguish

I rise
out of this room

like mist catching
in the wind's shape

finding what
I had never dreamed

my last
and first joy

spun in the gold
of a hawk's eye

I follow
the wanderings
of animals

recite
a silent prayer

for my opening claws

CINDERELLA
by Sandra McPherson

When she came to the mirror it was to her
Instrument of change, every scene in it
Total background, and her hard looking
Asking only to be plumbed the depth
Of a diamond needle, the broken in her
Still breakable as if new. A red line rose
And fell between images of dawn
And sunset . . .

This was the dream room,
That had been lived with and never opene
Everything in it was imagined, the curtain
The color of Chinese skin, with large print
Purple blooms like distant ferris wheels
At dusk. At night the stars used themselve
Up on the rug.

Footsteps sounded
Into many years. Now someone enters
By the window. She turns, quiet.
The temperature drops. On the sill she fin
The alchemical gold ginkgo leaf and it fits
Perfectly the foot that she puts down
Gently on the beginning of autumn.

LIMBO
by Harold Bond

Witness how at the rotary the man
revs the engine to his posh, low-number-
plated sedan. Cars flank him on either side.
He will acknowledge his presence over

the hubbub of the home-moving traffic.
He will assert how he only is there,
beautiful, ushering the van of stopped cars,
his car windows closed to the city air,

the summer heat. The man in the blue suit
motions him forward. He does not unsheathe
his handcuffs, billy club, thirty-eight. The man
in the sedan waves back. He smiles beneath

that unmistakable passing of favors,
nuzzling his baby home now, runaway
and ragtag, thinking it all clean, clean like old
men who bathe day after day after day.

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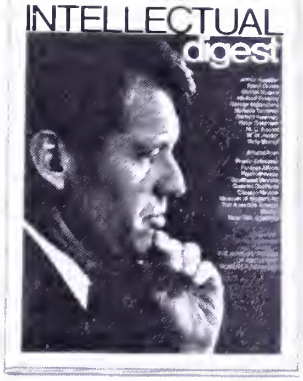
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COUNTERSIGNS

Notes on a landslide

I know the heart of America is good.
—Richard Nixon's First Inaugural Address, 1969

reat leaders summon our best
instincts, but Mr. Nixon's rhet-
has a different appeal. When he
s us good, it comes across as "in-
ent" and implies that guilt lies
where. It's the oldest rule of win-
g politics: promise them anything,
give them absolution.

Mr. Nixon entered office pledged
ealing a war-sick nation, but his
apy was aimed at his own fear of
being reelected. Instead of cour-
ously ending the war at once, he
ried about domestic backlash and
ne-term Presidency. So he em-
ed a salesman's technique: deter-
e what the majority wants and
it nothing else. This is Nixonism,
art of dealing with the politics of
blems, not with the problems.

n times of moral disorder, men
rn for the blessed relief of a guilt-
conscience. Nixonism appeases
hunger. It gives most people
eone else to blame: the longhairs,
potheads, the Women's Libbers.
(feel free) those pushy blacks.
en hapless George McGovern
naged to get himself identified
the scapegoats, Nixonism be-
e a gift so gratefully received as
orge a "new majority" and stamp
President as the greatest follower
to become America's leader.

lass soul-washing enabled Mr.
on to make an evil war even more
, while he sold himself as a
ber-for-peace and persuaded most
s to ignore the victims. The Justice
artment then freely harassed anti-
dissenters in blatant violation of
Constitution. Instead of protest-
nice people joined in denouncing
esty for war resisters, their own
dren having been routinely ex-
d from military service by means
e most sophisticated draft-dodg-
in U.S. history.

uring the campaign, a Vietnam
ran sent Candidate McGovern
anguished tape recording: "We
t into villages after they dropped
alm and the human beings were
fused together like pieces of metal that had been soldered. . . . We have jet planes that drop rockets and in the shells they have penny nails—one nail per square inch for about the size of a football field—you can't believe what they do to a human being . . . And what bothers me is, when you're there you accept it. You rationalize it. You condone it. You say it's right because they are the enemy and then when you come home you can't believe that you didn't have the courage to open your mouth against that kind of murder."

Men under fire can't be expected to protest immoral orders, but safe civilians should be held to a higher standard. Throughout the 1972 campaign, no living American could plead total ignorance about this country's vast dispensation of death in Indochina. From 1965 to mid-1972, our planes blasted the area with seven and a half times more explosives than all the allied forces used during all of World War II. Yet a Harris Poll last spring showed that 55 percent of Americans supported continued heavy bombing of North Vietnam; 74 percent backed the President's contention that South Vietnam "must not fall into control of the Communists"—a policy that resulted in the death or maiming by U.S. bombs of more than 1,000 noncombatants every week, rendered huge areas uninhabitable, and turned at least 6,000,000 Vietnamese into refugees.

What ever happened to the American conscience? Mr. Nixon relaxed it with the tranquilizer of jingoism and put it to sleep with the anesthetic of complacency. Even the nightmare of My Lai failed to awaken it. The common reaction to that hardly unique atrocity seemed to be, "It didn't happen, and if it did, they deserved it." As to further concern about the war, Mr. Nixon declared peace, alias Vietnamization, which solved everything by changing the skin color of the corpses. Presto, what war?

Landslide Presidential elections (e.g., Harding, Coolidge, Hoover) often reveal more about the voters than about the candidates. This one was a plea for moral order. And the need can't be denied. There *is* crime without punishment, a drug disaster, a yearning for personal safety. But Nixonism only ensures more selfishness. Already the painful search for racial justice is superseded by the painless crusade against busing, chief code word in the new lexicon of unembarrassed white supremacy. The hunger for law and order is used to politicize the Supreme Court and erode the Bill of Rights. Poverty is attributed to the "work ethic" that nice people cherish, even if they are getting rich on tax loopholes and similar handouts for the privileged. Nixonism portends sharp cuts in "permissive" social programs, while runaway military spending deepens the federal deficit. Nixonism reinforces a climate of cynicism so widespread that a candidate who symbolizes actual subversion of the electoral process—the spirit of Watergate, the scandal of the ITT case, the $10 million in unaccounted-for campaign funds—can nonetheless win a landslide vote. This is the real "permissive" society: if no one is guilty, then everyone is free to take his; if "everybody does it," why worry about a little campaign corruption? That is why Nixonism means four more years of social neglect, indifference, and disorder.

Recently in these pages, Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., coined a painfully apt slogan for America's political winners: "Ignore agony." A man could do worse than spend his life trying to make that slogan as obsolete as it is obscene. No one is immune from his country's moral problems, whether of war, race, poverty, or corruption in high places. Citizenship is not transferrable; neither is conscience. The state of America is the state of ourselves. □

AN ASSASSIN'S DIARY

The grandiose delusions of the lonely nobody who tried to cure his impotence by killing Richard Nixon, but instead struck down George Wallace and thereby assured the President's reelection

On May 15 of last year an unemployed busboy named Arthur Bremer, twenty-one years old and disappointed in love, attempted to assassinate Governor George Wallace of Alabama. Bremer failed to kill Wallace, but he wounded him severely enough to shift the balance of votes in the recent Presidential election. Wallace lost whatever advantage he had gained in the spring primary campaigns, and by the time he reached the Democratic Convention in Miami in July, he had been reduced to a ceremonial figure in a wheelchair, rolled on and off the speaker's platform as a testament to the American violence he had both exploited and deplored. The television cameras tended to avoid him.

Bremer apparently chose Wallace as a secondary target of convenience. He had hoped to assassinate President Nixon, and with that hope in mind he followed the President to Canada in early April. He missed the chances he imagined he had been given, and he concluded that the assassination of a President might present too difficult a task. The notion of killing Wallace seems to have occurred to him in a Milwaukee movie theater, while he was watching a performance of A Clockwork Orange.

His trial lasted five days. He had been arrested within a few seconds of shooting Wallace at point-blank range during a political rally at a Maryland shopping center. He also wounded three other people(a bodyguard, a Wallace campaign worker, and a Secret Service agent), and the jury appeared to be convinced by a CBS News film of the incident. Bremer was convicted on various counts of assault with intent to murder, and he was sentenced to a total of sixty-three years in prison.

The defense offered pleas of not guilty and not guilty by reason of insanity, and in support of the latter pleading it introduced into evidence a document identified by the FBI as "Manuscript Found in Bremer's Vehicle." The manuscript consists of the last 113 pages of a diary in which Bremer confided for some months. The first 148 pages of the diary he presumably buried in the ground somewhere in the vicinity of the furnished room in which he lived on the near west side of Milwaukee.

It is probable that he began to write the diary during the week of January 12, 1972, the date on which he was rebuffed by the sixteen-yea old girl with whom he believed himself in lov At about the same time he shaved his head bal acquired a .38-caliber revolver, and began dream of assassinating President Nixon.

Medical witnesses at the trial testified Bremer's condition of paranoid schizophreni and the manuscript seems to bear out their tes mony. Bremer conceives of himself as an Ame can hero, and he has assembled his image the hero from the available found objects th decorate the landscape of popular culture. H delusions coincide with the commercial mythe ogies; it is as if he had broken down a thousa television melodramas into their compone parts and then had put them back together in surreal collage.

But the manuscript acquires more than path logical interest when one weighs Arthur Bre er's effect on the Presidential election. Consid the 1968 election percentages: Nixon 43. Humphrey 42.7, Wallace 13.5. The numbe suggest that George McGovern's chances in 19 depended far less on his idealistic supporte than on George Wallace's proved ability to ho Richard Nixon to a minuscule plurality (only per cent in 1968). A week before the recent ele tion a national poll assuming Wallace's presen on the ballot showed only 44 percent of t voters favoring Nixon, compared with 15 pe cent for Wallace, and the remaining 41 perce either for McGovern or undecided. By Nove ber 7, roughly three out of four Wallace su porters had chosen Nixon as the only availab object of their conservative sentiment. In ma states the Nixon vote was almost precisely t sum of his and Wallace's combined votes 1968.

The arithmetic suggests that Wallace's a parture in May doomed McGovern's candida two months prior to his nomination. The Pe tagon Papers may have raised all the solem questions of war, peace, diplomacy, and the fre dom of the press, but the few pages of a bu boy's almost illegible scrawl may have h more to do with the history of the nation.

The abridged text that appears on the follo ing pages of Harper's *has been taken from t FBI typescript of the holograph copy found*

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Bremer's car on the day after his arrest. The FBI typists retained the misspellings that often lead Bremer into grotesque puns and juxtapositions.

The first entry in the diary, dated April 5 and appearing on the second page of the manuscript, places Bremer in a motel room near LaGuardia Airport in New York. He had arrived the day before on a plane from Milwaukee. He never explains his reason for coming to New York, and neither does he explain how he acquired the $1,055 that remains in his possession. In his luggage he had brought two guns, a Browning automatic pistol and a Charter Arms .38-caliber revolver.

The second entry, dated April 13, appears to have been written in Canada during the evening of the day on which Bremer missed an opportunity to assassinate President Nixon. He doesn't mention his presence in Canada; instead he continues to describe his adventures in New York. He concludes that narrative in the third entry and then proceeds to reconstruct his Canadian journey in chronological sequence. The text seems to indicate that he returned to Milwaukee on or about April 19. He remained there until he followed Governor Wallace into Michigan during the second week in May.

APRIL 5, 1972

Consider yesterday, the last minute rush, the burying of the book and the trip & NO CAR one of my worst days in years. If I attempted to say half of what was done to me, I wouldn't do the emotion of despair justice. You heard of "One Day in the Life of Ivan Dynerovich"? Yesterday was my day. I could write 150 pages alone describing that day.

Wallace got his big votes from Rebublicans who didn't have any choice of candidates on their own ballot. Had only about $1055 when I left.

Took a 4 hour walk around this slum. Alleys and some parts of sidewalks are dirt. Not concrete dirt covered, but dirt. Some of the weeds between the curbs and the sidewalks are taller than me 5'6. But mostly they average between my waist & chest level, some times growing this high on both sides of the sidewalk giving an impression of walking thru an animal trail in a woods. Litter abounds. A junk dealer with a truck to pick up from the vacant lots & streets has his fortune made. Cars are often parked very near or on the pedestrian walks between city blocks, some with a tire or two removed & other deformities. My Howard Johnson's is $23 and $1 occupation tax and some other tax. I'm charged 20¢ per call from my room which is very noticably smaller than my Madison, Wis. room for under $17 total. I'm at 140 St. and 135 av. (it may be the other way around). Downtown is barely visable with binocculars, being a good 12 miles off on the horizon. I'll spend tomorrow there & get out of this cold peopled place.

Read the sexy parts of the Little Red Book [presumably a Bible furnished with the room]. Whores and cleansing and circumcision and incest. Must of been hot stuff 2,000 years ago. I'll pick up the modern version tomorrow.

Got a little tanning from the clear skys. Must of began to cry 8 distint times yesterday night. Watched T.V. 'till 2:10 am. Great movies of the '10's. Surprisingly got up at 8:00.

APRIL 13, 1972

A life time of events has happened since I last wrote in here. I didn't write because I was tired of it bored with it. I wanted to ACT instead.

My last night at the Howard Johnsons' in the Jamaica Area, New York City I didn't sleep much, a beautiful naked lady across a parking lot in the next motel out by her window (floor to ceiling) smoking cigarettes & I had to watch her. Her table room light was on & thin vail of curtain allowed me to watch as she passionately kissed a man who wore clothes. I never saw them in each other's arms more than a minute at a time. They must of been fighting. Thru binocculars I saw them gesture like Italians & open their mouths very wide very often.

For $16 I took a helicopter to Wall St., closer to Le Guardia. Some guy asked me what I thought of helicopters & the possible improvements that could be made upon them. I guess he designed 'em. Couldn't help him. Got a limosine (Lincoln Continental [Nixon was in one today]) for $11 (an hour) [$2 tip] & the choffuer in choffuer's hat (was hack driver for a long time, but not in last 7 years) gave me a tour thru the open markets & Chinatown & the Bowery and narrow streeted financial district. I asked him for help in getting me a hotel (a lot of 'em are residential only) & he got me the Fifth Ave. Hotel. Sounds impressive but it didn't compare to the Howard Johnsons'. Kids running in the halls (in diapers) a stink in the hall & room, a dump. Nice looking resteront from the outside but it wasn't open till 11:30 the next morning. I ate at a hero sandwich joint, got sick on the shit. Walked 20 miles (10 blocks to a mile) thru mid-Manhattan. Never saw so many street venders. On a few streets were signs "This street patroled by----private police." WOW! I always carried my gun outside my hotel in N.Y.C. I really felt good being stared at by the poor people in my limosine. Took a taxi to the Waldorf-Astoria & never got looked at by ANYONE. I thought the Wardorf was the best N.Y.C. had to offer. I was wrong. For $37 plus I got a room little better than the $23 Fifth Ave. joint. I took a lot of their stationary that's what I payed for. They spend all their money on their lobby, & hallways to a lesser degree.

AN ASSASSIN'S DIARY

APRIL 19, 1972

After 3 days in N. Y. I decided to go to a massage parlor at 11 pm I looked up their ratings in Screw newspaper, checked the ones I wanted & was going to 3 or 4 that night. I couldn't do it. I walked past a place & then got lost (on purpose maybe). I felt like I was going to get raped. Called the best place for a reservation & was told "You just come in, sir." I twisted my guts for hours sitting before the phone with fear & anticipation & then was told that. I put the phone right down cussed them & went straight to bed for an anticipated 3 hours before my flight. Overslept. Made a 4pm reservation. Was kind of glad I still had time to go to a model studio. It was 3 blocks from the Waldorf, the Victorian. I walked past it about 6 times then ate lunch at a self-service, then walked past it AT LEAST 12 more times. Walked into an Adult book store to try to get a horny feeling. Lousy boring fuck books and the good photo magazines were wrapped up in cellophane. Tryed to see a 25¢ dirty movie but they were closed, it was Sunday. Had justed watched that morning & made fun of a dopey preacher on T.V. & figured if he was against it I wanted it.

Guess I was too bored with writting to even finish my last entry. I have to turn back to see how far I got.

Saw a hairy hippie type leave the entrance to the Victorian. Two old ladys standing & talking right in front of the place finally leaft (they were begin to give me funny looks) & I some how walked up the screky stairs into the place on the 2nd floor. It was nicely furnished, you could see they made an effert. A hairy character asked if I was there before & showed me a booklet of about 20 nude & near nude girls & said that 2 of them were working that day, a Sunday afternoon.

I picked out the blonde (the best looking I thought). The 2 were sitting on a sofa off to my left. I was conscience of someone there but never looked directly in their direction untill the guy said, "Alga, you have a ½ session in studio 2." ($18) This was right after I signed a statement that I would "behave in a gentalmanly manner." Alga & I looked at each other, I thought her rear end was kind of fat & her face & hair & figure generally attractive. She led me into a room locked it, turned the lights out & lit incest all with her back generally towards me. Piped in music began. I handed her 3 tens and said we'd have to take it easy as I just ate lunch, she didn't hear me (I think I was kind of wispering rather than my voice cracking) & had to repeat it one or twice. She glanced at my offering hand & said "put it on the table."

Again with her back toward me she began to undress. I took off my vested business suit & overcoat & layed on my stomach on the massage table, nude. She didn't see my organ

She started by massaging the fleshy p above & behind my collar bones, then the up back, lower back, buttocks, & legs. She was c pleatly nude except for a yellow nylon bik panty.

"Do you want to turn over now?" I oblige was fully erect & pretty much relaxed. I loo at her more closely and saw she was beauti Beautiful. Her breasts were perfectly beaut her rear end was not fat AT ALL. I glai my hand over her back & side & rear for a cl inspection.

"You're not supposed to do that."

"What?"

"Touch me."

"Why?"

"That's the rules."

"Are you kidding?"

I had gently held & caressed her waist with one hand as I lay down & she did not p test. She saw I was looking at her private pa I thought she wanted more money before started the heavy stuff.

I sat up & looked in to her beautiful big br eyes.

"Are you kidding?"

She talked about "the rules." Custon aren't allowed to touch the girls. By this t she was massaging my erect penis with one ha Up & down too quickly to be enjoyed. I mo her hand in mine in slower more pleasura moton. We talked about "the rules."

I sat up gently & tryed to put my head to breasts she stepped back just out of head rest range. Later I slowly reached out to brush breast with my hand, I moved slowly enought her to move away but I surely didn't want her She covered with her arm a little. I sat up ag & looked into her eyes. She looked directly i mine. I think I recognised that same look Joan. She was not going to give ground.

I layed back down & started talking about tips. "Some times I get $2, $5, $10, $15, $ or $30." I had given her $30 & didn't kn wasn't sure that she had counted it.

"Why do you get $30 some times."

"Because the customers like me."

"Why?" a silence befor I said, "What do do for $30 that you don't do for $2?"

She looked right at me & damn it cause said, "Nothing."

Another short silence. "You said that one the rules was that the customer was suppo to climax if you can't do it this way (she using her hand) then lets' do it another way."

"This is the only way I can do it?"

"What. Don't you read books?"

"Sure."

"What books do you read?"

"Oh, mostly horoscope books?"

We both knew I was talking about sex boo

So I changed the subject a little. Tryed to talk about something she was interested in "I'm Leo. What sign are you?"

"I'm Virgo." Damn, she was still defensive! She said this with a very very little smile & nod & looked at me. Damn!

"You don't like your job do you?"

"Not really."

"Then why are you here?"

"I have another job. I'm only here on the weekends."

"What do you do"

"I'm a telephone operator at an airlines."

I never heard of a phone operator for an airlines. I had told her I was in N.Y. for 4 days & was leaving in 2 hours by plane. Thought she wanted to satisfy my question with a lie. Thought she didn't like me for my crew cut & straight cloths. She was dressed somewhat like a hippie, when she was dressed.

She told me she was 20. I said I was 21. I know I look older in that suit. I felt sorry for the kid. It was a job & she was only in it for the money. I sat up for the last time. "I'm sorry." Maybe she didn't understand. I'm sure she never layed with any one on the job. Any one.

Earlier I had told her she could push & pull on that thing for a week & I couldn't come. It was true. I needed, I wanted & was prepared for a wild ½ hour of sucking & fucking & tongueing & everything. Just looking at bare however beautiful tits & getting a hand job weren't going to do it.

I commented that she must have strong fingers. She invited me to feel her forearms & smiled when I did. Time was up.

A little buzzēr rang & went off by itself. We had never even begun.

I went to my cloths to dress & she went to hers. She commented about my yellow underpants being like hers.

She I refer to her in my thoughts as "Browneyes." She opened the door & I left without looking back, a mistake, a great mistake in my life time.

It surprises me that I could remember everything we said April the 8th & today is the 19th. Thought I'm still a virgin, I'm thankful to Alga for giving me a peek at what its like.

I went straight to the Astoria & took a cab to the Westside Airlines Terminal on 42nd Street. Arrived with a resevation but without a ticket 15 minutes before my plane was scheualed to leave, about 4:00 p.m. United had the biggest counter at Le Guardia & the most people waiting in lines in front of it. I got to the counter 10 minutes after scheuled departure. The guy couldn't hold it for me.

He directed me way across the building to the Northwest counter. It was the week-end & the whole damn airport was busy. Northwest had a 5:00 (I think) flight to Milwaukee all full up. But I got a stand-by ticket on it. I carryed my bags to a seat & paced all around the seating area. I needed a car to hide the guns in to get across the border with them. I felt that alone in my baggage or on my body they would be found out right away. And I had to meet Nixon in Ottawa by Thursday the 13th (his arrival).

I GOT A SEAT, seat C (of A, B, C) in row 33 (of 33 rows in the plane). Whereas befor in a sparsly populated plane & in the 3rd row from the front (1st class) I had a smooth trip & excellent service, this trip was lousy. A fat boring sheltered snob of a therolgy student talked nonstop with a equally sheltered & fasinated (always smiling) high school student. I waited 30 minutes for dinner & when I got it, last in the whole plane, we had turbilence & the "fasten seat belts" sign went on. I hurryed & drank down half my coffee befor it spilled over my pants. Got away with only a tie stain and an everlasting preduice against theology students & capacity plane trips.

I could hear & watch the stuardesses privately talk & work way back their. It's a job their in it for what they can get. One of 'em wispered "shit" a couple times.

Wonder how much money there is in theology.

APRIL 21, 1972

Bremer begins by describing his arrival on April 9 at Mitchell Field in Milwaukee; it is Sunday evening, and he is in a desperate hurry to get to Canada. He packs his clothes, his guns, and his maps, and he decides to take a ferry across Lake Michigan. But first he must fix a flat tire on the right front wheel of his blue Rambler Rebel.

Went to a place which had charged my dead battery once. Pulled off to the side of the service area. The place gave a free car wash (inside) to any one buying any amount of gas that night. Some fucking thing I never heard of be for—not just a fill ANY amount.

The guy said sure he could fix the flat but I'd have to wait for the wash jobs a head of me.

I had another guy check my oil in the mean time. I checked the water & left the hood up for him. He put in a can of 10-40. I was still waiting around & at that time I thought I would drive to Canada that night. I paged thru the Sunday Journal for news of Nixon's trip. Nothing there. I asked each station attendent if he heard anything about Nixon going to Canada. No, they were to busy to read a paper or watch the news. They must of smelled too much gasoline & it ruined their brains. I pulled up to the pump to get a fill up befor going into the enclosed area to get the tire patched. Then one of the guys motioned me forward into the service sta[illegible]

I could get a fill later on & pulled up just in front of the door. Then a ½ minute wait. Conversation inside between the guys.

"Can you pull in tomorrow?"

"I'LL PULL RIGHT OUT THIS FUCKING STATION!"

They wanted to close for the night. I backed up & flip-floped around the block remmembering just then that I didn't pay for the oil.

I pulled into a smaller station (one I deliberatly passed up on my way to the first) & the guy said he didn't have the jack he needed. I told him I'd move my car in 2 minutes & ran 2 blocks to the 1st station to pay for the oil. Ran back & drove off to the place the jack-less guy recommended.

A high school kid & his girl were there talking quietly. Kid seemed disturbed that someone would pull into his station, a big name place like the first and disturbe his romance. He didn't have the patches!

"If a servicestation doesn't have the patches who does?"

"I don't know."

"Maybe I should try a negligy store."

He walked back to his girl in silence.

I drove across the 16th St. Viaduct. The big Car Care Center was closed. Completely closed down. I drove further up the street & found a dingy place, the only place open. It was about 10 o'clock. The hole was to big to be patched & I had put an even larger one in the tire by driving on the flat. He changed tires for about $3. I don't really remember. His fat ugly girl friend made jokes about my car antenna, dents, etc. as she feed her face with a soda. I drove across the street for a gas fill at a penny less per gallon then that place.

It sure felt real good to be riding tall in the saddle again! But I did notice a dent in the wheel. The tire wobbled back & forth when I shook it. It cost about $22 to get across the lake. The ship's clerk struck up a conversation with me & we talked about travel. He let me have a room at the day rate (about $5) rather than charge me the night rate (about double). Good man! I wanted to get some sleep that night because I felt sure I would be driving all the next day. The people laying on the sofas in the longe looked liked uncomfortable dogs.

It took 6 hours to cross the Lake. I was in bed & we were moving before I knew it. Had a very comforable ride & a good deep sleep, about 5 hours. I had a surprishing amount of energy on that short a sleep the next morning. The big ship had only about a dozen passengers that night. But lots of fright cars down below.

Call me Ismal.

Drove along Highway 10 thru beautiful green Central Michigan. Drove from about 9:am to 3:pm I guess. Worryed that my wobblely front right wheel would come right off but it settled in somewhat & gave no real trouble. Stopped spent the night in Port Huron, Michigan & th was an adventure too.

I filled my guns with all the bullets they wou hold 14 in the Browning, 5 in the Charter Ar .38. That night I thought of where I could p sible hide the guns.

Picking up the big Browning 9mm I ac dently fired off a shot! I squeezed the trigger purpose but I forgot that I had loaded it j hours before. My entire head rung from t powerful blast. In the room my ears felt the bl vibrate off the walls & return. I felt sure t woman who rented me the room would co running & pound on my door to see if I had kill my self with that one loud bang or what.

I turned the T.V. on. In the movies they ways turn the T.V. or radio on & way up to m fle gun shots. I gave it a real life test, on AFTER THE SHOT WAS FIRED. I thoug I'd be hauled off to jail for carrying a gun at t least. I rehearsed a speech to the lady, "I ac dently fired my gun." What the fuck else cou I say? Would she believe anything else? I fou a war movie on & if I wasn't fucking lucky t Americans were giving the Japs every thi they had. I turned the sound WAY up to prete to be an inconsiterate nabor to the rooms next me. (The small Howard Johnsons' lobby & n room shared a common wall. I wasn't sure if t room next to me on the other side of my roo was occupided put knew the one next to it was A lot of Japs must of been slautered but none the T.V. shots bounced off the walls like mi did.

I thought maybe the lady didn't rush into n room right away because she was calling t police to investigate it for her. "There's a m with a gun in here, officer!" 15 minutes passe I knew cops were slow to come when you want them. I put the gun out of sight but somewhe where I could surrender them right away asked to. I didn't want it to look like I had h them. I put 'em in seperate places, prepared give up the Browning on a Carrying Conceal Weapons charge & still have the .38 for bus ness. (The lady knew I was going into Canad The cops would ask why I was taking a g across the border. All this & more going thru m mind . . .), after 25 minutes I sat back & start enjoying the movie. Nothing happened.

The night befor this I had disposed of all m excess ammunition, cartiage boxes (2) & a boo let explaining the operation of the Browning.

I carefully tore the booklet up & likewise th boxes. I drove thru the quiet residential area All the [excess] bullets went into one sew Thru the 2 gun cases into poond in a vacant lo They floated damn it but it was the best I coul do & I wasn't about to go in after them.

I picked up the mat in my car trunk & fou a snuke little hole that the .38 fit perfectly. Th

How the English keep dry.



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9mm, half cocked & safty on I put in a corridor in the trunk over the right rear wheel. It was visable when looked at closely. The morning of the border crossing I took my long armed ice scraper & pushed the gun further in as far as I could.

A mistake. It fell forward and down in front of the rear wheel never to be recovered.

I wanted to wash the filthy car befor border inspection. To look more respectable and innocent. But I thought an automatic car wash would rust my .38, exposed to the elements by a hole in the bottom of the car. I found a self-wash 100 yards from my room across a parking lot. Confussed, I rinsed the car clean & never switched on the "detergent wash" button. Except for the dents, it did look respectable. I had also dusted the inside.

I knew dogs were trained to smell gun powder & hoped that the heavy smell of gasoline & gasoline additive in my trunk would ward off the nice doggies from my cargo.

After unloading the gun cases & dripping dry from the car-wash, I went to the border. I turned the radio to a conservative station to relax me & show the nice border guard I wasn't a hippie. With my short hair cut, I worryed that he might take me for a Army deserter. Clean shaven, I had taken my beard off the night before, relaxed & confident with all the proables & possablities in the back of my mind, I slowed down to be inspected.

Canada had crooked teeth and a moustach. H asked where I was from, where I wanted to g for how long & if I had anything to declair. was prepared for this last question, I was goi to say, "I declair its a nice day." But I ju asked, "What should I declair?")

"Anything you might leave in Canada? H you have any merchandise?"

I looked around & said I had a type record Nothing I would leave or sell in the counti Thought thoughts of a few hundred bucks & a fe bullets raced thru my head. He said, "O.K That was the great border inspection. He nev looked thru my baggage I never left my car. instantly lost all respect for the Big Bad Can dian Customs.

Driving on I thought of what an ass hole was. I could of had enough guns in my bagga & in the trunk to start a revolution in Canad Two artilery pieces & 1,000 machine guns & million rounds of ammo & 12 pigmyes to carry all on their heads. Enought drugs for everyo & his brother. I took the fastest route possibl the M-C freeway in southern Ontario, with sight of the water seperating the country's times. Speed limit—70 m.p.h. I did over 90 on or twice—danger gave me an erection. The are no speeders in Canada. Gas is about 55 cen a gallon—the bargain places offer 42⁹ regular. can of oil is $1 & up. The right front wheel ga me no trouble.



Wilma Ervi

The remainder of the entry continues with a recollection of Bremer's arrival in Ottawa on the evening of either April 10 or April 11. The date isn't clear from the context. He had hoped to stay in the best hotel in the city, to "live it up" before shooting Nixon on the thirteenth. He assumes that he will be killed by the Secret Service, and he wants to enjoy a last holiday. But there is a geology convention in town, and Bremer must drive fifty-eight miles out of Ottawa before he can find any kind of room. On the following day he moves into a "dumpy little runt of a room" near the city limits. He begins to reconnoiter the terrain and discovers that Nixon's plane will land at Uplands Airport. In the entry dated April 22 Bremer describes the day of Nixon's arrival.

APRIL 22, 1972

The T.V. gave his expected motorcade route, Riverside Road. I drove up & down it to get familier with it. The T.V. & papers had said, were saying, & continued to say that Nixon was getting the heaviest surcurity coverage of any President to visit Canada (& they all did since 1948). I gathered all of my things into my car. It was a driszeling day, cold in the lows 40's, about 2:30. Earlier I had driven all around town & got lost for a couple hours. It was confussing.

I tryed to conceal the gun in my rubber boot, it was raining & the puddels were bad in places. I drove to the International Airport & took a couple aspirin & adjusted the bulge in my right boot. I couldn't make it look as flat as the left one. And wouldn't it look funny me bending over & grabbing my boot as the President spoak? I left the boots on & put the gun in my pocket. Fuck it.

With the tightest sucurity ever I felt for sure a metal detector would be used on everyone. I thought the rubber of my boot would fool it, I don't know why. Dressed in my vested conservative bussiness suit & overcoat with gun & a tie that was just rediculus for anyone my age, I pulled up to the intersection of the Uplands entrance, the road to Internation, the road to town & a road along side the Uplands airport. This last road was patrolled by cops. I watched as about 4 cars got into the place without too much hassel. I wanted to wait a little longer but didn't want undo attention. I pulled up to the guards. Asked if I could get in to hear the President speak. A guy who looked just like me in short hair & just showered features asked if I was a member of the armed forces. No, I just want to hear him speak.

He said there was nothing for the general public, would I just make a U-turn please.

Today I wonder if he checked military I.D.s. The drivers of the car that got thru must of had their I.D.s ready befor they got at the gate. It seems that way now. From the very beginning of this plan I planned to get him at the airport as he addressed a happy Canadian crowd. Sercurity was tightened because of 12-15 or so deserters organizing a protest & about the same number of Canadian pafasists who were planning to protest his arrival & visit.

I spent about 2 hours driving up & down the riverside area over & over & over again. Surprised I wasn't stopped & questioned with my strange yellow American linsense plate & easily identifiable dented blue Rambler. Cop cars, very few, were parked along the road along Uplands, not even a fence to divid the airport from the courious. I could of walked in but didn't know my way around once inside. And binocurlars were probaly scanning this area. Three men in reflective orange overalls & carrying flashlights (it wasn't really dark yet) searched the road the President would travel for bombs, wires strange diggings near by etc. I guess. Had heard that snowbanks were watered down to nothing to destroy a hiding place for bombs.

All the homes & bussinesses along the route were questioned by Secret Service men & asked to be on the look out for strange movements in the bushes, strange cars etc. I saw a trench coated guy, an obvious SS cop, leave a home along the route & go into his car, he looked at me as I passed him.

Pulling up from a side street I asked a fat cop in orange traffic control vest where a good place was to watch the President. He pointed to a empty gas station at the corner. I thanked him & pulled in. A few cars were there befor me & had the choice places. I pulled behind them & had a good view of the road 'till more cars pulled in. Maybe 10-12 cars in all. A young handsome cop with a mustach took down all the liesens plate numbers of the cars coming into the lot. Any thing to keep busy I guess.

It was a long wait. 40 minutes at least, maybe over an hour. I turned the heater on, still listening to the radio for news flashes. Earlier, I had seen the empty Presidents' Lincoln Continental & all his cops & cars going in to the Uplands base. Against ten-of-thousands of people & tens-of-millions of dollars . . .

I had worn a 3 inch "Vote Republcan" button & a 3 inch "Richard Nixon (with his picture)" button to watch the motorcade. I exchanged looks at the Mr. Moustache, my gun inside my pocket. Fan'asied killing Nixon while shooting right over the shoulder of that cop.

I was conscience of my hands. Didn't want to keep them inside my pockets & get searched. Didn't want to keep them out & nume them too much.

Some folks there kept their hands in their pocket almost all the time, they weren't questioned & either was I. But I wanted to be careful. didn't know if a stop & frisk law existensed or what my rights were as an American here. Felt

added confidence with my suit on & short hair & shave. Didn't recognize my self clean shaven at first. My head hair came in nice & thick.

People jumped from their cars. Would the assassin get a good view? Everyone moved in close (about 20 people). We were the only people other than cops for a few blocks.

He went by befor I knew it. Like a snap of the fingers. A dark shillowet, waving, rushed by in the large dark car. "All over." someone said to no one in particular. The following cop cars had 2 antentenas each & probaly walkie-talkies too—jam proof communications. Umbrella in one hand, pocket in the other, I walked back to my car. I had missed him that day. The best day to make the attempt was over, I thought.

The news the next day said there were very sparse unwaving crowds. Said the rain stopped some demonstrators from showing up to protest his arrival. All along the fucking Ottawa visit I cursed the damn "demonstrators." Sercurity was beefed up—overly beefed up—because of these stupid dirty runts. To this day I blame them for partial responsibility in foiling my attempt.

I started back toward my cheap motel. Realized that I had checked out & today was Thrusday—the fucking Geologists (I kept asking myself "What the fuck is a Geologist." as I carryed my bagguge to the parking lot of the Chateau & all thru the next day) & that city rooms would be avaliable. The Chateau was filled with another convention—I wound up at the Lord Elgin about 4 blocks away from my first choice. Nice decent place.

I can't remember what Nixon did or where he went Friday. Let's see—I toured the National Gallery of Art—an excellent showhouse of the work of the masters if only because there are more guards then gallery visitors. Vandilism & graffiti do not exist there. I locked my gun into my carry-on-bag & but it into my hotel closet as I had always done befor. Not being sure if I would ever have a change to get Nixon in Canada after missing him on my prime target date. I killed time inside. Some good mind-expanding work. On a "closed" floor (no exhibits) I ran into a male & a female guard sitting & chatting. The guy in a dark blue uniform, the girl, a blond, in a light blue miniscrit uniform the female guards all wore. Sitting in the middle of the place on a small seat with the girl the guy walked all the way over to me (me in my square suit) and kicked me out (I could see myself I was lost). Then he walked back & continued the romance. Waiting for the elevator a guard-boss came into the place & the lovers bounced up & apart like they had springs in their asses. "Just talking." the girl explained. Both of 'em acted real guilty about something. Bet you there're engaged by now. And fired.

Out of the Gallery I walked down Sparks Street shopping area were cars are prohibited. A woman, middle age gave me an anti-war/ant Nixon leaflet. I glanced it over & handed it bac to her, politely. What could I say to her? Yo stupid bitch stop this useless accomplish-nothin form of protest, let the sercurity slacken & I' show you something really evective? Tons c leaflets have been handed out all over the worl for years & what did they get done?

She was dressed decently. The hippie-type also tryed to give me this stuff. I looked away walked on. Wonder what they would of done c thought of me if they could of read my mind?

Were the cops really afraid of these people? Was Nixon afraid, really scared, of them?!

They're nothing. Ther're the new establish ment. To be a rebel today you have to keep job, wear a suit & stay apolitical. Now

THAT'S REBELLION!

APRIL 23, 1972

I walked from Sparks St. right on to the mai drag with the American Embassy on one side Parliament on the other. Ottawa police formed line between the sidewalk & the Embassy, abou 50 cops. About 3 city blocks were cut off t traffice, pedestrians only. And farther green ba racades prevented them from crossing the stre without going under additional barracade SHOCK! SHOCK! I saw what I took to be th Presidents' car parked directly in front of th Embassy! Was he inside? Wasn't scheualed t be and WHY would he be in there?

I went immediately home, ran part of the wa It was about 15 to 2 p.m. [when] I got to th hotel. I stupidly took time to, I'm now ashamed embaressed to say, brush my teeth, take 2 a perin & I think change from a salt & pepper kn suit into my black bussiness one. It was abo 2:30 either when I left my room or when I a rived at the Embassy.

Car gone.

I had planned to get him as he entered th car. Saw about 6 white trenched coated (thoug that was only in the movies!) SS men in fro of the place with the car there. Less men wi the car gone. Weather the front of the Embas was used as a mere parking place (as I no believe) or BIG SHOT was inside I don't kno I took my time on the hotel room because he ha made me wait so long for him on Riversi Road. I didn't want to attrack too much attenti standing near the barracade for so long waitin for Nixon. And I was concerned, overly co cerned, with my apperence & composure aft the bang bangs. I wanted to shock the shit o of the SS men with my calmness. A little som thing to be remmered by. All these thin seemed important to me, were important to m in my room.

I will give very little if ANY thonght to the things on any future attempts.

After all does the world remember if Sirhan's tie was on straight?

That night Nixon went to a concert in his honor at the Performing Arts Center. 1 or 2 blocks from the Lord Elgin. A white tie affair for 2,000 by invitation only. I walked around the joint any way on my way to dinner at the Chauteu. Later it turned out that a political big shot was turned away by a mistakened Mountie. To wear white tie & tails & get Nixon—boy. WOW! If I killed him while wearing a sweatty tee-shirt. some of the fun & glamore would defionently be worn off.

Had a big Manhatten. straight, & an $11 meal at the Chauteu that night. $1 for pea soup alone. Salads were $2. I feared a meal in it-self & didn't order any. Maybe vegatables (& fruit—orange juice in particular) are just expensive this far north. Had an expensive steak—always do when eating out. Was sitting their still woozy from the drink—maybe I had two of those things. Wanted it over ice. had said. "Manhattan—over." but what happened I don't know. Maybe ice is expensive this far north.

I went back to the bar. Another one of those things. Watching the band. the people talk. the people dance. the bar maids. watching the people watch others. No de-air to talk. Canadians drink a lot of ale. Ale bottles everywhere. A guy came in & asked the bar-keep for a drink to take back to the press room. Ice-less said it was against the rules. A short argument. The reporter lost.

"Thats Canada for you." I said.

"It's not Canada. its just this (point to bar-keeper) fucking cunt!"

Walks quickly away.

"A fucking cunt is the best kind of cunt to be." I say to the amusement of a fat man in glasses.

About the press room. I had seen signs in the Chautau lobby pointing out the "White House Press Room" & a lot (25 maybe) typewriters & people in their. Earlier I had seen a ceromonial Mounty in tails & they (cops) all had a private party in a rented hall just off the hotel lobby. Couldn't join the party. didn't have the tails. Left my gun locked up for dinner.

Strolled into the press room like I belonged their. Red a blackboard & some papers on a corkboard. Only one thing useful. A note giving Nixon's time schual for Saturday morning. When leave Gov. House. when arrive west block Parilment. when leave Pariliment. when arrive Uplands Airport. And the press people were to have their baggage ready "at 8:50 am and NOT 9:00 am." I wrote it all down. The papers & T.V. had not given this out so detailed.

At this time I also began to think of following Nixon to Washington. Was about 1 am went I went to bed. Had a little admiration just then for Nixon. He must of been retiring about the same time. Was schualed to leav Gov. House at 9:10 am. but he could sleep on the plane. I planned to meet him at 9:25 at the Parilment. He would [illegible] a Great Lakes Pollution treaty (without reading it himself) & arrive at Uplands 10:10 am.

I didn't try to get into the Parilment grounds. There weren't enought people there for my taste. I hung around the front of the Embassy. Walked past the 100 other cops & dozen SS men with my gun. A small accomplishment I thought.

Off to the left the protesters a large shouting mass. stronger & larger looking than Friday's petiful group. had pushed its way thru a driveway & marched up to the building. It seemed to serprish the cops & SS. Some men began to go over there. They were called back. "Let 'em thru." A new "hold" line closer to the building was set up. I was so busy trying to look saddened & concerned that they had gotton thru. I couldn't feel any satisfaction that sercurity had broken down under a harmless group.

It started to rain lightly. I entered a hallway allready occubied by a small 30tish woman. "You got a good place here." I said. She mumbled something. I turned to face the street & a trench coat stepped into the doorway obviously blocking my freedom of movement. It didn't occur to me at the time he wanted out of the rain too. Maybe he did. Yet I didn't want to be held in the doorway when His car went by.

A commotion on the left got him out of my way. I left the cobby hole right away.



APRIL 24, 1972

Nixon was leaving. He was driven out a gate just 20 yards or so to my right. The sparse crowd in front of the Embassy ran off to that gate. The SS & cops were in confusion. "Is he coming out?" "That gate?" A garboled voice came over the walkie-talkie I moved close to hear & then he came out. About as far away from the protesters as he could get. The Ottawa cops, SS, & Mounties formed a line to hold back the crowd. I had a good view as he went past me, past me again, the 6th time & still alive.

I knew with the sparse friendly crowd, the protesters making noise & the rain he wouldn't show himself for a succesful attempt. Waiting for him to come out that last time I even thought of killing as many SS men as I could. Because I was pissed at them & myself & Nixon. Killing 5 or 6 Secret Service agents would get me on the papers SOMETHING to show for my effort. Killing 'em right in front of Nixen—dig it!? I wasn't sure my flat tipped .38's would go thru the bullet-proof glass. Didn't want to get enprisoned or killed in an unsucessful attempt. To have absolutely nothing to show—I couldn't take that chance.

Shit! I am thruorly pissed off. About a million things. Was pissed off befor I couldn't find a pen to write this down. This will be one of the most closly read papers since the Scrolls in those caves. And I couldn't find a pen for 10 seconds & went mad. My fuse is about bernt. There's gona be an explosion soon. I had it. I want something to happen. I was sopposed to be dead a week & a day ago. Or at least infamous. FUCKING tens- of-1,000's of people & tens-of-millions of $. I'd just like to take some of them with me & Nixy.

All my efforts
&
nothing changed

Just another god Damn
failure

Oh man, I a werewolf now changed into a wild thing. I could give it to the fucking mayor really fuck his little machine. Burn all these papers & what I buried & no one would ever know ½ of it.

But I want 'em all to know. I want a big shot & not a little fat noise. I want that god damn
tired of writting about it.
about what I was gonna do
about what I failed to do.
about what I failed to do again & again.

Traveling around like a hobo or some kind of comical character. I'm as important as the start of WWI I just need the little opening & a second of time. Nothing has happened for so long. 3 months. the 1st person I held a conversation with in 3 months was a near naked girl rubbi my erect penis & she wouldn't let me put it th her.

FAILURES

Every thing drags on . . . drags on . . . and . . . It was supposed to be all over now. Do think I have enought money to pay the rent the 15th next month & eat that month too. I go get him. I'm tired, I'm pissed, I'm crasy.

Tired of writting, writting, a War & Pea Emphasis on the war. I keep throwing my pe It won't be a nice composed vested suited m —it will be a mad man who kills Nixon & will kill him—he will be dead.

I go crasy with delight when I hear Jhon Cash's new record, "You but me Here".

"I shot you with my .38
And now I'm doing time"

MAY 4, 1972

I'm back to writting. 10 days have passed sin my last entry. And even then I was a we behind in writting things down.

When I came back up untill my last entry. morned my failures & stayed indoors—back the exact same existance I had as befor t trip. Every thing was the SAME except I h less money. Much less.

I had to get away from my thoughts for while. I went to the zoo, the lake front, s "Clockwork Orange" & thought about getti Wallace all thru the picture—fantasing my s as the Alek on the screen come to real life—b without "my brothers" & without any "in a out." Just "a little of the old ultra violence."

I've decided Wallace will have the honor —what would you call it?.

Like a novelist who knows not how his bo will end—I have written this journal—what shocking surprish that my inner character sh steal the climax and destroy the author and sa the anti-hero from assasination!!

It may sound exciting & fascinating to read 100 years from now—as the Booth conspri seems to us today: but to this man it seems o another failure. And I stopped tolerating failu weeks ago.

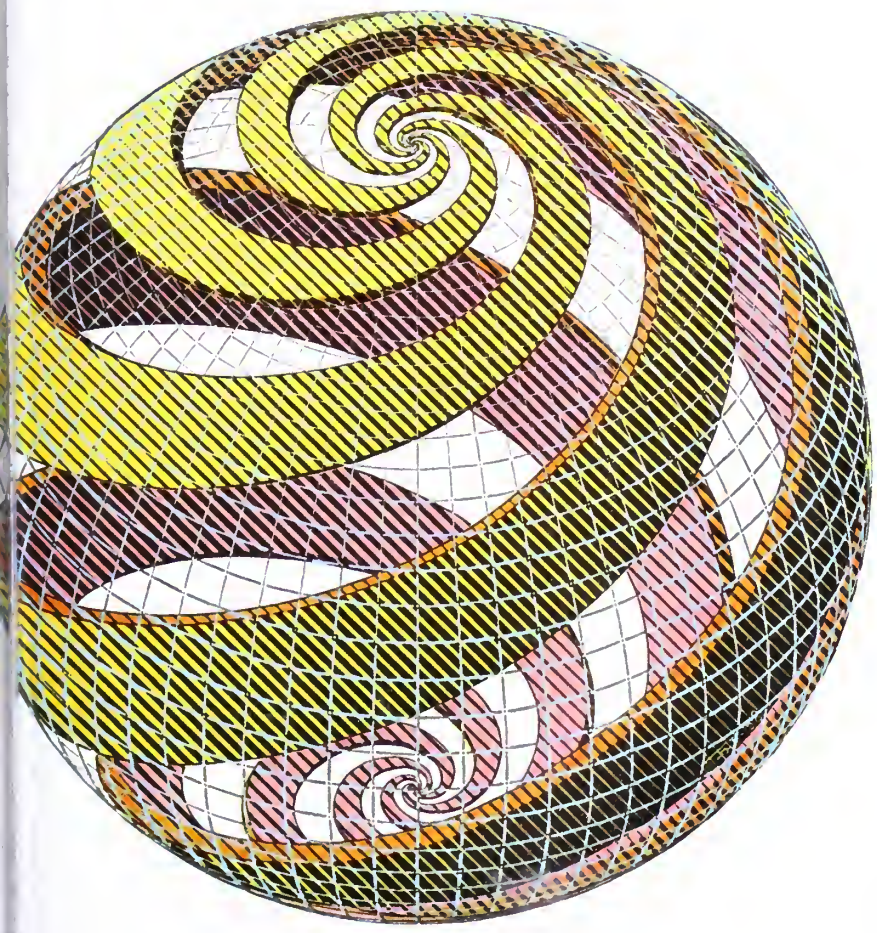
As I said befor. I Am A Hamlet.

It seems I would of done better for myself kill the old G-man Hoover. In death, he lays wi Presidents. Who the hell ever got buried 'Bama for being great? He certainly won't buryed with the snobs in Washington. SHIT! won't even rate a T.V. enterobtion in Russia Europe when the news breaks—they never hea of Wallace. If something big in Nam flares I'll end up at the bottom of the 1st page America. The editors will say—"Wallace dea Who cares." He won't get more than 3 minut on network T.V. news. I don't expect anybo to get a big throbbing erection from the new

real
disparity is shocking; our high-
s are lined with quick-snack
ghts, our supermarkets are lined
nutritious gourmet foods, yet
faces of millions are lined with
ger and despair.



re are questions that must be
ed. The population of the world
increase by 3½ billion people by
year 2000—can we possibly
l them? Is there a universal
itious food? Can we farm the sea? Are people willing to eat foods foreign to them in order to survive? Are there ways to ship and store and distribute food to cut down on spoilage? Will it ever be possible to support a constantly expanding worldwide population? Will our world leaders solve these problems in time?
Disturbing questions; but the wrong answers, or no answers at all are even worse.



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The ideal
Enough.

AtlanticRichfieldCompany

You know, a storm in some country we never heard of kills 10,000 people—big deal—pass the beer and what's on T.V. tonight.

I hope my death makes more sense than my life.

A few days ago I felt sick—a slight fever & hot feeling in my chest, sides, & back. A sharp pinprick moving pain in left temple. Headacke. Weakness in my heart. And a feeling like a cool wind was moving in my hands. The pain in my temple stayed a few days.

Yesterday I went to see the Milwaukee Techinacal Colleoge Photography Department's show at Capital Court, ignored the shops. Unexpectedly, I felt such a sharp pinprick moving pain in my left side, I thought I would fall to my knees & then fall some more. I stood still & then walked slowly—like an old man—with only a hint of the pain left. The rest of the day, I took it easy. WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT!? In my left side above my lower ribs.

It helped, I think, to hold my breath & then take only shallow breaths.

Still feel—& have for a while—a general weakness in my heart.

Soda water radio commercial says, "You gota lot to live." My anwser, "Yeah, about a week."

Just got back from seeing "Z.P.G." & "Such Good Friends" (by Otto Preminger). Probaly the worst picture he ever made. Jennifer O'Neil was great but the female lead was serious during the jokes & jokeious during the heavy parts. Z.P.G. had a piece that should of been shortened (an endless boat ride thru a sewer), but really hit home with people playing with dolls, pastefood, super-smog, etc.

"Good Friends" was as bad as "Vixen" by Russ Mayer. Dog shit with a plastic flower in it.

Funny . . . I've got nothing to say.

Have I ever said anything?

MAY 13, 1972

In three brief but reflective entries written between May 4 and May 13, Bremer describes his following President Nixon from Ottawa to Washington. He remembers taking pleasure in the warmth of the sun on the journey south, and he blames himself for missing yet another chance to kill Nixon. The President had appeared among tourists one day in front of the White House, but Bremer already had left for Milwaukee.

He again reviles himself for his repeated failures, and his mood wavers between exuberance (at one point he writes: "Hey World! Come Here! I wanna talk to ya!") and passages of depression in which he searches the newspapers for accounts of murder and suicide.

On May 7 he remarks that he considered McGovern as a victim, and he wonders about t unfortunate men in prison who threatened to k the President but never received any large pu licity. That thought leads him to the followi speculation:

"Maybe what they need is organization. 'Ma the First Lady a Widow, Inc.' 'Chicken in Eve Pot and Bullet in Every Head, Com., Inc.' "

He extends the speculation to the notion o national convention held for the purpose choosing a public executioner, the choice to decided by the best essay submitted on t theme. "How To Do A Bang Up Job Of Getti People To Notice You," or "Get It Off Yo Chest; Make Your Problems Everybody's."

The final entry in the diary, dated May 1 appears to have been written while Bremer in his car across the street from the Natio Guard Armory in Kalamazoo, Michigan. At l he has roused himself from his torpor, and f three days he has been pursuing Wallace at po ical rallies in Dearborn, Cadillac, and Lansi Michigan. It is raining.

Well I made it across the Lake. Ship left abo 4 A.M. Didn't sleep too well. Got out of bed see us sail past the break water & in to the s rise. Arrived about noon. Was stopped on Hig way 10 (all cars were) by a cop for "vehical spection." He looked at my driving lincese a said, "Expires in 1972." That was my inspe tion.

Ate in Saginaw and read its paper. Walla was allready in the state for a few days. N rally—Dearborn that night at 8:00. It was n 3 pm when I left. Finally found Dearborn. Pull in for a can of oil and changed into a suit & t It was about 5:30. Loaded my .38. Couldn't fi the belt for my pants. "Excuse me sir, is this yo gun?" Adjusted the gun many times that nig

Arrived at Dearborn Youth Center at 15 af 6. Was lucky to find a parking place on a "N Thru Street."

The hall was packed & 1,000 or so wait outside ahead of me. Papers said 3,000. I s 2500 inside; 2,000 outside. The speaker said second rally might be held at 9:15 if enoug people remained. Later I read they had do this in Flint & another city. Wallace talked t 9:35 & no second rally "Since the sound o side was so good." Yeah they had speakers. I d the best I could. Asked a cop sargent orderi all the other cops around were we could get for the 2nd show, "which door do we use."

"Second show tonight? No, I don't think so

If I couldn't be 1st in line for the second sho I'd be near the entrance door for Wallace. The were windows on the sides of the hall & so people the lucky ones, had a view into the hall see what they could hear. You had to stand

ledge to see. A make-shift "backstage" area formed by blue curtains seperating the back r from the inside audience. People at the 2 low panes closest to the door could, however, all unobstructed. "Allways somewhat care- " I thought of the S.S. The thin glass was kly reinforced with wire mesh. But no trouble bullet at all. That was my plan.

hen Wallace appeared behind the curtain supporters" went wild. Crys of. "I see him. e him. There he is. He's right here." He de- ted in "our" enthusiasum. Came over to wave ow twice. Then came over to ask if we could the singers over the outside speakers. He sign language. Exposed himself 3 more good s for this—a glorified Junior High School io-Visual Aid. He took the podium. We at window could see him thru a crack in the ains.

teen age girl behind me said she could shoot thru the curtain crake. She was joking about intentions. A guy said some thing against lace. I was going to ask him who he would t to be President but decided to forgo the osophy decusion and wait for my opening. a dozen kids watched in nearby trees.

e talked & talked. The ranks outside thined. even many at the windows. I cursed. I want- im to wave at us and come close as he left. gave a couple cinema men some good "Wal- & supporters" shots. I wanted my shot to. the Secret Service men really think a piece lass was a deterent? Not to me! I was all set. et opened. A still cat befor he springs. ting . . . Waiting . . . He's left the podium!

e took less time to wave good-bye then he to wave hellow. And he didn't come right up e glass. 15 feet instead of 5 feet away.

wo 15 year old girls had gotten in front of Their faces were 1 inch from the glass I ld shatter with a blunt-nosed bullet. They sure to be blinded & disfigured. I let Wal- go only to spare those 2 stupid innocent ghted kids. We pounded on the window to- er at the governor. There'ld be other times.

was low on money & wanted a cheap place end the night. Drove past a place called the tal or the Congress Motel. The name sign . of cost 'em 3 thousand dollars alone. Too nsive. Drove on down the street. No other es. Drove back to the Congress Inn.

sked a reporter, as easy to spot as a SS. u got big doings around here?"

e was bored, "Governor Wallace is staying ," as if to say, "no nothing big."

ckpot!

e cop was stationed right outside a room. ains open, full of his strategy people in erence.

o vacantcies. Got a reservation at another . Asked the sergent at the door how to get there. Good directions. A good cop. I like a good cop.

Got tired of driving the 6 miles to the place thou & stopped at a cheaper joint. Thought I was lost againt but was 7 blocks from my reservation. The girl who took my resertion never told me the name of her motel. All I had was a street corner. So I said fuck it & stopped at Allen Town (a city I think) & slept there.

Morning paper said he'ld be in Cadillac, Michigan at 8 that night. Drove back the way I had come twice befor. 1) Nixon & 2) Wallace in Dearborn & stopped in Clare to eat a big lunch. My last meal as a free man I thought. Really serprished myself that I left ½ of everything on my plate. Veal cutlet–mashed potatoes–applesauce (I ate all of that)–& apple pie a là mode–milk (all of it). Took a couple asperin. Tried on a pink pullover sweater to see if it would cover the .38. It didn't. Wanted to wear something different than I wore in Dearborn. All the wail Wallace talked, his SS men, the ones behind the curtain goofing off smoking a pipe (a dark serious guy) & a couple others downing sodas, got good looks at me. And Caddilac is a long ways off from a Detroit suberb. On my way ont saw a couple Detroit cops frisk down a couple guys in the road. Thought for sure if the SS saw me in Caddilac, they would feel justified in asking me a few questions "Following us?" "I just wanna see the Governor, sir."

Arrived in Caddilac well ahead of time. Found out were the High School gym was from a drive in. The local paper & the radio told me to look for the gym. Except for some unpaved streets (on hills mostly). I liked the town. I guess with snow & ice unpaved streets are best on hills.

In Dearborn a kid pointed out "Police Chief O'Riley." A nice looking guy. I imagined myself apologising to him & cheering him up with. "Don't blame yourself for the lack of surcurity blame the Secret Service." I would of told him that had I been succesful.

I would see plenty of local big wigs in Caddilac. It was a really beautiful day. I drove around the gym & parked near a lake. Layed down & relaxed with a paper over my face. Had to piss. Had plenty of gas. Had plenty to eat. Where to go? A bar. Had 2 Manhatins. Drank 2 glasses of water. The drinks didn't bother me much at all. Except financialy. A buck each. Nice little bar. Good bartender. I thought of Sirhan. He had 4 drinks & was, he claimed drunk, when he did his thing. One of the songs the female organist sang touched me. Forgot what it was.

The mayor or some political bigshot came in & all rised their glasses to him. He said he introduced Wallace to all the local big shots & took plenty of time doing it. Wanted to be on the local T.V. that much longer. "I never knew I was

a ham!" He broke up the crowd. That was at the airport. Two hours ago. On the news that night I watched as he shook hands with every one & his brother over the airport fence. A fence is surcurity? I would be relaxing in jail & not running all around trying to catch him now if I was at the airport.

I left for the rally. Arrived at 6:15 behind a crowd of 125 or so. I knew I was late when I left the bar. Smalled talked with the shit head next to me.

The same singers. The sane songs. Two SS men flank the stage on each side as Wally talks, center stage behind his usuall high bullet-proof podium. More agents flank the crowd & the stage entrence. Bored gargoyles. Unmoving. Unemotional. Searching. One with a coat on his lap. Rifle inside? I am, at the very most, 35 feet from my target. In the 5th row. Too far to risk. I am the most enthusiastic hand clapper for the songs & the speek. Want him to feel comfortable. The crowd isn't as responsive as in Dearborn.

I want to get closer. "Shake Hands. Shake Hands," I cry. No. He has to go to New York from here tonight & with the time zone change & yak yak. At the end of the speech, I try to push the people in front of me & in my row forward or out of the way so I can get close. No luck. A dozen big shot behind Wallace were introduced as being for him—mayors of hamlets & other guys. Yet why was't this crowd responsive? I DID THE MOST HAND CLAPPING, ALL THE SHOUTING, & WAS GOING TO START 3 DIFFERENT STANDING OVATIONS BUT FELT THE CROWD WOULDN'T FOLLOW ME. I bet HE didn't want to shake hands with them! No cheers or speech interruptions! A great disappointment for him I bet. Poor guy. What would he have done without me?

I walked to my car swearing, swearing, swearing. Spent the night in Caddilac. Amost 10 o'clock. Too late to drive. Too tired. Too pissed.

He'ld be back in 3 days to cover Jackson, Kalamazoo, & Lansing—the capital of Michigan.

Drove to Lansing. Read its papers. Drove around it. Drove right out. Demonstrators again! Shit! Against the mining of N. Vietnam. Shit! If it wasn't for demonstrators 4 weeks ago . . . No mining.

Remember Ottawa! TRA-TAAAA!

When I heard that ½ of the states votes were in the Detroit area, I decided right then to go to Kalamazoo & meet him there. I stayed at a hotel overlooking the Kalamazoo National Guard Armory where he'ld talk. Watched it earefully. Wanted everything perfeet. Paper said 10% chance of rain Sat., today, afternoon. I'm cheeked out of my room & sitting in my car now & writing & its raining like a son-of-a-bitch. Will this spoil everything?

He drew 4-6,000 in '68 at a near by city Park. Read the paper in the beautiful mall area of town. Listened to rock music in a park. A sm ineffective protest is planned today.

Wanted to be the 1st in line. Thought I s people standing in front of the place at 9 t morning. They moved on. Rain is letting slowly now. It's about 1:30. He isn't in War yet. But I'll soon be on the front steps of t Kalamazoo Armory to welcome him. Got a si from compaing headquarters here. To shield t gun.

Is there any thing else to say?

My cry upon firing will be, "A penny for yc thoughts."

Two days later, Arthur Bremer shot Geor Wallace in Laurel, Maryland. He was weari sunglasses and a red, white, and blue shirt de rated with Wallace buttons. At least one witn remembered that as Wallace left the speake rostrum, behind which he had been shield by bulletproof glass, Bremer cried out: "H George! Hey George! Over here!"

Later that same day the newspapers report that a search of Bremer's room in Milwauk had uncovered, among his other possessions, Confederate battle flag, a gun catalogue, and pornographic comic book. He apparently h no friends. The few people with whom he h been acquainted described him as being tim and withdrawn. Somebody said he had wanted become a writer or a commercial photograph somebody else remembered that his mother h refused to let him try out for the high-sch football team. Otherwise the record remain pathetically incomplete, the blank spaces si gesting the vast loneliness of a life condemned impotence and failure.

When the judge pronounced sentence, Brem in response to the traditional question as whether he had anything to say, remarke "Looking back on my life, I would have liked if society had protected me from myself." August 4 of last year he entered the Maryla Penitentiary in Baltimore. He has appealed t verdict of the state court, and he awaits trial a federal court on various charges of interferi with an election and violating George Wallac civil rights.

Harper's Magazine Press will publish the full text of Bremer's diary as a book, available in bookstores next month for $6.50. As a service to our readers, *Harper's* will reserve copies at a special publication price of $4 for all orders received before February 1. Make checks payable to Harper's Magazine and send to "Bremer's Diary," Harper's Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

nry Fairlie

AMELOT REVISITED

e bright promises led to bloodshed and despair

WE ENGAGE IN POLITICAL ACTIVITY so that we may, as societies of men, deal with the ld as it is. This is not a slight endeavor: the ld as it is, as experience teaches us, is not to deal with. Some men all of the time, and ost all men some of the time, try to escape ı it, into dreams or fairy stories or myths, subcreations that J.R.R. Tolkien has named ondary Worlds; some men even try to carry e Secondary Worlds directly into the Pri- y World—the world as it is—and impose n on it. What many of the most vocal and uptive of the political movements in the ted States had in common during the second of the 1960s was a radical failure to dis- uish between these two worlds. People car- their Secondary Worlds directly into the nary World, which is the proper care of tics, and tried to impose them on it. The tics of the United States became theater—s worst, psychodrama—and it has not yet vered.

was largely for these reasons that Michael eshott, in an essay he wrote in 1956, said politics is "an activity unsuited to the ıg, not on account of their vices, but on ount of what I at least consider to be their ies." Everybody's young days, he said, "are eam, a delightful insanity, a sweet solipsism. ing in them has a fixed shape . . . everything possibility . . . The world is a mirror in which seek the reflection of our own desires. . . . e life is a dream . . . politics must be an en- ter of dreams in which we hope to impose own." But, as we grow, and pass what Joseph rad called the shadow line, there is disclosed s "a solid world of things, each with its fixed e, each with its point of balance, each with rice: a world of fact, not poetic image, in h what we have spent on one thing, we can- spend on another: a world inhabited by rs besides ourselves, who cannot be reduced here reflections of our own emotions." It is ing to be at home in this commonplace world qualifies us, "if we are so inclined, and have ing better to think about," to engage in tical activity; and coming to be at home in "to rein in one's own beliefs and desires, to owledge the current shape of things, to feel balance of the world in one's hands"—is a cult achievement, not to be looked for in the ng.

One cannot blame the Kennedys, either the brothers themselves or those who served them, for the whole of the displacement of politics that took place in the 1960s; neither can one blame only the Kennedys for any specific aspect of that displacement. They cannot, for example, be held responsible for the racial turmoil of the decade. The civil-rights movement had been gathering force for some years prior to John Kennedy's election, and, like a number of other smoldering discontentments within American society, it did not flicker into major violence until after Kennedy's assassination. The Supreme Court also contributed to the mood of general expectation, and so did Lyndon Johnson's subsequent promises of a war on poverty.

But the fact remains that the Kennedys had an unusual impact on the social imagination of the American people during the years in which they acted—beyond the meaning of anything they did—and that the force of that impact was to persuade the people either that the limits of politics could be transcended or that politics could transcend the limits of the commonplace world. The one place where these self-declared pragmatists did not feel at home, where they were not content to act, was in the world as it is. Even when, in their practice of conventional politics, which was also a part of their method, they had to bow to the world as it is, they still implied that it should, and that it could, be transcended. This was at the root not only of the politics of expectation but of the politics of confrontation that this in turn spawned. Is this not the meaning of the graves, bitten with such panoply into the hillside of Arlington? Do they not celebrate a time when politics became an encounter of dreams?

It is one of the uses of political activity that it enables us to listen to the conversation of a society. Part of the justification of politics, therefore, lies merely in the continuation of the activity itself, the carrying on of the conversation. These—the activity and the conversation—take place in the political institutions that are today regarded, not least by those who should know better, with an unprecedented ignorance and impatience. The character of a political institution seems no longer to be comprehended. No matter that the draft of its keel is deep; people expect it—trade union or party or legislature or department—to respond to fashionable cries.

Henry Fairlie is a British journalist resident in Washington, D.C. From the book The Kennedy Promise: The Politics of Expectation. *Copyright © 1972 by Henry Fairlie. To be published in January 1973 by Doubleday & Company, Inc.*

But a political institution of true value does not answer to these ripples; it feels the tow of public opinion on great issues, slow and undramatic, beneath the surface. One cannot neglect the fact that the total effect of the political method of the Kennedys was to bring the political institutions of the country into disrepute by the promise to transcend them.

A yearning for morality

JOHN KENNEDY SOUGHT the Presidency on a presumption that the United States was in the doldrums after eight years of Dwight Eisenhower's leadership; and, since the American people might in fact like the doldrums, it had to be shown that they were actually in danger. This was not an arduous task. Even if America was neither in danger nor in the doldrums, Dwight Eisenhower did little to remove the impression.

He had a way with him at press conferences that could not fail to suggest that the ship of state was becalmed, if not slowly sinking. He confided in 1958, for example, that "the carrying on of foreign policy is a very intricate business, and it becomes, you might say, almost an art rather than any science"; and when asked if he could explain what he meant, a frequent request he bore with soldierly patience, he replied, "That is a very complicated thing. . . . This is so complicated that you have to go—you try to lay out a program, a plan, but it—work it if you have got it here, if you go here you have to defend that, you have to move over here." Perhaps aware that he might not have carried his point, he summed it up: "It is a very difficult, intricate thing, and I don't care what head of state or government has been here or that I have gone to see has acknowledged the intricacies of today in manipulating what, you may say, the foreign policy of any free country."

Perhaps with this drowsiness in mind, Walter Lippmann proclaimed, early in 1960: "Great people can be put to sleep." At the same time, John Steinbeck wrote a letter to Adlai Stevenson, in which he gave his first impressions of the America in which he had been journeying. He had found, he said, "a creeping, all-pervading, nerve gas of immorality," accompanied by "a nervous restlessness, a thirst, a yearning for something unknown—perhaps morality." In hindsight, it seems an acute observation, predicting the climate of the 1960s; but, whatever the reason given, there could be no doubt that, as John Kennedy prepared to make his challenge, the United States was ill at ease, with itself and with its performance.

Looking back, it is easy to see that the mood was not only feverish but false. It had part of its origin in the launching of the first Sputnik on October 4, 1957, and in other revelations dur the intervening years that the United States longer held over the Soviet Union the comma ing lead—in armaments, in science, in te nology—that had given it a sense of secur and therefore of confidence, and therefore purpose, in the first ten years after the sec world war. Nothing that Dwight Eisenhower s —calling on his long experience—could s the hysteria. It was in this atmosphere of cri for which there was no warrant, that the poli of expectation, leading to the politics of c frontation, was conceived; in the end to ru decade.

Playing with a world of ma

FOR ALL ITS QUICKNESS and its curiosity, mind of John Kennedy does not appea have been equipped to cope with complex The ideology of the Cold War was simplifyi not least in the intellectual construction v which Walt Rostow provided it; it retained peculiar simplifications of war: the confro tion was simplifying; to think of the globe simplifying. It is not enough to demonstrate t John Kennedy was locked in the ideology of Cold War—that is well understood by now. an important extent, the ideology of the C War and the emphasis on military strength w of only secondary importance, subordinate to real concern: the exaltation of the power of state. Moreover, that concern was the creat of his consistent political philosophy; the " untary totalitarianism" to which he had loo in *Why England Slept* was more than a youth phrase.

As he had noticed while writing his Inaugu Address, domestic issues were divisive, and he excluded all reference to them. In this, a much else, he was a man of his time. His Adm istration came into office firmly believing that domestic problems of the country were larg settled.

This was one of the themes of the "pragma liberals," which was given a characteristic bold expression by Walt Rostow and M Millikan at the time:

> *The farm problem, the status of big busi ness in a democratic society, the status an responsibilities of organized labor, the avoid ance of extreme cyclical unemployment, socia equity for the Negro, the provision of equa educational opportunity, the equitable dis tribution of income—none of all these great issues is fully resolved; but a national con sensus exists within which we are clearly mov ing forward as a nation.*

The extraordinary optimism of this statemen equaled only by the narrow definition of social issues confronting the United States;

could we have been so stupid?" lent John F. Kennedy asked after d a close group of advisers had ered into the Bay of Pigs invasion. stupidity was not the answer. The ho participated in the Bay of Pigs on comprised one of the greatest of intellectual talent in the his- f American government.

University psychologist Irving L. spent two years looking for the r. He studied not only the Bay of at also Pearl Harbor, Vietnam, and olicy disasters.

ach case, he found the decision- s to be victims of certain clear laws at he calls Groupthink, a process sults in the distortion of sound col- judgment.

Symptoms of Groupthink

surprised to discover," he wrote in t article in Psychology Today, "the to which each group displayed the phenomena of social conformity e regularly encountered in studies up dynamics among ordinary s.

Janis was able to isolate and illustrate 8 symptoms of Groupthink, such as Feelings of Invulnerability, Rationalization, Assumptions of Inherent Morality, Stereotyped Views of the Adversary, and Pressure to Conform.

Successful Planning Also Studied

As a counterpoint to this gloomy picture, Janis also investigated two highly successful group enterprises, the formulation of the Marshall Plan in the Truman Administration and the handling of the Cuban missile crisis by President Kennedy and his advisers.

From these observations, he has drawn 9 recommendations for preventing Groupthink which can be used by any planning group, whether it's the Pentagon or your local P.T.A.

What if Janis's conclusions had been developed ten years earlier? And what if there had already been a magazine called Psychology Today to communicate world-changing ideas like these to a wide general audience of thoughtful readers? Might it have prevented the tragic American military intervention in Vietnam?

uld Psychology Today ve prevented e Vietnam War?

er example of the behavioral discoveries which are ng the thinking of a new generation of thoughtful readers



We'll never know. But there is reason to hope that the discoveries being made by psychologists about human and animal behavior today can help prevent "another Vietnam"...if they can be broadly disseminated in time.

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Psychology Today was born to bring ideas like these into the mainstream of social thinking immediately, to bridge the gap between the behavior lab and the living room.

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Henry Fairlie

CAMELOT REVISITED

from this platform they could make their outward leap:

> *American society has a meaning and a purpose which transcend the nation . . . If over the coming decades the United States should turn its back on the great revolutionary transformations going forward in the underdeveloped countries, devoting itself almost exclusively to domestic chores and objectives, American society will progressively lose some of those basic spiritual qualities which have been historically linked to the nation's sense of world mission.*

There is a truth lurking in these words; a great nation cannot refuse its historical moment; possessing great power, and therefore great influence, it cannot avoid exercising them. But the words carry the truth into aery regions, into worlds of the spirit where the mission has an existence of its own that *transcends the nation*;



and it is this kind of concept that distorts, then binds.

There is a scene in Charlie Chaplin's film, *Great Dictator*, in which he dances, in the c acter of Adolf Hitler, an intoxicated ballet, round the globe that is in his room, and holding the globe, spinning it on the tips o fingers, doing anything he likes with it—un bursts. They should have played that film, that scene, in the private cinema of the W House between 1961 and 1963, for the me the Administration were intoxicated by globe. In their memoirs and in the history bo we too often find men of power bent over maps of the world; and one wishes that would turn instead to the long columns that the indexes of their atlases, to the names of a places in small print. All the cities, all the to all the villages, all the hamlets—populat 8,000,000; or population: 64—that is the gl diverse and unknowable. The mind that wi to conquer it, like that of Napoleon Bonap is uneducated; the mind that would reduc to a system, like that of Karl Marx, is anxi the mind that imagines that it is a village, that of Marshall McLuhan, is narrow; the r that thinks that it may make a tour of it, know it, like those of the men whom we considering, is frivolous. We need to learn a to think our problems small, and so deal them; and our politicians should not temp otherwise.

Quotations from Yeats and Arist

JOHN KENNEDY and his Administration men of their time in other ways. The extr dinary power of the democracies, especiall the United States, during the second world had a profound influence on an entire ger tion, and the war was immediately followed second demonstration of the efficient powe the United States, its rescue of Western Eu after 1945. It was this generation of Ameri that determined in 1961 to restore to the Un States an elevated sense of national purpose, it was acutely described at the time by one o own number: "Most of the men have had exp ence in government operations before," W Rostow said to Hugh Sidey. "They know w discipline is. Most of them are about the s age as the President, a generation which sa lot of war and diplomacy."

A lot of war and diplomacy: few self-dese tions could be more illuminating. What is m one can find in it at least a part of the expl tion of the unusual sense of camaraderie seemed to inspire the members of the Admi tration. The playful sense that they were "a b of brothers . . . we happy few," was profou important, in both the reality and the myth,

as easily extended beyond the Administra- itself.

A news management policy not only exists," e Arthur Krock during the third year of the inistration, "but in the form of *direct and berate* actions has been enforced more cyni- and more boldly than by any other previous inistration. . . . One principal form that it s is social flattery of Washington reporters commentators—many more than ever got treatment in the past—by the President and igh-level supporters." Arthur Krock had a ich, no doubt, since he was not among those were being flattered, but that does not in- late the force of what he was saying. The onal friendship of John Kennedy with some nalists—Joseph Alsop, Charles Bartlett, Ben- n Bradlee, Rowland Evans—was more im- ant as a symbol than as a corruption of the ionship between power and the press.

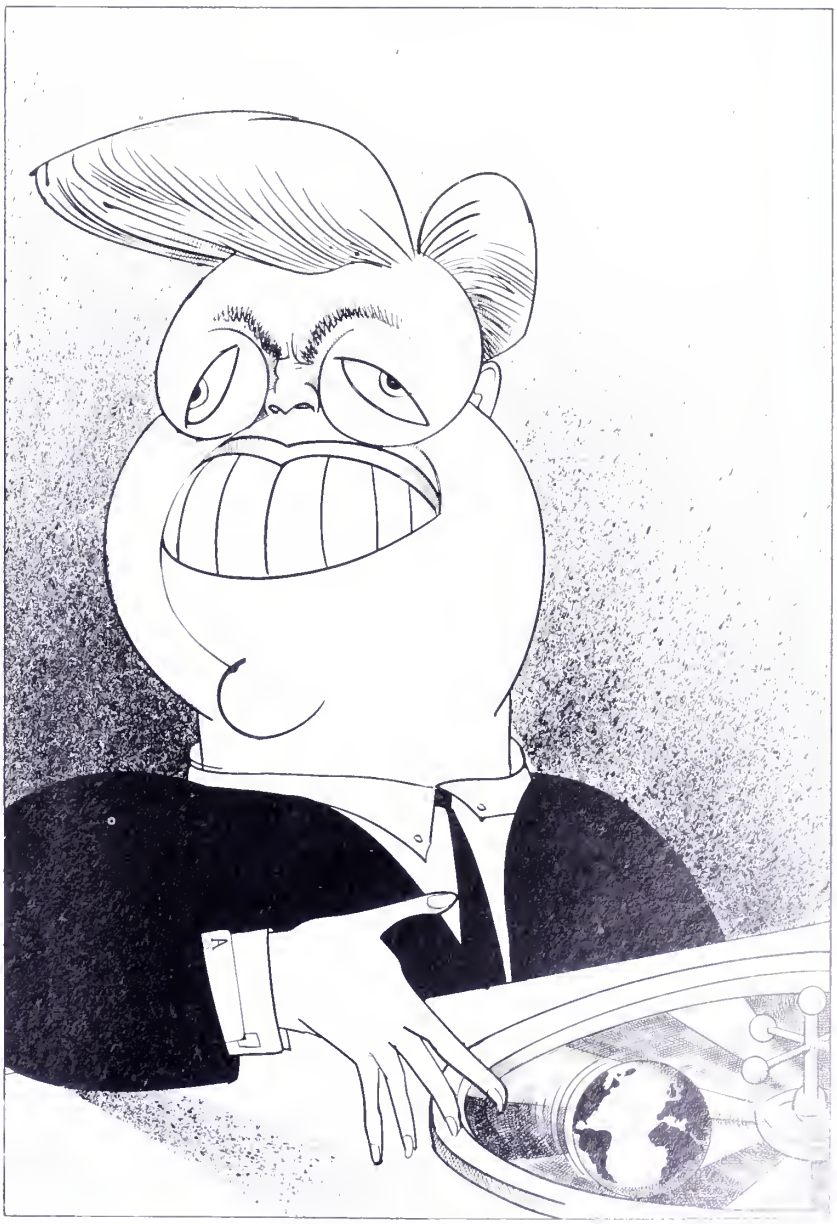
rriving in Washington for the first time in 5, an English journalist could not help being rised that it was a common practice for rican political journalists to break bread American politicians in each other's homes. seemed to be too unseparate, and it was ling to know how the political journalist d, in these circumstances, maintain his ure as a critic.

he personal aloofness of the political journal- from the world that is his subject is, of se, easier to maintain in a capital such as don, which has many worlds, than in Wash- on, which has only one world. The politician Washington is adorned and adored because as no competitor. Night after night, power reathed and hymned because there is no r brow to decorate, no other ear to please. er the high blossoms of the magnolias, in ers of lushness and of fragrance where one d expect Aphrodite to be worshipped, only name of power is sung. Nowhere but in ington would a hostess be grateful to have cretary of Defense at her dinner table; no- e else would nymphs garland him with le, and coax the very doves of Aphrodite to bout his brow. One can well understand how e impoverished intellectual and cultural life ashington it was taken to be a marvel that a ician could quote some lines of W. B. Yeats, onounce the name of Aristotle. There may ave been books on the New Frontier, but at there were books of quotations.

was in such a city, in which power already no challenger, that John Kennedy could it seem becoming. "He had that special e," Benjamin Bradlee, in every other respect illusioned observer of the world, wrote in *week* after the assassination, ". . . that spe- grace of intellect which is known as taste." seeing that the time would come when the rian would inquire as rigorously into the performance of John Kennedy as into that of any other politician, Benjamin Bradlee then observed that "historians are far removed from love." It is an astonishing remark, and outrageous from a journalist, who should feel closer to the historian than to any politician. But the question one must ask is why Benjamin Bradlee, an unusually equipped journalist, should have fallen flat on his face before this one politician and before no other. One cannot put the entire blame on John Kennedy; one must put some of it on Benjamin Bradlee, and on the others who were similarly tempted.

It may be that, as David Bevington says in *Tudor Drama and Politics*, we are today inclined to overemphasize the separation of politics and art: but if we do so, he writes, it is "partly because of our distrust of ever-increasing state power over the minds of men." Mass society—the totalitarian vice—total war: it is with these,

". . . the total effect of the political method of the Kennedys was to bring the political institutions of the country into disrepute by the promise to transcend them."



Gerald Scarfe

Henry Fairlie
CAMELOT
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in the modern age, that the artist can make no terms. In this condition, the poet and the artist will try to make a foothold in "the deserts of the heart." John Kennedy sought to prize him from this insecure hold, and to bring him into the palace. "I was desirous of according a recognition to his trade," he said on February 26, 1961, of his invitation to Robert Frost to take part in the inauguration; and, commenting on the prominence he was then accorded by his countrymen, Robert Frost said in March 1962: "It's been a new world for me. President Kennedy gave me a kind of status that nobody ever had before. People came up to me in dining rooms. Of course, I think it's a little presumptuous to come across a dining room floor with a menu card to ask for an autograph, but the people do it kindly." The picture is not reassuring: the poet had been made into a celebrity and, as such, it was he in turn who gave the President a status he had not enjoyed before.

Frost was a complex man. We know more about his personal life now that he's dead, and it was not lived at ease. His poetry is less straightforward than it might seem from the more popular poems in the anthologies. But his name and his poetry were continually used by John Kennedy to a simple purpose. In a speech on October 26, 1963, the President said that he was "impressed, as I know all you were who knew him, by a good many qualities, but also by his toughness." (Even the poets on the New Frontier had to be tough.) "He gives the lie, as a good many other poets have, to the fact that poets are rather sensitive creatures who live in the dark of the garret." (Robert Frost was an acutely sensitive man, and the dark in which he lived much of his life was deeper than that of any garret.) "He once said that America is the country you leave only when you go out and lick another country." (It was a silly remark, which had little to do with either his life or his poetry, and only a politician would have thought to recall it.) "He was not particularly belligerent in his relations, his human relations, but he felt very strongly that the United States should be a country of power, of force, to use that power and force wisely." (The poet is thus made the spokesman of a foreign policy.) This was the manner, and it was always the manner, in which John Kennedy used the images of excellence to adorn his Presidency, and to sustain his policies.

One minute to midnight

ANOTHER OF THE IMAGES of excellence Kennedy cultivated was the use of crisis as an instrument of policy. From midday on January 20, 1961, until midday on November 22, 1963, the people of the United States lived in an atmosphere of perpetual crisis, for what John Kennedy meant by action was a spectacular dis of his power in a situation of maximum peril he defined it. What he found in the atmosp of crisis was at least some of the simplificati of war.

Many of the mistakes of the Kennedy Ad istration in fashioning the Alliance for Prog can be traced to their belief that it was, i phrase on which they leaned, "one minute to r night" in Latin America. But it was at one r ute to midnight that the Administration belie the hands of the clock always stood, all the globe: and they were driven by the fear t if they did not act before the clock struck, t would all be pumpkins. They aspired to gr ness not just occasionally but all the time they had not had the opportunity to be great one minute to midnight, Eastern Standard Ti at least some of their number sat up most of night awaiting the occasion. As the sun rose the furthermost shores of Cathay and began slow progress across the heavens, it was one m ute to midnight somewhere, and someth would happen: a government would fall, t would be a significant outbreak of violence *démarche* would be threatened; and the Si tion Room would be alerted. All over Wash ton men would rise early to answer the bido to crisis and to greatness, and the still slum ing public would awake in the morning to that they had been summoned to meet dar once more, and once more to be rescued fro But when the American people had been so vanized, what was there then to show? Where one looked at the end of the thousand days, situation in the world was at least as threaten and in many cases more threatening, to United States than when Kennedy took offic

His legacy was that he had accustomed American people to an atmosphere of crisis taught them to seek confrontation, eyeba eyeball, within it. In October 1962, after Cuban Missile Crisis, the *Los Angeles Times* lished a column by Matt Weinstock describi scene "common throughout the United Stat In the high schools, junior and senior, of Angeles, he said, students had broken down sobbed aloud: "I don't want to die." In s schools, the situation "became so bad that pri pals had to go on the public address syste calm students with facts and common sense. this reaction is regarded by some as exagger or exceptional, then one must put beside it only the observation of a college president "youth's decreasing identification" with J Kennedy was caused in part by its "shock terror" during the Cuban Missile Crisis but the personal testimony of many American pe of one's acquaintance. The memories are painful; when recalled, the shock and terror even now be felt.

But above all, if one remembers the tu

IMPRESS YOURSELF.



Henry Fairlie

CAMELOT REVISITED

lence of the United States during the second half of the 1960s, at least a part of the explanation can be found in the pitch of feverishness at which the American people had been kept for three years by the politics of crisis. When one has listened to the flower-children and the hippies and the freaks, has one not also heard the barely suppressed echoes of a childhood in which they were told to think the unthinkable and, for a week in the fall of 1962, believed that the thinkable was about to happen to them? On the one hand, the seeker after confrontation; on the other, the dropout from confrontation. The country, and especially its youth, had been imaginatively prepared only for crisis, to either rush eagerly toward it or flee already weary from it.

A LITTLE MORE THAN FOUR years later, Robert Kennedy was to take to the streets with the promise to reverse the policy of his brother and of the Administration of which he had been a member, at least in the most obvious of its manifestations. The campaign seemed to be different; the issues seemed to be different: the man seemed to be different; and to some extent they all were. But the method was the same, and the method must have had the same end; in a tragic sense, it did. It seems certain that, if Robert Kennedy had been elected, the American people would have been called to four more years, or to eight, of the politics of expectation, of zeal and turbulence, of danger and of the rescue from danger.

It is difficult to write sensibly of the man, even though one met him, listened to him, and watched him; one of the reasons for the difficulty is that the man keeps getting in the way of the politician. There was an impersonal quality in the public appearances of John Kennedy: aware at all times that he stood on a conspicuous stage, the world marking his demeanor, he always took to it appareled; even his attractive qualities were those of an attractive public figure; one gazed on the compleat politician, accepted him as such, and did not much consider the man; one did not ask what made him tick. But everyone was always wondering what made Robert Kennedy tick, as if he were a time bomb, as some indeed regarded him.

The man in Robert Kennedy gets in the way of the politician because his career as a politician was so short, and his achievements were so slight. Little more than a thousand days as the Attorney General of the United States, and not much longer as the junior Senator from New York: that, and his brief campaign for the nomination, are almost all we have to talk about. The record is so slender; the impact was so great. This does not to some appear to be a difficulty; they judge him, they are satisfied to say, by the impact. One will usually find that they are talking about the impact of the man on themselves. It is hard to think of another politician in whose life so many people read themselves with such indulgence.

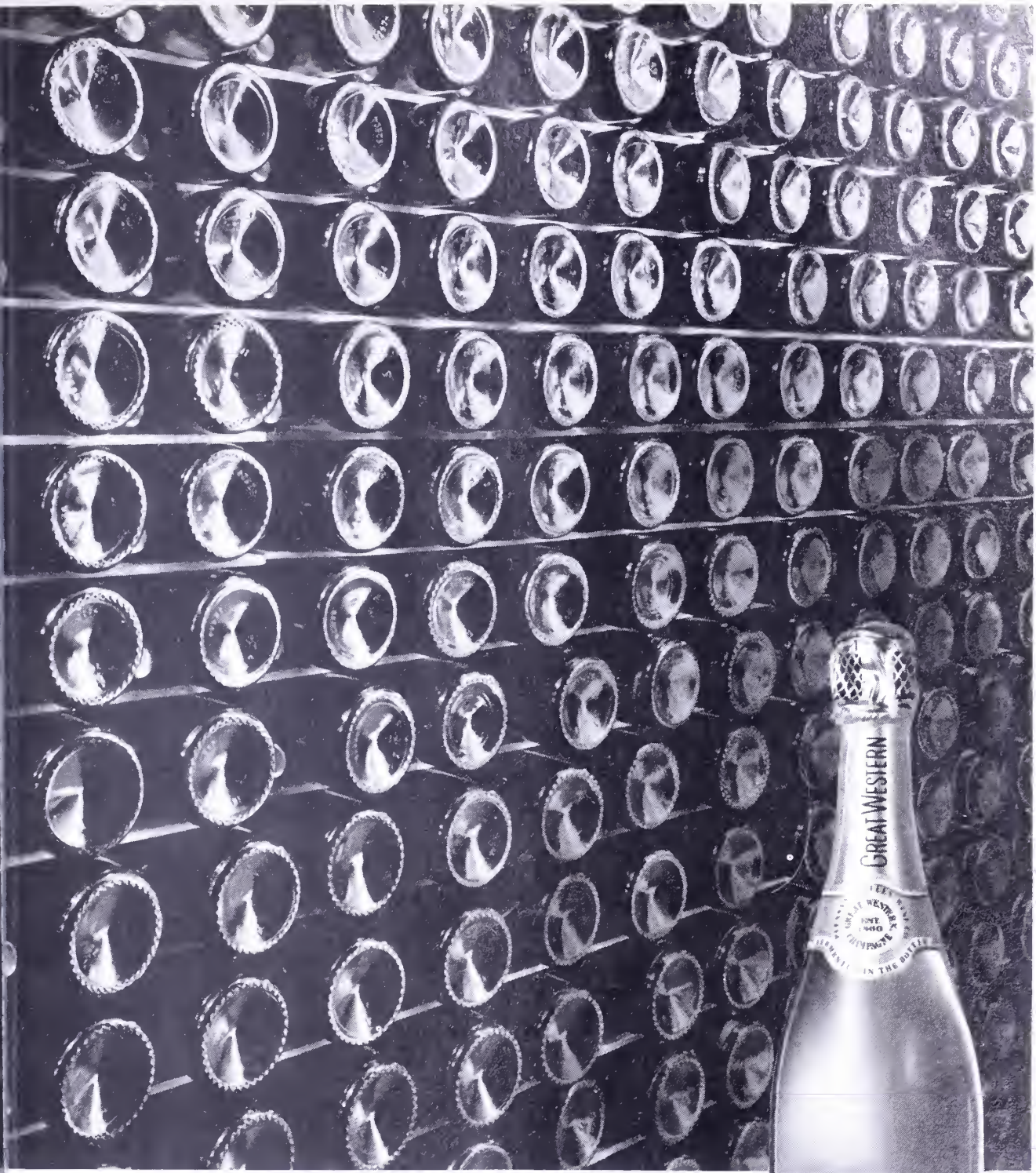
Some time before Robert Kennedy was assassinated, William V. Shannon wrote of him that he "wishes to be an existential hero," a tempting phrase that Jack Newfield elaborated into a theme:

> *He had an existential dimension. He defined and created himself in action, and learned about everything from experience. His end was always unknown. He dared death repeatedly. He was preoccupied with suffering and despair. When his brother died, he passed through a night of dread, and learned about the absurd.*

One must be harsh. Either this passage is accurate, in which case the man was too dangerous to hold responsible political office; or the passage is fiction, itself its own theater, the psychodrama not even of the politician but of the journalist himself.

There is something, on the surface, to be said for both points of view. The man who could say to Arthur Schlesinger, "I wish I never was born," and who replied to a questioner that, if he had not been a Kennedy, he might have been "a juvenile delinquent or a revolutionary," would seem to have read too much of Albert Camus too late in life, and to the wrong purpose; and he is certainly not the obvious figure to whom one would entrust the safety and sure governance of a people. On the other hand, one cannot help forming the impression that Robert Kennedy was more and more trapped into making such remarks, and acting such a role, by a throng of hangers-on who had never been Kennedys or juvenile delinquents or revolutionaries, but were only journalists. It seems worth pointing out that when Robert Kennedy died, he was trying to win the highest political office in the world in a most unexistential way. He showed no sign of wishing to stand by the last tree, the last fighter, and die in silence. He was shot while the applause rang in his ears as a victor.

The existential hero calculated at length whether he should run against Lyndon Johnson; the existential hero traveled to a fund-raising dinner in Philadelphia and found the words to celebrate James Tate as "one of the greatest mayors in the United States"; the existential hero, as he estimated his chances in the small towns of Indiana, estimated that they would like to hear what the small towns of Indiana think; the existential hero was prepared, according to his advertising agency, to spend $18 million to secure his election; the existential hero wished to follow his brother to the White House, not to the grave. Above all, there is not a shred of evidence that the man defined himself in action; on the contrary, all the evidence is that he went to great pains to define beforehand any action



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he might take, and to define himself in readiness for that action.

The brothers were of course different men, and so were the situations in which they acted. But if we stand back for a moment, and keep some coolness in our judgment, we will notice that many of the qualities that in Robert Kennedy were said to provide the existential dimension could be found also in John Kennedy. Action was important to both of them; John Kennedy persistently sought the consolations of activity. Both of them responded to the myth of the guerrilla, and were inclined to use his method even as they made their adjustments to conventional politics. To both of them experience was more important than concept; so that they reacted to poverty as they saw it rather than to any notion of human equality as they conceived it. Both of them were persuaded of the value of personal gesture; committing themselves to a cause by symbolic acts, such as their personal association with Martin Luther King, rather than by developing a political strategy to achieve it. By their deeds, both of them said, they would be known. In retrospect they appear to have accomplished very little.

The art of the necessary

ONE CAN HARDLY DOUBT that the American people are at last coming to terms with the limits of their power: not of their political power and their military strength alone, which would be a small lesson to learn, but of their capacity to master nature itself. The positivism of the American mind, marching with the puritanism of the American spirit in a fearful combination, has suffered a severe jolt. Its ability to control the actual world has itself been found to be out of control. One cannot study the Administration of John Kennedy, the men and the measures, without deciding that it was a last confident—almost braggart—assertion of the capacity of American positivism to fulfill the prophecy of American puritanism: that the city of man can be built in the image of the City of God on this earth, and that the response of the American people to this assertion was that of men who wished to believe it. When it failed, there was an assassination to blame; when it failed again, there was yet another assassination.

The weakness of the positivism of the American mind is that it can too easily degenerate into what Abraham Kaplan calls a vulgar pragmatism, which he is at pains to dissociate from the philosophic pragmatism of Charles Pierce and William James and John Dewey, although he acknowledges that "there is something in pragmatism which lends itself to this vulgarization." The characteristics that he attributes to vulgar pragmatism may be briefly summarized: the ideal of success, in which "competitive succes taken to be at once the sign and substance worth"; the ideal of efficiency, in which " portant values are left out of the accountin the ideal of scientism, in which "special ins ments and techniques [are] taken to be method itself"; and the ideal of quantificati in which "nothing is so real as a measur quantity." He continues to link this vulgar p matism with the emphasis on "toughness" "tough-mindedness" in American society: be a man is to be successful, efficient, even r less. . . ." The total effect, he concludes, is morality is transformed into no more t morale.

It was all there in the Kennedy Adminis tion, in the method of its politics and in its proach to any problem, until the decisio shoot for the moon, which was indeed a prob that vulgar pragmatism could solve, was tr lated into a metaphor. It is certainly true t insofar as the Pentagon Papers, as they a little spuriously called, contain any revelation interest, it is of the thorough working from 1 onward of the values and attitudes of vu pragmatism. Science, it had been proclain was the breastplate of the New Frontier. If it had been, the scientism of the intellectual the Department of Defense would not have b allowed to reign, and no one would have in ined that efficiency could be found in proc options would not have been confused choice, and success, which is easy to come would not have been understood as achievem quantification would not have been though be the measurement of a problem, and to mindedness would not have been regarded proof of strength.

One returns to the graves, remarks the w on their walls and the tourists as they pass and remembers the brothers themselves as iant; no one is going to deny that. But we not, in the conduct of our affairs, rely on v alone, because there have been valorous me the whole of the history of man, in causes have been mistaken and even evil. The caus which the brothers, and the men who se them, set themselves was not evil, only mistak and the American people must make their terms with the error. There is a place for arousal of expectation in politics; without it, would hardly have progressed. Politics is only the art of the possible, which is too oft thoughtless commonplace in small minds, neither is it the art of the impossible to whic American people were called in 1960, and about to be called again in 1968. Politics ca made the art of the necessary. A people ca nourished to believe that there are neces things to be done that they have overloo and that they have the necessary capacity t them. It is expectation enough.

Treisman

NDIAN GIVING

white man still speaks with a lying tongue



UQUE PUEBLO SITS in a quiet valley among lling, piñon-pine-covered hills just off the ande about ten miles above Santa Fe, New o. Its three-hundred-odd residents live tly but decently on subsistence corn plant- few low-paying jobs, and some finely l clay pots and animal figurines that they nd peddle to tourists in the summer.

iques have never had things easy. Not fter they founded their pueblo, a great t began. The drought lasted three decades. roughout the whole Southwest many people starvation. When the drought had passed. ling barbarians, ancestors of Apaches and s, arrived from the north and west. The es fought the intruders and lived under siege for two hundred unrelenting years. st when treaties were being arranged, the h came up the Rio Grande with black and the Church Militant.

Tesuques have always had great resilience nerity. In 1680 they led the Pueblo Rebel- at defeated the Spanish. They negotiated ernment of the Republic of Mexico to a n standoff. Even today, they pursue their nal lifeway in the pueblo's old adobe nts and maintain their complex dance cy- ts ancient plaza, and more than a few have never bothered to learn the English language.

The Pueblo Indians have always had their admirers. The Navajos eventually adopted their technologies and religion; the Spanish, even after the Rebellion, distinguished Pueblans from "*indios barbaros*," and Mexico made them full citizens of the Republic a few years before the Mexican War. Even so, the expressions of admiration presently accorded to the Tesuques border on the incredible. Consider, for example, Skitch Henderson:

> Henderson was overwhelmed by his first meeting with "a real Indian" yesterday at the Tesuque Pueblo. "Dignity is a word that is passed about but, my God, this man has it. I was overwhelmed by his silence. I felt as if I had met 'Boss,'" Henderson said.
>
> "*This Indian chief says everything Buffy St. Marie says without saying anything. I'm overwhelmed by the Indian. I had never met one before. I want my children to come out.*"*

Bandleader Henderson visited Tesuque Pueblo as a drummer for a subdivision called Colonias de Santa Fe. The subdivision is on Tesuque lands under ninety-nine-year lease to the Sangre de Cristo Development Company.

*The *Santa Fe New Mexican*, Thursday, August 12, 1971; page A9. Emphasis as in the original.

Eric Treisman, a practicing attorney, has worked with the Native American Legal Defense and Education Fund in New Mexico and with legal service programs on the Navajo Reservation and in Micronesia. He lives in Ketchikan, Alaska.

Eric Treisman
INDIAN GIVING

The Tesuques receive 5 percent of the money that the Development Company earns from its sublessors. It has been alleged, however, that on lots given away free to various celebrities for promotional purposes, the Tesuques receive considerably less—indeed, that "Boss" will see hardly a red cent.

Blood from stones

THE COLONIAS DE SANTA FE subdivision is enormous, slated ultimately to encompass a third of the Tesuque Indians' 15,000-acre reservation, and for the past two years it has been a cause of bitter controversy. Santa Feans favor a sort of underplayed sophistication. The subdivision promotions, which centered on Skitch and a bright red London double-decker bus and a million free Green Stamps, made them edgy about a possible influx of yokels. Some Santa Feans, particularly those who had recently removed there from the cities, were edgy about a possible influx of anyone. The eventual ranch homes are intended to accommodate 17,000 people. A group calling itself the "area environmental defense fund" launched an advertising campaign against the subdivision, and the Sangre de Cristo Development Company responded with a $2.5 million suit for libel. The state and local governments sued the subdivision for nonobservance of zoning laws and nonpayment of property taxes, and the subdividers countersued the state and local governments to prevent them from enforcing their laws in Indian country. At one point, the founders of the Sangre de Cristo Development Company even sued each other over the question of who was entitled to which especially choice free promotional lot as his founder's bonus.

The only thing everybody involved has agreed on is intense admiration of and friendship for the Tesuques. The subdividers have invoked their friendship to warn the Tesuques that the "area defenders" and local governments were out to destroy the pueblo's tribal sovereignty. The factions opposed to the subdivision have invoked *their* friendship to warn the Tesuques that the Development Company has taken financial advantage of the pueblo. The obvious fact that the warnings were by no means mutually exclusive made some Tesuques edgy.

Last summer, the Native American Legal Defense and Education Fund filed a long complaint with the United States Court for the District of New Mexico. The named plaintiffs in that complaint, including a fifth of all Tesuques suing on behalf of the rest, charged that the Sangre de Cristo Development Company and the Bureau of Indian Affairs had combined to perpetrate a fraud. They charged that the Tesuques are receiving less than a dollar a year per acre for lands that the Development Company will sublease for $3,000 to $9,000 per one-third-acre tract; that the ninety-nine-year lease trans so many of the pueblo's water rights to the division that Tesuque agriculture will have stop; and that the septic systems proposed in Development Company's master plan will ne sarily pollute the groundwaters from which pueblo's municipal wells draw.

The complaint also states that the water ri that pass under the lease have been conse tively valued at no less than $1 million and n be much higher. It also argues that the rea able worth of the Sangre de Cristo Developn Company's leasehold interest in Tesuque Pu is $5,565,000, and that the present discou value of all payments the Tesuques would receive under the lease is $340,000.

The plaintiffs stated that the Developn Company was set up solely to exploit Tesu lands and was dangerously undercapitalized. that the lease it has obtained obligates the T ques to provide electricity, water lines, pa schools, fire and police protection, and all other usual municipal services to as many 17,000 subdivision residents in the event Development Company collapses into b ruptcy. The plaintiffs say that the lease was n explained to the tribal council that ratifie and that it was never translated into Tewa, t first language. They allege that their t council thought it was signing up for not more than a golf course. The defendants l moved to dismiss the complaint on the gro that it fails to state a cause of action.

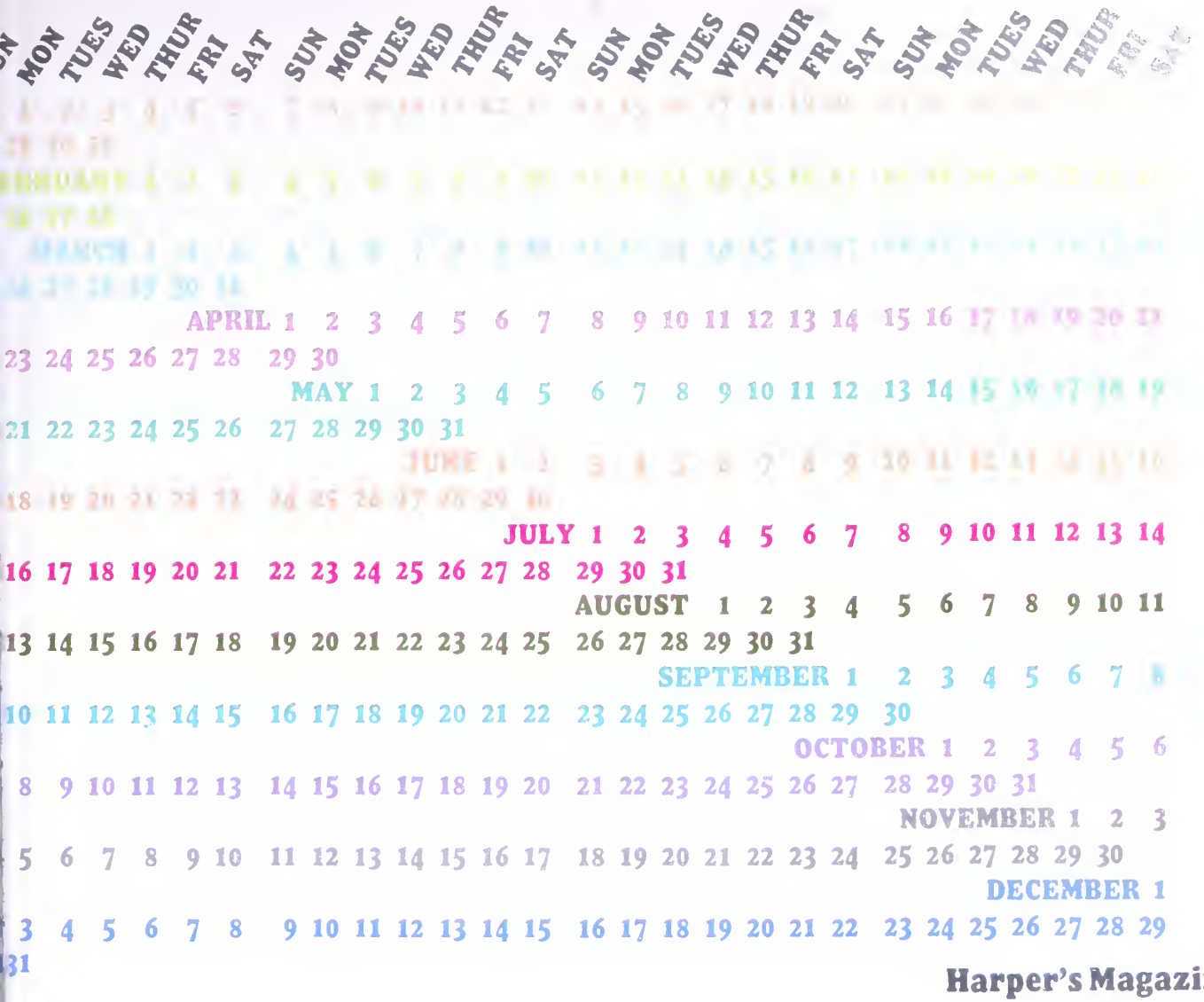
The Tesuques' lawsuit is currently in li tion. If the allegations are true, the comple of the Colonias de Santa Fe subdivision w mark the end of the pueblo as the home of Tesuques. Since I once worked on the cas cannot comment on the truth or falsity of matter. But I think some general observat may be in order concerning the context in w this transaction took place.

"Fraud M. Swinde

FIRST, THE SPECIAL CONTEXT of New Me The state really is that enchanted blen cultures advertised by its chamber of comm One of the cultures is what the conquista carried there from medieval Spain. Moorish eye amulets dangle from Navajo necklaces i Gallup pawnshops. Easter *penitentes* flage themselves at Truchas. Subdivisions are na for the blood of the Son of God. And comm and politics proceed through intrigue and ca

A partner in the law firm of former gove Jack Campbell views commerce and pol more prosaically. "It's just that New Mexi a big family, really, and her affairs are inc ous of necessity. You can't fault Jack for b part of the state's interlocking directorate."

Campbell, a prominent figure in the st



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Eric Treisman

INDIAN GIVING

Democratic party machine, has been criticized for allowing his law firm to undertake representation of the Sangre de Cristo Development Company while he was already engaged as general counsel to the Tesuques. The criticism became particularly noisy after a meeting of the Tesuques this July at which Campbell, explaining the ninety-nine-year lease's provisions concerning water rights and priorities, made those provisions seem more favorable to the pueblo and less favorable to the subdivision than they are in fact.

Campbell's associate says that the interests of the Tesuques are identical to those of the subdividers in the areas of his law firm's representation. As for the July meeting, he explains that Campbell's designation as general counsel to the Indians was in the nature of an honorarium, that the Tesuques did not expect and could not afford his full-time representation, and that the former governor had never found a chance to study the lease during his eighteen months as general counsel and was merely attempting an off-the-cuff interpretation to accommodate his Tesuque friends. Only the most cynical New Mexicans suggest that the former governor's judgment could have been skewed in any way by the thousands of dollars his firm receives in Development Company legal fees. He has a reputation for forthright honesty that is rare among New Mexico politicians, and this September he resolved any problem of conflict of interest by resig as counsel to the pueblo.

Campbell's former law partner, Donna Stephenson, is another politico with an unsu reputation. Last year, his legal acumen and litical clout combined to elevate him to Supreme Court of the state. A litigation in w his old law firm represents the Develop Company has been before his court, and he taken an active role in the hearings, participa in the decision in favor of the Development C pany. Some have suggested that Stephe might have recused himself, either because firm he so recently left is handling one side o case or because he had been attorney of re for Walter Kegel, a founder and principa the Development Company, until the day donned his robes.

Fred Standley, another of the founders o Development Company, is a former New Me attorney general who for years has been a associate of Campbell and Stephenson at busy center of New Mexico commerce and D ocratic organization. Standley is consider "good ol' boy" in New Mexico political cir and at this summer's Santa Fe Fiesta, the vi of the traditional melodrama was an appa caricature of him as "Fraud M. Swindely don't suggest that the caricature was mean anything more than broad farce.



John Running

Jennings, yet another founder of the De-
ment Company, is currently embroiled in a
oversy with a Phoenix weekly and a Santa
onthly magazine, which have run stories
ing that Jennings had business dealings
persons alleged to be front men for the
. When a demand for retraction was met by
ublication and elaboration of the charges,
ngs, claiming that he had discouraged and
ately terminated his firm's association with
persons, filed suit for libel.

resent these matters and relationships only
w the typical complexities of the milieu en-
by the Tesuques when they, in company
and under the guardianship of the Bureau
dian Affairs, entered the negotiations that
ced the ninety-nine-year lease of their lands
Sangre de Cristo Development Company.

The question of sovereignty

E GUARDIANSHIP of the federal Bureau of
ndian Affairs is the pervasive context in
anything concerning Indians must be ex-
d. There is one BIA guardian for every
en Indians in the United States, and tribal
inextricably bound up with the seven-foot
f the Bureau's *Manual of Procedures.**
leral policy swings back and forth between
to isolate the Indian tribes and efforts to
ilate them. A century ago the intention was
to keep the tribes beyond the farthest
r of white settlement. Later, when the
r had closed in on itself, Congress deter-
to bring the Indians into the larger
an society and passed the Allotment Act to
the reservations up into individual land-
gs. In the 1920s, Congress repealed the
ent Act, and in the '30s it produced a
of laws designed to strengthen the tribal
ments and to regulate their intercourse
he white world. In 1953, the policy of
rehabilitation was replaced by one of ter-
on. Legislation was passed to encourage
ibes to disband and sell their lands for
other legislation permitted the states to
risdiction over tribes within their borders.
8, perhaps because of pleas or rising anger
he remaining tribes, termination was in
andoned.

nother way, federal Indian policy has
onsistent. The end of each swing finds the
with less than they had at the beginning:
1, some 130,000,000 acres, an area four-fifths the size of Texas; half a century later, 80,000,000 acres; today, 50,000,000 acres. The consistency of result is the product of policy formulation and administration by the BIA.

The way the BIA does its job is in turn the product of its status as a third-level subagency of the Department of the Interior. Interior's business is to maximize the development of our national economic resources, and the Bureau's duty to its Indian wards is inevitably compromised by its mandate from its organizational masters. The parade of BIA-Interior horribles is endless. Those who love parades should read Edgar Cahn's *Our Brother's Keeper* or the books by Vine Deloria, Jr. A pair of incidents will suffice to indicate the style of the procession:

◁ The exact scope of tribal sovereignty, the remnant of the Indians' pre-Columbian powers of self-government, is still being defined by Congress and the courts. Early decisions handed down by Chief Justice John Marshall and never judicially overruled would give tribal Indians absolute freedom from state laws and from all federal laws not specifically intended to govern them. Although Andrew Jackson established a concurrent executive branch precedent by refusing to enforce Marshall's tribal-sovereignty rulings, their doctrine has in recent times been successfully employed to protect tribal Indians from civil actions in state courts, from extradition proceedings, and even on occasion from the Selective Service law.

At the end of the New Deal, the Roosevelt brain trust put Yale Law School's Felix Cohen in the BIA to write a treatise on federal Indian law. Professor Cohen spent three years at his task. Fascinated by tribal sovereignty, he drew on anthropology, philosophy, and international public law as well as the more obvious sources, and worked out compelling arguments that hardened the doctrine's core and expanded its perimeters. The BIA published his definitive work, but it soon went out of print. In the middle 1950s, after the book had been unavailable for some years and after Cohen had died, the Interior Department issued an "updated" version in his name, in much greater quantities than the original. Many of the tribal-sovereignty arguments had been dropped. The new preface warned lawyers and judges against "further, uncritical use" of the old edition.

(The original version of Professor Cohen's work has just been reissued by the University of New Mexico Press, and sudden attention has focused on a new aspect of tribal sovereignty: the growing value of the freedom that it imparts to tribal lands and tribal enterprises from proliferating local regulations. In the areas surrounding the Tesuque Pueblo, Santa Fe County permits only one residential lot per acre and one septic tank per three acres. But the county zoning laws do not apply to the pueblo, and

"It is reasonable but it is unfortunate, that instead of husbanding Indian resources for the tribes, the BIA at every turn exploits those resources for the economy."

resentment against these procedures was dem-
d last November when a group of angry In-
recked the Bureau of Indian Affairs building in
gton. They held the building in siege for six
estroying the furniture and littering the floors
oken glass. Government officials estimated the
at more than $1 million.

Sangre de Cristo's master plan for Colonias de Santa Fe contemplates three lots and three septic tanks to the acre.)

In the states where water is allocated by priority of use rather than by the common law of riparian rights—which is to say, in the booming, water-short states of the mountain West—Indian tribes own certain extremely valuable first-priority rights. The extent of the rights and the methods by which they may be applied are further questions and abstruse ones: Western water law is a demanding specialty.

Four years ago, a BIA solicitor who had spent a good part of his professional life in water law seems to have produced a treatise that, to paraphrase a Fellow of the Rocky Mountain Mineral Law Institute who claims to have seen it, "proves the blasted Indians own every blasted drop." How it develops its supposed proof has been the source of four years of speculation. The BIA, which owns the copyright, has never seen fit to release the treatise. When its author brought the situation and other situations involving BIA interest conflicts to public attention, Interior ordered him transferred across the country to clerk for a man who had previously been his junior, and who promised the Western press he could "control" his former boss.

It is, of course, only reasonable that to Interior the theoretical rights of half a million Indians weigh little against the needs of Rocky Mountain industry and the thirst of ten million white Westerners; and that to the BIA the pressures brought by Indians count little against the pressures brought by Interior. It is reasonable, but it is unfortunate, that instead of husbanding Indian resources for the tribes, the BIA at every turn exploits those resources for the economy.

The economic exploitation of the tribal Indian has always been a harsher matter than the economic exploitation of, say, the black man, because tribal Indians, as people, are by definition of no value to the national economy. To exploit the black man one maintains him in his labor, but to exploit the tribal Indian one separates him from what he possesses. When black men were enslaved, Indians were exterminated: as the respective techniques have been refined, their respective gentleness has remained proportional.

The policy of exploitation

IF HISTORY IS A GUIDE, the 1968 swing away from the policy of termination represents the development of a new technique of Indian exploitation by the Bureau of Indian Affairs and the Interior Department. It may be that the new technique involves a method of retaining the juridical tribe—"the tribe" as governmental unit, as a legal entity possessing valuable, non-transferable rights—while separating the juridical tribe from the Indians. If so, Tesuque may be one of the early examples of the use of the technique.

The Tesuques began to move toward the present pass in 1964, when they petitioned the BIA for greater control over their lands. They asked for the right to make long-term leases to attract industry of some sort to the pueblo, so that Tesuques who wanted occupations other than hoeing corn and molding pots could pursue those occupations without having to leave the ancestral home.

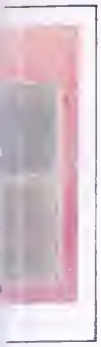
The BIA took no hasty action on the petition. In 1967, it commissioned an Albuquerque business-consulting firm to prepare a set of recommendations for the economic development of Tesuque and the other northern New Mexico pueblos. The consulting firm turned in a 1[illegible] page report, noting the value of the water rights and sovereignty. It recommended the mechanization of pueblo agricultures, the subdivision of the pueblo lands, and the removal of most of the Pueblo Indians.

The next year, the BIA obtained Congressional permission for Tesuque Pueblo to enter ninety-nine-year leases, and the Sangre de Cristo Development Company was set up. The Tesuque lawsuit contends that the two events were in some way connected. It contends that negotiations between the pueblo and the subdividers began immediately, and that other persons with less grandiose business proposals were not allowed to present them to the tribal council; that they were permitted to present them to one Tesuque, a permanent member of the tribal council by virtue of his position in the Tesuque theocracy and a permanent underling of Fred Standley of the New Mexico Democratic party machine. It is unclear whether he or the BIA decided that more than one proposal would merely confuse the tribal council.

The pueblo and the subdividers reached an agreement in principle. Whether that agreement concerned a golf course alone or whether it comprehended a subdivision I cannot say. The Tesuques' complaint says a golf course. It says that the BIA people took over at that point to handle the firming up of details, and that the BIA people negotiated the transfer of water rights and other critical matters without so much as consulting a single Indian ward.

Several of the New Mexico pueblos, and many Indians elsewhere too, are now being offered deals like the one the Tesuque made. Cochiti, Tesuque's nearest pueblo neighbor, is on a ninety-nine-year lease to the owners of Shakey's Pizza for a subdivision remarkably like Colonias de Santa Fe. Zuñi, the largest of the pueblos once seen from afar by Coronado and thought to be the golden city of the Seven Cities of Cibola, is being developed by the Dow Chemical Company.

AMERICAN ART POSTERS



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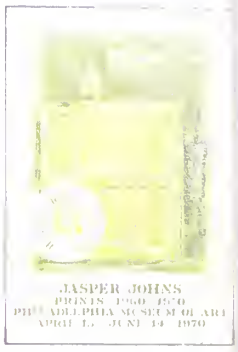
#115 **Calder**
35 x 22½" $20



#116 **Frankenthaler**
30 x 40" $15



#118 **Indiana**
34½ x 25" $20



#119 **Johns**
35½ x 24" $15



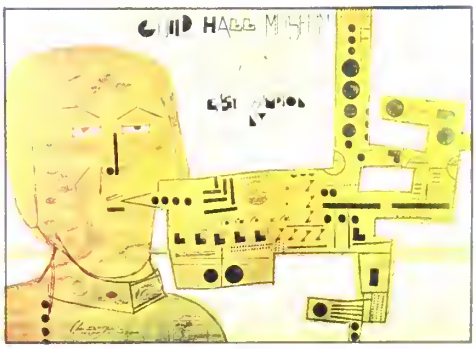
pino 25 x 38" $10



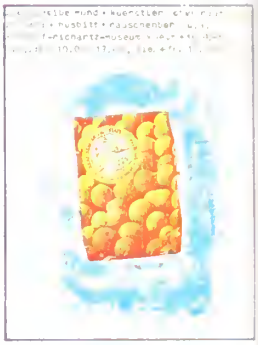
st-Glaser



#120 **Oldenburg**
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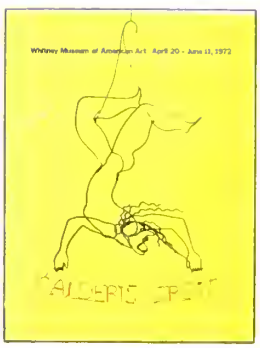
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#124 **Rauschenberg**
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$20



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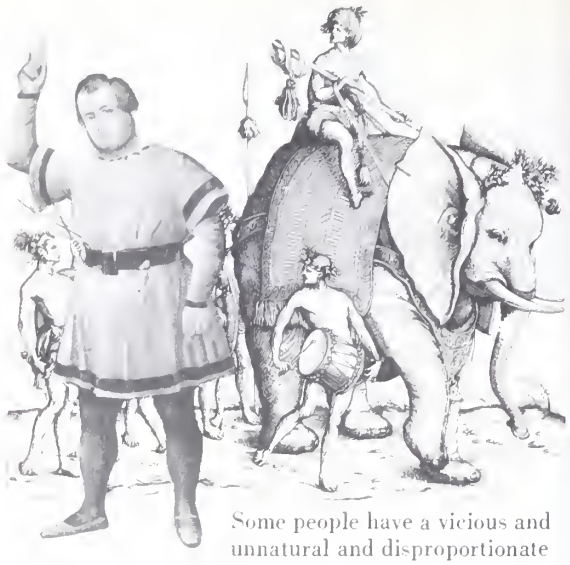
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THE INAUGURATION

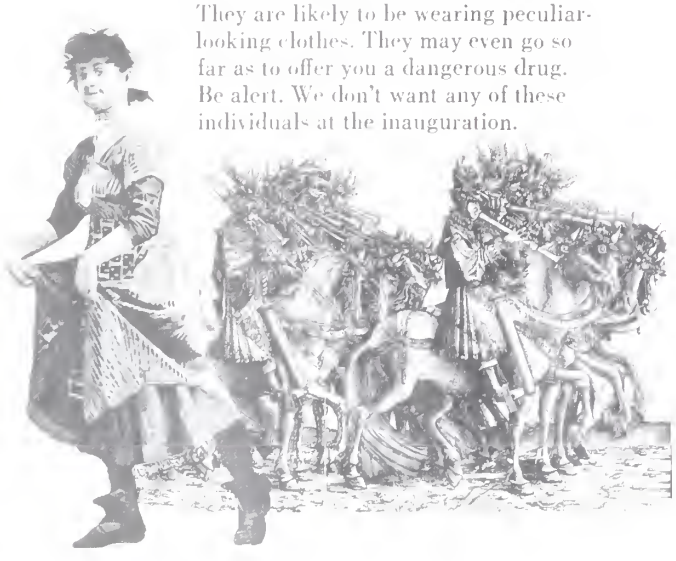
by Donald Barthelme

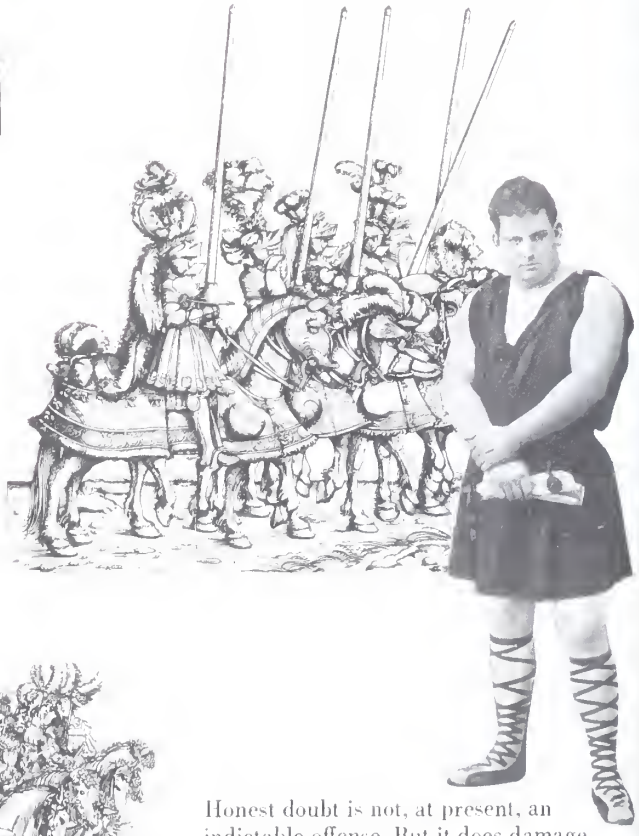
Now that another splendid and charming and wise President has been elected, it is, in our judgment, not a moment too soon to begin worrying about the inauguration. The main point to be held in mind is that we want the pomp to be hang-up, and not marred by flaws. Many of these, in human form, can be minimized by the proper authorities ahead of time, if properly identified, before they begin to flaw everything. Some examples follow.



Some people have a vicious and unnatural and disproportionate dedication to peace, which they don't hesitate to display in the public streets, very often at times when everybody else is trying to be happy, such as at an inauguration. They should under no circumstances be allowed to ride, or even feed, the elephants.

There are individuals who programmatically go against the current, even if that current is the main stream. They are likely to be wearing peculiar-looking clothes. They may even go so far as to offer you a dangerous drug. Be alert. We don't want any of these individuals at the inauguration.



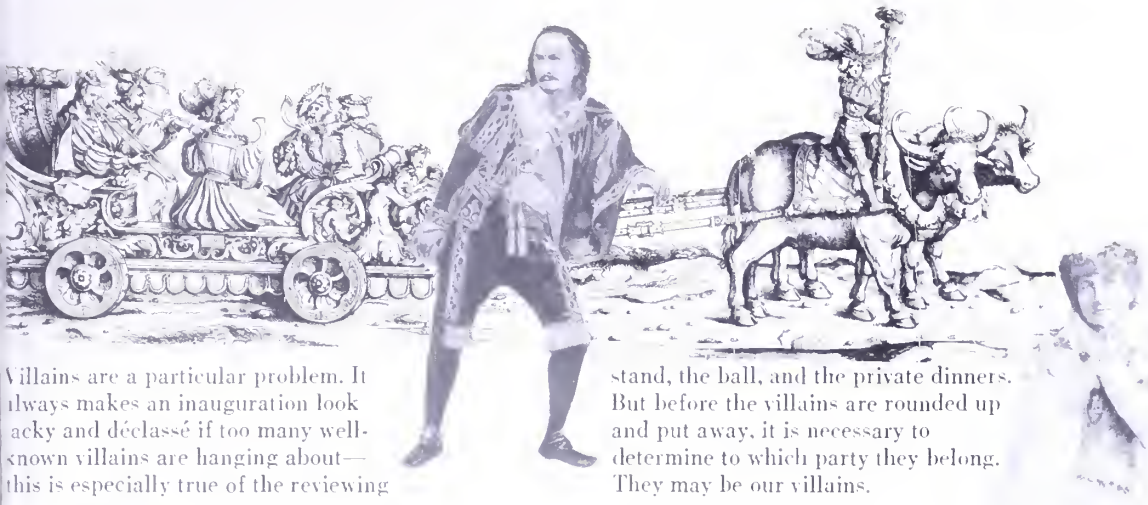


Some people are never satisfied, no matter what. They wear bitter black mourning and utter loud ululations, at conspicuous places along the line of march. Perhaps some large plants can be placed around them, so that other people can't see them.

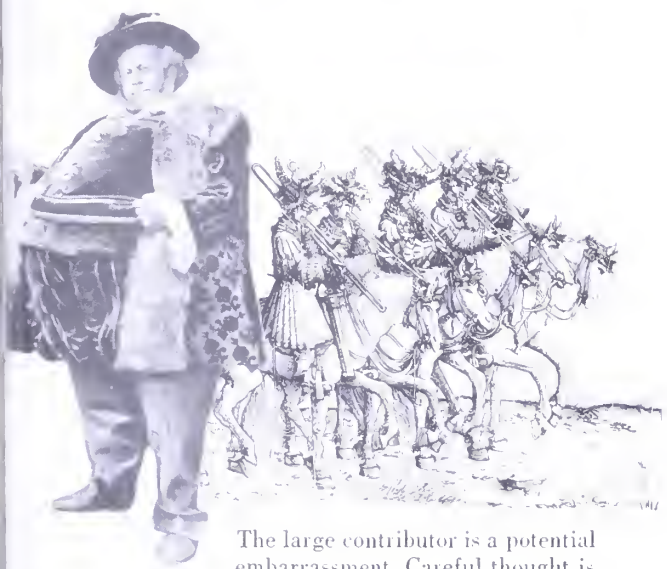


Honest doubt is not, at present, an indictable offense. But it does damage and compromise the mood of joyous rejoicing and new creativity we wish to prevail, on this occasion. Honest doubt is difficult to stifle and shades rather quickly into dishonest doubt, which, if the doubter is doubting with others, is known as conspiracy.

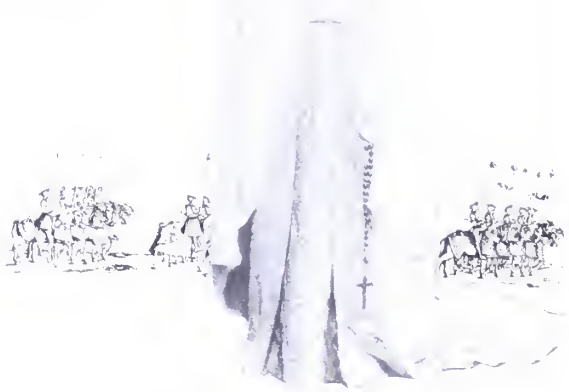
Donald Barthelme is a storyteller and novelist. For an appraisal of his work see page 92.



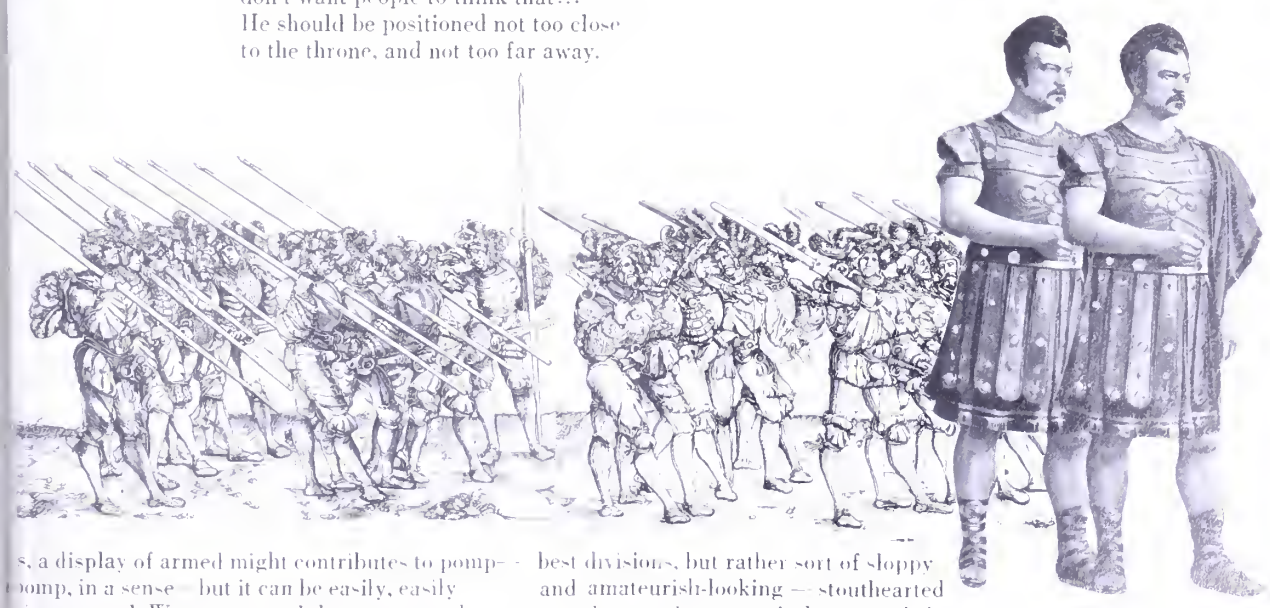
Villains are a particular problem. It always makes an inauguration look lacky and déclassé if too many well-known villains are hanging about—this is especially true of the reviewing stand, the ball, and the private dinners. But before the villains are rounded up and put away, it is necessary to determine to which party they belong. They may be our villains.



The large contributor is a potential embarrassment. Careful thought is mandatory here. On the one hand he is very touchy about his placement and handling, and on the other we don't want people to think that... He should be positioned not too close to the throne, and not too far away.



Worshipful admiration is permitted, and even encouraged. *Too many* of the *same kind* of worshipful admirers *together in the same place* is bad planning.



s, a display of armed might contributes to pomp— oomp, in a sense—but it can be easily, easily misinterpreted. We recommend that not more than o divisions be employed, and that these not be our best divisions, but rather sort of sloppy and amateurish-looking—stouthearted men, but maybe not entirely persuaded. Not more than three dozen generals, please.

COMMENTARY

The contributors this month: Joseph Levy owns an insurance agency and "some delightful fantasies." Arthur N. Hill is an advertising copywriter and an unpublished poet. Dr. Robert Morris is Kristen Profes of Social Planning and director of the Gerontology P Institute at Brandeis University. Chandler Thompson was a reporter in Vietnam in 1969 and is currently writing a novel about life in Saigon during the war.



CLIFFORD IRVING'S WOUNDED KNEE

Is this another lament from another unpublished writer? Of course. I enjoy complaining and ranting—it's a sign of life for me. To sit quietly in a manure pit when I could be flinging some of it at the big Houses . . . to cringe like a lump when I might rend the heavens . . . what choice?

I am the author of five unpublished novels—the last three, masterpieces. At this point I doubt that I could publish a suicide note, although my agent has become annoyingly encouraging. If all the unpublished, rejected, would-be writers were gathered into one collective voting bloc, we'd be large enough to bring the government to its knees. Keep your chickens-in-pots and garaged cars. If I could promise these voters a book on every shelf his own—I could be your next President.

There are reasons for all these unpublished writers, and mediocrity alone cannot explain them away. In the same way that television reportage and the different news media may be said today to create the news as well as report it, I submit that publishers and their editors, with a large assist from the critical community, are creating their own market while insisting they are only victims of it. I submit that when the *New York Times Book Review* has a nonfiction book on its front page nine weeks out of ten, it is helping to create a nonfiction market. We buy what we are sold. It was always so.

We will agree, of course, that literature is no more a part of contemporary publishing than house calls are of a doctor's practice. Lip service. The wrong fictions prevail. We are dealing with profits and the famous bottom lines. Let us be mature about it. Agreed. Why then won't these publishers make their profits on fiction as well as nonfiction? Some of the answers will be found in their editors.

Nonfiction is easier for an editor to handle. One edits, in its purest sense. No frame of reference is necessary. A true narrative is gripping or enlightening or amusing in its own right. But a piece of fiction immediately br down upon your head all of your great predecessor The editor now feels called upon not merely to weig but to compare, to unfurl his literary background. In fifth book, I was compared—wantingly—with Pirand with Jorge Borges, with Barth. It's heady, I tell you.

My first two books were exercises, written merely test the publishing community, to prepare it for the symphonies of my later period. I was saving myself The rejection slips came in sickening waves, issued "readers." My manuscripts never saw an editor. I w have preferred the back-of-the-hand from a Lehman Haupt, the rebuke of a Sheed. I had the dialogue rec After reading his letter and hearing my wife ask, "V did he write?" I could have shrugged and said, "Jus lot of Sheed."

Death troubles me, but at least I can do something about it—I can try for immortality. But what defense against an editor who calls into play his assortment literary giants to pit you against and invokes every deathless verity? I'm devastated that Garcia Márqu was lost to us for so long. Only now are we getting th stories he wrote in his twenties.

One of the editors thanked my agent for "Levy's fascinating novel" (#5), but didn't see much of a market for it at $5.95. Doesn't "fascinating" make its market? They will publish what sells. They will not s what they publish. Which comes first, the buy or the sell?

I submit that taste and quality and permanence in writing can be sold as well. Let us stop thinking of s ing in terms of shoddy pandering. It can lend itself t most exalted of conditioning. An industry that will p lish "Penelope Ashe" or virtually anything written b Hollywood star somehow deserves the piracy of a Wounded Knee or the phantom hand of Clifford Irv

—Joseph Lev
Park Ridge

's welcomes brief contributions on any subject l of its readers who find themselves inspired to ate statement. Please send entries, including d, self-addressed envelope, to Suzanne Mantell. onth's "Commentary" will be devoted to thoughts he Bremer case (see page 52) and the problem of l assassination in America.

IAT DO YOU DO AFTER E DOCTOR LEAVES?

faith in medical science is reflected in ways ranging ending $20 billion a year in tax money for medical the widespread sales of books on "what to do until ctor comes." There is only one trouble with this t has been justified, and now we have to face the ıences.

one thing, we have more and more survivors—in- six million Americans with handicaps so severe and le that they cannot carry on all or part of their activities. Another consequence is that 37 percent elfare burden to which taxpayers object so strongly e up of Medicaid payments. Our seriously handi- and disabled of all ages now depend wholly or on others during two billion disability days each n awkward measure that is better expressed as 5.5 people handicapped the year round, or eleven afflicted one day out of every two.

ıks to medical science, all these numbers are grow- idly, swollen by the victims of cerebral accident or or stroke; the spinal-cord cases; the victims of crippling arthritis or cardiac malfunctions; those y cerebral palsy or multiple sclerosis; and severely d children and adults, to mention only a few. For e, the annual U.S. mortality rate for spinal-cord cases has dropped from 90 percent at the end of War I to under 15 percent since World War II; in is country had 50,000 such survivors. In the 1920s, mongoloid retardates rarely lived beyond their oday they often survive past forty.

le with these diverse disabilities have one thing in n: they require the regular attention of others for of their lives, during which they can never hope to full, functional independence. Trying to provide e has put nearly disastrous strains on both our and our welfare systems, neither of which was d to maintain such an at-home population.

itals use about 30 percent of their days caring for who stay longer than medically necessary, even roughly half of these patients no longer require ospital care but stay on because of inability to suitable alternatives. In a single generation a rsing-home industry has grown up, providing one beds at charges of $300 to $700 a month. An ed 15 to 40 percent of the occupants do not need re for medical reasons and could be cared for at supportive services were available. One-fourth of d costs, which themselves typically comprise 35 ercent of a state's welfare budget, goes to support in costly nursing homes. Our Federal-State Voca- ehabilitation Program restores functional capacity y disabled persons but *(continued on next page)*

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can do nothing for the larger number who cannot work or for whom there are no jobs.

There do exist about 2,500 public and private home health and homemaker agencies, but their work is usually limited to some 100 days of care a year by the constraints of current financing mechanisms (Medicare, Medicaid, and health insurance), which pay 62 percent of their benefits for institutional care but only 1 percent for home health care. The fact is that nowhere in the system is there provision for simple, part-time services to help these disabled people maintain themselves: home helps for heavy housework, meal preparation, shopping, personal grooming, and the like. Because of this lack, many thousands of the disabled are forced full time into high-cost institutions maintained by medical or welfare programs.

It is easy to say, "Let the family do the job." But two-fifths of all adult women and practically all adult males work outside the home. Moreover, 16 percent of the disabled have no close family ties, and half of the elderly disabled come from families whose average incomes of under $3,000 make them unable to buy the necessary services.

There is a solution: a network of flexible personal-care and home-helper services designed to supplement *not replace* the residual ability of the disabled to maintain themselves outside institutions. Such home services are available in all northern European countries and are provided by the Veterans Administration for some of our own disabled veterans. In general, experience shows that an *average* of forty hours a month is sufficient for all those not too disabled to benefit. The cost averages about $170 a month, compared with $300 to $700 for nursing-home care.

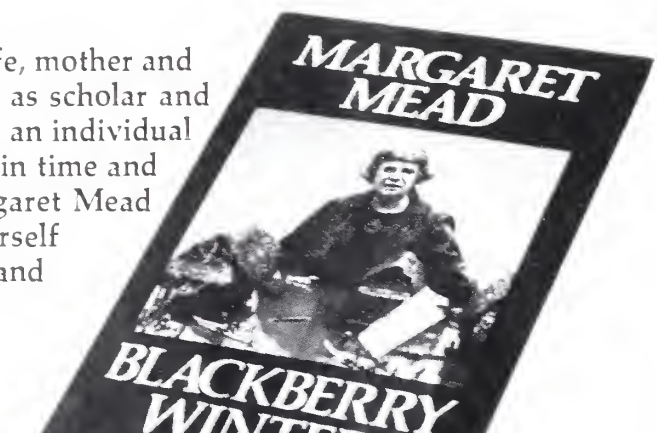
Home care is necessary because of our scientific c cess in prolonging life, which now demands new p policies. Such a program could be created through fe executive or legislative action. What is needed is i investment funds to start up the services network, assured means for paying for continuing part-time l services over a long period of time. Payments migl limited to those unable to pay, since those able to would be expected to buy the services from the new pr ing agencies.

Here are several ways to start such a program: executive modification of Medicaid regulations to ma as easy to pay for home health care as for more c institutional care; (2) slight changes in the legisl authorization for Medicare and for rehabilitation serv to permit use of these programs to develop home h and (3) augmenting Social Security benefits suffici for the permanently disabled to permit private purcha part-time home helps—as is already the case for vet in America and for all citizens in the United Kingdor

Recent proposals to transfer the aged, the blind, the disabled from public relief to Social Security open the door to a real advance. Extending social i ance to cover the maintenance requirements of the ically disabled would be a humane and sensible wa society to meet one of the social problems that its in medicine has created. And an approach like this s has a far greater chance of success than continued rel on the outmoded public-relief machinery we inhe from the Poor Law days of Queen Elizabeth I.

—Robert Mo
Waltham, M

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RAFFITI IN VIETNAM

m Hougan's thoughts on polit-zed graffiti in your November e reminded me that I'd seen and rded examples of the same phe-enon in Vietnam. Sex was a le on the GI market, but race and var sentiments were talked about h more furtively. This may be the toilet walls on American s became a political forum to the wall posters of China's Cul-Revolution or the *affiches* that e the Paris uprising of May 1968 p-art happening.

ace was by far the dominant e of Vietnam graffiti, with rep- between black and white ex-ists common. "Niggers open our s and wait on our tables" was tered in one airport latrine by, get whitey's money, too, you stupid jerk." A matched pair with a more surprising sentiment was: "I'm black and proud" and, "I wish I were black. A honky."

Elsewhere, racial tension gave way to the resignation of, "Black is black and white is white. Don't give a damn, so why fight?" Like sentiment plus revolutionary longing produced: "All the niggers who hates [*sic*] whites and all the whites that hates brothers, you are here to be killed. Why not get together?"

As chilling a statement of our mission in Asia as I've seen was this misrendering of a Joan Baez song:

The dove has fallen and torn her wing.
No longer songs of love will she sing.
I am not here to sing songs of love.
I am here to kill the dove.

This, I was reassured to note, drew a pair of less bloodthirsty rejoinders: "God is alive and well in Hanoi," said one. The other said, "Just keep li-tening to what the authoritarians tell you. They don't have to die. Hope you don't feel cheated when you do."

As Mr. Hougan observed, graffiti do appear to be a sort of outlet of last resort for frustrations and anger the arbiters of acceptable sentiment try to deny. But I did come across one graffito that deserves to be chis-eled in finest marble. Its Zen-like pithiness in expressing the impact of Vietnam on the American psyche is untoppable. In neat block letters it said: "They lay the baby in a manger, and the cow ate it."

—Chandler Thompson
Sara-sota, Fla.

MERICAN MOTORS NAMES A CAR

re is a short lesson in elementary Spanish. It deals the vocabulary of the bullfight but is actually in-d for TV viewers, especially if they are potential uyers.

e Spanish word for "bullfighter" is *torero*. The *or*, the *banderillero*, and the *matador* are all *toreros*, ney have separate functions, just as a pitcher and a elder have. (Incidentally, I have never heard a Span-eaking person use the word *toreador*, except in jest. found in many Spanish dictionaries, but I expect n thank Bizet for that.)

e star of the bullfight is the *matador*. He is the one kills the bull. And that is precisely what the word s: "killer." Anyone moderately familiar with Span-nows that. It is derived from the verb *matar*, "to and no other translation is possible. The man him-ill usually use the full title and call himself a *matador ros*, a "killer of bulls." In short, *matador* does not simply "bullfighter," any more than "shortstop" is a e synonym for "baseball player."

the next time you see one of those American Motors mmercials in which the puzzled parking-lot attend-r cabdriver asks, "What's a Matador?" you'll know al answer. It's a killer—and a very interesting name sporty new car. Certainly more descriptive than, mpala or Corvette.

parently, a monumental blunder has been committed And it is a measure of the contempt in which the otive industry holds even the slenderest scholarly ement that no one intercepted the lethal name be-hit the streets. Anyone who knows the automobile ss, even from the fringes, is aware of the safety-in-ers system by which all decisions *visible to the public* are arrived at in this narcissistically image-con-scious industry. It would be a safe bet that no modern car was ever named without at least the tacit approval of forty or fifty people. It is almost unbelievable that this name could have passed the inspection of so many with-out encountering a single one who knew enough Fresh-man Spanish to recognize the morbid joke they were playing on themselves.

What is more astonishing is that none of them should have wondered what the word meant. Foreign words that come into our language seldom mean, back home, exactly what we think they mean. Yet it seems that not one of those well-paid people had the intellectual curiosity (it wouldn't have taken much) to look up the word in a dic-tionary. Any good *English* dictionary would have revealed its etymology.

It is a curious fact that the name probably won't hurt the car's sales in Latin America, where many of the citizens *like* to think of their cars as weapons. I can almost hear the jokes. They'll playfully alter the name to *matadero* ("slaughterhouse") or, since *matador* is also an adjective, meaning "killing" or "that kills," they'll point it out as *el coche matador*—"the killing car." What fun!

Am I, after all, being childishly naïve? It really *is* hard to believe that the people at American Motors didn't know exactly what they were doing all the time. If they did, they also knew someone would disclose the real meaning of the name ("What? Really?"), and they hoped it would have a sort of sick-humor appeal to a lot of car buyers. In that case, they have been waiting impatiently for this essay. So, okay, American Motors, your secret is out. *¡Salud y pesetas!* Especially, of course, *pesetas*.

—Arthur N. Hill, Birmingham, Mich.

Earl Shorris

BOOKS

Donald Barthelme's illustrated wordy-gurdy



Sadness, Farrar, Straus and Giroux, $5.95.
City Life, Farrar, Straus and Giroux, $5.95.
Unspeakable Practices, Unnatural Acts, Farrar, Straus and Giroux, $5.95.
Snow White, Bantam Books, $1.25.
Come Back, Dr. Caligari, Little, Brown, $2.25.

THE UNFORGIVABLE FLAW in Donald Barthelme's work is that he is right. He has located the square on which we are cowering, and he has assembled the comedy of our activities on that square, our lives, into an instrument of discomfort. He is the most monstrous writer alive, meaner than Hawkes, nastier than Pynchon, more unfair than Beckett, less forgiving than Ionesco, as cruel as life. He shrieks when he laughs. He hates dogs and children. Saints cannot convince him. Neither thick beers nor rich whiskeys satisfy him. He knows too much. If we were not dismembered, unable to control or even to find our parts, we would be able to defend ourselves. We would bind him with cash, gag him with celebrity, and be safe.

They say he merely writes his dreams. And of course, they are wrong; it is his plan to embarrass, he would not have it any other way. The man is vicious; the mosaic of mirrors he is making must be a cruel joke. Let us call it distortion, dislocation, sickness; how does he dare to say this trash is of our own making? Let's get together and accuse him of . . . of what? Well, any man who thinks Snow White is a bored and promiscuous woman must be hallucinating. Why should we be made to squirm?

Perhaps he loves us? It will take a complex argument to answer in the affirmative, but there are intimations, particularly in *Sadness*, the new collection of his stories. Some of the people in those stories are so thoroughly invented that we perceive them as failing to endure ordinary lives, like us. Our location in these stories is different. We are no longer awash in lists of waste, foolishness, and evil; the characters guide us into the world. *Sadness* is truly the motif, our own lives are foreshadowed, such little tragedies: is there a lower limit to significance?

The answer is the achievement in Barthelme's stories; it allows us to read the next story and the next. He presents everything as human work (ersatz buffalo humps, a lady trumpet player named for a typeface, a surrogate self, King Kong), and by inspecting these bizarre and absurd works he gives them a certain validity—they exist, something has happened, which is better than nothing. "There are always openings," he concludes, "if you can find them. There is always something to do."

But what? If the world is a pastiche of junk, if dogs fall on our heads, children piss in our beds, and Paul Klee is a slyly incompetent baby-sitter warplanes, if the repeated playing the *Star-Spangled Banner* on a p sonal radio station is the only res tion we can know, what shall we Fortunately, artists do not seek po cal office, neither do they sell pa ceas to the au courant; the work of artist is to make a world that defl the world we know, to create surp ing experience.

Barthelme, working with hur stuff, can turn the most ordir events into beautiful language; h often a poet, he makes sculpture words; art is alchemy. At other tir he is Barthelme the pasticheur, wh is not to say that the work fails, bu identify it as another form, a f originated by Donald Barthelme not borrowed from either the sur ist poets or Kafka. His pastiches environmental, related to that f in the plastic arts more than to pi ous writing. They are made of sour notes of life, as is the musi Varese, Cage, and the new compo who find their voices in electric chines. To read his pastiche storie his novel *Snow White* is to be denly defenseless in the world, armed of the deafness, blindness, insensitivity that insulate and serve us.

The work is not fantastic, but bearably real, drawn straight f life, fiction made in a form not un Eisenstein's conception of mont but in a world filled with dislocat and absurdities that Eisenstein c not have imagined. When we rea we must respond not to the worl survive but to the world as it is. I ald Barthelme has accomplished work that the New Journalists are competent to do. In a single stor is able to include more of the tast the times than there is in the colle works of Wolfe, Breslin, Tales Co. The difference lies in Barthel ability to compress, almost to tra torize the world, and then to mak miniatures real again by virtue o talent for language.

He is truly the writer of this t

Earl Shorris, a contributing editor of Harper's, *has recently reviewed the works of William Gass and Gabriel García Márquez.* *See Page 86 for one of Barthelme's tales.*

ing the flower of technology in
ok. He cuts, dissolves, flies in jet
es, televises, telescopes, miniatur-
codes, moves at the speed of elec-
y to the moon, the Pedernales,
novies, the operating room, the
station, sometimes in his own
and sometimes in the language
oyce, Eliot, Beckett, Castro, or
Wayne. He presses a button and
up words and ideas from his time
ine or form machine or machine
ine. Then he welds it all together
an iron maiden and closes that
ole door on us. The spikes pierce
kin at the height of our laughter.

E EFFECT of the pastiche in Bar-
helme's stories is to remind us of
n material, and the effect is
tened in many cases by the tone
ne narration; tense, concise,
ing to be accurate about the
to avoid contaminating the past
sponding to it in the prose. Here
vo examples of that tone:

We fear the arrival of enemy ships, for we are in a state of . Herr P. intends to leave the le; he gives me instructions as what must be done if what we should come to pass. His sick and his children are in the atened castle. As soon as the bardment begins, the large hall be cleared. He breathes heav- and tries to get away; I detain , and ask him how I am to send news in case of need. He says ething further, and immediately rwards he sinks to the floor l. I have probably taxed him ecessarily with my questions.

is driver's license expires. But oes nothing about renewing it. is vaguely troubled by the ght of the expired license (al- gh he does not stop driving). he loathes the idea of taking examination again, of going ically to the examining station, aiting in line for an examiner. lecides that if he writes a letter e License Bureau requesting a license, the bureau will grant one without an examination, use he is a genius. He is right. rites the letter and the License au sends him a new license, by n mail.

second example, from Bar-
e's story "The Genius," is the
worldly. Its comedy derives
ur perception of a social situa-
tion, that of the extraordinary man in America. It is a better paragraph in terms of fiction because it uses character to make the comedy.

The first example, while it is funnier or at least more absurd—a man dying of questions in the middle of a naval bombardment—assumes that we know both the narrator and Herr P. While the tone seems on first reading to be quite similar, closer inspection reveals that the first example is far more abstract; it is a blueprint for a fiction perhaps, but not yet fiction. Both paragraphs are concise, neither has a single metaphor; it is a style in which the narrator does not seem to intrude upon the material. Yet the first example is incomplete and the second is a very skillfully worked fiction, one in which everything we need to know is provided by the narrator.

Freud, who is relating one of his own dreams in the first example, had no need to make his narration complete; he was able to explain the paragraph in the analysis of the dream that he wrote in succeeding paragraphs. There is a logic of dreams and a logic of art; the difference is that the logic of art must be contained within the work of art, while the logic of a dream is always outside the dream. Freud's dream is intensely personal, incomprehensible except for the absurdity at the end, which we understand as funny only in an abstract way; it is surreal. Barthelme's paragraph takes place in the world: its success depends upon our general knowledge of the society in which the genius lives. It is an illumination of that society, social criticism if you like, and social surrealism is impossible.

BARTHELME'S WORK is original even though the material is often taken very directly from life, for the forms are his. He shifts from place to place, but the vantage point is always one on which no one has stood before. One imagines him skulking in the streets, salons, subways, schoolrooms, surgeries, sepulchres, saloons, and sanctuaries of cities, snipping off little pieces here and there, then going to a room decorated with typefaces and steel engravings to assemble the universal miniatures that disquiet the dreams of his readers.

He speaks of his method often in his work, particularly in the long work, *Snow White*:

Photo by JILL KREMENT



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In this new book, "he takes the vague, generalized anxieties of American life and dissects them into clear, concrete particulars . . . **Dr. May has a gift for gut truths.** He says a hundred things I've been unconsciously hoping to hear from someone who could assert them with authority."

— ANATOLE BROYARD, *N.Y. Times.* $7.95

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By A. ERNEST FITZGERALD

The man who was fired for blowing the whistle on the C-5A now documents his claim that **"waste in Pentagon procurement is not accidental; it is national policy** . . . The book is, in short, a real-life dramatization of the military-industrial complex, with a cast of characters you can't easily forget."

— *RAY MOSELEY, *Philadelphia Bulletin.* $8.95

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

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"Oh I wish there were some words in the world that were not the words I always hear."

"How long is it?" we asked. "Four pages," she said, "at present." "Four pages!" *The thought of this immense work . . .*

". . . it is no wonder we are all going round the bend with this language dinning forever into our eyes and ears . . ."

We like books that have a lot of dreck *in them, matter which presents itself as not wholly relevant (or indeed, at all relevant) but which, carefully attended to, can supply a kind of "sense" of what is going on. This "sense" is not to be obtained by reading between the lines (for there is nothing there, in those white spaces) but by reading the lines themselves—looking at them and so arriving at a feeling not of satisfaction exactly, that is too much to expect, but of having read them, of having "completed" them.*

And there is the set piece in *Snow White* about the manufacturing and marketing of plastic buffalo humps, the making of trash, which leads Barthelme to write, ". . . the question turns from a question of disposing of this 'trash' to a question of appreciating its qualities . . . " And then, "It's that we want to be on the leading edge of this trash phenomenon, the everted sphere of the future, and that's why we pay particular attention, too, to those aspects of language that may be seen as a model of the trash phenomenon." Why humps, one wonders, as a choice for trash? Later in the book, which was published in 1967, the meaning of the humps is extended and clarified: " . . . one doesn't want to come home and hear a lot of hump from a cow-hearted leader whose leadership buttons have fallen off . . . "

The hump, of course, leads us now to think of Hubert Humphrey; the buffalo were the animals we wantonly destroyed in "civilizing" the country; trash is attached to war, greed, destruction, the deepest failings of Western civilization, and it is also given a place in the literature. Nothing is hidden, there are no tricks; it is all there, as Barthelme says, "in the lines themselves." He is examining the society by examining the language. Wittgenstein has told us the linkage is inevitable. With his snips of the world, Barthelme makes the examination into fiction born of the conscious linking of language and society. By reading the fiction, the lines, we participate in the examination, we experience the world differently, and we are changed, or at least embarrassed, by our reading.

Q: What do you consider the most important tool of the genius of today?
A: Rubber cement.

So Barthelme's genius answers the abstract interviewer. Of course he is a pasticheur. More than that, his work is a kind of junk sculpture. It is mostly comedy rather than wit, if we accept Freud's definition: "Wit is made, while the comical is found; it is found first of all in persons, and only later by transference may be seen also in objects, situations, and the like." There is wit too in Barthelme's stories, but always in combination with comedy. The one thing that is missing is humor, which Freud says results from "an economy of expenditure in feeling," most often unpleasant feeling. In one of Freud's examples, the man on the gallows who makes a humorous gesture spares himself the feeling of terror or pain. Neither Barthelme's characters nor his readers are ever spared any pain. He gives no quarter, he presents the worst of all possible words. He does not even allow us, as readers, to be the comfortable third-person observers in the comic situations, for his characters mirror so closely our own innards and edges that their failures become ours, their *dreck* is of our own making.

IT IS A TERRIBLE LITANY Donald Barthelme has made, grinding out our sins on his wordy-gurdy, a machine stoked with foolishness and immorality, programmed to produce congeries of monstrosities, many of them even illustrated. Is he a miserable man, a misanthrope, setting out to hurt us, to poison everything, including our laughter? Will he be content only when we are dead or mad?

One could ask the same questions of any Saturday Night Preacher spewing out hellfire and damnation in a steamy tent in Tennessee or Oklahoma. One could ask the same questions of Mark Twain. The forms and the language are new, this being the time of the new, but Barthelme is solidly in the American tradition; the work is moral, the work is bitching, he has the artist's faith that this world is neither the best nor the only wo men can make. There is a sense hopelessness in his work, of a wo too distracted to be comprehend of the center having come apart, such literature is not new in this c tury. Camus has helped us to unc stand it: "Even if the novel descri only nostalgia, despair, frustration still creates a form of salvation. talk of despair is to conquer it. spairing literature is a contradict in terms."

There are moments in Barthelm stories when we come as close to spairing for him as for ourselves. is apparently unable to resist jokes. They spot the stories like a p And there are times, as in his st about a midget President of United States, when he seems to h succumbed to the disease. His pa dies are like all parodies, lacking originality. His experiments do always succeed: numbered senten are not more but less interesting t sentences without numbers, ty graphical devices do not cha words, and his illustrations are n often ordinary.

If a reader were to choose f Barthelme's stories at random have luck go against him, he m very well come away thinking he encountered a writer who had d pated his talent and even his vi by his lack of discipline, for thelme's forms are dangerous— hover at the brink of chaos, they be overcome by *dreck*.

With good luck, a reader m open to the first paragraph of " Indian Uprising":

We defended the city as best could. The arrows of the Co anches came in clouds. The u clubs of the Comanches clattered the soft, yellow pavements. The were earthworks along the Bou vard Mark Clark and the hedg had been laced with sparkling wi People were trying to understa I spoke to Sylvia. "Do you thi this is a good life?" The table he apples, books, long-playing r ords. She looked up. "No."

Can more be asked of a p graph? If we reflect on it, we can the entire history of America, the slaughter of the Indians to present slaughter in Vietnam. table holds the best production o society of slaughterers, those are, in Barthelme's irony, defen themselves against the Coman

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but the apples, books, and long-playing records are not enough; riches, art, and technology are not sufficient atonement for immorality. The answer to the question must be negative. It is not news, of course, but it is art. The compression is brilliant. We experience anew our own history in a moment of such intensity that we are forced to find a new way to deal with it or to fail to deal with it.

IN THE NEW COLLECTION, *Sadness*, the stories are structured in most cases to give us a better defined point of entrance than Barthelme had offered before. The writing is more affecting, the pose of the *enfant terrible* that undermined some of the earlier stories is gone, *Sadness* is the work of a writer in the bloom of maturity—the flower is dark and made of cutting angles, streaked with laughter, a strangely natural collage of unforgettable surfaces.

"Critique de la Vie Quotidienne" is narrated by a man who is cursed with a fashionable wife and a witty child. "Our evenings lacked promise," says the narrator. "The world in the evening seems fraught with the absence of promise, if you are a married man. There is nothing to do but go home and drink your nine drinks and forget about it."

"The Temptation of St. Anthony" places the saint in an American city and tells us that "St. Anthony's major temptation, in terms of his living here, was perhaps this: ordinary life."

In "The Party" King Kong appears among the guests, and the narrator later asks his companion, "Dear Francesca, tell me, is this a successful party, in your view? Is this the best we can do? I know that you have always wanted to meet Kong; now that you have met him and he has said whatever he has said to you (I saw you smiling), can we go home?"

The woman in "Perpetua" (one can hardly call her the heroine) leaves her husband, has a series of uninspired failures, yet when her husband asks her if she is happy now that she has left him, she answers, "Sure."

Yes, sadness, and loneliness, aimlessness, helplessness, unhappiness, pettiness, foolishness. But not defeat. With rubber cement and an original intelligence, Donald Barthelme transcends this world and, by his art, gives us the strength to lodge one more complaint. ☐

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SCHOOL FOR LIFE NOW

dington Pond School, when the water pump breaks there's a physics lesson



'T KNOW MUCH about Wilhelm ch and his famous orgone box. ntil last summer, had I ever anyone pronounce the word ion," the name Reich gave to untain retreat near Rangeley,

st heard the word, with its rum-*om*-like sounds, when my wife at drinking coffee one evening ington Pond School, which is fifteen miles from Rangeley. y who said it was a student at ool. He had short blond hair, denim jacket, and gripped a ır-own cigarette. His hands, heir callouses, were the vulner- d childlike hands of a sixteen- d. He was a boy beautifully in on, wobbling heroically from ence to adulthood. Slurring word, he told us of a visit he de to the place, and charmed his hesitations, his earnest- is friendliness. Yet because of r, the word he spoke drifted, ored, in my ears. When I made the right connections r talk tumbled on, I remember g how odd it was that Reich edington Pond existed, geo- ally and in the curious mental reated by our conversation, so one another.

use the two institutions (the n one of sexual gadgetry and a growing paperback discipleship, and nearby, this small school) are worlds apart. One is about energy, the other about life—a distinction with a difference. We felt the difference so strongly after a day and a night at Redington Pond that we drove right past Organon, surprised at ourselves for not stopping, gawking, and putting questions to some inevitable keeper of the relics. My wife and I sensed that some special calm held us, and that in our mood the famous and funny orgone box—which should have stimulated, at the least, our tourist curiosity—became a debilitating curio.



So I drove past Organon, congratulating myself on a distraction avoided, and headed south to Rumford. There the smells of a paper mill and a sign, "Rumford, Maine: Home of U.S. Senator Edmund Muskie," fell on our calm like litter.

Looking back, I think (and hope) that somewhere in the psychic space between sooty, workaday Rumford and exotic Organon there must be a whole range of intermediate, neglected values. I think of the friendly boy at Redington Pond who had been given a chance to try on some of these values with the ease and openness of trying on a denim jacket.

I don't know anything about his background, I do know that he made us coffee, read a "Peanuts" comic book to my kids, and lent them his tepee for the night. I also know that most of the kids at the school come because they are in trouble. Half are



referred by state agencies like juvenile courts, reform schools, and drug rehabilitation programs. The other half are middle-class dropouts sent by worried parents who can afford the tuition. Trouble has many names, and I have no idea which one of them collided with the boy in the denim jacket. But I have a sharp sense of the difference between his hesitant peace and the tremors that shattered my calm as I drove through Rumford.

Certain ideas, as well as certain people, have peace. Redington Pond School enjoys a conceptual solidity that in the current educational swamp sets it apart from the public education dinosaurs, on the one hand, and the firefly energies of many alternative education experiments on the other. In a world of gimmicks, pretensions, and shortcuts, skepticism is a holy calling, but Redington Pond is a touch of promise that separates a skeptic from his professional vice—cynicism. This small school in Maine has simplicity and it has common sense.



Susan Meiselas and Richard Rogers

kin is managing editor of the Yale Magazine. *He is completing a book man values in the works of Ibsen, nd Pinter entitled* Theatre of Intel- Theatre of Friendship.

"A posthumous garland by the late master"[1]

THE OLD DOG BARKS BACKWARDS
BY
OGDEN NASH

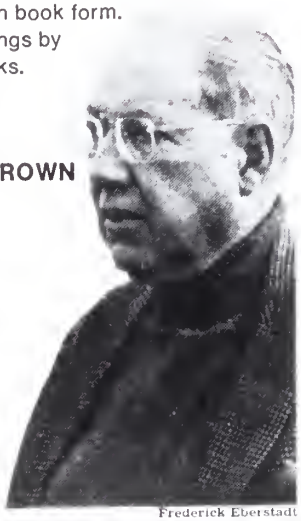
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LITTLE, BROWN

[1] San Francisco Chronicle
[2] New York Times



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THE SCHOOL is the first offspring of Academix, Inc., located in Cambridge, Massachusetts. A big idea in a small office, Academix, Inc. is a parent organization with an urge to expand. Its grand design is to bring into existence a community of schools that rely not on formal buildings and programs but on already available environments—the desert, the mountains, the sea, farms, city ghettos, ranches. Ideally, kids would spend each school year in a new setting.

Although a sea school is opening this year in Rockland on the Maine coast, most of Academix's short life is bound up with Redington Pond School and the Maine woods. For two and a half years now, the school has managed to keep a mountain climber's toehold on existence. Funded almost entirely by tuition (steep at $3,600 a year, but with two-thirds of the kids on various scholarships), Redington Pond has put over 100 students through its programs on a fairly modest annual budget of $80,000. Until recently they were in debt by one-fourth that amount, but a grant from HEW Title IV funds administered by the State of Maine should permit an ascent into the black.

The environmental concept emphasizes survival and cooperation. Unlike the famous Outward Bound programs, however, Redington Pond is not a wilderness school teaching outdoor skills to middle-class kids who want a short-term run-in with nature. It takes on kids from all social strata on a year-round basis. Most importantly, it stresses not rugged individualism but mutual dependence. The real lesson is not surviving alone with a knife and three matches but surviving—knifeless—with one another.

Because of this, Redington Pond is probably one of the few schools in the nonschool, alternate-education bag that is training kids responsible for a postindustrial era, for a steady-state economy where times will be hard, but where—if community and spontaneity exist—they may also be good.

Putting kids in demanding environments—the Maine woods in winter, for example—helps to dissolve personalities and to lubricate the points of social contact that the larger society—overindustrial, overstimulating, overmanaged, and complex beyond understanding—has rubbery and sterile. Cooperative survival because it depends on hands as well as heads, is a splendid way to show that life makes sense, to resurrect for kids bewildered an awareness of the connections between cause and effect and to reveal that the connections are intimate, demanding, loving.

"Reality is the experience; experience is the teacher; work is the element that binds us together," says the Redington Pond brochure. Building a barn is valuable because it offers direct experience with plans and work; it is community work, a way to let the group make an investment in the school; and it is work for a purpose, under pressure that is understandable with seen results." Having a three-acre garden is important because "kids feed for three months from vegetables which they have produced themselves; it teaches contracts with the earth.'" Learning to use auto and hand tools is good because "everyone should know how to fix an engine in a pinch, and have easiness with tools and mechanics increases self-esteem because it is a topical and important-to-kids skill. The main credential for initiation to adulthood in America is a driver's license. In Kenya and Tanzania, kids use spears to kill lions; in America they drive cars.

In this kind of atmosphere the solidity of the relationship between causes and effects can be felt, touched, smelled, suffered, or enjoyed. If you cut enough wood in August, you will be warm in January. If you don't wash dishes thoroughly when you are

en crew, you will trigger ram- diarrhea. Survival thus supplies n structure; and the chief cooks ottlewashers of the operation, taff, are free to help nature ts course—instead of attending y meetings of the committee rricular reform.

if the front yard of the school is d with the droppings of five un- ed and unmannerly goats; and ogs are ill-tempered; and the flies are still biting; and two of omen staffers have the runs; and isitor's eye immediately picks e tampon lying near the commu- nks like an unspent cartridge si- exploding a message ("there oblems here, there is blood and here are wounds and strengths ress and kindness and the heady of life")—then none of this s panic, because these are only ems, they are not doubts. They in the gyroscopic, balancing ice of a sound idea. As the certi- agent from the Maine Board of tion put it: "We can't figure actly what you folks are up to, reckon you should have a right "

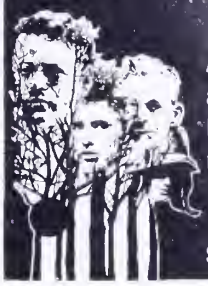
E MAN WHO BEGAN this place of iendly chaos and rich possibil- effrey Alan Smith. Thirty years d-bearded, snub-nosed, and un- y Socratic-looking, Smith has a e from Yale in biology and has graduate work at Harvard. He lso worked in Egypt digging ones and in Madagascar study- imate behavior. Other staffers e a former teacher of economics University of California at Cruz and a law student from r. One person on the staff has d Kilimanjaro, and another alked the 2,300-mile length of palachian Trail. Of their col- identity, one of them says: speak German, French, and English. We can rock-climb, fix the pump, scuba-dive, bale ast lambs, build buildings, lose npers, weave, play drums, shoe , and make beer. We're jealous h other, but usually we get We're all outdoorsmen, and f us can stand kids."

heir first winter near Rangeley, kids and staff built the school old logging-camp bunkhouses nvas tepees. That year they d Maine's worst winter since 1884: thirty feet of snow and temperatures that reached 52° below. The experience obviously doesn't work for everyone. One young defector stole and wrecked a neighboring farmer's car, and several women staffers have left because they found the atmosphere too male-dominated. But Smith believes that he can point to many good effects: "It is a strong experience, and it induces change. Some heroin addicts no longer use heroin or any drugs. Some character disorders have been reintegrated. Lots of nonreaders now read a lot. Unhappy kids are pretty happy. Affection and showing yourself don't frighten so many of us."

In addition, the school has accomplished several other feats, none of them minor. They talked an elderly and reluctant Maine lady into leasing to the school the 115 acres of blueberries and pine trees where she had spent her childhood (the clinching argument: "Your farm would give these kids a chance to grow up the way you did"). They made friends with the personnel of a nearby survival school for naval airmen who later brought Christmas turkeys and a truckful of snowshoes. They sent a small expedition to the Arctic Circle where kids climbed around Baffin Island, meeting Eskimos and naming mountains that have never been scaled. They launched a 900-mile bicycle trip to Nova Scotia and back.

And perhaps most significantly, they have received this kind of acknowledgement from a parent: "A Massachusetts General Hospital psychiatrist referred my wife and me to Academix, Inc. as a last ditch hope to salvage the future of our oldest son, then 15 years old. We had reached this point in spite of two years of psychiatric care for our son, during which the situation at home and at school steadily declined and we were in the midst of an uncontrolled drug situation. We had so despaired that we took the very drastic step of legally declaring our son a Stubborn Child. . . . [Then Drake] spent a year in the Maine woods at the Redington Pond School. The interaction of group and peer discipline along with the sense of accomplishment resulting from the physical programs served to develop for [Drake] a feeling of self-esteem and self-discipline. . . . [Drake is now] obtaining very high grades in biology and resuming his study of the piano."

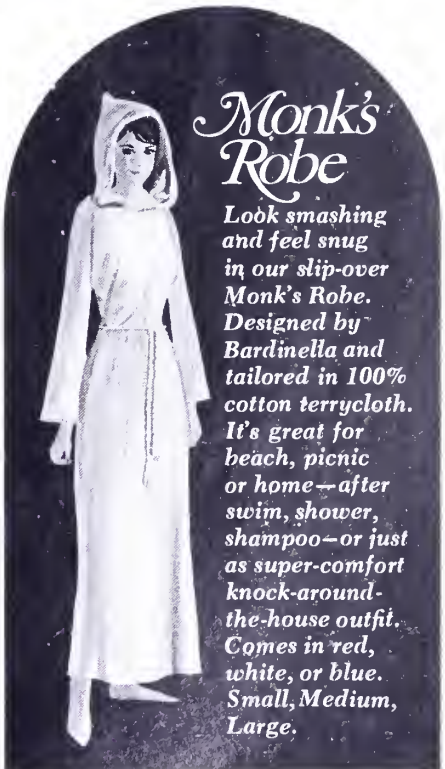
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Skimming off a fair measure of parental enthusiasm from these words still leaves a residue of success. As one mother put it: "I think sometimes, as parents, we want immediate changes — an all-of-a-sudden-perfect child returned to us. Of course we know better, but still hope for miracles. Right now we'll settle for the knowledge that [Jon] is improving steadily."

JEFF SMITH ESTIMATES some degree of success with about two-thirds of the kids. Some of those who don't make it are pulled out by their parents. "Troubled kids," Smith says, "often have troubled parents." Frequently parents have placed children in the school as a kind of interdiction measure, a last-resort way of staying out of the courts. When legal pressures finally ease, these parents see the tuition payments as a useless burden.

Other kids have to be told to leave. Some can't handle their resentment against authority, and some, like the girl I met, can't handle new freedoms. Rose was from a strict Catholic boarding school. Her fairly limited response to liberation was sleeping-in late, day after day. Such tactics are catching, and the staff was irked at her when she walked through the door, smiled her pretty Irish smile, and said, "hi" (meaning: "I'm here and I did it again and I'm too cute for you to get too angry").

The stepfather of one emotionally disturbed boy who was put on a bus back to Boston complains: "Smith wasn't dealing with the boy; he was sending him home." However, the same man maintains that he still agrees with the philosophy of the school "1,000 per cent"—a little curious in light of his further admission that he "didn't send the boy up there because he loved the outdoors, but because he had problems."

Still other kids leave of their own accord, simply not finding the place to their liking. It may be the absence of radios or TVs, or the required two-mile run before breakfast, or the lack of privacy. Lack of privacy has led to a proliferation of tepees and some ingeniously constructed huts, one in particular a marvelous tangle of peaks and planes, built by a boy with a visual-perception problem.

But even the sustained presence of other people is not able to prevent the chief disease of the long Maine winters—cabin fever—and its symptom-cure—the "crazies." "The 'crazies,'" says someone who has endured them, "are how you deal with cabin fever. You dance, or howl with the dogs, or have shaving-cream fights, or dye all your clothes Egyptian red, or spend the day in costumes putting on rude one-act plays. And you read. You read more books and magazines and newspapers than you thought there were. You cook, clean, split wood, take day hikes, paint, build furniture, do anything to wait it out. And in April there is a robin. And then another one. And a late snowstorm. And a four-thirty dawn. And a feeling that it's ended."

ACADEMICS ARE A PART of life at Redington Pond, but the attitude toward them is refreshing: "Schools may make you suspicious, not curious; cynical, not skeptical; passive and bored, not calm. And if life is an extension of the classroom, what is there exciting about it?" Classes are optional, but some reading and writing each day is heavily encouraged. The bookshelves of the big community room are stuffed not with "Zap Comix," but with literary classics in paperback and back issues of *Scientific American*, *National Geographic*, and (a little oddly, I thought) *Fortune*. Formal efforts have been made with English workbooks and with a new math text called *Mathematics: A Human Endeavor*. There have been short courses on natural history, evolution, regional and local history, and Women's Lib. Math and science are stressed through practical application (a broken water pump can be the occasion for a lot of physics). In addition, work has been done in creative writing, German, painting, weaving, and—for those who want it—the College Boards.

"Most of what happens is unplanned," Smith explains. "The kitchen and work crews evolved out of a need to eat well and live neatly in a group at close quarters. If there is to be more academic clout to the school, the kids will have to evolve it. The older ones have recognized a need and are the busiest at it. We can and will continue to use the very best academic environments available and the most sensible ones once the kids have guided themselves in that direction."

In the past, Redington Pond has worked out occasional exchange programs with some of the nation's l ing prep schools. A boy from Paul's took half his senior yea Redington Pond, and on the basi that (rather than his Cs at St. Pa was admitted to Yale. Another dent made it through a highly c petitive early entrance progran Hampshire College, getting Col Board scores in the high 700s. other kid went the whole painful r from heroin addiction to college mission. Redington Pond kids spent summers in academic wor Lawrenceville, Exeter, and Andc Confident that kids with the right and motivations can cope with t more traditional academic a spheres, Smith is currently arran small-scale exchange programs more regular basis with Andc Groton, and Lawrenceville.

In addition, he has taken the of hiring staff members who are te ers, not only outdoorsmen. "We Summerhill for growing-up kids, says in praise of Summerhill's dom, but with a cautious eye on fact that he doesn't want to turn nineteen-year-olds who are illite

Smith acknowledges the risk volved in doing things his way, he also points out the risks of normal pattern: "If you decide t to college you should not swall mediocre school for the sake of gree, and you should not compro your growth by boring throu mediocre high school along the Parents have to keep their sciences about it. After all, this highly experimental, far out, of wall, wilderness, adolescent mune, we think."

I came away from Redington feeling that it is a place of dreams and busy hands. I strengthened in my original im sions, gleaned from brochures a friendly article in *The Maine Ti* First, I wanted to write about place. Second, I wanted to know to get my kids in. I don't think handle the tuition, so I'm workin the state referral method. I'm rently on the lookout for a gan sympathetic car thieves who will my two youngsters in tow. My are well-behaved, however, and thought of having them heist ca the ages of six and seven make hesitate only long enough to wish the Redington Pond idea were a able to any kid who wanted it just to those already in trouble.

TARTING POINTS

AEDECKER EXERCISE

ng from the repeated njunctions from the Pres- Council on Physical Fit- ot to mention the testi- f innumerable doctors— ld of regular exercise is territory to most Amer-

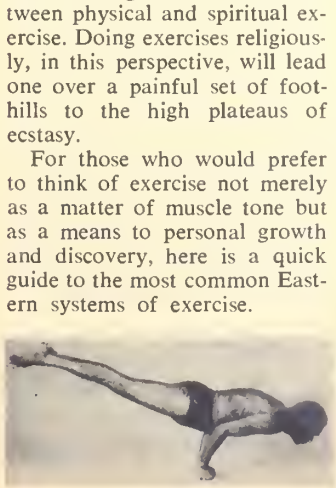
primary problem, it s motivation. Most peo- aren't committed enough ostract ideal of "fitness" a certain portion of ev- in a program of studied exercise. In part, the stems from the ear- with which physical-fit- ocates make their cases; pline all the way, and is exercise sold as a f having fun or of tak- pleasure in the body. the motivations are egative: avoid a heart se weight, control cho- buildup, live longer. an underlying assump- the body, like any piece inery, needs attention it working well: if you nt it to fail when you ect it, then invest fif- utes a day in this sim- ient way of keeping fit; body its due, but not a . From there on the ws taskmasterish. lassic example of the k" class of exercise the *Royal Canadian e Exercise Plans for Fitness* (Simon and $1). With separate for men and women, AF exercises can be twelve minutes a day, ook offers a confusion against which to grade l progress. Like high- isthenics, the exercises certain mindless pa- if you're in training ntom Olympics. nited States Air Force ilar but more complex rcises devised by Ken- Cooper and explained k, *The New Aerobics* $1.25). The aerobics hich utilizes elaborate time charts, concen- activities that help the lungs; the exercises a devoted following ggers and runners. ommonly difficult to Western style of exer-



cise that has a goal broader than the dry notion of physical fitness. One exception is the system of bioenergetics developed by Alexander Lowen in his book *The Betrayal of the Body* (Macmillan, $1.50). Briefly, bioenergetics amounts to a kind of psychoanalysis of the body; one enters "therapy," where the goal is to create an internal democracy, with "head" and "body" functioning in harmony. A second exception can be found in Ida P. Rolf's pamphlet, "Structural Integration," which offers a method "to realign the body in three-dimensional space in order to use gravity as a positive, supportive force." "Rolfing," as it is commonly known, consists of a series of deep massages that promise changes in body chemistry, energy, and self-awareness. Neither of these books is a manual for easy home exercise, but they deserve attention because of their fundamental assumption that our bodies *are* our selves.

For all its obviousness, this idea has never really made its way into the Western approach to exercise, which is more inclined to see the body as an instrument to be honed. By contrast, the East has traditionally regarded the body with a respect bordering on reverence, thus blurring the distinction between physical and spiritual exercise. Doing exercises religiously, in this perspective, will lead one over a painful set of foothills to the high plateaus of ecstasy.

For those who would prefer to think of exercise not merely as a matter of muscle tone but as a means to personal growth and discovery, here is a quick guide to the most common Eastern systems of exercise.



HATHA YOGA

The best place to start is Hatha yoga, since it gives its first attention to the physical body. Two good introductions to the subject are Swami Vishnudevanada's *The Complete Illustrated Book of Yoga* (Pocket Books, $1.50) and *Yoga and Health* by Yesudian and Haich (Harper & Row, $4.95). Both books give clear descriptions and illustrations of the various exercises (postures and breathing) and their variations; they also go into the subject of meditation and diet, concentrating as much on the "why" as the "how." Overall, they provide a good first step in exploration.

KUNDALINI YOGA

Kundalini is another approach to yoga that stresses breathing exercises, which are designed to raise an enormous serpent of energy along the spine. The texts provide descriptions of the interior parts of the body, and one meditates on each part, and its potentials, while breathing in a number of different rhythms through one nostril, then the other. Read: *Kundalini: The Evolutionary Energy in Man* by Gopi Krishna (Shambala Publications, Berkeley, Cal., $7.50).

TANTRIC YOGA

Tantric, unlike most other yogas, does not recommend chastity. It assumes that, at least for some people, love is the best sacrament available, so the training is preparation for real communion. Tantric sometimes seems the lingering sign of an old pagan cult, vaguely integrated into yoga, but something of an embarrassment nonetheless. Read: *Tantra: Yoga for Sex* by Omar Garrison (Julian Press, New York, $7) or *Sex and Yoga* by Nancy Phelan and Michael Volin (Harper & Row, $4.95).

Apart from yoga, another universe of exercises exists in the Eastern martial arts. These systems generally offer a kind of Zen training, a genial amorality that toughens over time as one discovers how easy it is to kill, blind, or cripple; recognizing such life-or-death power is nothing short of a metaphysical realization. For a general introduction of sorts, read *Zen in the Art of Archery* by Eugen Herrigel (Random House, $1.65).

KARATE

Karate can be done at three speeds: slow for perfect grace, medium for skill, and fast for the kill. Training is calm and quiet; despite the apparent violence, concentration, breathing, and focus are more important than any particular strength. There are several styles—Okinawan, Chinese, Korean, and Japanese—so there is plenty of room to shop around. Read: George Mattson's *Way of Karate* (C. E. Tuttle, Rutland, Vt., $6).

AIKIDO

Aikido is a falling-back technique, similar to judo and karate, but less aggressive; it depends on the opponent's rage to provide steam for whatever throw seems best. It is very much a matter of the moment and demands powerful concentration. Read: *Aikido and the Dynamic Sphere* by A. Westbrook and O. Ratti (Tuttle, $8.50).



T'AI CHI

T'ai Chi does clear double duty as simple healthful exercises and as a series of fighting postures. It is the slowest and most methodical of the martial systems and in the Orient old men do the exercises in the morning, circling the body, stretching every part, balancing. Read: *T'ai Chi* by Cheng and Smith (Wehman Bros., Hackensack, N.J., $4.95) or *T'ai Chi Ch'uan* by Sophia Delza (Cornerstone Library, $1.95).

REMEMBER

Above all, though, exercise should be approached as a kind of self-expression; the best system is the one you are most comfortable with. If the idea of system itself troubles you, and you'd simply like a little more grace and suppleness in your life, explore dance exercises. Pleasure and program can come together symbiotically, as you will discover if you read Agnes De Mille's *To a Young Dancer* (The Atlantic Monthly Press, $2.25).

TAKING COUNTRY PLEASURES IN THE CITY:

An antidote to the city shutting down your body

The secret of success in exercise in the city is imagining. It's a country pastime, Puck might say—daydreaming—letting one's mind envision some story one follows even when a bump comes, as one trots over the last hurdle into the subway.

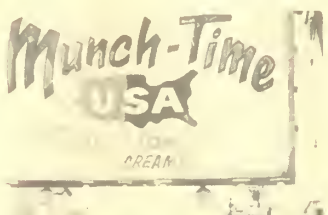
I was surfing not at Makapuu, not at Waikiki, but off Diamond Head—not hard, not easy. Coral patterns rushed beige, then black, then red, disappearing under the advancing line of the three-foot wave; I shifted weight left, hearing the rush change, caught the tremble in my toes as the board locked, and felt from the slant of the sun how well I stood, hurtling over more veils of edible seaweed, hollow swatches of unpredictable sand, bending left in one still speeding moment. Nature says so much to us so fast our bodies rediscover themselves every moment.

I find I am on the subway holding on to a metal pole, quite awake for 6:55 in the ghastly morning: I am in New York, and I have been riding the subway car as if it were my surfboard. Any metal thing that moves can be played with by someone.

You get so little weather in the city you have to imagine it. TV helps, and the morning glance, but most city days are spent in air conditioning, central heat, no heat at all, and hunger. On a color chart, this October dawn said little of the sun's official color: fog and smoke, and a wind of no more than ten knots—not a variation or darker cloud in the sky—archetypical city gray.



All fields are open—even banks. I got up at 4:30 in the morning, too tired to sleep, aching with vacation and mosquito bites, sandy; I walked down the wooden steps to the beach and watched the black turn gray, then slip apart, into a blue-gray above, then, despite the mist, a definite ocean underneath. The last stars flared up, and went, and still no boats had come by.





What if we were to describe each restaurant we saw as if we were TV weathermen: "The pizza house is bagged in with bloozy bread, and to judge from business the ricotta is going to be two feet high outside tonight." Or "Szechuam Gardens, with burning peppers in the lower atmosphere." I see a low mist of mixed drinks making a rainbow at Hawaii Kai, root-beer rain, Mister Frostee snow.



The temperature lifted, the wetness began to recede, the leaves veiling the wild roses began to show particular and distinct, the sun kept opening.

The line has only moved an inch. I wish I were swimming. I go up on my toes and stretch —and whammo, disapproving rigidities harden on three or four strangers. There are forty-four people, plus the girl who just came in with a Great Dane —and one teller. I do seven right foot-twists, slowly, feeling each one. So much of city life is waiting in lines—think how it harms your hips. Motionlessness is politeness punishing our bodies for wanting out: there is an unstated social convention against public displays of good health. A little symbolic revolt can go a long way to loosening one's calf muscles.

You'd have to have as big a belly as an elephant to digest all the faces you see. Even at night, with few walkers around, there are thousands of lit windows. Everywhere one finds metal, stone, rectangles, lettering, the stale torn newspapers, orange peels, and the cuchifritos taste of broiled frankfurter; people, and people's culture, pile up such a pummeling of meanings, individual tastes, and greeds, that a city person gradually gives up hope, sees no one there. Blotting out the whole, they bump into each other.

"*Excusez moi, M'sieu.*" Coming down the steps she had just bumped a man. "*Excusez moi,*" though, had a Brooklyn accent. She was buoyed and went on to the token vending machine, her quarter and dime already coming up in her thumb and forefinger. Fast, sprightly liar, pretending to be French to get away with pushing, more, to look better: I replayed my color tape of her eyes. I had seen her for that two seconds, and her eyes were wide-eyed blue: cold as talcum powder. One hears such snippets, and reimagines in the moments after vision a voice, then a style of life, then even a way of making love. She'd bumped the man and gotten free so fast he'd been stunned. Fast and delicate, I gauged her. If one listens to people as individuals, one is amused. When in a herd, imagine yours are elephant ears.

Some people ride three hours a day, five days a week, on these rollicking carnivals, slouched. Slumped like overfed dys cannibals, down, silent, most people retreat to thei ious solitudes. They resent ment, because it stirs th am hungry, and I think the subway were free: t could have a huge roll for fast. But my diet—I chan roll: what I need is act roll my shoulders, bringi arms around in a vague c

My arms bump no on legs have not changed the I realize, from one gaugi cle, how heavily I have humped, sitting there. Nat I do a few more, and j naturally, with physical ment, hunger declines. In a whole subway car doi ercises. The vision blinds. you're hungry, think of rolls; they're like egg rolls cheaper.



Hustled by stares in lovers turn inward. We t own gardens and make t use we can of those hours country and city are o bed. Why, we don't eve that much traffic. And we get subway rumbles. A garbage trucks only come a week. Enclosed in sex w more than the human. E shakes us into sight of t vine: at climax our souls Then we hear a rattle c bage cans. We stop, we listen, and laugh, imaginin someone in this very s upwardly mobile commu obsessively putting out g at 1:00 A.M.

Perhaps visas for visits city today should be limi lovers: that way, everyone float through, and free, the city like someone else If one must come to th then come with instant

—Jonatha

Jonathan Price, a concrete p been living in cities for thirte

RESOURCES ROUND

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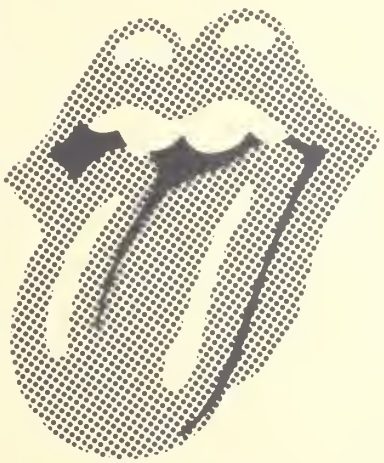
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Ashley Montagu, in *Touching: The Human Significance of the Skin* (Harper & Row, $1.50), has written a popular account of the enormous importance of this most neglected sensory organ. He shows that cutaneous stimulation is crucial to human development from birth on; and with an anthropologist's and anatomist's eye he lights on some interesting speculations about the ways we are affected in later life by child-rearing norms in this culture.

Body Time: Physiological Rhythms and Social Stress (Pantheon, $6.95), by Gay Gaer Luce, is a fine example of solid science journalism. This is a well-written, carefully researched layman's explanation of the theories and evidence pointing to the conclusion that "we must be constructed out of time as certainly as we are constructed of bones and flesh."



Unfortunately, there is not yet a good introduction to the subject of biofeedback. The most informative source—which nonetheless should probably be approached critically—is *Biofeedback: Turning on the Power of Your Mind* (Lippincott, $5.95) by Marvin Karlins and Lewis M. Andrews. This is an aggressively breezy survey introduction to biofeedback, explaining what it is and what it offers. The book suffers from a superficial treatment of research in the field, and with a careful reading may raise more questions than it answers.

The most exciting area of sensory research and debate concerns paranormal phenomena. A good place to start on this front is with Arthur Koestler's *The Roots of Coincidence: An Excursion into Parapsychology* (Random House, $5.95). Koestler's discussion of extrasensory experience is intelligent and level-headed—if at times a little rarefied. He begins by establishing that the evidence supporting parasensory experience is virtually incontrovertible, and then goes on to explore how this data might fit into our present conceptions of the universe—how, in short, we can make the phenomena understandable. A bonus feature of the book is its survey of modern physics, which provides as complete an explanation as most nonscientists can grasp of the strange and complex universe that natural philosophers see.

For a relatively enjoyable and comprehensive introduction to extrasensory phenomena, the best book is no doubt *Psychic Discoveries Behind the Iron Curtain* (Bantam, $1.25) by Sheila Ostrander and Lynn Schroeder. While it has a reputation as an "underground" classic, the book is a straightforward survey of experiments in extrasensory perception in the Communist countries—which, in general, have taken this field far more seriously than Western scientists, and, accordingly, have more data to offer. It has a little of the flavor of a travelogue, and the critical reader may wish for more information, but withal it provides a good way to gain access to the subject.

Because the study of extrasensory perception confronts such little-explored territory, there is a dearth of theoretical material. An initial step toward erecting a conceptual framework for extrasensory phenomena has been taken by Lawrence LeShan in "Toward a General Theory of the Paranormal," a pamphlet published by the Parapsychology Foundation in New York ($1). LeShan's approach is to generalize from the experiences reported by various individuals with extrasensory capabilities—especially the medium Eileen Garrett. The pamphlet is unpretentiously, and accurately, subtitled, "A Report on Work in Progress."

(Anyone who wants to explore this field seriously owes it to himself to discover the work of C. D. Broad, the grand old man of "psychical" research: *Lectures on Psychical Research* (Humanities, $12) or *Religion, Philosophy, and Psychical Research* (Humanities, $6.50). His work is enormously learned, philosophically sophisticated, and cumulatively unsettling: reading him is like having the blind spot in your retina described, after which you are haunted by the sense that there is something next to it, infinitely close to the eye and utterly invisible.)

In closing, here are brief descriptions of a few books of more limited or specialized appeal than those mentioned above, but nonetheless valuable or interesting, each in its own way.

The Meaning of the Body by Jacques Sarano, translated by James H. Farley (Westminster Press, Philadelphia, $5): A philosophical approach to the body from a medical point of view, acknowledging that the objectification of the body, which medicine has pressed upon us, is nothing more than a convenient fiction.

The Milk of Paradise by M. H. Abrams (Harper & Row, $.95): A scholarly essay examining the impact of opium dreams on the vivid sensory imagery of several Romantic poets.

The Voice of Things by Francis Ponge, edited and translated by Beth Archer (McGraw-Hill, $5.95): A collection of short and flavorful essays on everyday things minutely examined.

The World Through Blunted Sight by Patrick Trevor-Roper (Bobbs-Merrill, $12.50): A noted ophthalmologist's exploration of the way sight defects have influenced our culture.

Don't Push the River by Barry Stevens (Real People Press, Lafayette, Cal., $3.50): A fresh and simple first-person account of extended experience with Gestalt therapy and its influence.

We would welcome reports from readers on other books that you have found especially rewarding.

If you have trouble finding any of the books listed here or under STARTING POINTS, you can obtain them by writing **WRAPAROUND,** Harper's Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

TOOLS FOR LIVIN

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

As products proliferate it's getting harder and harder to separate the true items of value—those that do what they promise for a useful period of time at a reasonable cost—from the general chaff. Tools for Living is simply an attempt to make information available on those goods and services worth knowing about. Furthermore, since everyone we know gets busier and busier, we felt it made sense to extend the information service to its logical conclusion: you can buy most of these products through us if that's the easiest way for you to get them.

We have no burning desire to get into the mail-order business. When we call it a reader service, that is precisely what we mean, and we'd be as happy to have you patronize your local stores or the manufacturers themselves. The idea is primarily to share some of the useful things we run across from time to time; if it's simpler for you to shop through the mail, then we'll do what we can to help.

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If you're as attached to your bicycle as the cowboy to his horse, it's nice to know that the major domestic airlines will accept your bike as baggage. The charge is based on excess baggage rates, and amounts to a $7 or $8 maximum on coast-to-coast flights. For another $2 American Airlines will provide you with a plastic shipping bag to pack the bike in; you have to remove the pedals and turn the handlebars halfway around. Even tandem bikes can go, but the rate is one and a half times normal. United Airlines supplies a shipping carton for bikes at no additional cost, although you have to disassemble the bike first, after which they will pack it. Be sure to check with the airline you're flying for exact details, since procedures vary significantly. Generally you have to arrive at least an hour before flight time.

Incidentally, all American Airlines ticket counters also provide cushioned plastic infant seats as a courtesy for people traveling with babies. Flight kennels for your dog or cat are sold by American at cost ($14, $17, or $26, depending on size). If you have a Great Dane or St. Bernard, you have to bring your own carrier.



Actual size

OPENING NOTES

The GI can opener can protect you against that impossible-to-predict situation—like when you're removed from the amenities of civilization, your throat is parched, and the pop-top opener breaks off the only can of liquid refreshment within miles. This is probably the tiniest can opener ever made: two small pieces of steel with an integral hinge, and a hole that lets you put it on your key ring, where it fits just as comfortably as a key. There is no way we can demonstrate it, so you will have to take our word that it does indeed open cans, even those with their own built-in openers. It looks and feels as if it would last at least as long as a Zippo lighter, and the only thing we're not sure of is its true GI origin (we'd be delighted to have information on that point, if you know). The can opener is available in an odd assortment of hardware and surplus stores; if you have trouble finding it, we'll send you one for $.50 (or five for $2).

ADVENTURE

There is a strong traditic how-to manuals in this cou and Bernard Gunther's *Sens laxation* falls right in its n stream. The book (publish an 8½" x 11" format) is a gu tour of pleasant things to do your body (not to mention er peoples'). The text bo on cuteness; the photograp striking, though a little su With these qualifications o the way, it's a good and u book if you're out of ideas how to commune with bo It's guaranteed not to do harm—no small matter days. The flavor is that o Esalen Institute, not surpris since that is where Gunthe photographer Paul Fusco the book. (Although we'r familiar with them, Esale a series of Sensory Awak Records; they will send info tion on request if you write at Big Sur, Calif., 93920.) published in 1968, *Sense R ation* is available in a pape edition in most bookstor $2.95 (Collier Books, N.Y.





PHYSICS FOR THE BOOKISH

Have you ever wondered why bookends never work? The hint in the fact they are called bookends rather than bookho Even if you find a pair heavy enough to resist the weight of a ber of books, what happens when you remove a couple fro center? Right. The domino theory in action. Well, we've across a solution that's based more on the enclave theory—s works. It's called Bookworm and is made by Pentalic Co spring steel coil on one end pulls the books firmly against th endpiece. Take out a book or two and the coil rolls up smo keeping the others just as securely in place as before. Simple.

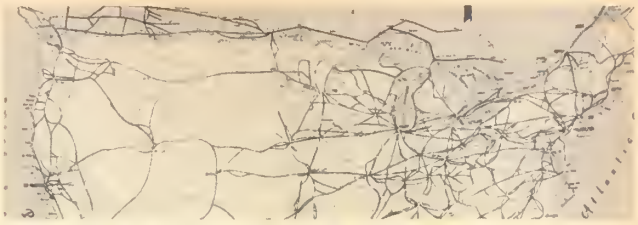
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ave to get it while you can, though. Greyhound discon- ue Ameripass during the summer, when student and vaca- el booms. It will stop selling the passes on April 30, 1973, w them to be used only through May 31; sales will resume mber 1. If you want a brochure explaining the service, call arest Greyhound office or write Ameripass Information, nd Lines, Inc., Phoenix, Ariz. 85077.



AMTRAK, TAKE A HINT

We contacted Amtrak to see if it offers anything comparable to the Ameripass or the Eurailpass. After much patience with what appeared to be a generally uninformed and uncooperative staff, we learned that there is, in fact, an Amerail Pass that offers a 25 percent discount. But . . . it's not available to Americans, Mexicans, or Canadians.

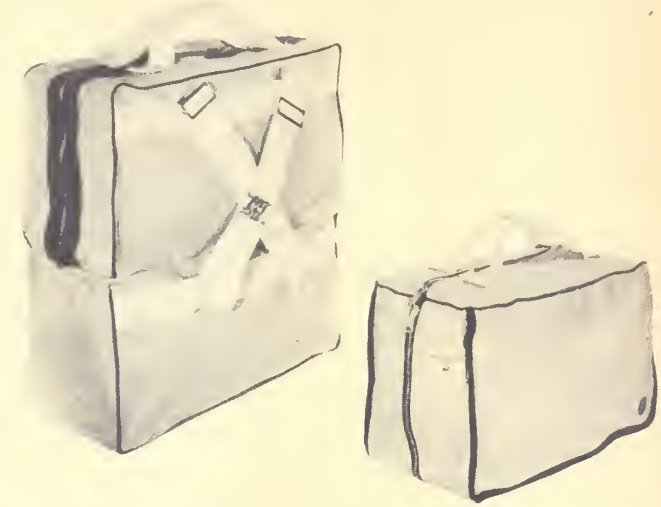
TAG-ALONG

of last summer's truly sights was the stream itty cars, mostly VWs, toward vacation lands ir travelers inside and speed bikes mounted up- n on the roof. It always l a second look, like the a man carrying a horse, ffered a new twist on t's suggestion that you mpala or whatever and rica. The message here you use a car to get sh it, and see America —on bikes. A true tes- to our senses-conscious

t's possible to do away car altogether as the bi- es one more step toward s destiny as the Univer- e-Mover. There's a bike th the improbable name of The Bugger that is designed to snap on and off any standard bicycle with no sweat at all. It comes with your choice of an open nylon sling ($39.95) or a weathertight pack ($49.95). It is a very elegant little accessory, made of steel tubing and equipped with 24-inch chrome-plated bicycle wheels with heavy-duty hubs and shielded ball bearings. For the sling model, there are also matching duffle bags (each carrier holds two, $6.95 apiece). We must confess we aren't quite sure what a shielded ball bearing is, but it sounds like exactly the right thing to have.

Since this is a fairly new product, it may not yet be available at your local bicycle supply store. It is manufactured by the Cannondale Corporation.





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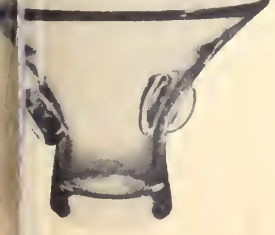
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OR

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Simply because children have their nerves distributed over a smaller expanse of skin than adults, their tactile stimulations are greater. Still, it's not so hard to recapture that childhood sense when you get the tips of your fingers (one of the most sensitive parts of the body) into something as inviting as fingerpaints. In fact, try fingerpainting again; it's worth the trouble. If you want to send us the result, we promise to appreciate it.

OR

Share your eerie experiences

A great many people have had what might have been an extrasensory experience of one sort or another. If you have, why not take a minute or two to write it out on a sheet of paper and send it in. We'll send you copies of all the other accounts we get—if you include your name and address.

OR

Engage in a little fantasy

Right now your sensory experience is primarily "magazine." Forget for a moment the limitations you've associated with magazines and imagine how you would like this magazine to feel, smell, taste, sound. Should you be moved to send your conclusions to us on the back of a postcard, they will be passed along to the publisher.

OR

Simply send ideas you would like to see in this column. The address is **WRAPAROUND,** Harper's Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016.

GAMERAPAROUN

Misleading Artifacts

by Elaine Stallworth
Willow Grove, Pa.

Anthropologists and archaeologists have often characterized an entire era or a complete civilization on the basis of the discovery of only one artifact from the epoch. How do we know that this one skeleton or this single hieroglyphic was not the *exception* to the norm, and thus that we may have completely misinterpreted the real nature of the time?

Imagine future diggers thousands of years hence, and conjure up three articles they might discover that would give them the *wrong* picture of the life-style during the past decade. Some misleading artifacts that might be unearthed are: an airplane propeller; a torn sheet from *Bartlett's Quotations* containing the words, "I'd rather be right than President"; a peace button; a loaf of homemade bread; a photo of the Olympics showing people of all colors and all nations standing side by side; a darning egg; porch; an automobile running board. Note: for the sake torical accuracy, to say nothing of the editors' egos, please include among your three misleading artifacts a copy of *H*

Send your entry to Misleading Artifacts, Harper's Magazine, Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. All entries must be post no later than January 8 and become the property of *Harper azine*. Winning entries will be published in the March iss cision of the editors is final.

PRIZES: First prize—antique gumball machine from Sars 69th Street and First Avenue, New York, N.Y.
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The correct solution to "Polychrome," the November game, is Niccolo Machiavelli, *The Prince*: "It must be considered that there is nothing more difficult to carry out, nor more doubtful of success, nor more dangerous to handle than to initiate a new order of things."

The photographs are of Christine Ford, Dutch tiles, Scotty Reston, Mister Hooper, Houari Boumedienne, Linwood Holton, Indira Gandhi, storm, Evan Hunter, Claudette Colbert, Imogene Coca, tooth, Emile Francis, G, François Truffaut.

The winners of a copy of *Civilisation* by Kenneth Clark (Harper & Row), judged according to the earliest postmarks, are:

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3 **HARPER'S WRAPAROUND:** Starting Fresh: The Art of Changing Your Life

4 Reports
107 Resources
108 Reader Testimony
110 Tools for Living
112 Information
113 Play

John Fischer 25 THE EASY CHAIR
Letter from Leete's Island: the case for suicide as a sensible decision

Mary Jo Bane and Christopher Jencks 28 FIVE MYTHS ABOUT YOUR IQ
The so-called intelligence scores have little to do with a person's life or accomplishments

Craig Karpel 42 REPUBLICAN MAGIC
The lessons that can be learned by spending Election Day in an insane asylum

Paul Bender 46 THE OBSCENITY MUDDLE
The Supreme Court seeks to resolve its own confusion about indecent hooks and films

Thomas J. Cottle 56 A MIDDLE AMERICAN MARRIAGE
Conversations with a husband and wife who talk about the best and worst of a hard life

Paul Cabbell 76 THE CALIFORNIA MORTGAGE SCANDAL
An accounting from a man familiar with the techniques of sweating money from the poo

Bernard Malamud 86 NOTES FROM A LADY AT A DINNER PARTY
A short story

Gwyneth Cravens 91 TALKING TO POWER AND SPINNING WITH THE ALLY
Carlos Castaneda explains the metaphysics of his escape from the bonds of reason

Lewis Thomas 98 NOTES OF A BIOLOGY WATCHER
A physician writes about the harmonies that sustain the apparent dissonances of the w

Frederick Brown 100 BOOKS
Sigmund Freud and Lou Andreas-Salomé: Letters: Freud made flesh

Carter Wiseman 105 BOOKS
A review of three books that describe the urban landscapes of Frederick Law Olmsted

VERSE

Mary Oliver 82 THE FAMILY
Donald L. Moyer FOR H.G. MOYER
David Bissonette WHAT THE BONES DO
James Wright 83 THE GOOD YOUNG MAN

COMMENTARY

69 Contributions by Dr. Daniel Schneider, Herbert Gans, David E. Steele, Ernest van den Haag, Jim Garrison, and Margaret Bennett

DEPARTMENT

14 LETTERS
55 COUNTERSIGN
114 THE HARPER'S

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WRAPAROUND



rting Fresh: The Art of Changing Your Life

lassic collection of es- *he Frontier in Amer- ory*, Frederick Jackson serves that early fron- ts faced a dilemma: to ir children expecting tay settled, nourishing of community toward of civilization, as care- the parents' vision; or hem prepared to push 'est on their own, pur- r own hopes, as adven- outized to carry on a ond the reach of a sin- tion. The choice didn't ong, so rapidly did the he culture follow along aries of individual en- ntegrating them into tems of commerce and ation. But when we starting fresh, those hoice still have an in- truth for us today, al- gures against a differ- d.

very time the geograph- rs disappeared under of expanding settle- theories of Freud and tors opened the pros- new kind of undiscov- ory. In the years since, idual senses of fron- been drawing inward, from the demands lized preparation that ost all external fron- reater and greater re- ntil at last the most le voyages seem to be self-discovery. This t least, is accessible to —unlike the moon; the now is for enlighten- rsonal growth, self-un- ng.

ed toward self-discov- ery, people inevitably find several selves, either simultaneously or serially. Each seems to have its own claim, its own voice, and we are pleased to think of ourselves as symphonies rather than simple melodies. In the end, though, the challenge is still to strike a harmony between the adventurer-self and the settler-self —the one an insatiable, lawless, curious, greedy, irresponsible explorer, the other an idealized social man, respectful of law, even-temperedness, custom, possessions, and age.

Starting fresh is a way of honoring a balance between the two at once. Starting over in whatever degree—with its assumption that something as intangible as the "self" will change, probably more than the sturdy surroundings of environment —satisfies the adventurer's desire for peril matched by promise. Starting over in most degrees—by shifting vantage points within the social structures rather than attempting to slip out of them entirely—satisfies the settler, who finds comfort in habit, familiarity, and a fixed set of relationships within which to see the world.

Still, the social machinery is strained. Banks, the Internal Revenue Service, and opinion surveys demand from us a certain degree of predictability. Pension plans, life insurance policies, and second mortgages encourage us along a straight path. When variety overtakes consistency, bureaucracies are likely to grind complainingly if at all. So the culture has been slow to respond to the phenomenon of starting fresh, slow to develop centers where such change is sanctioned and eased, slow even to acknowledge its pervasiveness.

Every reader no doubt has his own inventory of examples of starting fresh. This issue of the **WRAPAROUND** attempts a quick look at the cultural context of these changes and their accompanying tensions. The material has been selected with the idea that the problems are at once old and new, specific and general, individual and social. The overall intent is to enlarge the perspectives we bring to bear on questions of individual stability and change—and to that end you are invited to respond with your own thoughts, so that the subject can be explored further in a future issue.

—Tony Jones

"I would like to see the time when many employing organizations will sponsor mid-career clinics to which men and women can go to reexamine the goals of their working life and consider changes of direction."—John W Gardner, former Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, 1967

"The old dream of the alchemist was to turn base metals into gold. Today he dreams of changing his personality."
—Tom Wolfe, 1972

UNDERSTANDING WRAPAROUND

The **WRAPAROUND** is intended to add variety to the reading found in *Harper's*. In these pages, browsing is invited; you are encouraged to pursue what interests you, take paragraph bites, juggle impressions, play with juxtapositions, find your own patterns in the material.

The **WRAPAROUND** treats subjects of general cultural interest in two ways. The section in the front of the magazine presents a broad cross-section view, incorporating both reportorial and historical perspectives; it is intended to stimulate your own thinking. The section in the back of the magazine has a more personal focus: there you can encounter the experiences and views of other *Harper's* readers, and you can learn of resources to aid your own explorations of alternative ways of living and thinking.

Above all, the **WRAPAROUND** invites your participation. The subjects covered here—Rediscovering Your Body in the January issue, and now Starting Fresh—are ones in which almost everyone has some claim to the authority of personal experience. Your responses, reactions, reflections will provide the basis for continuing coverage of these topics. Your suggestions also will guide our approach to future issues that deal with Living With and Without the Automobile and with The Power and Uses of Play. In short, we hope you will think of these pages as an extension of your own processes of discovery, as a place to contribute whatever information, perspectives, and conclusions you have found valuable in your own lives—and to share them with all *Harper's* readers.

WRAPAROREPORT

90-Minute Transformations

Transformation is a staple of the movies, where none of the limits of the real world apply and spectacular changes can be accomplished effortlessly. The setting varies—fantasy, melodrama, comedy, science, fiction—but seldom the formula, which expresses a cultural longing to live with the power of magic.



Monkey Business, 1952
Ginger Rogers and Cary Grant revert to teenage, then to infancy, after they unwittingly drink a new drug.



Seconds, 1966
A sinister corporation provides weary executives with new lives and bodies of their choice.



If I Had a Million, 1932
The effects of unexpected gifts of a million dollars on the lives of six people.



The Invisible Man, 1933
Claude Rains discovers a formula—and its effects—for making himself invisible.



The Incredible Shrinking Man, 1957
The aftermath of radiation: Scott Brady struggles to adapt his life to his constantly diminishing size.



Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, 1932
The classic film version of the split personality.



The Nutty Professor, 1963
A modern variation of the Jekyll/Hyde story, with Jerry Lewis as the shy Professor Kelp becoming the dashing Buddy Love.

In a Headlong Rush

In the United States a man builds a house in which to spend his old age, and he sells it before the roof is on; he plants a garden and lets it just as the trees are coming into bearing; he brings a field into tillage and leaves other men to gather the crops; he embraces a profession and gives it up; he settles in a place, which he soon afterwards leaves to carry his changeable longings elsewhere. If his private affairs leave him any leisure, he instantly plunges into the vortex of politics; and if at the end of a year of unremitting labor he finds he has a few days' vacation, his eager curiosity whirls him over the vast extent of the United States, and he will travel fifteen hundred miles in a few days to shake off his happiness. Death at length overtakes him, but it is before he is weary of his bootless chase of that complete felicity which forever escapes him.

—Alexis de Tocqueville
Democracy in America II, 1840

The Art of Dangling Explained

The house, made of stone, is at the top of a rocky grade of wheel-spinning steepness and, surrounded by slopes of vines, looks at first like a branch of one of the wineries in the Napa Valley below. Along the dirt road leading in are a pile of huge boulders, giant spiked rollers, a flatbed truck: settlement here is still partly combat. As the car drives up in the rain, Peter Minor, builder, planter of vines, tamer of a particularly unruly patch of land, comes out of his stone house. A year ago, on a warm and showery Monday afternoon, he'd have been in his Berkeley dentist's office, working on fillings instead of stones. Now, like me, he's half-dropped out. Three days a week for his job, four days a week for himself.

Sitting talking at the heavy round table on the cement floor, with mountains, trees, and canyons rearing up across the slope through the windows and glass doors, is a strange and liberating experience, a sense of something unexpected found in common. Then, there it is: each of us is working as he chooses.

"I got this place in 1965, and began working here on weekends. I wanted thin, rocky soil on a north-facing slope, to make a Bordeaux-type wine. I couldn't walk through this field originally; I used to crawl through the brush on my hands and knees. I started taking Wednesday afternoons off; then I began taking the whole day. So working three days a week for me just involved taking off one more day. Sometimes, I'm out working before seven, and put in twelve, thirteen hour days in the sun. The only way to get something like this is to work your ass off."

In his choice of trading money for time, in seeking a fresh equation between what he does and what he expects in return, Peter Minor represents a new form of behavior, one that more and more people with clearly defined, high-paying skills seem to be adopting: a choice of life and work somewhere between the edifice of Hanging In There and the long free fall of Dropping Out.

Dangling.

A house and vineyard instead of a golf game. A thousand a month instead of thirty, forty a year. A chance to expand feel at ease in situations than those in which you money.

"I didn't know anything a building. I learned here. Al rocks came out of this fie didn't know anything about ing either. I cleared the field planted the vineyard. I'd li build a winery, starting year."

Lack of dedication? Per But if yours is the mouth being worked on, aren't considerations in behalf o dentist who's learned to fighting his job, and do i work hard when I'm at m fice, and I always have things pretty efficiently. I'm to endure the pressures o job better. I enjoy human tact, seeing people, convers I relate to my patients bette happier about it."

Plus, during your half with a mouthful of hoses, c wadding, and metal implem there's the consolation o teresting company: rinse mouth with this Bordeaux be right back.

—John Van de

John Van der Zee, a novelist, a at a San Francisco advertising a

"Constant labor of one un kind destroys the intensit flow of a man's animal s which find recreation an light in mere change of acti
—Karl Marx, *Das Ka* 1867

Shipwrecked in Suburbs

Nina Marks (not her name) is a friend of min she was when we were at mer camp seventeen years We hadn't seen one anoth fifteen years, almost doub lifetime of the children we But she called me a few m ago, reminded me who sh and came to see me. She ing to start her life over and, to do so, needed to out in all directions at once

As the ripples of dissa tion with existing institu made by the children o Sixties ("If it doesn't feel don't do it, man!"), spre the older age groups, mo more middle-class urba suburban men and wom gan to look outside their riages for . . . what? For scendent sex, romantic

IDWRAPAROUNDV

fillment? For all the lost promises of youth. The s that Nina Marks, who ıer entire adulthood as a single again, a situation ch terror and hope are

hope is mostly bravado. g fresh, for a woman in l-thirties, who lives in the s with three children, as no professional pos- s and few prospects for life, is not really a hope- ıation.

s first of all in an uncom- e financial position, one lculated to increase her eem. Her husband's sal- equate for one household, es precariously to sup- o. The alimony and child- payments, battled out yers' offices, are invari- o little in her opinion, too gant in his. She feels in chological position of a ant, the focus of her for- sband's resentments and ent on his goodwill.

a woman like Nina who has had no profes- training or experience, t that can be hoped for time job, with most of her going to a baby-sitter. she want to take out a o go back to college for ; to get a new car, a to get enough of a stake e the suburbs and move the city—she is in the ossible position. "There t policy for divorced or ed women," says an official of First National City Bank in New York. "It depends on credit status. The usual rules apply." Nina Marks has absolutely no credit status in her own name.

As for taxes, she moves into the tax bracket for single people; it is her husband who usually gets the tax breaks and deducts alimony and exemptions for the children. She pays a single person's tax on alimony, as on income.

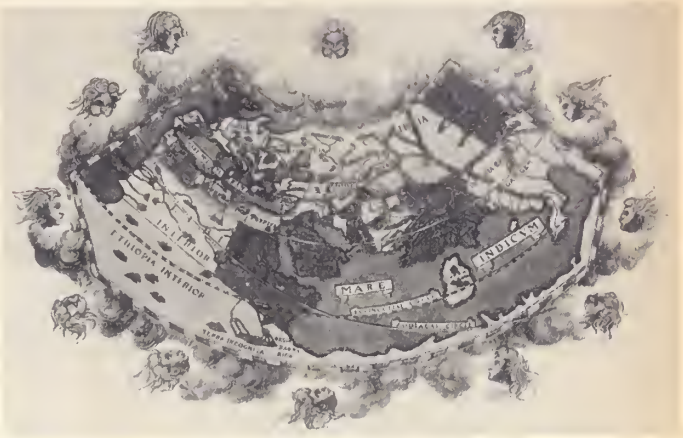
And there is the matter of her social life. The suburbs, almost by definition, are populated by married people. Even if she has made friends in the neighborhood (and Nina Marks has made very few), a single woman is uneasily tolerated by a social structure in which the basic unit is the couple. She wants to meet single men and women (and especially men), but there are few opportunities. She is handicapped also by her own fear of seeming too hungry, too available.

Nina Marks' marriage was not a happy one. Now, at the end of it, at the beginning of her new life, she says bravely: "I'm really happier this way. It happened for the best." But what she means is that it would have happened for the best if someone could tell her the essential secret: "How do you meet people?" she asked. "How do you get into the world again?"

—Dorothy Gallagher

Dorothy Gallagher is a free-lance writer.

More than 16,000 men retired from the United States Army in fiscal 1972 after having served for twenty years or more.



Transformation by discovery: the shape of the world for Ptolemy.

The Tyranny of the Economy

Few things are more fully adapted to the convenience and the values of the industrial system than the arrangements to which the labor force is subject. It is assumed that all men should work a standard number of hours a week. Those who wish may, by overtime or moonlighting, work more; none may work less. Negotiation is ordinarily for increased income or its equivalent. If more leisure—for example, paid vacations—is sought it is obtained in equal amount for all alike. The ethos of the industrial system is evident at all points. A basic minimum of toil is required from all. All have a normal preference for money. All have the same desire and capacity for leisure. All should be treated alike.

None of this is necessary. The employed person should be accorded a much wider set of options than at present as between work and goods on the one hand and leisure on the other. The way should be open for the individual who wishes to satisfy his needs for food, clothing and simple houseroom with ten or twenty hours of labor a week to do so. We should look with interest and hopefully with admiration on inventive use of the remaining time.

But the options should not be confined to the work week. This is a poor unit around which to organize the effective use of leisure time; it has long been a perquisite of high social, educational or financial position that life—holidays, travel, tasks—is planned in terms of months or years. All individuals, in return for a lower annual pay, should have the option of several months' paid vacation. And all should similarly have the option of extended leaves of absence. The employees exercising these options would not be favored in compensation per hour worked. What they are offered is the opportunity of choosing absence and exemption from toil in various forms as an alternative to earnings. There would be some inconvenience. But to fail to allow such choice—to be guided by the belief that everyone should work a standard week and year—is to make the needs of the industrial system, not the opportunity of the individual to fashion his own existence, the ruling social concern. Men who speak much of liberty should allow and even encourage it.

—John Kenneth Galbraith
The New Industrial State, 1967

"At a time when life expectancy is moving into the seventies, the notion that a person should be trained for a single vocation or profession is costly and obsolete"—Sidney P. Marland, U.S. Commissioner of Education, 1972

EETING STRANGERS

we die to each other daily.
ıat we know of other people
only our memory of the moments
ring which we knew them. And they have
changed since then
pretend that they and we are the same
a useful and convenient social convention
ıich must sometimes be broken. We must also remember
at at every meeting we are meeting a stranger.

—T. S. Eliot, *The Cocktail Party*

true: almost every one is a stranger; we should realize it. e few we see frequently, so frequently that from this fre- we draw the right to call them friends, even these become s again and again. Life changes, and they change with life, ne in his own way, every one in a different way, for life form and things are multivalent. How life is going to treat cannot say; where it is going to hit us is unknown. Only cts of the change become apparent; but then it is too late, e process of the change cannot be reversed, not with the erson nor with ourselves. **—J. H. van den Berg**

The Changing Nature of Man, 1961



Transformation is a familiar theme of folktales and epic adventures. As Joseph Campbell has written in The Hero With a Thousand Faces, *"Within the soul, within the body social, there must be—if we are to experience long survival—a continuous 'recurrence of birth' to nullify the unrelenting recurrences of death." Cinderella: copyright © by Walt Disney Productions.*

SAFE HARBORS

Some people, for reasons still not clear, are pitched at a much higher level of stimulus hunger than others. They seem to crave change even when others are reeling from it. A new house, a new car, another trip, another crisis on the job, more house guests, visits, financial adventures and misadventures—they seem to accept all these and more without apparent ill effect. Yet close analysis of such people often reveals the existence of what might be called "stability zones" in their lives—certain enduring relationships that are carefully maintained despite all kinds of other changes.

One man I know has run through a series of love affairs, a divorce and remarriage—all within a very short span of time. He thrives on change, enjoys travel, new foods, new ideas, new movies, plays and books. He has a high intellect and a low "boring point," is impatient with tradition and restlessly eager for novelty. Ostensibly, he is a walking exemplar of change. When we look more closely, however, we find that he has stayed on the same job for ten years. He drives a battered, seven-year-old automobile. His clothes are several years out of style. His closest friends are long-time professional associates and even a few old college buddies. . . .

The problem is not, therefore, to suppress change, which cannot be done, but to manage it. If we opt for rapid change in certain sectors of life, we can consciously attempt to build stability zones elsewhere. A divorce, perhaps, should not be too closely followed by a job transfer. Since the birth of a child alters all the human ties within a family, it ought not, perhaps, be followed too closely by a relocation which causes tremendous turnover in human ties outside the family. The recent widow should not, perhaps, rush to sell her house. **—Alvin Toffler**

Future Shock, 1970

THE RIVER IMAGE

"Is this what you mean? That the river is everywhere at the same time, at the source and at the mouth, at the waterfall, at the ferry, at the current, in the ocean and in the mountains, everywhere, and that the present only exists for it, not the shadow of the past, nor the shadow of the future?"

"That is it," said Siddhartha, "and when I learned that, I reviewed my life and it was also a river, and Siddhartha the boy, Siddhartha the mature man and Siddhartha the old man, were only separated by shadows, not through reality. Siddhartha's previous lives were also not in the past, and his death and his return to Brahma are not in the future. Nothing was, nothing will be, everything has reality and presence." **—Hermann Hesse**

Siddhartha, 1922

Becoming What You Are

You don't really realize, until you quit work, just how much of your conception of your self comes from your work—not just from *what* you do, but *how* you do it. An occupational identity can seem like a trap until you try to do without it, when you realize what a crutch it was. I, for instance, had the occupational identity of "fiction editor," and as there are only about a half-dozen fiction editors, so-called, in the world, it was possible to take a lot of my sense of identity from it. "Who's L. Rust Hills?" someone might ask, or even, "Who the hell's this L. Rust Hills keeps calling me anyway?" The answer, once, was simple enough: "L. Rust Hills is the Fiction Editor of *Esquire* magazine." To which the rejoinder could only be "Oh"—admittedly said in a variety of ways, some maybe even sounding like "Ugh." But the "is" is the important thing here, not the "Ugh": "Rust Hills *is* the Fiction Editor of *Esquire*"; so-and-so *is* (you, say, *are*) the Vice-President in Charge of Sales at Such-and-Such Company. "Is" means existence and essence *both*, used this way. When the "is" changes to "used to be," your actual current existence may not really be in doubt, but your essence (*what* you are) is a big question mark, not just to others but somehow to yourself.

Your basic occupational identity—what you did, or "were"—permitted a lot of amplification by the *way* you did what you were. When you were working, you weren't (not in your own mind, anyway) just "an accountant" or "in fabrics" or "one of the salesmen" or "an insurance man" or whatever. You were also the way you did the work: you were the kindly boss, or the efficient second-in-command, or the talented idea man, or the only one in the office who got along with the secretaries, or some such. Whatever you were, you had some sense of yourself doing it, some recognition of the role you'd chosen to play or the role you'd been forced into. You "become" what you "are." But this is done in interaction with the "you" that is not determined by your profession.

Let's take the example of fishing, which can be either a work-for-pay occupation or a leisure-retirement pursuit. Say yo
a fisherman when you w
that's what you did, that
you were, a fisherman, s
I was a fiction editor. Oka
there's also the style yo
when you were a fishern
fisherman-by-trade can l
instance, kindly like Mar
whatever his name was (S
Tracy) in *Captains Court*
or he can be surly like A
Moby Dick. There's presu
an infinity of degrees o
to be a professional fish
just on this kindly-surly
and kindly-surly is only
many polarizations of
ality traits, as you kno
though admittedly perha
most important one.

But now suppose that
you quit work you took
ing as a retirement pursu
assumes here that you
a fisherman-by-trade befo
something else; because
never retire from being a
man at age forty-one an
take up fishing as a reti
pursuit, unless it was just t
fun of me. Say, thoug
were (used to be) an ins
salesman, and now by fo
you can quit work and
your commissions on t
miums we pay on the
you sold us years and yea
You decide to take up fis
a retirement pursuit. N
way you do your fishing
tirement is the key thin
can do it in a kind of
heroic, upper-classy, spo
type way—big-game fish
Hemingway or elegant
angling with delicate ligh
poles—that sort of way.
can take it up in a kind of
amateurish, lower-classis
—in an old rowboat or
off the bridge with the ne
hood kids or putting out e

You see what I'm sayi
saying that once the s
defining, perhaps confi
any rate *identifying* occ
is removed from your
your retirement from wo
your style or manner, you
ness," becomes the all-im
thing, because there isn
thing much else. The w
do things, the way in f
do *nothing* (now that
nothing to do), that's n
only self you have. If w
retire you do some fis
fill your time, you can
there in your rowboat
long *with the pole in you*
and they're still not goin

RAPAROUNDWRAP

ing to *The 1973 World* ac, **the provisional esti-f the number of divorces nulments granted in the 1971 was 768,000, about (7 percent) more than in**

"Oh, he's a fisherman," you *aren't* a fisherman. ed to be an insurance Now you're nothing. nothing except the *way* nothing. Everyone thinks as nothing—unless you r nothing in a way that s you to people; unless, ance, you do your fishing tever) in, say, a puttery, sort of way, in which y'll say, "Oh, he's (you, *are*) a kindly soul, just t and gentle as can be." be they'll describe you, you: "Oh, he really gs up, a kind of trouble-but fun to be around." lity's a part of it, of ut it's more a matter of ality, a kind of amplifi-f personality by consis-style and manner. your occupational iden-e, you have to find an-*istence* for yourself. You be able to have the fish-whatever the specific ing, nonoccupational r pursuit you're up to) or replaced and still be enough particularity of done (not *what* is done) le a sufficient sense of yourself and others. d the occupational iden-'s all there is.

—L. Rust Hills

ills, is the author of How to Forty-One, *to be published*

over a new leaf."
–Miguel de Cervantes,
Don Quixote, 1615

ons From ace Corps

ar I worked with hun-returning Peace Corps s in Washington, D.C., n Francisco Transition lesigned to help them isions about their fu-ding jobs, selecting schools, choosing how e they wanted to in-emselves. The over-majority were look-ing for new ways of living and working. "Not just a job," went the litany, "but a job that's satisfying and significant." Since then, many of them have forged life/work styles that allow them to do what really interests them and earn a living in the process. But most have had to accept something less than ideal and more immediately remunerative.

Some former volunteers are into things they probably never expected—like marrying and having children; teaching in suburban schools; doing graduate work in health, special education, or urban planning; working in social action and government agencies. Others, more typically, have taken grunt jobs or no jobs, started auto repair services or bought clamming boats, run health-food stores or service stations, managed ski lodges or built houses in rural areas. Journalism, politics, education, health, and poverty are still principal interests. And nearly everybody's writing a book or taking a trip somewhere.

The Peace-Corps-volunteer-coming-home-experience is hardly a new phenomenon. In fact, after more than a decade, the transition is replete with traditions of its own. No self-respecting returned volunteer, for example, ever gets caught nowadays without a healthy case of reverse culture shock.

But the individual experience of coming home and starting over is always new; no one else can go through it for you. And, given the lagging economy of recent years, the transition is rarely easy or pleasurable. Even for this segment of the population—which is unusually high in capabilities—"beginning again" is like swimming upstream. Eighty percent of RPCVs with whom I've talked describe the feeling of not fitting in; as one Transition Center applicant put it, "I'm a stranger in my own land." The feeling precipitates enclaves of former volunteers, in-grown "families" that provide an impetus for self-realization and support for trying new things.

If nothing else, the discomforts suffered by RPCVs should dramatize the need for this country to give higher priority to the challenge of recycling human potential. **—Franchot Buhler**

Franchot Buhler now works on environmental policy for the National League of Cities/U.S. Conference of Mayors.

A RITUAL FORM

The customs of some savage nations might, perchance, be profitably imitated by us, for they at least go through the semblance of casting their slough annually; they have the idea of the thing, whether they have the reality or not. Would it not be well if we were to celebrate such a "busk," or "feast of first fruits," as Bartram describes to have been the custom of the Mucclasse Indians? "When a town celebrates the busk," says he, "having previously provided themselves with new clothes, new pots, pans, and other household utensils and furniture, they collect all their worn out clothes and other despicable things, sweep and cleanse their houses, squares, and the whole town, of their filth, which with all the remaining grain and other old provisions they cast together into one common heap, and consume it with fire. After having taken medicine, and fasted for three days, all the fire in the town is extinguished. During this fast they abstain from the gratification of every appetite and passion whatever. A general amnesty is proclaimed; all malefactors may return to their town.

"On the fourth morning, the high priest, by rubbing dry wood together, produces new fire in the public square, from whence every habitation in the town is supplied with the new and pure flame."

They then feast on the new corn and fruits and dance and sing for the three days, "and the four following days they receive visits and rejoice with their friends from neighboring towns who have in like manner purified and prepared themselves."

—Henry David Thoreau
Walden, 1854



Metamorphoses: a pen-and-wash drawing by Franco Gentilini illustrating Kafka's story of a man who changes into a giant insect.

CHOOSING

"... Ah, God, it were an easy matter to choose a Calling, had one all time to live in! I should be fifty years a Barrister, fifty a Physician, fifty a Clergyman, fifty a Soldier! Aye, and fifty a Thief, and fifty a Judge. All Roads are fine Roads, beloved Sister, none more than another, so that with one Life to spend I am a Man bare-bumm'd at Taylors with Cash for but one pair of Breeches, or a Scholar at Bookstalls with Money for a single Book: to choose ten were no trouble; to choose one, impossible! All Trades, all Crafts, all Professions are wondrous, but none is finer than the rest together. I cannot choose. ..." **—John Barth**
The Sot-Weed Factor, 1960

AROUNDWREPORT



The object transformed: dinner forks into hands, executed by Bruno Munari (1964), from the Museum of Modern Art in New York, Greta Daniel Design Fund.

A Personal Lament

For seven years now I have been doing editorial work on a weekly business publication. In some measure the work has been interesting; but it has taken all the energy I possessed for creative or intellectual work, for living, with only a small leftover. And, lately, even that small leftover has been used for nothing that could be said to represent a true expression of myself or the urges that are in me. A very considerable part of what has been left over has been used in an almost frantic effort to get relief from myself, to anaesthetize that part of me that would rise up and destroy me in its revulsion against the stupidity of what I have done with [the past] fifteen years.

I pause merely to affirm that I am writing what I feel, not some dramatized adumbration of what should be felt.

I do not like the way my life is cut out and I want to do something about it. But merely to do something about it would not be enough. In a sense, that is what has been filling my evenings, when I get drunk, or play with sex, or merely rub the snout of my gregariousness against the fur of the other animals about me.

And I see that a great many other sensitive, intelligent people of my own age are in much the same situation. And yet we do nothing about it. At least in a big city we do nothing about it, and seem quite unable to do anything about it. The galvanized activity of the city life and of business leaves us without the direction or energy or time really to see how miserable we are; though we feel it deeply and tormentingly without pause. A terrific wrench of the spirit is required even to articulate this misery at the heart of our dull life. The blight of business over all true perception of a way of living, or even of the need of a way of living, has become so complete because of the enormous physical advances of the past hundred and fifty years that any natural turning toward the center of consciousness and its requirements is difficult.

—Homer H. Shannon
"Dark Years,"
Harper's Magazine, 1934



The object transformed: an improbable fur-covered cup, saucer, and spoon by Meret Oppenheim (1936), from the collection of the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

"The conquest of self is in a sense the inevitable consequence of true self-knowledge. If the self-centered self is shattered by a genuine awareness of its situation, there is the power of a new life in the experience."
—Reinhold Niebuhr,
"Modern Education and Human Values," 1948

Hedges Against Crisis

Change is the watchword of our age; everybody wants to change his tune, fate, wardrobe, hairstyle, life-style, status, or partner in the dance of life. But there is another kind of change around, something behavioral scientists reckon as a mid-life crisis—a transformation most men pass through in their thirties, a painful period of heightened confusion and introspection about career, marriage, and life goals.

In this mid-life crisis, a man is more likely than usual to quit his job, end a marriage, start an affair, abandon a mentor, have an accident, even commit suicide, or so I learned from reading recent articles about the syndrome with all the detachment of a twenty-six-year-old, safe and stable for another decade. I wondered what personality traits help a man get through the crisis and, since no article offered answers, I called two psychologists who figured to have some.

Caltech's Lee Stockford, a student of career crises for twenty years, has worked with thousands of people employed by large organizations and found that more than eight out of ten of his male subjects experience a period of despair within about eighteen months of their thirty-sixth birthdays (for women, the comparable birthday is the forty-first). The things that make it easier to handle mid-life change, according to Stockford, are a well-adjusted childhood, good relationships with one's mother and one's wife, job experience in early adolescence, and an educational base general enough to provide a variety of reference points. "Common sense would tell you all that," he pointed out.

"A good childhood helps," observes Cleveland State University's Kenn Rogers, who has studied mid-life population groups in London and in Nassau County, Long Island. "If a person experienced a serious family disturbance from birth to age seven, he may feel delayed effects of that disturbance in the crisis period. As yet I don't know precisely what kind of personality weathers the change well, but I hope to find out some day." Psychology has been preoccupied with human development in the early and late stages of life, says Rogers, leaving a knowledge gap about the age span he describes as "roughly from mini-ski Medicare."

"I do know people gene handle the crisis in two w he continued, "according to Erikson's terms: one is st tion, a kind of empty surre to problems or denial of t the alternative is generativ deliberate effort to meet lems and work them thr The latter leads to succe further development."

—John Sti

John Stickney has published a on the decline of the countercul

"Is not old wine wholeso old pippins toothsomest? not old wood burn brig old linen wash whitest? Ol diers, sweethearts, are sures old lovers are soundest."
—John Webster, *Westwar*

Trying Harder, Trying Differe

Being the product of tioning and being free to c do not war with each Both are true. They coexist together in an upward spira the growth of one furthe growth of the other. The cogently we prove oursel have been shaped by caus more opportunities we for changing. The mo change, the more possible comes to see how deter we were in that which w just ceased to be.

What makes a battlegro these two points of view conceive of either as an ab that excludes the other when the truth of either extended to the point of e ing the truth of the other, comes not only false but herent. We must affirm fr and responsibility without ing that we are the prod circumstance, and we m firm that we are the prod circumstance without d that we have the freed transcend that causality come something that cou even have been previsione the circumstances that us. What destroys the bel ist's argument is not th dence marshaled to demo that we are controlled vironment—that is utter vincing—but the use o evidence to deny freedo

nay not ask how, in ac- g for ourselves, we are ortion the influence of and the influence of circumstance. We can- ibine them as measured to arrive at the trajectory lives. No reasonable di- an be made, not because portion assigned to each e arbitrary but because view may legitimately e whole field.

relation is one of com- ternativity: we are alto- ree to do as we choose, are altogether deter- do as we do. In greatest nt—as in mounting a to be hung—it is always to do other than one walking, we might re- walk and be dragged; if e might be singing or ng; if weeping, we might ing. Likewise, in enjoy- greatest freedom it is ossible to create a van- nt from which that free- y be seen as caused.

ondition of struggle and re we must be able to nust try harder," or, "I differently." Both views ntial; neither must take ce by principle. They gous to the view of man nd the view of man as ed. The two do not con- reflect the interaction man and his environ- change in either makes nge in outcome. When 'I must try harder," we at the most relevant is something within us on, will, determination, g it"—and that if this the outcome, even if g else remains un- will be different. When I must try differently," that the most relevant lies in the situation hich intention is being that we should look to onment, to the ways it nd pulls at us, and in find the means to alter action.

an's work, whether it re or music or pictures cture or anything else, a portrait of himself, ore he tries to conceal he more clearly will his appear in spite of him."
—Samuel Butler, *ay of All Flesh*, 1903

We try to stop smoking, try and fail, try again and fail again, and when we pause to reflect, to ask how we should understand the recurrent failure, we must regard it from both views. If we believe we cannot try harder, then we must examine the field in which the effort is being made, look for ways to diminish the obstacles against which will is pitted. If we conclude there is nothing to be altered in the field, we must go back to the possibility of augmenting intention. We cannot know the outcome in advance. If we give up, we can never know but that further trying—either harder or differently—might have succeeded. If we suc ceed, the last move is likely t take all the credit. "I tried will power for years," one man will say, "and I can tell you it doesn't work. But when I left my desk in that travel agency and took a job on a ranch—right away I stopped. No sweat." "I tried all kinds of tricks," another man will say, "smoking substitutes, pills, poisoned cigarettes, not going to cocktail parties . . . all delaying tactics. Finally I got sick of it and asked myself straight out, 'Listen, you jerk! Do you mean it or not?' Then I meant it, and then I stopped."

—Allen Wheelis

Allen Wheelis, a San Francisco psychoanalyst, is completing a book, How People Change *(to be published in August by Harper & Row), from which this selection is taken.*

"There are no second acts in American lives."—F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Last Tycoon*, 1941



The object transformed: a soft saw by the master of soft sculpture, Claes Oldenburg, from Claes Oldenburg: Object Into Monument, *by Barbara Haskell. Copyright © 1971 by Pasadena Art Museum.*



GETTING SOMEWHERE

ALICE: "Will you tell me, please, which way I ought to go from here?"
CAT: "That depends a good deal on where you want to get to."
ALICE: "I don't much care where—."
CAT: "Then it doesn't matter which way you go."
ALICE: "—so long as I get somewhere."
CAT: "Oh, you're sure to do that if you only walk long enough."

—Lewis Carroll, *Alice in Wonderland*, 1865

Transforming Frontiers

The frontier is the line of most rapid and effective Americanization. The wilderness masters the colonist. It finds him a European in dress, industries, tools, modes of travel, and thought. It takes him from the railroad car and puts him in the birch canoe. It strips off the garments of civilization and arrays him in the hunting shirt and the moccasin. It puts him in the log cabin of the Cherokee and Iroquois and runs an Indian palisade around him. Before long he has gone to planting Indian corn and plowing with a sharp stick; he shouts the war cry and takes the scalp in orthodox Indian fashion. In short, at the frontier the environment is at first too strong for the man. He must accept the conditions which it furnishes, or perish, and so he fits himself into the Indian clearings and follows the Indian trails. Little by little he transforms the wilderness, but the outcome is not the old Europe, not simply the development of Germanic germs, any more than the first phenomenon was a case of reversion to the Germanic mark. The fact is, that here is a new product that is American.

—Frederick Jackson Turner
The Significance of the Frontier in American History, 1893

Frontiers of Transformation

A man's ideas, aims, and objects form diverse internal groups and systems, relatively independent of one another. Each "aim" which he follows awakens a certain specific kind of interested excitement, and gathers a certain group of ideas together in subordination to it as its associates; and if the aims and excitements are distinct in kind, their groups of ideas may have little in common. When one group is present and engrosses the interest, all the ideas connected with other groups may be excluded from the mental field. The President of the United States when, with paddle, gun, and fishing-rod, he goes camping in the wilderness for a vacation, changes his system of ideas from top to bottom. The presidential anxieties have lapsed into the background entirely; the official habits are replaced by the habits of a son of nature, and those who knew the man only as the strenuous magistrate would not "know him for the same person" if they saw him as the camper.

If now he should never go back, and never again suffer political interests to gain dominion over him, he would be for practical intents and purposes a permanently transformed being. Our ordinary alterations of character, as we pass from one of our aims to another, are not commonly called transformations, because each of them is so rapidly succeeded by another in the reverse direction; but whenever one aim grows so stable as to expel definitively its previous rivals from the individual's life, we tend to speak of the phenomenon, and perhaps to wonder at it, as a "transformation."

—William James
The Varieties of Religious Experience, 1902

WRAPAROUND

Changing Faces But Not Forms

Statistics show that in this country the marriage rate is skyrocketing in one group only—the "once-marrieds." Thus, most divorced people remain optimistic about marriage. They fervently believe they can wake up to a new day, erasing past mistakes in better new relationships. But most of these people are awakening to a false dawn. Their emotional patterns remain fixed even though their partners' faces change. Psychiatrists report that people who renounce a partner or a life-style established in a first marriage usually settle back into some permutation of the situation they've fled.

Women often feel that their purpose in escaping marriage is to discard dependency relationships. They may be fooling themselves. For example, one timorous female graduate student married a brilliant teacher whom she extolled as a "catch" and a "prize." But after five years of marriage she decided she wanted a new life-style and left him to advance her own career with a teaching job on another campus. Though she swears she is now independent, she has fallen in love with another scholar who, she declares, is more brilliant than either she or her ex-husband. Before she goes to sleep at night she often fantasizes about marrying him and giving up her work to help him with his. So, having achieved a period of independence that she felt was worth the cost of breaking up her marriage, she is slowly thinking herself back into the old role.

Her husband is also living out his psychological destiny. At the time their marriage broke up, he decided that he would no longer lean toward those women who blindly adored him but would seek more equality between himself and a woman. Even so, his psychiatrist has duly pointed out that in his current relationship with a young actress he is repeating himself by attempting to create a situation that poses little threat of competition or change.

Among men and women who embrace the current fashion of living together, without the convention of marriage, it is the rare couple who can honestly say they've eliminated the possessiveness and emotional dependency they perceive in marriage. After declaring that they were liberated, and agreeing to date others while they were living together, two formerly marrieds finally separated. The man reported found that splitting from tha was much more painful splitting from my wife. We experimented with a new style in order to preserve love for each other. We w up torturing each other i relationship, and when we l up we felt particularly devas because we lacked the symp that the world renders to when you divorce."

Old patterns, then, invade forms, and the struggle of marrieds to redefine the in tion makes it clear that mar is as hard to change as it give up. —**Susan Br**

Susan Braudy is a free-lance jou in New York.

The 1967 *Dictionary of Occupational Titles*, **compiled by the United States Employment Service, listed 23,000 job categories, of which 6,000 were nonexistent ten years before.**

"Man arrives at every age o as a novice."—Sébastien C fort, *Maxims and Thou* 1794.

The Manager's Temptation

There are three times in a person's life—particularly a manager's life—that are most likely to produce pressures for a change in career:

• The first comes early, usually showing up as a change in the major course of study during the last two years of college. As a young man is exposed to more life situations, he can equate his goals and desires with the probability of his success; if there isn't a close match, he must adjust. Sometimes this happens rather late—in the first few years of his chosen occupation. It's more costly then, but young men do go back to school, or just drop out of the business world.

• By about age 40, a manager has had enough experience to judge his rate of progress in his business or industry. He can make a good, educated guess as to where he will wind up in his career. If he isn't satisfied, he may make a major switch. This is the "mid-life career crisis."

• Early retirement option, usually around age 55, is the next critical time. Vigorous, healthy executives, particularly successful ones, often get the feeling that it's about time, before it's too late, to give something back to a world which has been good to them. Politics, the clergy, and "helping" professions are the usual choices of these managers. —**"Careers—Should You Make the Switch?"** *Industry Week*, January 31, 1972

Evolving Needs

Abraham Maslow has argued that when people have food, clothing and shelter, they demand to move toward self-actualization and to become more fully human. The first step on this route is a search for a degree of security in their life styles. People are therefore no longer willing to be forced into actions through positive and negative sanctions, or as I prefer, the carrot and whip. They demand instead the right to develop their lives for themselves in terms of what is meaningful for them. If Maslow is right—and I am convinced that he is—then something fundamentally new has happened. All of the old drives of the human being—drives for food, sex and similar animal drives—are in the process of being replaced by a much higher drive, a drive toward the right to be human. —**Robert Theobald**

An Alternative Future for America II, 1968



Change and Illness

Dr. Thomas H. Holmes, of the University of Washington School of Medicine, was among the first to demonstrate that the rate of change in a person's life is predictive of his health. Working with Dr. Richard Rahe, Holmes created a scale to measure life changes, and to rate each of the common events with a number indicating the amount of impact it would have upon a person's life. As they validated the scale, by questioning thousands of men and women about how they would rank a vacation, the death of a spouse, or a change of work hours according to the amount of adjustment each would require, there was astonishing agreement. It was possible to assign a numerical weight to a list of over fifty items, ranging from the relatively minor (change in church activities would rate nineteen points, a vacation would rank thirteen), to the monumental change that occurs with the death of a spouse (100 points, and the top of the scale). N changes are unpleasant, bu the birth of a child (39) or riage (50) entails consid adjustment. Holmes and sociates, Minoru Masuda, Wyler, and Robert Casey, to collate the life-change of thousands of American Japanese with their medic ords. The pattern was so ing that the authors initiall itated to publish the result

In 1967 it was clear tha ple with high scores on th change index were more than their peers to undergo serious illness in the foll year. When the life-change was applied to 3,000 Navy the score was used to p illness within the next months. Indeed, men in th 10 percent with the most ch of life style suffered about as much illness as the in uals whose lives had changed, and who were bottom 10 percent.

—**Gay Gaer** *Body Time*

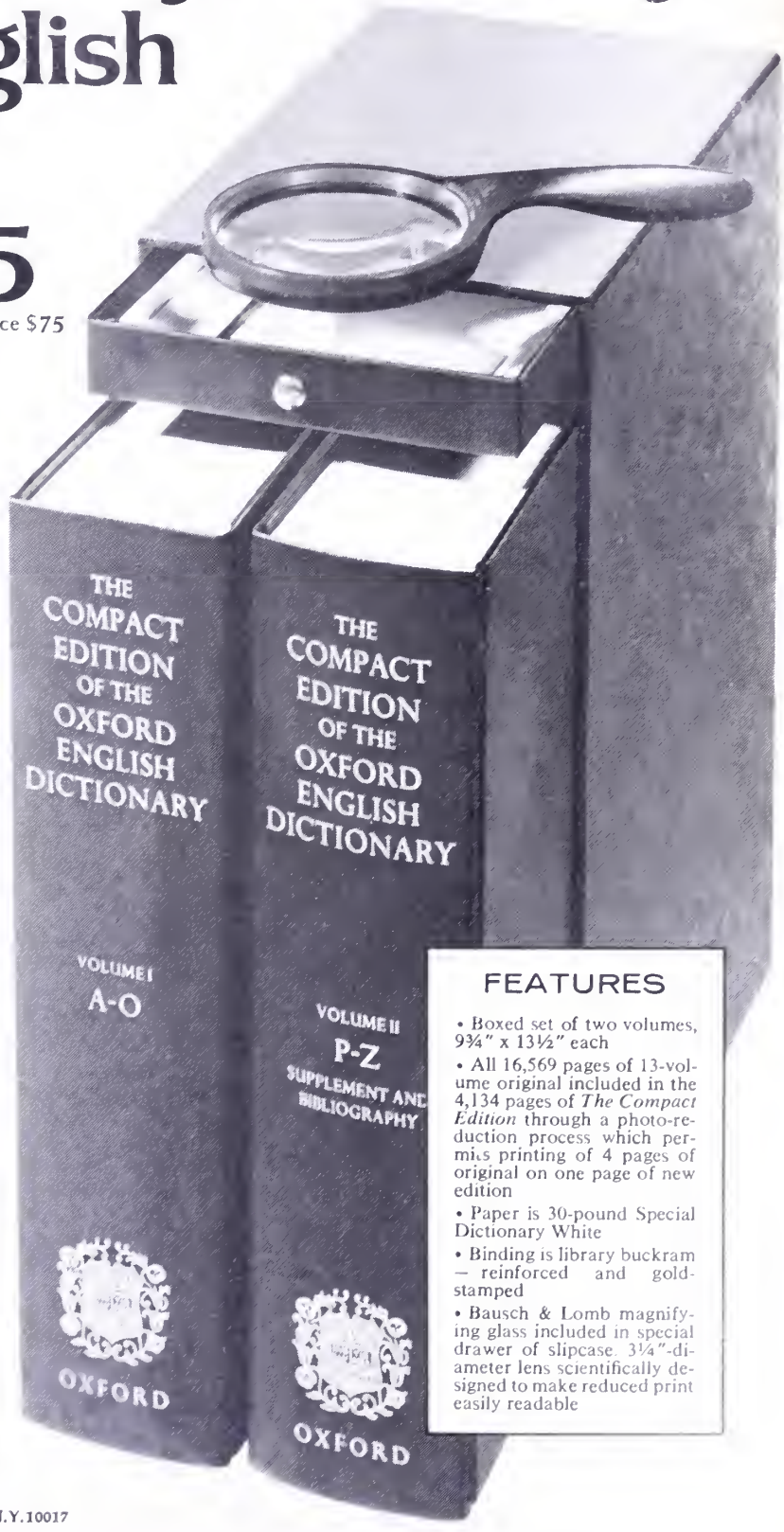
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LETTERS

Memoir of Vietnam

Perry Deane Young's "Two of the Missing" [December] about the high times and high ironies that are war is one of the best things I've read about Vietnam. It's articles like this one that really bring the war home to us. Young weaves all the ambivalences into one piece about why men like Sean Flynn and Dana Stone decide to be recklessly manly war heroes. I was absorbed and for the first time perhaps understood the reasons these two men and others like them joined a war nobody assigned them. Young's skill, his storytelling spell, his sense of detail as well as his sense of the glorious and the ugly all made me wish I had read an article longer than the one you printed.

SUSAN BRAUDY
New York, N.Y.

Diplomatic Notes

I have read Barbara Tuchman's "Diplomatic Notes" [December] with great interest. As usual, her observations impressed me as being perceptive, insightful, and objective—and written in her usual felicitous style.

A. DOAK BARNETT
Senior Fellow
The Brookings Institution
Washington, D.C.

Lighter-Than-Aircraft

After reading "Lighter-Than-Aircraft" [December] I jotted down these lines:

Alice through the hourglass.
"I'm late, I'm late," she cried.
So upside-down
they turned the lass
And early she arrived.

F. IAN JOHNSON
Philadelphia, Pa.

Eagletons Wake

I was delighted to find Stephen Darst's article, "Eagletons Wake," in your December issue. It's a beautifully organized piece, full of color and vitality. It is good to see that he has not lost his fine ear for dialect and that needle-sharp humor that marked his writing when he was in my class at St. Louis U. a long time ago.

JAMES E. CRONIN
Wesleyan University
Middletown, Conn.

Stephen Darst's projection of the Eagleton odyssey onto the Joycean scrim was the most fascinating political writing I have read in this heated political year. "Surely not a line to close a career on," Darst concludes on Eagleton's quip.

Surely, I hope, *Harper's* will give its readers more treats like this from Stephen Darst.

PATRICIA PARKER
St. Louis, Mo.

The stunning essay on Eagleton, by Steve Darst, really did justice to the subject.

I first met Tom Eagleton on the night of September 13, 1960, in Senator John F. Kennedy's suite in the Chase Plaza Hotel in St. Louis. I was the coordinator for the Kennedy-Johnson campaign for Missouri and Southern Illinois and had just come into the hotel with Kennedy after a tumultuous reception at Lambert Airport.

Kenny O'Donnell (aide to Senator Kennedy) introduced me to Eagleton, candidate for Attorney General of Missouri, saying, "He's with us—help him and keep in touch with him." Eagleton was the first Catholic to run for statewide office in Missouri and to be elected. He was a tireless and effective campaigner. He was also the only Democrat on the state ticket who enthusiastically supported [illegible] nedy. . . .

During the next two month[s], countless opportunities to [illegible] Tom Eagleton's superb poli[tical] tential. He had great energy, [illegible] tion, sensitivity to all types o[f people] and their problems and conce[rn] political intelligence and judg[ment] displayed was highly apprec[iated] Washington by those who we[re aware] of it. His poise, aplomb, and [humor] in the face of a tension-rid[den] trying campaign, was most [impres]sive to me. Of course, we [were] physically exhausted and emo[tionally] drained the week after ele[ction] went back to New Orleans an[d rested] for a month. I am confident [that] Eagleton's entering Barnes [Hospital] on December 1, 1960, for r[est and] treatment was very understan[dable].

During the years that foll[owed] tried to keep in touch both [directly] and indirectly with Eagleton's [office] from Washington, where I w[as serv]ing in HEW as a Deputy A[ssistant] Secretary. I saw him in St. L[ouis] in Washington and talked w[ith him] on the phone. When he was [running] his Senatorial campaign in [1968] took him up to the Senate a[nd kept] him in touch with members a[nd staff] of the Labor and Public [Welfare] Committee, which was his [principal] interest and to which comm[ittee] was subsequently assigned.

Over the past twelve year[s] aware that Eagleton was hosp[italized] on a couple of occasions for [exhaus]tion and fatigue. This never su[rprised] me, knowing of his drive an[d] working manner. He has not [been in] the hospital since being electe[d to the] Senate in 1968.

The fact that Senator Eagle[ton] ill, sought competent medica[l treat]ment, and was hospitalized ye[t] should not be an impediment [to] lieve it would be a tragic loss [to the] Democratic party and, inde[ed, the] country if we were now to

is the ad the Racing Form refused to print!

inning at the Races May Not Your Idea of Fun, But...

sit, trying to write about Larry . And all the while I'm working eating, the guy I'm writing s out at the racetrack. Not a the world—and probably mak- e money in a day than I make k.

his secret? *He knows how to races. Really* knows. Knows h that he runs a school for ppers. (It's the only one of its he world. Which is why he was appear on "What's My Line.")

ges his "students" two hun- cks apiece. He tells them that e not completely satisfied he'll very cent they've paid, and has ever asked for his money

more, he went on a live radio The Pete Smith Show on February 20, 1971) and did ig that had never been done Mr. Smith really threw it to ed him to pick the winners in aces that were being run at nita, while the program was on Two out of seven would have od enough to show a profit. ould have been phenomenal. egele picked *five!*

been at the track betting, say each race, he would have up a cool $404... net profit! for an afternoon's "work."

he knowledge that Larry pub- *ed* that day... *every* fact that es in his $200 course... is in

never bet on a horse in your ll read and enjoy every word. up understanding more than ys who have been following s all their lives.

an oldtimer, you'll skip the nd and get right down to the ty. If you can forget what you n know, if you have the nerve e *discipline*—to follow his to the *letter*, you could make ney than you ever dreamed

cause you'll *know* more than e people who go to the track 're betting against *them!* The ey lose, *you'll* win! The track tate take their cut, but there's go around.

Anita, for example, over *ion dollars* is bet every day. statistical fact that only one walks out a big winner. You e of them!

egele doesn't look like a race- t. He's not.

ollege graduate. He was the a newspaper. He was a legis- istant to a congressman.

He was a stockbroker, working for a major Wall Street firm. *Was* because he found out that investing in horse races was *safer*—and more profitable—than trying to beat the Bulls and the Bears at their own game.

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Avg. Win Price: $9.60 33% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $6,666.00

Bay Meadows (64 days)
576 Races, 178 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $8.90 31% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $4,356.00

Santa Anita (75 days)
675 Races, 218 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $8.68 32% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $6,237.00

Pimlico, Winter (30 days)
270 Races, 97 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $9.84 35% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $4,140.00

Hialeah (40 days)
400 Races, 147 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $7.80 37% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $3,148.00

Aqueduct (42 days)
378 Races, 127 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $9.10 33% Winners
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Winning at the horse races, traveling first class and living in the best hotels may not be your idea of fun. As for me, I think it sure beats working for a living. See you at the track.

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PHILIP H. DES MAR
Fordham Univer
Bronx, N

Confessi

The FBI's manipulation of Willi Lemmer ["The Confession of an I Informer," Frank Donner, Dec ber] should be read by all Americ for the role that our Justice Dep ment has been playing for year that of official, taxpayer-paid polit provocateur (a role most citizens deny)—could not be more exa examined.

Although Donner's article focu on one agent, there have been h dreds of instances of known attempted FBI infiltration into Vietnam Veterans Against the W As early as "Operation Dewey Can III," the VVAW march on Washi ton in April 1971, at least six age wearing fatigues and trying to ca trouble, were discovered trying pass as vets. Since that time, in nea every state, FBI agents and info ants have been attempting to dest or discredit the VVAW by encour ing militant demonstrations, plant illegal drugs in veterans' homes cars, offering VVAW memb money for favors, for informati promising new cars in exchange mailing lists, and even threaten blackmail over sexual encounters traffic violations if cooperation wa given. An agent once told me he h the power to have me called back to tive duty if I didn't answer cert "nonself-incriminating" questions

But as the Lemmer story gra cally shows, Bureau involvement now escalated into the condoning a encouragement of much more viol tactics. In Ohio, the ACLU has cently filed suit against an alleged formant, Reinhold Mohr—as well the campus police chief—charg that Mohr tried to plant a machi gun and grenade launcher in the K State University VVAW chapter. A such insidious attempts have beco almost commonplace.

Yet despite countless cases of pr ocation, harassment, assault, and rest, *no bona fide VVAW member ever responded with force.* As nation's agents of pain and suffer in Indochina, we (unlike our gove ment) learned the horror and futi

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when you awake, America (if er do), we will still be here.

RY ROTTMANN, Past President Executive Committee, VVAW
Coventry, Conn.

Hospitals for profit

le reading Roger Rapoport's ting article, "A Candle for St. s" [December], my reactions from astonishment to horror. ough I have come to realize ospitals are very dangerous where one is wise not to give ll decision-making powers to I was unaware of the financial ements and intrigues behind It is now clear to me why over- and nutritionally blank food at one can order. I never could tand how they expected to heal perative patient on Coca-Cola. is additionally occurred to me levision and some of its spon- ay be neatly entwined in this blood-colored web. I wonder volved they are in the perpetua- the misconception that hos- and doctors are basically mo- by altruism.

d seems now to be almost an ible motivation for actions, rtainly a more universal char- ic than this seems to be a par- y wicked form of gouging. I d that at least the truth of it ning to surface.

LAURETTE DILLON
Big Sur, Calif.

resident of the Federation of an Hospitals, the national as- on of investor-owned hospitals, nocked by the lack of objectiv- Mr. Rapoport's article. We are nt that your readers will rec- his bias since his content relies on innuendo and twisted facts. aders are entitled to the truth, would like to list some of the nformation that was deliber- nitted from the article.

stor-owned hospitals are built ivate capital, not public tax Replacement of present assets would cost about $4 billion in public money. In addition, our hospitals pay millions of dollars each year in local, state, and federal taxes while maintaining hospital rates that are commensurate with or lower than the rates of other hospitals. Investor-owned hospitals account for approximately 20 percent of the nongovernmental hospitals in the United States; and in more than 100 counties and in many communities, the investor-owned hospital is the only hospital serving the population. Investor-owned hospitals have served to prevent a health crisis in a number of areas by filling a gap in construction of hospital beds both in those communities that were too poor to finance tax-exempt hospitals and in those towns that grew so rapidly they could not keep up with the health needs of exploding populations.

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Lastly we would like to point out that Mr. Rapoport contacted the Federation of American Hospitals for information (facts and figures) regarding our hospitals, yet he failed to use any of the material supplied him.

Investor-owned hospitals are committed to providing quality health care at reasonable costs, and we believe the free-enterprise sector of the hospital field can and does make a significant contribution to the development of a more effective and efficient health-care delivery system.

NORMAN L. WEST, M.D., President
Federation of American Hospitals
Washington, D.C.

ROGER RAPOPORT REPLIES:

Nearly all the information in my piece came from corporate executives, hospital administrators, and doctors with FAH-affiliated hospital chains. If Dr. West will reread the article, he will see that I did use the general statistical information on the chains (number of hospitals, beds, dollar volume) supplied me by the FAH Washington office. The 350 chain-run proprietaries represent the largest and fastest-growing segment of the 1,000 FAH affiliated facilities. While it is true that they have 20

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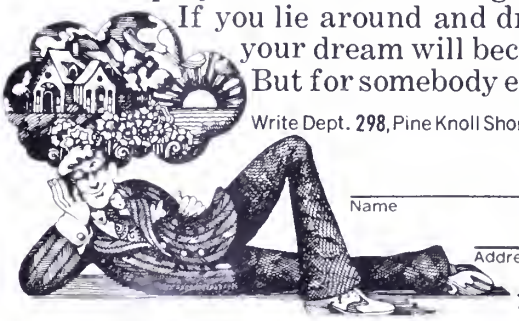
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percent of the hospitals, the official 1970 American Hospital Association survey shows they have about 6 percent of the beds (with about 5 percent currently run by the chains, according to FAH estimate).

Inasmuch as the FAH offered me no comparison price study of profit vs. nonprofit hospitals to support their generalizations, I used the most comprehensive one available. This Lutheran Hospital Association study of 200 Southern California hospitals found the chains charging $128.05 per day for 8.9 services and nonprofits charging $112.96 per day for 13.1 services. The study was based on data from the American Hospital Association. Because the chains make their profit by charging more money for less service, it is only natural that they should pay taxes like any other investor-owned corporation. The nonprofits are tax-exempt because they invest their excess revenues in unprofitable facilities, services, and training frequently lacking in chain hospitals.

Many American communities don't want proprietaries for ethical and financial reasons. In cities such as Fort Meyers, Florida, local doctors have actually thwarted chains that tried to build new hospitals. They feared the proprietaries would skim off profitable patients from existing nonprofit hospitals and dig them in the hole financially.

A March 1972 summary report by the General Accounting Office for the Senate Committee on Government Operations underscored another aspect of this problem: "Overbuilding of medical facilities and excess capacity of specialized medical services contribute to increased health-care costs. . . . Many states have not taken action, however, to control the construction of privately funded medical facilities. Consequently the potential for overconstruction of medical facilities exists."

One large chain is currently trying to build a 250-bed hospital in the Denver area although the GAO study shows the community will have 872 more beds than it needs by 1975. This new profit-making facility will simply add to the oversupply, lower occupancy rates, and increase overall patient charges. Since it costs $102 a day to maintain a vacant hospital bed in Colorado, these 250 extra beds will add roughly $25,000 per day to overall hospitalization costs in De
Naturally this extra cost will be
ered by increasing patient cha
Thus overbuilding by the chains
to the inflationary spiral of me
costs.

Sangre de C

It has come to my attention
you published an article in your
ary issue ["Indian Giving,"
Treisman] dealing with a firm
the Sangre de Cristo Develop
Company of New Mexico. This
pany is not to be confused wit
Colorado subdivision of *Forbes*
azine, namely, Sangre de
Ranches Inc. The nationally a
tised *Forbes* land company is
tered with HUD, New York, Fl
and other states and is fully as
table as the distinguished bu
publishing firm that owns it.

LEONARD H. YA
Executive Vice Pre
Forbes Mag
New York

For the re

In the August 1972 editi
Harper's Magazine, an articl
David K. Shipler] appeared
the title "The White Niggers of
ark." The article contains a
graph of four girls in an auton
with one girl standing behin
automobile.

As attorneys for two of the
shown in the photograph, and
half of the family of these gir
wish it made known that the
graph was not authorized b
young girls for purposes of pu
in the article.

We wish it further known th
young girls shown in the photo
have never associated with th
sons referred to in the article, a
not harbor the social philosoph
has been attributed by the aut
many of the persons referred to
article.

GEORGE T. IMF
Lordi and In
Newark

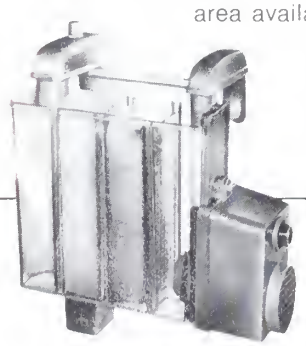
EDITORS' NOTE:

The photograph in questio
meant to portray typical N
High School students and ther
of course, no intent to ascribe
girls in the picture any particul
duct or belief.



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HE EASY CHAIR

r from Leete's Island: a case of termination

UNDERSTAND HER LETTER you ght to know something about hy.

was a strong-minded woman. called her eccentric, but since rics are about as common as ays in our town, that was no for special remark. Until you know her ways, though, she be a little disconcerting. If she it you were talking nonsense, mple, she would say so, loudly. mmand you to shut up. When cided she didn't like a book she ading, she was likely to throw a far corner of the room. ndrel" was her softest term for she disapproved of—the real man who cut a road through orite woods, or the banker who ice refused her husband a loan. tion only a couple on her long st. She never forgave her en- because she considered for- ss "part of that damn fool ianity nonsense." But to her s, who were far more numer- ne was so fiercely devoted that uld not abide a critical word any of them.

ew days after my wife and I to Leete's Island, a small com- in eastern Connecticut, she d into our kitchen, uninvited, g a rapid commentary on ing—I couldn't quite make out -in the voice of an enraged nt major. When she paused for , my bewildered wife said, "I believe I caught your name."

course you didn't," Dorothy I haven't told you yet."

then simmered down to a mild and explained that she wanted come us to the neighborhood. ; heard about our arrival from ial friend. From then until her death we saw her at least once a week and never knew a dull moment in her company.



Eva Rubinstein

At that time she was in her late seventies and had been widowed for about six months. In her younger days she had been an editorial assistant at the *Ladies' Home Journal* and had written short stories and articles for *The New Yorker*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, and other magazines. Her themes usually had been passionately feminist—Women's Lib a generation ahead of time. So it did not surprise me to hear (from others, never from her) that her marriage had been a trying one. For by all accounts (except Dorothy's) her husband Jake had been a difficult fellow—moody, demanding, and quick-tempered. She never spoke of him with anything but affection, and her most cherished memories were of the long hiking trips they had made, decades earlier, through the Quebec woods, each carrying a forty-pound pack. Yet at one time, according to the oral history of the town, she and Jake had decided on divorce. To announce it, they invited all their friends to the biggest party they had ever attempted. It turned out to be such a success that they called off the divorce and lived happily ever after—or at least in a reasonably amiable state of truce.

AFTER HER eightieth birthday, the rheumatoid arthritis that had plagued Dorothy for years took a turn for the worse. She was in severe and increasing pain; neither medication nor physical therapy was much help; and eventually she could get about only with the help of a walker, a few agonizing steps at a time. She never uttered a word of self-pity, but she did resent her growing dependence on friends and on the town's visiting homemakers' service. Most of all she dreaded the day when she would become completely bed-bound; and though her wits (and tongue) remained as sharp as ever, she feared that her wits might begin to falter without her realizing it, as so often happens with elderly people.

When the visiting homemaker came one morning last spring, she found Dorothy in a coma. The town ambulance got her to a New Haven hospital within half an hour, but she died several days later without regaining consciousness.

Her affairs turned out to be in meticulous order, down to the payment of the last bill and balancing of her final bank statement. Arrangements had been made for her modest house, with its stream, pond, and eleven acres of woods and gardens, to go to a biological research station

for use as a nature area—thus saving the land she had tended with such loving care from the real estate developers she loathed. She left instructions for cremation, and no funeral service. Her elderly car and most of her small savings went to her close friend and helper, Viola, a Negro woman who had stayed for dinner with her every Wednesday night. In Viola's care she left carefully considered bequests for each of her other friends—books, a vase, a picture, and the like.

To Viola she also had entrusted a handwritten letter, with the request that a copy should be sent to each of her "dear friends" shortly after her death. It reads, in part, as follows:

This message was started in November 1971. I have reread it and added to it from time to time but made no basic changes.

To those whom I dearly value, this is an explanation, and a confession, and a plea. For if this ignorantly managed attempt is successful, I ask you to be happy for me—and ultimately for yourselves too.

Long ago I accumulated the means for this act; with no morbid intentions; with no sense of guilt; merely cherishing the feeling that if the time ever came when I thought it far better to fall asleep and never wake, I had the very great good fortune to have it in my power to do so. I seem always to have felt that one could—and even under given circumstances should—be the rightful judge of that moment. (It always seemed so distant and unlikely!)

I began really to feel it only after Jake's death when I began to feel truly alone—in the very critical sense of loss of mutual dependence. I felt too old and dilapidated to undertake new obligations of any validity.

The time may be long or short. I do not know, because I want no despondency involved when the precise moment comes. I'm sure it'll take a bit of doing, but it is not quite exactly a matter of courage or cowardice, except as it is the courage of *cowardice and fear (and common sense?). I want to go while I can still enjoy my friends who are so good to me and who I know can still enjoy me; while I can still feel a not too unfavorable balance between the happiness and competence and interest and even limited usefulness of my days—and the difficulties and discomforts and pain and expense involved in trying first to maintain that balance and then later merely to prolong life.*

At that point I waited (it is now early April) and the effort is steadily increasing.

I think it will not be long now, for once clearly decided, I can feel the decision setting its own time-quickening schedule... I've just had a splendid hour of sunshine and comradeship in this my best loved room, and it is that *which seems real and everlasting—with the other just a grim and foolish nightmare that I'll awaken from. But the inexorable stark truth lies the other way around, and that cherished splendid hour will last only as long as memory lasts.... The reasons for the* when *as well as the reasons for the* why, *make it a tightly woven complex of tough small fibres that result in a determined act when determined on.*

TWO THINGS BOTHER ME about that letter. The first is that Dorothy felt it necessary to write it—she who never in the years I knew her had felt any need to explain or apologize for whatever she did. The second is that her last act had to be "ignorantly managed" and the "means" had to be accumulated surreptitiously and "long ago." Presumably, whatever drug she used had lost some of its potency; hence the prolonged coma at the end.

Yet I am glad she wrote it; for it has led me, over the months I have been thinking about it, to reverse a lifelong conviction. I have quoted from the letter at some length in the hope that it may persuade at least a few others to a similar change in belief—to the conviction that our society's whole attitude toward suicide is profoundly wrong.

I was raised like most Americans in the belief that suicide is an immoral act. Under some circumstances, I still believe that to be true. But in Dorothy's circumstances, what she did now seems to me not only sensible but morally praiseworthy. Even the word "suicide" seems wrong to me in such a case, because it is so heavily encrusted with connotations of disapproval. I would rather call it a case of termination.

Dorothy had no children, no dependents, no close relatives. Her wasting body would soon become a grief and burden to her friends, as it was to her. Recovery was out of the question. Her decision then seems a r
ral one, like that of the old Eski
who know when the time has com
them to drift off on an ice floe
the final cold.

Yet she—who had no pati
whatever with foolish social con
tions—felt some social compulsi
explain and justify her decision.
more rational society she would
felt no such need, taking it for gra
that her friends would unders
and approve. And in such a so
she—who hated anything surr
tious—would have been able to c
it out more openly and more sur

ASIDE FROM THE CLERGY, the
obstacle in the way of a
rational attitude is the medical
fession. Paradoxically, too, it is
medical profession that has ma
change in public values long over
For, thanks to modern medicine,
average life expectancy no long
thirty-five years, as it was in
grandfather's time. Nowadays (
overpopulation has become a w
wide problem) any number of pe
can expect to drag on into thei
luctant eighties. The nursing h
are full of them, in misery, pain,
longing for the end.

Out of a fairly wide acquainta
ship among medical men, I
known only two doctors who ag
with Dorothy's view that a perso
a right to die at the time of his c
ing. One of them told me that he
mally let a patient slip away wit
"heroic measures" whenever bo
them knew the case was hopeless.
other goes further. When a pa
asks to be helped along, as he pu
he takes the necessary action.

Perhaps a good many other do
secretly behave the same way.
most of those with whom I've
cussed the matter still believe th
is their duty to keep a patient
to the last possible moment, by v
ever means. That is an imperativ
posed upon them by their trai
by the tradition of their profes
since Hippocrates, and by the Ju
Christian moral code. I respect
conviction, but I believe the tim
come to reexamine it, as has
done to so many other items in
traditional moral code in recent y

This is not a matter for legisla
That may be needed eventually
those states where attempted sui
or the abetting of it, is listed

ndeed, a "Death with Dig-
ll recently has been intro-
the Florida legislature—so
now the first of its kind any-
ut the first necessary step is a
n the public consensus. That
pen only as the end product
discussion—in print, in con-
ns among friends, and most
ntly in consultations between
nd physicians. Once doctors
realize that many of their
feel as Dorothy did, it will
r for them to rethink their
sitions. Then there may be
ses, so familiar to all of us,
life is prolonged for weeks
ns at the cost of great suffer-
ne patient and financial and
al bankruptcy for his family.

R AS I KNOW, the only orga-
d effort in this direction is
ade by the Euthanasia Edu-
Council, 250 West 57th
ew York 10019. (Euthanasia
d from the Greek term for
eath"; in this, as in so many
pects of philosophy, the an-
eks were way ahead of us.)
yone who wants it, the Coun-
end a copy of a document it
ving Will. It reads:

y family, my physician, my
n, my lawyer:

time comes when I can no
ke part in decisions for my
re, let this statement stand
stament of my wishes:

re is no reasonable expecta-
y recovery from physical or
isability, I request that I be
to die and not be kept alive
cial means or heroic mea-
eath is as much a reality as
owth, maturity and old age—
one certainty. I do not fear
much as I fear the indignity
rioration, dependence and
pain. I ask that drugs be
y administered to me for
suffering even if they hasten
ent of death.

equest is made after careful
ation. Although this docu-
not legally binding, you who
me will, I hope, feel morally
follow its mandate. I recog-
it places a heavy burden of
bility upon you, and it is with
tion of sharing that responsi-
d of mitigating any feelings
hat this statement is made.

Signed———



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Mary Jo Bane and Christopher Jencks

FIVE MYTHS ABOUT YOUR IQ

What test makers call "intelligence" has surprisingly little to do with your success or failure in



STANDARD IQ TESTS purport to measure "intelligence," which is widely viewed as the key to adult success. As a result, children with low IQ scores* are the subject of anxious solicitude from their parents, while groups that test badly, notably blacks, are constantly on the defensive. This is doubly true when, as usually happens, those who do poorly on IQ tests also do poorly on school achievement tests that measure things like reading comprehension and arithmetic skills.

Parents' and teachers' anxieties have been further intensified as a result of claims that IQ scores are largely determined by heredity. If an individual's genes determine his IQ, and if IQ then determines his chances of adult success, it is a short step to the conclusion that there is nothing he can do to improve his prospects. Moreover, if life chances are determined at birth, many recent efforts at social reform have obviously been doomed from the start.

The controversy over IQ and achievement tests has become so bitter that it is almost impossible to discuss the subject rationally. Neither social scientists nor laymen seem to have much interest in the actual facts, which are extremely complex. The best currently available evidence suggests that:

- IQ tests measure only one rather limited variety of intelligence, namely the kind that schools (and psychologists) value. Scores on the tests show remarkably little relationship to performance in most adult roles. People with high scores do a little better in most jobs than people with low scores, and they earn somewhat more money, but the differences are surprisingly small.
- The poor are seldom poor because they have low IQ scores, low reading scores, low arithmetic scores, or bad genes. They are poor because they either cannot work, cannot find adequately paying jobs, or cannot keep such jobs. This has very little to do with their test scores.
- Claims that "IQ scores are 80 percent hereditary" appear to be greatly exaggerated. Test results depend almost as much on variations in children's environments as on variations in their genes.
- While differences in the environments that children grow up in explain much of the variation in their test scores, differences in their school experiences appear to play a relatively minor role. But even socioeconomic background has a quite modest impact on test scores. Many factors that influence the scores seem to be unrelated to either school quality or parental status. At present, nobody has a clear idea what these factor how they work, or what we c about them.
- If school quality has a mode fect on adult test scores, and scores then have a modest on economic success. scho forms aimed at teaching basi nitive skills are likely to minuscule effects on student ture earning power.

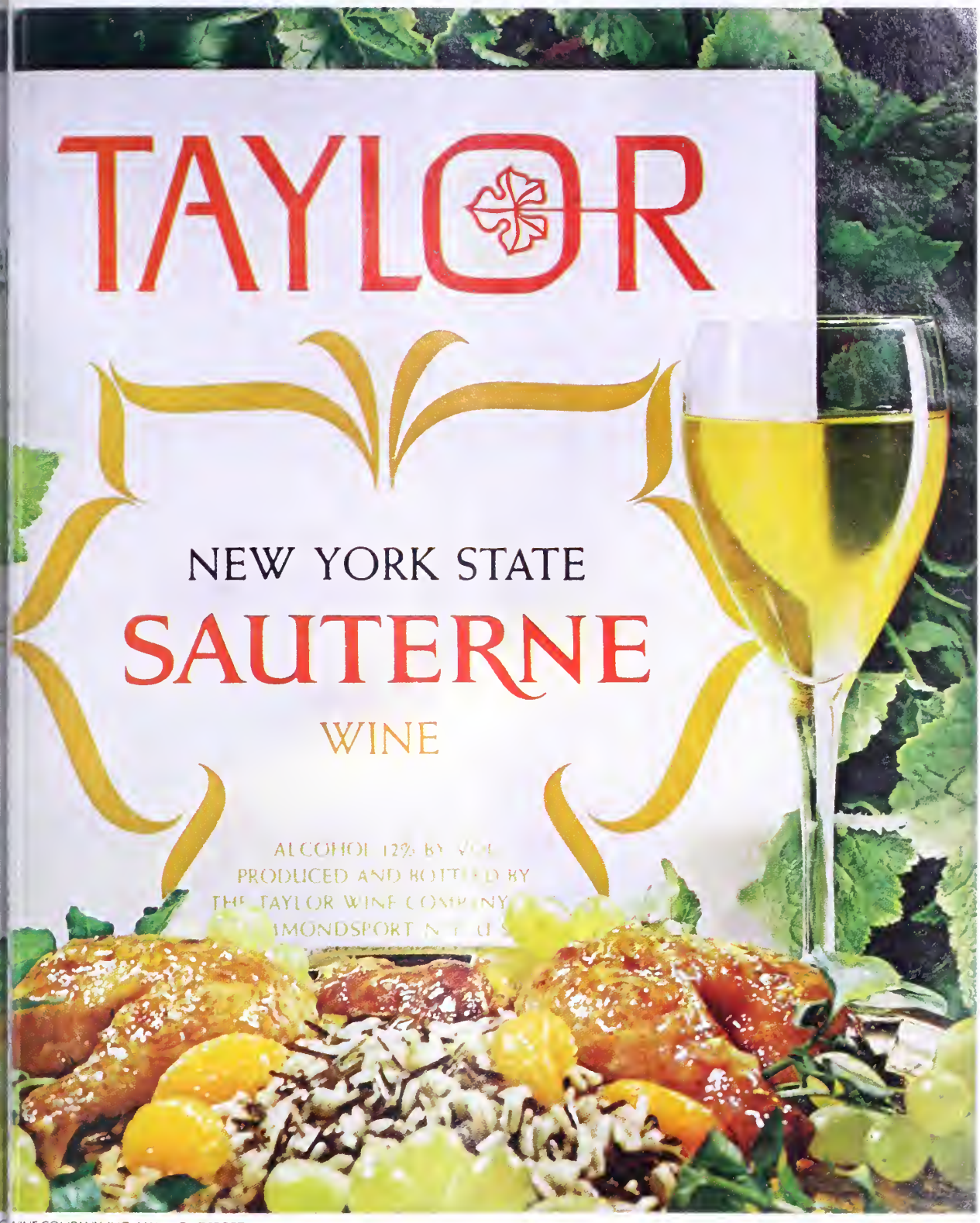
Each of these conclusions c dicts a commonly accepted about IQ.

Myth 1: IQ tests are the best sure of human intelligence.

WHEN ASKED whether IQ really measure "intellige psychologists are fond of sayin this is a meaningless question. simply define intelligence as "ever IQ tests measure." Th rather like Humpty-Dumpty, whom words meant whateve wanted them to mean, and it wa a question of who was to be ma The trouble is that psychologist *not* the masters of language, and cannot assign arbitrary meanin words without causing all kin confusion. In the real world, p cannot use a term like intelli without assuming that it means different things at once—all important. Those who claim tha telligence is what intelligence measure" ought logically to ass for example, that "intelligence no more consequence in huma fairs than whatever intelligence measure." But people do not this way. Having said that "in gence is what IQ tests meas

* An intelligence quotient is computed by ascertaining a person's mental age on the basis of a standardized intelligence test, and multiplying the result by 100. That result is then divided by the person's chronological age, to yield the IQ. Thus, the average IQ of the population is (and arithmetically must be) 100. About one person in six has an IQ under 85, and about one in six has an IQ over 115. About one in forty is under 70, and about one in forty is over 130.

Mary Jo Bane is a research associate at Harvard's Center for Educational Policy Research and a fellow of the Center for the Study of Public Policy in Cambridge. Christopher Jencks is an associate professor of education at Harvard and a fellow of the Cambridge Policy Studies Institute. They are the authors, with five others, of Inequality: A Reassessment of the Effect of Family and Schooling in America.



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psychologists always end up assuming that what IQ tests measure *must* be important, because "intelligence" is important. This road leads through the looking glass.

What, then, does the term "intelligence" really mean? For most people, it includes all the mental abilities required to solve whatever theoretical or practical problems they happen to think important. At one moment intelligence is the ability to unravel French syntax. At another it is the intuition required to understand what ails a neurotic friend. At still another it is the capacity to anticipate future demand for hog bristles. We know from experience that these skills are only loosely related to one another. People who are "intelligent" in one context often are remarkably "stupid" in another. Thus, in weighing the value of IQ tests, one must ask exactly what *kinds* of intelligence they really measure and what kinds they do not measure.

The evidence we have reviewed suggests that IQ tests are quite good at measuring the kinds of intelligence needed to do school work. Students who do well on IQ tests are quite likely to get good grades in school. They are also likely to stay in school longer than average. But the evidence also suggests that IQ tests are *not* very good at measuring the skills required to succeed in most kinds of adult work.

Myth 2: The poor are poor because they have low IQs. Those with high IQs end up in well-paid jobs.

THE FACT IS that people who do well on IQ and achievement tests do not perform much better than average in most jobs. Nor do they earn much more than the average. There have been more than a hundred studies of the relationship between IQ and people's performance on different jobs, using a wide variety of techniques for rating performance. In general, differences in IQ account for less than 10 percent of the variation in actual job performance. In many situations, there is no relationship at all between a man's IQ and how competent he is at his job. IQ also plays a modest role in determining income, explaining only about 12 percent of the variation. Thus, 88 percent of the variation in income is unrelated to IQ.

Nor do IQ differences account for much of the economic gap between blacks and whites. Phillips Cutright of the University of Indiana has conducted an extensive investigation of blacks who were examined by the Selective Service System in 1952. These men all took the Armed Forces Qualification Test, which measures much the same thing as an IQ test. In 1962, the average black in this sample earned 43 percent less than the average white. Blacks with AFQT scores as high as the average white's earned 32 percent less than the average white. Equalizing black and white test scores therefore reduced the income gap by about a quarter. Three quarters of the gap had nothing to do with test scores. This same pattern holds for whites born into working-class and middle-class families. Whites with middle-class parents earn more than whites with working-class parents, but only 25–35 percent of the gap is traceable to test-score differences between the two groups.

None of this means that a child with a high IQ has no economic advantage over a child with a low IQ, nor that a child with high reading and math scores has no economic advantage over a child with low scores. It just means that the economic effect is likely to be much smaller than anxious parents or educational reformers expect. Among white males, those who score in the top fifth on standardized tests appear to earn about a third more than the national average. Those who score in the bottom fifth earn about two-thirds of the national average. These differences are by no means trivial. But they do not look very impressive when we recall that the best paid fifth of all workers earns six or seven times as much as the worst paid fifth. Most of that gap has nothing to do with test scores, and cannot be eliminated by equalizing test scores.

How can this be? We know that test scores play a significant role in determining school grades, in determining how long students stay in school, and in determining what kinds of credentials they eventually earn. We also know that credentials play a significant role in determining what occupations men enter. Occupations, in turn, have a significant effect on earnings. But at each stage in this process there are many exceptions, and the cumulative result is that exceptions are almost commonplace. A significant number of students relatively low test scores earn col degrees, for example. In additio significant number of individ without college degrees enter paid occupations, especially in ness. Finally, people in relatively status occupations (such as ph ers and electricians) often earn than professionals (think of teac and clergymen). Overall, then, t are a lot of people with rather test scores who nonetheless above-average incomes, and a l people with high IQs but below- age incomes.

The limited importance of scores is also clear if we look a really poor—those who have t by on less than half the national age. Nearly half of all poor fam have no earner at all, either bec they are too old, because they headed by a woman with young dren, or because the father is alcoholic, mentally ill, or othe incapacitated. These problems bit more common among people low IQs, but that is not the pri explanation for any of them.

This does not mean that fina success depends primarily on s economic background, as many erals and radicals seem to be Socioeconomic background has the same influence as IQ on how schooling a person gets, on the of occupation he enters, and on much money he makes. Thus w say that *neither* socioeconomic ground *nor* IQ explains much variation in adult occupational or income. Most of the economi equality among adults is due to factors.

Unfortunately, we do not enough to identify with much sion the other factors leading t nomic success. All we can suggest their complexity. First, is a wide variety of skills that little or no connection with IQ have a strong relationship to su in some specialized field. The a to hit a ball thrown at high spe extremely valuable, if you happ be a professional baseball playe ability to walk along a narrow beam 600 feet above the ground out losing your nerve is also valuable, if you happen to be struction worker. In addition, personality traits have subst cash value in certain contexts. who is good at figuring out wh

ants, or good at getting his
nates to understand and do
wants, is at a great premium
ost any large hierarchical or-
ion. While these talents are
ss related to IQ, the connec-
obviously very loose. Simi-
person who inspires confi-
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her he is a doctor, a clergy-
small businessman, or a Ma-
nd inspiring confidence de-
as much on manner as on
abilities.

lly, there is the matter of luck.
a is full of gamblers, some of
trike it rich while others lose
rned assets. One man's farm
on it, while another man's
get hoof-and-mouth disease.
n backs a "mad inventor" and
p owning a big piece of
d, while another backs a mad
r and ends up owning a piece
hless paper. We cannot say
bout the relative importance
factors, but when it comes to
a dollar, IQ is clearly only a
part of a big, complicated

**: Your IQ is overwhelmingly
ined by your genetic endow-**

THE PAST DECADE, an enor-
us number of school reform
ns have attempted to raise the
of those who do poorly on
dized tests. These programs
volved preschool education,
um development, teacher
, compensatory education,
trative reorganization, and
other innovations. None
to have produced the prom-
sults on a permanent basis.
s led many people to the con-
that variations in IQ scores
flect innate genetic differences
individuals and groups. This
ical non sequitur. But more
nt, the theory that IQ scores
rmined at the moment of con-
is not supported by the
e. Genes clearly have a signi-
nfluence on IQ and school
ment scores, but so does en-
nt. The reason reform pro-
have failed to improve test
s not that the environment is
nt but that the reforms have
red the most important fea-
the environment.

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"Thank God it wasn't messy. They gave her the house and dog, and he got the Chivas Regal."

12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE · BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86 PROOF · GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS

Much of the continuing furor over IQ scores derives from Arthur Jensen's controversial claim that genes "explain" something like 80 percent of the variation in children's performance on IQ tests. We have reviewed the same evidence as Jensen, and while it certainly shows that genes have *some* effect on IQ, we believe that his 80 percent estimate is much too high. The details of the argument are extremely complicated, but the basic reasons that Jensen overestimated the role of heredity and underestimated the role of environment are fairly easy to understand.

First, Jensen estimated the influence of genes on IQ scores largely by using data from studies of twins. Some of these studies dealt with identical twins who had been separated early in life and brought up by different parents. Identical twins have exactly the same genes. When they are brought up in different environments, all differences between them can be attributed to the effects of their environments.

Other studies compared identical twins who had been reared together with fraternal twins who had been reared together. Fraternal twins have only about half their genes in common; identical twins have all their genes in common. Thus if identical twins were no more alike on IQ tests than fraternal twins, we would have to conclude that genetic resemblance did not affect the children's test scores. But identical twins are in fact considerably more alike than fraternal twins, so it seems reasonable to suppose that genes have a significant effect on test scores. (Identical twins may also be treated somewhat more alike than fraternal twins, but the effect of this appears to be small.)

It is perfectly legitimate to use twin studies to estimate the relative influence of heredity and environment on test scores. But we can also estimate the effects of environment by measuring the degree of resemblance between adopted children reared in the same home. When we do this, environment appears to have somewhat more effect than it does in twin studies, while genes appear to have somewhat less effect. No one has ever offered a good explanation for this discrepancy, but that does not justify ignoring it. The most reasonable assumption is that the true effect of heredity is somewhat less than that suggested by twin studies but somewhat more than that suggested by studies of unrelated children in the same home.

A second difficulty with Jensen's estimate is that it is based on twin studies in England as well as in the United States. When we separate the American and English studies, we find that genetic factors appear to be more important in England than in America. This suggests that children's environments are more varied in the United States than they are in England. Other evidence, as well as common-sense observation of the two cultures, supports this interpretation. Consequently, when Jensen pools English and American data to arrive at his estimate of the effects of genes on IQ scores, he overestimates the relative importance of genes in America and underestimates their importance in England.

A third problem: Jensen assumes that the effects of genes and those of environment are completely independent of one another. In fact, since parents with favorable genes tend to have above-average cognitive skills, they tend to provide their children with unusually rich home environments. Our calculations suggest that this double advantage accounts for about a fifth of the variation in IQ scores.

AFTER CORRECTING all these biases, our best estimate is that genes explain 45 rather than 80 percent of the variation in IQ scores in contemporary America. This 45 percent estimate could easily be off by 10 percent either way, and it might conceivably be off by as much as 20 percent either way. The estimate would change if the range of environments were to increase or decrease for any reason. Genes are relatively more important in small homogeneous communities, where children's environments are relatively similar, than in America as a whole. By the same token, genes are relatively less important among groups whose environments are unusually diverse. If, for example, there were a sharp increase in the number of children suffering from acute malnutrition, or if large numbers of children were excluded from schools, environmental inequality would increase, and the relative importance of genes in determining IQ scores would decrease.

While genes probably account for something like 45 percent of the ation in IQ scores, it does not fo that genetic differences in a learning capacity account for thing like this much variation. G influence test scores in two different ways. First, they influ what an individual learns fro given environment. Placed in fro the same TV program, one child remember more of what he sees another. Confronted with subtrac one child may "catch on" faster another. These differences d partly from genetically based d ences in learning capacity. In tion, however, genes can influenc environments to which people exposed. Imagine a nation tha fuses to send children with red to school. Under these circumsta having genes that cause red hai lower your reading scores. This not tell us that children with red cannot learn to read. It tells us that in this particular situation is a socially imposed relatio between genes and opportuniti learn. In America, the genes affect skin color have an in influence on an individual's o tunities and incentives to learn skills. So too hereditary appea and athletic ability influen youngster's chance of getting many colleges, and thus affect her later test scores.

Beyond all that, a person's may influence his actual lea capacity, which may then affe opportunities and incentives to If an individual has low test for genetic reasons, he ma assigned to a "slow" class wh learns less. Or he may be exc from college. Such practices te widen the initial test score between the genetically advan and the genetically disadvan The resulting inequality is thu *both* to genes *and* to environmen conventional methods of estim heritability impute the entire enee to genes.

When we say that genes "ex 45 percent of the variation i scores, we are talking about overall effect, including their both on the capacity to learn a opportunities and incentives to No one has yet devised a meth separating these two effects. opportunities and incentives t were absolutely equal, genetica termined differences in learni

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pacity would account for considerably less than 45 percent of the variation in IQ scores.

Myth 4: The main reason black children and poor white children have low IQ scores is that they have "bad" genes.

CHILDREN FROM POOR families tend to get lower scores on both IQ and school achievement tests than children from middle-class families. This difference is apparent when children enter school, and it does not seem to change much as children get older. Many liberals argue that the reason poor children do badly on these tests is that the tests are biased. Most of the tests contain items that are culturally loaded, in the sense that they presume familiarity with certain objects or assume the correctness of certain attitudes. The bias in these items always appears to favor children from middle-class backgrounds. Yet when psychologists have examined children's answers to these "loaded" items, they have not found that poor children did particularly badly on them. Nor have they found that eliminating such items from tests reduced the disparity in overall performance between poor and middle-class children. Middle-class children outscore poor children by as much on "culture free" tests as on "culturally loaded" tests. This suggests that what poor children lack is not specific information but more basic skills that are relevant to many different kinds of tests.

These findings seem to support the theory that test-score differences between rich and poor derive from genetic differences between rich and poor children. Like the "cultural bias" explanation, this "genetic" explanation has considerable logical appeal. Everyone who has studied the matter agrees that genes have *some* influence on test scores, that test scores have *some* influence on education attainment, and that education has *some* influence on adult success. It follows that there must be *some* genetic difference, however small, between economically successful and unsuccessful adults. If this is true, there must also be some genetic difference between children with successful and unsuccessful parents.

The evidence suggests, however, that genetic differences [illegible] successful and unsuccessful [illegible] play a very minor role in det[illegible] children's IQs. Studies of [illegible] children indicate that ge[illegible] account for as much as ha[illegible] served correlation between [illegible] status and children's test s[illegible] direct evidence, derived [illegible] relationship between test s[illegible] parental success, suggests [illegible] relationship is even weaker [illegible] our best guess is that genet[illegible] ences between social classe[illegible] no more than 6 percent of t[illegible] tion in IQ scores, while [illegible] differences between social c[illegible] plain another 6–9 percent.

This conclusion means [illegible] average middle-class child [illegible] a small genetic advantage [illegible] average working-class chil[illegible] also means that there are m[illegible] ing-class children than mid[illegible] children with high genetic p[illegible] This is because there are m[illegible] ing-class children to begin wi[illegible] their average score is a lit[illegible] than that of middle-class chil[illegible] difference is very small, a[illegible] half of all working-class chi[illegible] above the middle-class avera[illegible]

Furthermore, while differ[illegible] tween rich and poor whites [illegible] ably partly genetic, this tells [illegible] ing about the origins of di[illegible] between whites and blacks [illegible] have lower IQ and achieveme[illegible] than whites, even when thei[illegible] have similar economic posit[illegible] blacks also grow up in very [illegible] social and cultural envi[illegible] from whites, even when thei[illegible] have the same occupations[illegible] comes. We have no way of m[illegible] the effects of these cultura[illegible] ences. Our personal feeling[illegible] black-white cultural differenc[illegible] easily explain the observed l[illegible] ence, which is only about 1[illegible] Differences of this magnit[illegible] often found between whi[illegible] cultures. Both black and whi[illegible] on military tests rose about 1[illegible] between World War I an[illegible] War II, for example. Whites [illegible] ern Tennessee improved by [illegible] this much between 1930 an[illegible] apparently as a result of the i[illegible] tion of schools, roads, rad[illegible]

The key point is that *it [illegible] much matter whether IQ di[illegible] between blacks and whites ar[illegible] tary or environmental.* IQ acc[illegible] only a quarter of the income

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blacks and whites. Therefore, genes accounted for *all* the IQ ween blacks and whites, which ly likely, they would account y a quarter of the economic ı all probability their role is ller. The widespread obsession ossible genetic differences be- races is thus a diversion from l problem. We ought to worry eliminating the discrimination ill accounts for most of the ed economic difference be- blacks and whites. If this could e, the average black would be g almost as much as the aver- ıite, and the pointless debate possible genetic differences no longer seem important to ensible people.

: Improving the quality of the s will go a long way toward ; out differences in IQ and achievement and therefore dren's life chances.

ETHER WE LIKE IT or not, the ality of a child's school has ss effect than his social class on scores. The best evidence on ll comes from the 1965 Equal- f Educational Opportunity , whose first and most famous t was the Coleman Report. ırvey did not give individual s to children, but it did give l ability" tests that are very . It also gave reading and math he results of this survey have l all sorts of controversy, but ıve been confirmed by several arge surveys, notably the na- study of high schools con- by Project Talent throughout 60s. These surveys show that ferences among students in the school are far greater than ference between the average t in one school and the aver- ıdent in another.

surveys also show that test differences between the alumni erent schools are largely due to nces between the entering ts. Those from high-status s who enter school with high ores tend to end up with high no matter what school they Conversely, students from tus families with low initial tend to end up with low scores ı what most people define as ' schools. It follows that even

From Calcutta...

Report on Elizabeth Dass...



REC'D CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC. Richmond, Virginia

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.
CALCUTTA, INDIA - CASEWORKER REPORT

TO NAZARETH HOME, CALCUTTA — DATE: MARCH 17, 1969

NAME: ELIZABETH DASS — DATE OF BIRTH: APRIL 12, 1964

NATIVE PLACE: CALCUTTA — ORDER OF BIRTH: THIRD DAUGHTER

HEALTH: FRAIL, THIN, WALKS WX WITH DIFFICULTY, PROTEIN DEPRIVED

CHARACTERISTICS: GENTLE, QUIET, COOPERATIVE. SPEAKS CLEARLY AND IS OF GOOD MIND. WILL BE ABLE TO LEARN ONCE HEALTH AND STRENGTH XX ARE RESTORED.

PARENTXEMXSCONDITION: FATHER: DECEASED.

MOTHER: MALNOURISHED, RECENT VICTIM OF XXK SMALLPOX, WORKS IN A MATCH FACTORY.

INVESTIGATION REPORT:

ELIZABETH'S FATHER USED TO BE A STREET CLEARNER, DIED FROM TYPHUS. HER MOTHER IS VERY WEAK FROM HER RECENT ILLNESS-INDEEDIT IS REMARKABLE SHE IS ALIVE AT ALL. ONLY WORK AVAILABLE TO THIS WOMAN IS IN A MATCH FACTORY WHERE SHE EARNS TWO RUPEES A DAY (26¢) WHEN SHE IS STRONG ENOUGH TO GET THERE AND WORK.

HOME CONDITIONS: HOUSE: ONE ROOM BUSTEE (HOVEL) OCCUPIED BY SEVERAL OTHER PERSONS BESIDES ELIZABETH AND HER MOTHER. HOUSE IS SO SMALL COOKING IS DONE ON THE FOOTPATH. BATHING IS DONE AT A PUBLIC TAP DOWN THE ROAD. PERSONS LIVING WITH THEM IN THIS HOUSE ARE NOT OF GOOD REPUTE, AND THE MOTHER FEARS FOR ELIZABETH.

SISTERS: MARIA DASS, DECEASED OB SMALLPOX
LORRAINE DASS, ALSO DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
(ELIZABETH FORTUNATELY ENTIRELY ESCAPED CONTAGION)

REMARKS: ELIZABETH WILL CENTAINLY BECOME ILL, PERHAPS WILL TAKE UP THIEVING, MAYBE EVEN MORE TERRIBLE WAYS OF LIVING, IF SHE IS NOT REMOVED FROM XN PRESENT HOME CONDITIONS. HER MOTHER IS WILLING FOR HER TO GO TO NAZARETH HOME AND WEEPS WITH JOY AT THE HOPE OF HER LITTLE XX DAUGHTER BECOMING SAFE FROM THE WRETCHED LIFE THEY NOW HAVE.

STRONGEST RECOMMENDATION THAT ELIZABETH DASS BE ADMITTED AT ONCE.

Elizabeth Dass was admitted to the Nazareth Home a few days after we received this report and she is doing better now. Her legs are stronger . . . she can walk and sometimes even run with the other children. She is beginning to read and can already write her name.

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if all schools had exactly the same effects on students' scores, the variation in students' IQ and achievement scores would decline very little. Qualitative differences among elementary schools seem to account for less than 6 percent of the variation in IQ test scores. Qualitative differences among high schools account for less than 2 percent.

In theory, of course, we could give students with low initial scores *better* schooling than students with high initial scores. This would allow us to reduce initial differences by more than 6 percent. The difficulty is that nobody knows how to do this. There is no consistent relationship between the amount of money we spend on a school and the rate at which children's test scores improve after they enter. Indeed, while school expenditures nearly doubled during the 1960s, a recent Project Talent survey shows that eleventh graders' school achievement scores hardly changed at all during that decade. Nor is there a consistent relationship between any specific school resource and the rate at which students' test scores rise. Neither small classes, well-paid teachers, experienced teachers, teachers with advanced degrees, new textbooks, nor adequate facilities have a consistent effect on students' scores.

Compensatory educational programs aimed at boosting the test scores of disadvantaged students have also produced discouraging results. Some studies report big gains, but others show that students who were not in the program gained more than those who were. Taken as a group, these studies suggest that students' scores do not improve any faster in compensatory programs than elsewhere. Thus, while there are good theoretical reasons for assuming that we can improve the test scores of those who enter school at a disadvantage, there is also strong evidence that educators simply do not know how to do this at the present time. (Neither, we should add, do educational critics, including ourselves.)

Racial and economic segregation may have slightly more effect than school expenditures on IQ test scores. The evidence, however, is by no means conclusive. Blacks who attend what we might call "naturally" desegregated schools, that is, schools in racially mixed neighborhoods, generally have higher test scores than blacks who attend segregated schools. These differences are apparent when students enter first grade, but they increase over time. This suggests that attending a racially mixed school boosts test scores somewhat faster than attending an all-black school. But the cumulative difference over six years of elementary school is small enough so that the effect in any one year is likely to be almost undetectable.

When we turn from "naturally" desegregated schools to schools that have been desegregated by busing, the evidence is more ambiguous. Some busing studies report that blacks showed appreciable gains. Very few report losses. Most show no statistically reliable difference. Since most of the studies involve small samples and short periods of time, this is not surprising. Taken together, the studies suggest that *on the average* busing probably increases black students' test scores, but that there are plenty of exceptions. Our best guess, based on evidence from both studies of busing and studies of naturally desegregated schools, is that desegregated schools would eventually reduce the test score gap between blacks and whites by about 20 percent. This is, however, only an educated guess. The evidence on this question remains inconclusive, despite some recent extravagant claims to the contrary.

Nor is there any obvious reason to suppose that either decentralization or community control will improve students' test scores. Among whites, relatively small districts score at about the same level as large ones, once other factors are taken into account. Neither decentralization nor community control has been tried on a large enough scale in black communities to prove very much. But predominantly black suburban school districts, like Ravenswood and Compton in California, do not appear to have produced particularly impressive results. Neither have they done particularly badly.

None of this means that we should spend less on schools, stop trying to desegregate them, or reject decentralization or community control. Quite the contrary. If additional expenditures make schools better places for children, then they are justified regardless of their effects on reading comprehension, or IQ scores. If school desegregation reduces racial antagonism over the long run, then we should desegregate even t
the students' test scores rema
affected. And if community c
gives parents the feeling th
schools belong to "us" rathe
"them," this too is worthwhile
own sake. Given the slim con
between test scores and adult s
it would be myopie to judge a
of school reform primarily in
of its effect on either IQ or
achievement.

BECAUSE A STUDENT'S mast
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he will do once he graduates, r
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effectively are not likely to t
very far toward economic pro
or equality among adults. W
noted that only 12 percent of th
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that reducing inequality in test
is very difficult. Under these c
stances it makes little sense f
nomic egalitarians to concentr
equalizing IQ and achievement
Instead, they should concentr
eliminating the other sources
come inequality, which cause
cent of the problem.

To be sure, this is more easi
than done. Those who do well
present economic system ine
resist reforms that would reduc
privileges. Those who do po
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part too demoralized to pro
any effective way. So long as th
sists, there will be little cha
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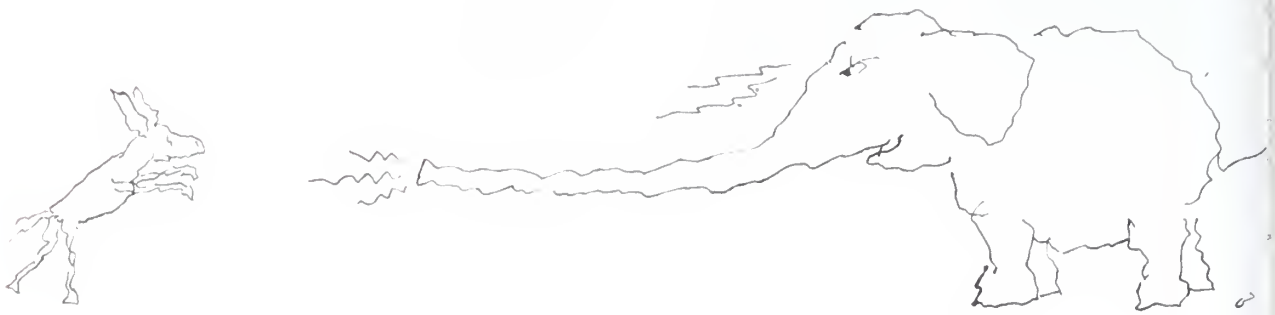
to Andros. Where the world is still new. Parts of Andros Island may always remain undiscovered.
w to that. The west coast is in and out of shallow water and uninhabited. The vast interior is a forest of timber pine where
of man is rarely heard. But the east coast makes Andros idyllic for a sportsman. For divers, there are the incredible Blue
l the third largest underwater reef in the world. For fishermen, the Tongue of the Ocean, in excess of 1000 fathoms deep,
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Craig Karpel

REPUBLICAN MAGIC

Election Day in a madhouse



Perhaps they did not fully grasp the extraordinary nature of this confrontation—at least, not in the way we did.

—Milton Rokeach,
The Three Christs of Ypsilanti

WHERE WOULD YOU have had me receive the returns, reader, had you known you had an itinerant surrogate out there prepared to do anything on your behalf that evening except allow himself to be bored?

In the family room of Roy and Dale Evans Rogers?

In the bar at Dirty Ernie's Paragon Hotel & Cafe in Farmingdale, New York?

In the Adjustment Center at San Quentin Prison?

In a rude hogan on the Navajo Indian Reservation in Cameron, Arizona?

In a coin-op TV chair that buzzes if you sit in it without inserting a quarter at the Eugene, Oregon, Municipal Airport?

On the train they call The City of New Orleans?

Well, these are good suggestions all, but I decided that the only vantage from which to view the spectacle of America's foremost commentators preempting the flow of packaged entertainment to the public, in order to commentate on a political event the purport of which was, essentially, that the public did not want the flow of packaged entertainment to it preempted FOR ANY REASON, least of all political events—well, the only place that would have any semblance of sanity was a madhouse.

Plus, I'd been seeing a lot of posters and such that said "President Nixon" or "President McGovern" and thinking, Both these cats *can't* be correct. It reminded me of a book called *The Three Christs of Ypsilanti*, which told how, to study the aberration of identity, Dr. Milton Rokeach had brought together, at Ypsilanti State Hospital in Michigan, three men who believed they were God. In two and a half years they were never able to agree on who was Who. If only, I thought, Rokeach had let the other inmates vote on who *they* thought was best qualified to be King of the Universe. So you can imagine my glee when Vince De Loach, the PR man at that hospital, told me that there is now a ward at Ypsi called Hope Village, which is governed according to democratic principles, electing its own officers and legislature, voting on its own rules, with its own mayor, its own cop, its own jail, and that it so happened that one of the Christs lives there and wasn't elected anything. Furthermore, De Loach explained that he had given notice to the hospital that he'd be quitting his job in three weeks, and he said that under the circumstances he'd be especially happy to open doors for me.

A democratically run nut hatch on election night. Consider that, I thought italically, as against the autocratically run cuckoo's nest of Ken Kesey's *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* proposed as a metaphor for Sixties America—Big Nurse vamping on a ward full of innocent [illegible] ultimately sending disruptive [illegible] lient McMurphy/Kesey to t[illegible] have his brains minced. By [illegible] son, Hope Village, with its ca[illegible] "behavior modification," to[illegible] omy, and electoral process—[illegible] freedom of the electors som[illegible] off the agenda—was no mere [illegible] metaphor for Seventies Ame[illegible] genuine simile.

But the bottom line o[illegible] wanted to watch the returns [illegible] pinheads, spastics, morons, [illegible] and paranoids of Ypsilanti i[illegible] ancient advisory nexus betw[illegible] ness and statecraft had bee[illegible] and I wished to view the wo[illegible] the latter from the perspecti[illegible] former. There had been a ti[illegible] a king wouldn't cross the st[illegible] out consulting the sibyls of [illegible] Cumae. Today, when a Ti[illegible] praintelligence arises, it end[illegible] "interesting case" at Payne [illegible] or Psychiatric Institute. T[illegible] models of the fool who to[illegible] Lear exactly what it is, the [illegible] ters who warned Macbeth [illegible] out for Cesarean-section babi[illegible] be incarcerated, fed carrots [illegible] from institutional-size tin c[illegible] required each day to imbib[illegible] milligrams of Chlorpromaz[illegible] paper cuplets to make their [illegible] like fried marbles. McGov[illegible] flubbed his long shot at t[illegible] dency because he couldn't h[illegible] disclosure that his erstwhile [illegible] mate had once had his he[illegible] ined, had subsequently blu[illegible] anyone who was thinking [illegible] for Nixon ought to have *his*

Craig Karpel writes regularly for The Village Voice *and is now at work on a book.*

Now I would hear the terri- s in the company of those at were beyond examination. oach, a twinkle-eyed young h a red moustache wider than d face and a forlorn McGov- ver button on the lapel of his at, told me that some weeks ıe had arranged for about 400 to be transported to the i Board of Elections to regis- aughed when I said I thought ı were not allowed to vote. y few of the residents here en adjudged legally incompe- arly all of them have a pretty asp of what the election is But the Board refused to regis- of them. They said our pa- lidn't 'intend' to reside in ti. They'd ask a man who had re seventeen years, 'How long intend to reside in the city of ti?' and he'd say, 'Until I can e.' "

enough, in the spacious, ego- olor ceramic-tiled dayrooms, ho had been committed to ti for, among other things, g around too many things in shirt pockets. had proudly into their shirt pockets the negative postcards from the board.

OFF we went to Hope Village. was asleep. And what was I e of the fact that of all the visited, only in democrati- uctured Hope Village was the on switched not to the network -return broadcasts but to an dent station that was offering f old situation comedies? not hard to get heavily medi- aranoid schizophrenics, which most of the wards De Loach me through were populated talk to you. All you have to lay the conversation by their hey cannot or will not extend urtesy to each other, as a re- which they are sufficiently for human discourse that they nge into conversation with a stranger without the prelimi- sequies sane folk insist upon. d De Loach I wanted to meet gest McGovern booster in Ypsi, obliged by taking me to see * Henry believes that Hirohito and Hitler are alive and well somewhere in the hospital trying to destroy him with a secret weapon. He stands braced at attention at all times, shifting from one foot to another as if he'd had to take a leak for twenty-seven years. He is wearing a McGovern button.

How come you're wearing that button, Henry?

"Because I'm for McGovern."

Do you think he's going to win tonight?

"Nope."

What do you think of Nixon?

He's been a great President."

Then why are you for McGovern?

" 'Cause I'm a Democrat."

But you like Nixon better.

"Yup."

But you wouldn't vote for him.

"Nope. I'm a Democrat, you see. Always have been."

I was about to say, "But that's *crazy*," when I remembered where I was.

Should I bother to tell you about the fellow I met who'd been in Ypsilanti since 1954 and would be there for the rest of his days but was worried that if Nixon was reelected prices would go sky-high? Suffice it to say that either the political attitudes of the supposedly mad are closer to those of the supposedly sane than I had previously supposed, or vice versa.

I met Cameron, who had been running for Vice-President for two years at the behest of voices heard only by him and was now watching himself lose on a color TV whose color, tint, and hue controls were all in order but whose screen nevertheless gave off a grisly exhalation of pins and needles, as if someone had slipped it a tiny paper cup of phenothiazine. I asked Cameron, a middle-aged, handsome black man, why he was running for *Vice*-President.

" 'Cause I can't save nobody. Nixon nor Agnew can't save nobody neither, but at least I got the courage to admit it."

Are you running against Agnew?

"No, he can get in, I don't give a shit. If I get in, so there'll be *two* Vice-Presidents. I don't care. Ain't gonna save nobody nohow."

Whom do you support for President?

"Nixon."

Most people here seem to be for McGovern . . .

protect the mad inside from the tside, all patients' names are ficti-

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"And so they may be, but h
gonna save nobody neither. Ai
body gonna save black people.
got to save themselves if they w
be resurrected as Americans. M
ern goin' around talking abo
truth all the time. All the tin
truth. What he talkin' about
truth don't save—it *hurts*."

Then there was Alvin. Alv
plained that he had chopped
in the Mississippi Delta unt
combine automated me out of
The trip North had addled his
the point where it was unlikel
he would ever be automated
Ypsilanti. His tranquilized upp
lids hung down and out like aw
in a Hopper painting. I aske
what he thought of the el
"Nixon a real nice guy," said
grinning.

Why do you say that, Alvin?

"'Cause he pay for McG
campaign."

He what?

"He pay for McGovern's
paign. You know, it all come
de same kitty."

*Why did he pay for McG
campaign, Alvin?*

"So he have someone easy
against an' so de people wh
like him have somebody to vo
dey think is an alternative. Bu
de same money, you see."

DENNIS LOOKED LIKE a sai
civvies watching TV at th
except for the linked miniature
tite and stalagmite of froth
corner of his lipless mouth. He
the blessed rosary around his
and glowered at Harry Reasone
the newsman had slighted hi
pardonably in some other dime
He was thirty-one years old an
been at Ypsilanti for seven yea
turned to me.

"It all would have been dif
if the priest had given me Holy
munion," Dennis said.

*Why didn't he give you Co
nion, Dennis?*

"Because he was ashamed t

Why was he ashamed?

"Because I made it with my
mother?"

*Tell me about how you m
with your stepmother, Dennis.*

"I can't. The whole thing
blank. It was an act of God. B
cause of it the priest was sca
give me Communion. He didn

me till I was twenty-four, but by ime it was too late."

hy was it too late?

ecause I had a girl who I was go- marry but she betrayed me. My riend and her conspired against They stole four of my cells and got married and made a four- child and they think they can im against me. What they don't is, he's got the rule through my and when he grows up he will hem out and rule on my behalf."

le what, Dennis?

narrowed his gaze at me for a ent, savoring my stupidity. "The l."

ose four cells of yours they stole at kind of cells were they?

perm cells."

w did they get them?

Vell, by magic, actually."

hat kind of magic?

epublican magic." He said this a matter-of-fact cadence, as if vere saying black magic or netic magic or some other gen- referred-to system of magic.

hat is Republican magic like, is?

Vell, it's very powerful and very erous."

ne does it work?

t attempts to steal the rule and se it so there can be war."

there such a thing as Democratic c?

lo. All they have is *reason*. You get the rule by reason—only if gives it to you or you steal it."

d gave it to you—

nd they stole it, right."

e the girl and her husband Re- cans?

ou don't have to be a Republi- use Republican magic."

here any way you could get the ack?

d have to go back to an Eisen- hospital and join up with the y-year-old Dennis Marsh. I'd o have an operation in an Eisen- hospital with Republican doc- Then I could become the true is Marsh, what Dennis Marsh eant to be, not what I am now. ld have the rule and become the with the hawk in its bill."

at does it mean to become the with the hawk in its bill?

means then I would make war to have peace. There would be chairs facing the East and I sit in the center one and there would be twenty years of peace under me and then the rule would pass to the four-way child."

Could you have the operation in a Nixon hospital?

"Yes, but it would be a lot harder, 'cause twenty-year-old Dennis Marsh would still be stuck back there."

Could you have it in a McGovern hospital?

"No, I don't think so. Only an operation in a Republican hospital can undo Republican magic."

REPUBLICAN MAGIC—I left Ypsilanti with that paranoid construction reverberating against my faculty of ratiocination. I recalled what an Australian newspaperwoman who had visited the Watergate had told me months before about the bookstore in that building. "I was surprised to see that there was a whole wall of shelves there devoted to *witchcraft*. You don't suppose they're practicing voodoo against the Left out of that building, do you?" My reaction at the time was, pish tosh, what need of magic, they've got the power. But here was this young madman who believed his vital bodily juices had been drained away by Republican magic, and it seemed to me that his belief was really not so far from the common feeling among young and progressive Americans that Nixon's Presidency had somehow, mysteriously, sapped the volition of a generation. Was McGovern losing because of Republican magic? Was he *running* because of Republican magic? Magic is, after all, nothing more than the art of making the marginally possible seem much more improbable than it really is. Was it impossible that the administration had financially supported McGovern's candidacy early on because it saw him as a pushover on Election Day? Senator Dole had alleged that McGovern was getting money from leftist "foreign" sources at the same time that evidence was surfacing that Republican money for the Watergate caper had been transshipped via Mexico, and no one had called him a madman. Was such a thing as Republican magic—profound, strange, secret doings by men of property and their cat's-paws—stealing the rule in order to put the dove in the beak of the hawk? What if the truth were known? Would it save, or would it hurt? □

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Paul Bender

THE OBSCENITY MUDDLE

A guide to the Supreme Court's latest sexual crisis

SEVEN YEARS AGO the Supreme Court adopted a narrow standard for obscenity under which the pornographic classic, *Fanny Hill*, could not be constitutionally banned. Moved to prophecy by his victory, *Fanny Hill*'s lawyer, Charles Rembar, wrote a book, *The End of Obscenity*, that predicted a new era in American law when virtually no literature would be forbidden as "obscene." With the lifting of legal restraints, he argued, all sorts of explicit sexual material would enter the open marketplace, and "the kind of response in the reader—shocked or aroused or guilty—that marks what we are accustomed to call obscene will begin to disappear."

It hasn't happened quite that way. To be sure, the *Fanny Hill* decision was followed by an outpouring of commercial erotica. And in 1970 the federal Commission on Obscenity and Pornography urged a limit to legal obscenity by recommending that government "should not seek to interfere with the right of adults who wish to do so to read, obtain, or view explicit sexual materials." Yet obscenity laws that do just that remain on the books almost everywhere. Prosecutors still seek convictions—and jail sentences—for the crime of marketing the "obscene" to those who wish to obtain it.

Even more important, our elected leaders seem unwilling to let the obscenity concept disappear from the popular mind. The Senate, in an election year, overwhelmingly rejected the obscenity commission's recommendation so quickly that few, if any, Senators could have read the extensive research and findings on which it was based. President Nixon "categorically" denounced the commission's "morally bankrupt" conclusion: "So long as I am in the White House, there will be no relaxation of the national effort to control and eliminate smut from our national life." And last term the Supreme Court, although reversing a conviction, seemed to use a more inclusive test for what is "obscene" than the one applied in *Fanny Hill*. The Court



Charles Gatewood

even went out of its way to note that "the earmarks of an attempt at serious art," while relevant in deciding what is permissible, are "not inevitably a guarantee against a finding of obscenity." Only two Justices—William Douglas and Potter Stewart—declined to join in this opinion.

It appears that a new crisis in the law of obscenity is upon us. The Court now has before it several cases that raise a broad range of constitutional issues. On the one hand, the Court is being asked formally to reject the *Fanny Hill* test in favor of a standard that would permit much of the recent sexual explosion to be considered "obscene." On the other, it is being asked to give constitutional status to the obscenity commission's recommendation—to hold, in sum, that the Constitution prohibits government from preventing adults from privately seeing whatever sexual materials they wish, whether or not such materials are "obscene." Also before the Court are some interesting subsidiary issues, such as the procedures that police must follow in seizing allegedly obscene material. The Court's decisions in these cases may actually begin the end of obscenity—or they may give renewed life, for who knows how long, to that slippery concept.

ALMOST NO ONE has a good word to say for the present state of obscenity law. To anti-pornography groups, a constitutional standard under which *Fanny Hill* can be sold to adults represents leg moral anarchy. To libertarian equally obnoxious that the st still ban a book or film witho onstrating any danger to a simply because of its explicit contents. Tempers and feeling run high. The outrage of bot is compounded by law-enfor efforts that are viewed as eit lax or too zealous, depending one's point of view.

The point on which everyone is that the Supreme Court's te what is "obscene" are exqu obscure and incoherent. The *Hill* test requires, for exampl three elements must "coalesc "obscenity" to be present: the nant theme of a book or film appeal to a "prurient" (define "shameful" or "morbid") inte sex; the work must be "paten fensive" in the light of "con rary community standards": must be "utterly" without "re ing social value." Who can say sexual materials others wil shameful, offensive, or valueles why, in any case, should thos want to buy a book be prevente doing so by the fact that othe it obnoxious? In actual practi application of the Court's thr teria turns on the aesthetic, and psychological judgments particular policemen, prosec judges, and jurors who enfor law against specific materials. personalized judgments abo volatile a subject hardly prov satisfactory basis upon which t books and send people to jail.*

How did the law become so dled? The answer goes back to

Paul Bender, professor of law at the University of Pennsylvania Law School, was general counsel to the federal Commission on Obscenity and Pornography.

*Curiously enough, the two (aside from the professional anti-p raphers) who may profit most fr law's current uncertainty are som veyors of sexual materials and some dates for public office—the purvey cause obscenity prosecutions, whi dismissed or reversed in court, can times be very good for sales; the dates because the supposed failings cumbents or judges, in applying p law, can make a very good campaign

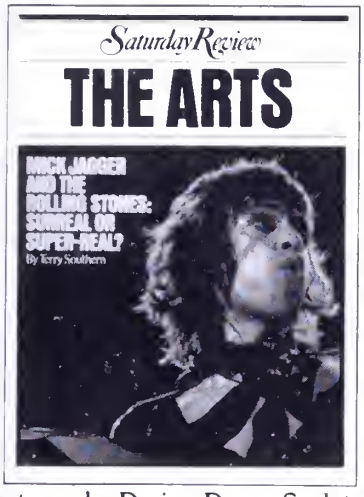
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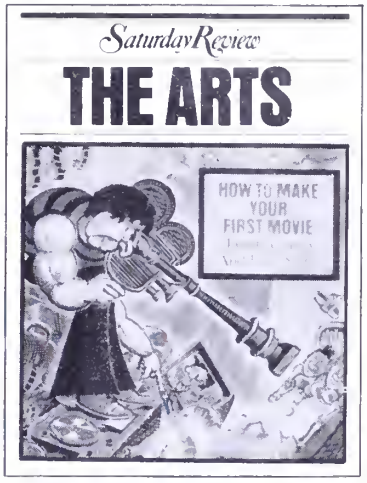
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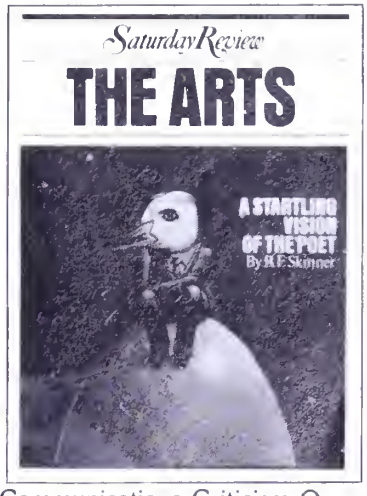
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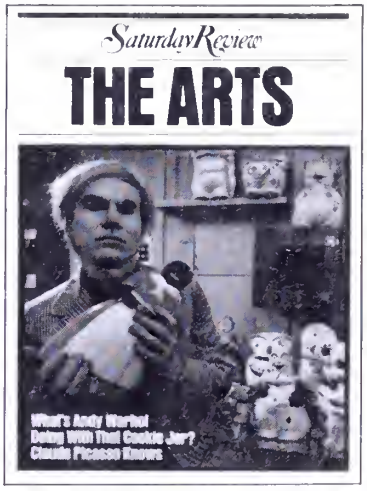
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when the Supreme Court first got around to weighing the constitutionality of obscenity laws in the famous case of *Roth* v. *U.S.* In that case, the Court committed a serious tactical and jndgmental error, I think, and thus far it has not been able to extricate itself from the consequences.

When the Justices considered *Roth*, laws forbidding "obscene" sexual materials were about a hundred years old. The basic constitutional argument against them was quite straightforward: material deemed "obscene" nonetheless consists of books, films, and other forms of expression that ordinarily are entitled to the protection of the First Amendment—unless they are shown to create a "clear and present danger" of substantial harm to society. But, the argument continued, obscenity statutes fail to require proof of harm by the prosecution, and no one has ever shown that any class of sexual materials, no matter how defined, creates a clear and present danger to anyone.*

*Hold on, you anti-smut crusaders. I know you have lots of "evidence" that persons arrested for sex crimes have had sexual materials in their possession. But the relevant statistic is not how many offenders read dirty books (no one really knows how many do), but whether people who read such books are more likely to commit crimes than people who do not. Before the obscenity commission was established, neither you nor anyone else had ever done extensive research on the subject. The commission tried, and one study done for it showed that adult sex offenders and "deviates" actually had *less* exposure to sexnal materials during adolescence than a carefully matched control group. (Does that mean that we should require that obscenity be read?) But even if sex offenders *did* see more obscenity than the rest of us, that would only show a correlation, not a cause-and-effect relationship. It would be quite plausible that people who are perpetually inclined to sex crimes are, for the same reason, also excessively inclined to sexual materials. (Some people think that sexual materials often provide a harmless release for such persons.) Of course, sexual material may, now and then, trigger an act of violence (although no one, to my knowledge, has ever found such a case). But so may detective stories, *The Godfather*, the Bible, and who knows what else. We don't ban these things because a clear and present danger means a high degree of probability of harm, not a one-in-a-million possibility. If a freak possibility of harm from a book were enough, none of us would be able to read anything. (The obscenity commission, incidentally, concluded that "extensive empirical investigation . . . provides no evidence that exposure to or use of explicit sexual materials play a significant role in the causation of social or individual harms. . . ."

The Court didn't answer this argument—it avoided it. It held that the clear and present danger test did not apply to "obscenity" because history showed that the First Amendment had never been intended to include "obscene" materials within its protection. It buttressed this conclusion by noting a "universal" legal judgment "that obscenity should be restrained." As a result, the Court said that the distribution of "obscene" things may, *ipso facto*, be prohibited by any legislature that so wishes—no danger, no harm whatever need be shown.

THE COURT'S SENSE of history was faulty. In fact, the offense of publishing explicit sexual materials did not fully evolve in either England or the United States until about 1850. None of the Colonies except Massachusetts had statutes regulating sexual "obscenity." The first American obscenity prosecution of any kind occurred thirty years after the First Amendment (the first federal statute wasn't passed until 1842), and the English common law of 1800 seemed to prohibit only anti-religious sexual materials.

The Court's constitutional theory was worse than its history. We simply do not believe that the meaning of the First Amendment was fixed by the understanding of the Framers in 1791 as to what could and could not be published or said. They probably thought that profanity, blasphemy, and libel of political figures were broadly prohibitable, but the First Amendment generally protects those things today. And the Court should not have needed to be reminded about the fallibility of "universal" legal judgments.

Finally, even if the First Amendment's relatively absolute protection was, indeed, inapplicable to "obscenity" on historical or other grounds, the Court should not have relieved those who wished to ban books from showing at least some legitimate reason for doing so and from coming up with an understandable definition of what exactly they wished to prohibit. Rationality and clarity are requisites of any law that substantially invades men's liberty—especially the liberty to read.

So the Court in 1957 created a monster: a thing—the "obscene"—that could be prohibited for no other reason than the "facts" that it always had been and everyone thought it should be. But how was this thin be defined in the absence of p that it caused any harm? Only b dividualized judgments about priety, morality, and "value." any wonder that the definitional p lem has been so impenetrable since?

THIS IS NOT to say that the C in 1957 should have forbi any regulation of sexual mate under any circumstances. That w have been just as abstract a deci as the Court actually made—and as wrong. What the Court should perceived is that there is no si thing called "obscenity" but r different things deserving diff governmental responses.

Pushing explicit sex in the fac those who would rather not see, and who may be deeply disturbe seeing it—is quite a different t from selling such materials to t who want them. Selling to tw year-olds whose parents objec miles apart from selling to mar middle-aged couples. Sex mixed violence may be worse than d tions of sex alone. Those who w to regulate such phenomena in ous ways—it is almost inconcei that any government today w want to treat them all alike—sl have been told to give their reas each instance, and to draft coh and understandable definition flecting those reasons. It is likely the abstract obscenity monster w have disappeared in the face of an approach, and we all could turned our attention to more portant things.

ONE HESITATES to offer excus the Court when it has bu so badly. I'll try anyway. The C it seems to me, was victimize developments it cannot entirel blamed for failing to foresee. D tional and conceptual problem not loom so large in 1957 as th today, because there were two distinct classes of sexual materi that time. With few exceptions, h explicit descriptions and depi were found only in "hard-core nography," designed to be "under the counter" and treat all concerned as contraband. "obscene" thus tended to define in the marketplace ("psst, f

;"), and most of the Justices
y felt a little silly thinking
whether to give constitutional
on to what everyone so clearly
d as dirty. Thus, Justice Pot-
vart could say, in his famous
involving the film *The Lovers*,
ile he would not attempt a
on of obscenity, "I know it
see it." (*The Lovers* was not
e were known to be a few hard
here great explicitness and ap-
respectability were combined
of Henry Miller, *Lady Chat-*
Lover—but the Court un-
lly felt confident that it could
cessfully with those works in-
lly when it had to. And it must
ticipated that it would eventu-
nfer First Amendment protec-
such books. Thus, the Court's
rehensible definition of "ob-
was not originally designed to
good from the bad. It was
to refer to the "smut" that
e recognized as such.
t the Court did not perhaps an-
was that once an unlimited
of sexual explicitness was
constitutionally protected in a
spectable" books, (1) it would
enormously financially suc-
and (2) other authors, pub-
and media would seek to cash
coming out, en masse, from
the counter and similarly as-
respectability. When this hap-
there was simply no way left
w rational lines. If Justice
knows it when he sees it to-
either sees it everywhere or
n't see it at all.

NOW THE COURT has a chance
retrieve itself. Like most
Justices are reluctant to admit
wn mistakes. Optimism about
ng the broad dictum that "ob-
," whatever it means, is not
ed by the First Amendment
seem misplaced. It also seems
ely that, where obscenity laws
e to be constitutionally ap-
, the Nixon Court will now
e law relatively broad scope,
ikely permit the use of local—
than national—community
ds of offensiveness. It may
prosecutors of the burden of
tively *proving* that a work is
t, offensive, or valueless (and
the jury to make that decision
basis of the work alone). And
easily hold that some redeem-
ing value does not automatically insulate a work from the law, but that value must merely be weighed in determining pruriency and offensiveness.

The critical question is whether the Court will examine—as it has never directly done before—the constitutionality of applying obscenity laws to consensual and noninstructive distributions of sexual materials to adults who wish to obtain those materials. At issue here, for example, is the constitutionality of censoring the contents of adult book stores and theaters that keep out children and don't display their wares in advertisements or on the public street, and the constitutionality of regulating what adults can privately order through the mails. In granting review in two cases last spring, the Court specifically asked the parties to argue this issue.

If the Court is really willing to weigh the right of adults to obtain sexual materials, without forcing them upon others, it is hard to see how there can be more than one answer. Some of us may not like the attitude toward sexual relations that some of these materials display, but bad attitudes (if that is what they are) are a subject for discussion—not governmental prohibition. Like it or not, some adults find such attitudes a very important part of their lives. Why shouldn't they be entitled to feed their fantasies, compare their experiences, get information or amusement, become aroused if they like, by whatever sexual materials they wish.

To call explicit sexual materials "filthy" unless they are serious "art" or embody a noble social message is to call an interest in sex for its own sake filthy. Everyone is entitled to hold that view if he wants, but not to enforce it or its consequences on others. The Court has recently seemed to recognize, in cases involving the distribution of contraceptive devices and information, that adults, whether married or unmarried, are constitutionally entitled to engage in private sexual relationships that do not harm others, with or without the purpose of procreation. Will the Court hold that you are constitutionally entitled to do it, but not to read about it?

The Court may thus be prepared to move in two directions at once: to broaden the permissible meaning of "obscene," while narrowing the permissible situations where that cate-

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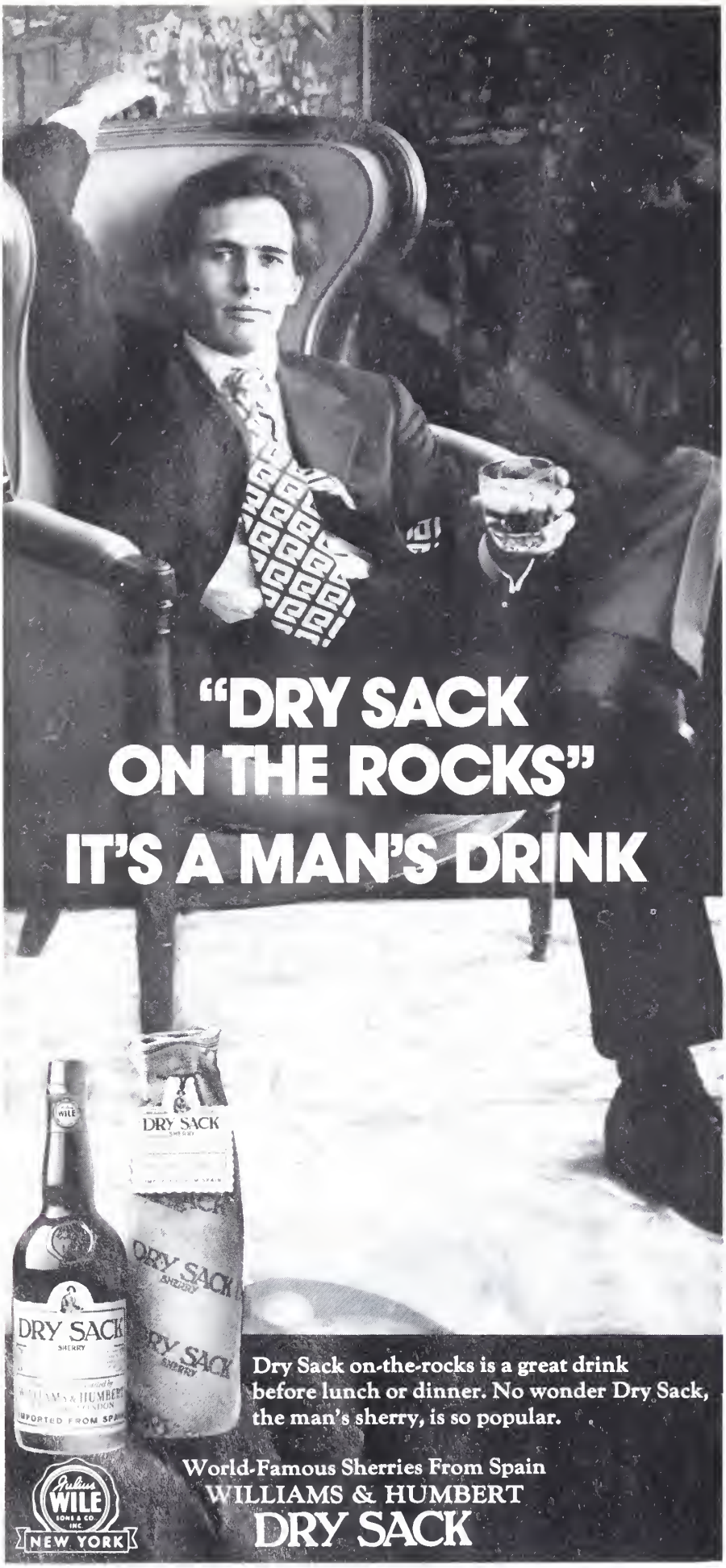
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gorization is legally relevant. would not be at all a bad resu would permit those who are cerned about sexual materials t dicate that concern quite effec where it has an arguably legit basis—where materials are giv sold to children without parenta sent or participation, and v sexual depictions are forced those who do not want to see And it would simultaneously r nize that books and films cann forbidden to adults who want simply because others do not them to want them.

From the Court's perspective, a resolution would lighten its crowded docket and relieve it almost constant embarrassment ing to explain and justify preser scenity doctrine. If the Court, other hand, broadens the scope "obscene" without clarifying the nition or recognizing adult pre tives, it will have created a worse than ever before.

ENDING OBSCENITY for adults not be without its signi future legal consequences, and more than anything else, may the Court hesitate. Obscenity le tion for "consenting" persons i the tip of an iceberg of adult "m prohibitions that pervade our cri codes. The Court has thus far la avoided direct constitutional frontation with these statutes. holds that adults have a rig sample or wallow in pornograph long as it does no one else an cernible harm), what about right to gamble, to patronize p tutes, to use drugs whose harm is speculative, or even to use ha drugs, when the harms are solely inflicted?

Our laws and practices relati such "victimless" crimes ar present a welter of contradictio pocrisy, and frequent disservi the control of serious criminal ity with real victims. They need scrutiny and, once the Court has the obscenity muddle, it may fi difficult to avoid moving on there to require rationality in "moral" restrictions on indiv liberty. The obscenity contro will have served us well if it ultim helps to bring some reason an straint into these other vast are criminal law.



Church of Kealakekua, on the Big Island of Hawaii, was built in 1866.



ome see the
reat cathedrals of Hawaii.

rhaps you've seen the cathedrals of
s or Cordoba or Milan. They're
ıental, but then that's what Europe
for.

rhaps you didn't know you can see
emarkable churches in Hawaii as
o be very frank with you, in terms
tectural splendor, ours offer no con-
ıt if it's soul you're after, come to

the Big Island of Hawaii and on
ınd Kauai, you'll find interesting
urches by the dozen. The best
ın examples date from the early
ıth century, when the missionaries
o recreate their native New England
ures here in "Owhyhee." Despite grave shortages of skilled labor and appropriate materials, moral fiber won the day.

The men of the cloth left Hawaii a mixed bag of blessings. For example, the muumuu, which you will certainly see and may even wear on your visit here. It was originally designed to conceal the charms of our Island girls for the spiritual betterment of our Island boys. In point of fact, it does no such thing: humanity has yet to create a more provocative garment. Again, you'll see.

While you're here, you ought to get Hawaii's complete religious picture. So visit some of our beautiful Buddhist temples. Our Shinto shrines. Our tabernacles. You'll be warmly welcomed in any of them.

You should also see the place where King Kamehameha the Great was born. And where Captain Cook was killed. And Iolani Palace, the only royal palace in the entire United States.

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Hawaii

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COUNTERSIGNS

Liberal and conservative
(A play on words)

mon usage has reduced both to insults. The precise mean- ive been rubbed as smooth as ns, and we are left with tokens can exchange for prerecorded or applause. *Liberal* becomes mous with idleness, sedition, homosexuality, dirty feet, am- nines, and New York City. *Con- ve* implies office hours, clean hypocrisy, old age, foreclosure, ergeants, and Orange County, nia.

t passes for the public debate leteriorates into a spectacle to that of circus chimpanzees ring one another with pies and clubs. The idiocy is made by journalists and politicians livines, academics, bank presi- and union organizers) who, for s of their own, require an use of the language. The ess of meaning allows them to e shabbiness of their thought a veil of conjurer's smoke.

press prefers to think of itself *ral*, but it doesn't place an un- stress on the word when talk- its advertisers or traveling in ovinces. This embarrassment o an ambiguity about the use vord, and the reader must work e implied meaning from the t of the paragraph in which it s. More often than not, *liberal* construed as an epithet. *Con- ve* almost always carries a tive intention, and it is by op- pejoratives that the press sus- its vision of the world as a al morality play. The garish- f the melodrama sells news- , and the press can resolve its rassment by disavowing parti- litics and contenting itself with cience.

ticians depend upon a popular in the same melodrama, with- out which there could be no market in public offices, and so they also insist upon repeating the local euphemisms for right and wrong, us and them, good and bad. A candidate will describe the politics of his enemies as *liberal* or *conservative*, but his own politics he will describe in language less licentious. If he imagines himself to be *liberal*, then his policy becomes populist, libertarian, or humane; if *conservative*, then mature, pragmatic, and responsible. (Exceptions to this rule can occur in safe districts; just as a man may declare himself a *liberal* in New York City, so also can he declare himself a *conservative* in San Luis Obispo. President Nixon, having proved himself the consummate politician of the age, can use both words in both towns.)

The morality play is as old as history, and every generation invents the otherwise meaningless words with which it ennobles its desire for passionate folly. The dictionary of such words (*Catholic/Protestant*; *Whig/Tory*; *North/South*; *Communist/Capitalist*; *Christian/Muslim*, etc.) has been compiled with the assistance of diligent armies. War and famine lay waste the countryside for the sake of an abstraction that the surviving generations never can remember how to define.

Even when translated into German, the abstractions seldom represent anything more obscure than divergent attitudes toward the implacable advance of time and change. Those people who fear the passing away of the old order (on the entirely reasonable ground that they will lose something in the confusion) incline to favor the *conservative* side of the argument. Those people who feel oppressed by the old order (on the equally reasonable ground that they have yet to profit by it) favor the *liberal* side of the argument. Historians might quibble about distinctions, but they would grant the crude generalities of the dispute.

The debasement of language encourages the failure to recognize both sides of the argument as necessary to the well-being of society. The careless repetition of negations leads us into the error of imagining the *liberal* as a young man with a bomb and the *conservative* as an old man with a prison. But in its benign aspect the *conservative* attitude merely seeks to preserve those things that man has found useful in his wandering inland from the primeval swamp. The *liberal* attitude also accepts the truth of evolution, but it doesn't believe that the process has been completed. The former attitude accounts for the art of mathematics, the latter for the voyage of Apollo 17.

The two attitudes contradict one another not only in the public spaces of society but also in the private spaces of the human heart. This month's WRAPAROUND (page 3) suggests that the *liberal* attitude coincides with the adventurous spirit in man, with the singular instinct toward recklessness, truancy, and freedom, and that the *conservative* attitude corresponds with the plural instinct toward custom, ritual, and law.

The argument arises from man's discomfort with himself. We do ourselves an injustice if we acquiesce in a demagogue's use of the language that reduces the subtlety of the argument to a clumsy farce appropriate to thirty minutes of television news. If we expect that our enemies can be identified by the color of their hats, then we condemn ourselves to a long-term engagement with a troupe of performing apes.

Thomas J. Cottle

A MIDDLE AMERICAN MARRIAGE

"Two separate clocks, each ticking their own sweet time, each heading off in a direction that would probably confuse the Almighty."

I HAD BEEN LATE ARRIVING at the Grazianos' house on Poplar Street. Some unexpected traffic, coupled with the uncongenial design of Boston's streets, was enough to put me almost forty-five minutes behind schedule. Theodore Graziano (his friends call him Mushy) had Tuesdays off from work; so the time I could spend with him and his wife Eleanor was precious. Normally, I would interview one of them alone.*

For about fifteen years, Ted Graziano has worked for a Boston newspaper. Starting as a stockroom "boy" (he was almost twenty-five at the time), he had worked his way up to where now, at thirty-nine, he was foreman of the shipping operation. Salaries had risen over the past years, bringing his take-home pay to where he could just about get by. The important thing for him was the security, a factor he had mentioned several times when we spoke at his office.

"This is not the time to be sitting on any gamble," he had said. "This is the time when the economy of the country demands that you get yourself a job that looks like it's got to hold out. Doctors, lawyers, judges, they got it best. The workingman, like always, he's going to be the first to get hit. Unemployment starts at the bottom and works its way up. It's like a di that they can't find no cure for. You kno out there and you just gotta do the best yo to avoid getting it. Stay warm, eat good foo

"You take a job like this." He wave right arm about as if to take in the enor shipping area, partitioned offices, and docks. "It's one hell of an operation. I go responsibility here. You ask any man the working here and they'll tell you about responsibility. I tell you, though, in the b ning, ten years ago or so, it was one hell challenge. Couple nights there I got so excited with the prospect of it all, I could b go to sleep. Now it's just another job t

"Man, there are times I'm working w think about how nice it would be to be where else. Sitting in the sun, or doing you're doing. You know, walking around, ing to people. But most of the time I have to those thoughts and crush 'em up like little balls and throw 'em away." He shook his from side to side, crumpling an imaginary of paper in one of his strong hands. The looked back at me. I had no answer for him

SINCE OUR HOME MEETINGS took place i kitchen, I entered by the back door a family members did. Alone in the house his wife visited her mother, Ted had been si in the kitchen reading the newspaper. El had left us two glasses of milk and a cake ered with tinfoil on the kitchen table.

"Come on, let's eat," Ted said. "I've dying with hunger waiting for you." He great pleasure in cutting a slice of cake fo and laid it gently on a plate. He reached and placed a fork on the plate, then pushe

*Theodore and Eleanor Graziano are fictitious names that have been used to hide the identity of a real family. For six years, my research has been devoted to working with families in various Boston communities. One purpose of this work is to describe the daily experiences of these families, and the history of their members, as well as my relationship with them. I met the Grazianos quite accidentally five years ago through a young man who worked for Ted Graziano. I soon met Eleanor, their children, and other members of their family.

As a methodological note, I work without tape recorder or prepared questionnaire, believing that both devices constrain interactions already made somewhat unnatural by my presence. In all instances, the families read my manuscripts and grant permission to publish them.

Thomas J. Cottle is a member of the Education Research Center and the Medical Department of MIT. His books include Time's Children: Impressions of Youth, The Abandoners: Portraits of Loss, Separation and Neglect, *and* Out of Discontent: Visions of the Contemporary University *(coauthor).*

glasses of milk toward me. When I was
are of he prepared a piece, considerably
for himself. Ellie, I knew, would de-
invitation to eat with us. Baking this
m affected their budget; the cake would
last several days.
hat do we talk about today, or shouldn't
anything until Ellie gets here?" Ted
is mouth full of cake.
about anything you like, Ted," I said.
t listening anyway with this cake here."
it up. There's lots more where it came
our wife cooks though, doesn't she?"
she does."
l then, you aren't hurting too much." He
deeply, wiping some crumbs from his
Lots of guys have it pretty bad. I told
long time ago, no wife of mine's going
. Ever! No matter how bad it is, a man
s in his way, a woman in hers. Ellie
need to go cleaning or secretarying, or
the phone company like all her girl-
We'll manage. Eight thousand years and
e this house paid off, and when I die
set up. She don't ever have to work if
't want to. That's the way it's supposed
ou agree?"
.. people have to work it out the way they
answered.
're not going to tell me you're one of
eration people, are you?" he grinned at

.. I guess in a way I am. Men and women,
s to me, have to enhance one another,
each other to be what they want."
that I like. *That* I'll buy. That's all right.
w, now that you mention it, that's maybe
biggest gripe. I never did have anyone
my life. I can look back at it now, forty
xt July, I can't see a person anywhere
d me, helped me to get anything."
have Ellie," I suggested. His eyes were
lightly as several thoughts seemed to
m at once.
, I got Ellie, all right. Probably a good
r me too. But that's not the kind of sup-
talking about. A wife is a wife, she
help you out there." He pointed at the
above the sink. "That's not what I

you talk about it?"
ne get the words first." He paused, look-
his glass. "The living day by day that
lo is not what helps a man. There's a way
as to get his whole life together. It's all
somehow, make sense. You know what
." He didn't wait for an answer. "It's
e set up so that every move you make
e reason in a plan that you have to for-
omewhere along the line. It has to build
omething."
oked at me. "You know about these

things. You may be richer than I am, I'll bet you are too. And you may have a more interesting job, which I know you do. I even told you once, remember?"

"Yes. In the shop."

"At the office, right," he corrected me.

"Office."

"But the important thing is that a man knows what it means to arrange for his life. That, no woman knows! That I know for sure." A melancholy feeling was taking the place of anger. "There's a kicker in it though, you know?"

"Which is?"

"Which is that a life that asks us to make certain that pasts and presents and futures fit together in some logical way has a price. You know yourself, as time goes on it gets harder and harder to just live each day and get the most out of it. You don't live each day like that when you're a man. What you live is your work at the moment, your plans, what you call your pros-

"All you have is yesterday and today. That's all women have. Memories, tears, dreams, MOTHERS!"



Chris Burke

pects, *and* your regrets, what you should have done. You think about having bits of time back again to work with. You think how nice it would be to see what the future holds, even in a job like mine where I practically know how everything's going to turn out. Still, you'd like to take a little peek. Maybe just to know whether all those connections you're making are really sticking. You follow me?"

"Yes, I do," I answered.

"So you don't say the hell with what was and what will be. That's the way you think when you go out drinking. At least, that's the way it is for me. I go out and get a little in the bag," he started to smile. I smiled too as I saw his face take on, of all things, a look of pride. "That's when my future disappears, my past disappears, and I got once and for all my present moment and nothing else goddamnit TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT!" He shouted the words as he straightened up in his chair. "But now, I ask you, how long's a man with any respect gonna run around in the bag? So you come home, and you sleep, and you drink coffee, and you make nice to your wife, and there you are the next day, thinking the same things all over again: how it all fits together, and how you wish you could be young again, and how great it would be to know what the future's got waiting for you."

"That's one hell of an analysis," I said.

"Well, I don't know as I'd call it an analysis, exactly," he said. "You just keep your eye on the future, because the name of the game is that since you don't have much to say about dying, you have to fill in as many of the empty spaces out there as you can. You don't leave things to chance. Ellie always talks to me, when I get in one sort of a huff or another, about God or about fate. 'Things will just happen,' she says all the time. 'Things are just going to happen.' Sure. They are. Lots of things are just going to happen. Like the roof might fall in on our heads, right here in the kitchen. But the odds are against it because *I* fix the roof, because *I* make certain things like that *won't* happen.

"You know what it's like, Tom? It's just like football. There's a good reason why men like football. It's a man's game because it's played out the way men think. First, you got competition. Then you have a game plan. And you stick with it until you have to find a new one. And it's all leading up to something. Something you could practically predict. If you move here, I'll move there. You move here, I'll move there." He pushed his fingers against the tabletop, his right hand representing my team, his left hand representing his team.

"I can't say these things to Ellie. Of course, the kids don't want to hear about it. I talk with some of my friends, but not too many of them are as smart as you. I guess you know how little schooling we all have. Our kids, I hope, will be different. I'm starting to sound like the old
Hoping instead of arranging."

"Well," I tried to assure him, "there's g
be a place for hope in the plan."

"Sure," he said with resignation. "Of c
there's a place for hope. But first you make
arations. Whatever is left over that you
in any way control for, that falls over int
hope category. I don't need God or praye
hope."

WE HAD BEEN SPEAKING almost an
when Eleanor Graziano entered the k
en. She was flushed and out of breath.

"Please, please excuse me. I'm so late. I
over to my mother's for a minute. I didn't
take my coat off, and before you know
hour's gone." I nodded to her and started t
something about my own lateness. "Did you
the cake?" she asked me.

"Did we," I replied.

"Was it all right?" she asked modest
grinned at her.

"Fair. It was fair, Ellie." She laughed
turned her face downward. Ted laughed too

"A couple of jokesters I got here. Two
boys with no place to go and nothing to d
eat cake and get fat." I couldn't resist:
you love it and you know it, Mrs. G."

"You I love," she laughed. "Mushy I'm
so sure about." Ted and I laughed again
looked at one another.

"You better be careful, wife, or I'll tell
what I've been telling Tom here for the last
about *you*."

"Yeah, and what's that?" she asked, re
ing her boots and throwing them in the
hallway.

"Oh," he started, "about people enhan
one another's lives. Game plans. You know
usual . . ." He winked at me.

"Game plans?" she asked. "Football? I
ball! Is that it?"

"That's it," I said.

"Not quite," Ted said.

"Then what is it?" she wanted to know.

"Sit down, Ellie. You and Tom talk. I'm
ing to the corner for cigars. When I come
we'll continue with this. It's time for a com
cial."

"Commercial? Tom, will you tell me p
what he's babbling about?"

"I will."

"Go on then," she said to her husband.
got a few things for Tom you don't have to k
about."

Ellie moved about the kitchen, peering
cabinets at canned goods and plates: "
seem to find . . . don't tell me I forgot to g
if I don't make a list when I go to the stor
dead. Can you beat this? I'm not forty yet

her, who's almost seventy, has a brain
r shape than mine."
ubt that."
it's true," she protested without looking
So what do we speak about today? Are
asking the same questions?"
ie questions, I suppose."
ll, I don't know what else I can tell you.
s the one with all the answers. There's
you could ask him that he wouldn't have
nswer for. Some man, Mr. Graziano." I
l her lay out supplies and utensils in
tion for making dinner. The counter tops
ootless, the sink empty of dishes and
, the faces of the cabinets glistening. It
quite a change from our first meeting
ars ago, on the day actually when the
os had moved from a four-room apart-
ss than a mile away. Suddenly Ted had
t in his head to buy a house. Ellie had
that they couldn't afford it. But he was
o buy, and on borrowed money they had
d. They had three bedrooms now, and
ould spread out," as Ellie said, finally
ng to her delight. "The children can stay
ame school, and I'm even closer to my
If we can just manage," she sighed, "it
a blessing, *the* blessing of my whole life."

ILE ELEANOR CHADWICK had never
nown poverty as a child, she also had
magined that her marriage to Teddy
o, "the Mushy man," would ever lead
me and a kitchen glowing with warmth
de like this one. Her father had been an
operator and starter during the day, a
se inspector four nights a week. He had
s entire life in Boston. His salary allowed
e and five children to live comfortably
in a three-story walk-up apartment. A
d-in back porch opened out from the
of that apartment, and on hot summer
s the family gathered there feeling as
one could during a Boston summer.
t was ever so lovely, just to be together,
ien it was so hot you thought you might
llie and I had had a long conversa-
out her childhood when the Grazianos
into their new home. We had sat in this
itchen on cardboard boxes filled with
and clothes. "I would love to have those
ck again," she had said. "Even before
nd all this. Even before. So many, many
wish that tomorrow would be the be-
of a change, a sort of change backward.
like you might think, that I fear getting
No, it's just that wonderful feeling of
s peace, childhood, being a little girl and
hose long hours with my father. He was
t to know. You would have liked him.
Course that's not saying too much, since
Dad never had an enemy. He got on with everyone. You know, in many ways, he was very much like Mushy. Mushy without the anger. Dad knew he would never be rich, that he'd never achieve anything special or wonderful in his life. He knew lots of rich people too, but I never heard him complain or compare himself with someone else. The world was the way it was and he was big enough to accept it.

"Mushy's the same way up to a point. I'm sure he feels that he's not going anywhere in his life, at his job, I mean, but he's not about to accept any of that. He'll always tell me that if next year's the same as this year, then he's been a failure. There's no other way. That kind of statement I never heard once from my father's mouth. Never once. For me, you see, that's the sign of a good man. If next year's the same as this one, then you thank God. You get down on your knees at night and you thank God that everybody is well, and that you have enough to eat, and a comfortable place to sleep. You know that everything is provided for. But Mushy doesn't want it that way. The comfortable things, of course, he wants. Like, he wanted this house." I remember Ellie looking about at the boxes lying everywhere and seeing in her face a look of, How are we ever going to get set up again? I saw excitement too, a controlled excitement as though one were not supposed to ask for such delicious treasures but could adore them if they came one's way.

"Well, I'm set here for life. I get used to something very quickly and don't ever want to change. You know something, I can feel in my hands the curtains we used to have in the apartment where I lived as a child. And the tables in the living room and the kitchen too. That's how strong my memory is, so that must be how strong my attachment to things is. To people too. It grieves me, it really does, that the good times are gone and by many, sad to say, forgotten. I think Mush is that way. Something good happens, like maybe a party. He lives it as much as anyone. But then, when it's over, that's sort of the end of it. Me, I'm so different from him it's hard to believe we could have gotten along as long as we have. Something important happens, it doesn't matter whether it's good or bad, I hang on to it. It's just like the house. I love this, of course. But you give me the largest mansion you can find, a palace, and I'll sit in my bedroom, I mean bedrooms," she laughed, "and I'll be thinking of that little apartment I grew up in, the porch and summers, and all the rest of it."

"Dad knew he would never be rich, that he'd never achieve anything special or wonderful in his life. . . . The world was the way it was and he was big enough to accept it."

THAT WAS PART of our conversation almost four years ago. Now, as we waited together in the same kitchen for Ted to return, I knew that we both felt a nostalgia, a longing for something, for the people of four years ago, for the people of our respective childhoods as well.

Thomas J. Cottle

A MIDDLE AMERICAN MARRIAGE

"You're pretty deep in thought, young man." Ellie surprised me.

"Yeah. I guess I was pretty deep into something there. I was remembering the discussion we had when you first moved. Remember that?"

"Yes." She strained to recover some of those earlier words. "Barely I do. About my childhood and the old place?"

"Yes. And your mother and father," I reminded her.

"Yes. I remember. I wonder what Mushy remembers of those days. I'll bet you very little. He sure likes to lock his past away. He thinks only of the future now. Every night in bed he's got another plan, another dream. Trips, property, real estate. The kids going to college. I have to tell him, 'Mushy, it's 1973, not 1993. Let time pass. You're living in an age that hasn't even been born yet. Give the world a chance to do what it's going to do. Mushy wants it to be 1993, that's fine with me, but he can damn well get there without me. I'll just take my own sweet time about it." She ended by pulling extra hard on the tie of her apron strings.

After sitting a while in silence, I rose from my chair. Through the window above the sink I saw Ted walking through a light rain. Ellie did not see him.

"I know one thing that makes me different from Mushy," she said. "I worry more than he does. I worry about what will happen. I worry there may not be ways to get things done as we want them to. But I don't worry about what I can't see, about what's not here yet. What's more, I believe you must live with a belief in God. Some things only God knows what to do with. Mushy thinks I'm nuts when I say this. So I've stopped saying it in front of him, and, for that matter, in front of the children when he's around. He worries too, but for him it's more that there won't be enough time to finish all the things he's planned to do. As for God, he's about as far from God as I am from . . . from . . . I don't know what. The President of the United States." I saw the top of Ted Graziano's head pass under the window

"Don't think for one minute I'm telling you little petty businesses in our lives," Ellie continued. "I'm telling you the most important things. We run, you might say, on different clocks. You know, like the East Coast and the West Coast. We're in the same country, speaking the same language most of the time, but we've got clocks inside of us that I'm sure run at different speeds, and in different directions as well." She hesitated again. She had more to say. The back door flew open and Ted entered the kitchen.

"A man with cigars," he began, "is a man halfway to heaven." He slammed the door shut so that the latch chain smacked loudly against the glass pane.

I had turned my body to greet him. Besid
I heard Ellie say quietly: "Two separate cl
each ticking their own sweet time, each hea
off in a direction that would probably confus
Almighty."

HOW AND WHEN THE TENSION in their co
sation grew to the proportions it w
that rainy afternoon I cannot recall, or
myself recall. I was part of the tension,
had asked the questions that aroused so
feelings. And I had split them apart by spea
intimately with each of them. Ellie was seat
the table across from me, Ted stood in the
way between the dining space and living r
pacing in and out of our vision.

"You know, Ellie," he was saying, his a
rising, "that's probably where it all goes wr
every time with every man and every woma

"Where?" she asked. "Where does wha
wrong?"

"Look. You and I may come from the
background," he pointed at his wife, "but
are times when we're so different it's al
laughable that we've made it this long."

"Are the kids upstairs?" Ellie questione

"Oh, the hell with the kids. Let 'em
What the hell's the difference if they hear?'
do you want, children who don't know w
going on in their own house?"

"No. I don't." Ellie's voice sounded f
ened.

"That's exactly what my parents always
They tried to keep everything from us as th
we didn't know what was going on. Let 'em
for once.

"You've never been able to understand
my life is made of. I tell you plans, what
happen at work, I tell you my dreams, littl
you could care."

"I listen to every one of them."

"Listening isn't enough, goddammit. It'
Tom here. He listens. But it isn't enough.
think my plans are nuts or that I live i
future somehow. Or that I got a lot of
dreams."

"I didn't say that."

"You do in your way. Here's a stranger
in this house is more sympathetic to the
want to carve out my future than the wor
married. That's really a laugh."

"That's not fair, Ted," I said.

"I don't care about fair," he shot back. "
way beyond talking about what's fair and
not fair. I tell you things about my life
don't come back with all the junk I have t
from her!"

"*Her* is still in this room," Ellie said sh
"Why don't you speak a little to *her*?"

"I *am* speaking to you. Who the hell you
I'm speaking to? The man in the moon?"

hought you might have been speaking to
she nodded at me.
ıen I want to speak with him, I'll speak
m. This is *our* business."
y, maybe I should go," I suggested.
sir, you sit right there. You want to
about us, you listen to this part too. You
ound and see the seamy side too."
d." Ellie broke in. "you're sounding fool-

shut up!" She didn't move. "You stay.
want you to hear. I work five hard days a
That newspaper goes under, I'm out a job.
e you, Mrs. Know-it-all, to tell me just
what I'm supposed to do then. Huh? You
s philosophy you take every day one at a
sn't that your usual speech?"
at's my usual speech," Ellie responded
signation.
ah. That's it. That's a terrific philosophy.
now where I'd be with that philosophy
g my life? Do you *know*? *Do* you?"

"No, I don't. Ted. Where would you be?"

"I'd be with the same job I had when I was eleven years old. I'd be delivering for that McCrackle or McCarver or whatever the hell his name was." Ellie began to smile.

"Mencken." she corrected him.

"Mencken. McCracken. What the hell's the difference? You don't understand what I'm saying anyway."

"That's not true." his wife answered him. "I do."

"Yeah? Then what am I saying?" He looked at her smugly.

"That if you hadn't had some dream or goal you wouldn't have gone beyond the life you knew as a little boy."

"That's exactly right. So what I'd like to learn from you is, if you understand that, how can you be so . . . so . . . I don't know what, when it comes to listening to me?"

"I try to listen to you." Ellie's voice was kind.

"Maybe you do then. But our worlds are too

"The rich work to make their lives work out. They've got things figured out you wouldn't even be able to dream of."



different. You can't possibly understand what's in my head."

"I tell you what I believe in the best ways I can."

"That the God . . . you mean that God stuff?"

"Yes," she said firmly. "That God stuff, as you call it."

"That's where we part. I mean, that's where it all falls apart."

"Why? Where? What's falling apart, Ted?"

"Us. You, me. The whole thing. It falls apart. You rely on some set of beliefs that bring nothing." His anger, which had subsided, rose again. "God doesn't buy homes. God doesn't pay bills. Men do that. God don't provide! Love don't provide! You can go to church . . ."

"I realize that."

"You can go to church every day of the week, my friend, but if I don't work, or you don't work, you don't eat. You ever hear God throwing down food, or clothes? Or homes? Does your friend God do *that*?"

"Of course not. That's not why people . . ."

"You see you're wrong there. I'm sorry to correct you, but that's exactly what all those poor slobs go there on Sundays for. They march off to church and give their last pennies to God and beg Him to give them food or shelter, or whatever the hell they ask for."

Ted bent over and pointed at her, all the while keeping his distance. "That's why the poor are poor!" he yelled at her.

"Ted."

"C'mon, Ted," I joined in.

"Ted nothing," he came back. I made another gesture to leave. Ted came at me and grabbed my shoulder, pushing me back in the chair. "You wanna think of me as a madman, go ahead. But you'll leave here only when I'm finished."

"C'mon, Ted," I tried again.

"No, *you* listen! Both of you. The reason the poor stay poor is because of what *you* believe." He pointed at Ellie.

"You mean *I'm* the cause of people being poor," she said sarcastically.

"That's exactly right. *You're* the cause. All this business of living day by day, of wanting God to solve problems, of not doing things until they actually happen, until they actually fall into your goddamn lap, *you* believe that, and that's why people like you don't get anywhere. People are making it in this country every day of their lives. You still have a chance. But this business of laughing at someone 'cause he plans, or . . . praying—that's the end, boy. That's the living end. You hold onto your childhood, you've never let it go, and we're married almost twenty years. You see your mother as much as you see your husband. I'd love to know what in hell you two can find to talk about every day. That's something for you to study, Tom." Ellie had placed her head in her hands. She made no sound. "But you don't hear me complain about what p of my salary goes to supporting your moth you?"

"No, I don't hear you complain," Ellie pered.

"WHAT'D YOU SAY?" Ted screamed She lifted her head and answered him loud said, 'No, I don't hear you complain.' "

"No, I don't complain. I just shell out left and right for all those little things you her every day because that beautiful sain father of yours who loved everybody and body loved him, never planned, never dre It ain't enough to be nice."

"Don't you dare speak about my fa Ellie said bitterly, staring at him.

"I'll speak about anyone I damn please the hell's paying for this house anyway?"

"Yeah, well, you don't have to speak the dead."

"I'm not speaking about the dead. I'm ing about poor people; people who thin and niceness and praying in a church ar matter. It's all a lot of *shit*! Your parent *full* of shit!"

"Ted!" she screamed at him. "Stop it!

"And *my* parents were full of shit. N 'em knew what was going on. They minde own business and decided if this is what l brought them, then that's the way it had Now you go ahead and look around a children. Who's doing anything worth Huh? Who's dreaming about the future a about the past? Huh? You and your cause poverty. You sit together like n dreaming of the good old days when your was alive, and none of you gives a rat's a you were poor."

"Ted, please." Across from me, Ellie to weep. My presence made it more diffic her.

"Ted," I said, "I'm gonna go."

"You're not going. I'm not done." We at Ellie. "Let her cry. She cries all the Maybe we should call her mother over an could have a good cry together about t days. Maybe we could make an inventio bring back the dead." Ellie was sobbing.

"You're a monster."

"*I'm* the monster. Sure. *I'm* the monst cause I'm a little different from those idio run to church. I speak the truth. All you k yesterday and today. That's *all* women Memories, tears, dreams, MOTHERS! Yo a look at rich people someday. You know they're doing?" He continued to pace u back across the room. "They're planni many things for their lives they ain't go to go to church. They got the lives of the planned and their kids' kids. Jesus, you some rich guy with his insurance policie his trust funds. You ask them if they li

They're an army, the rich. They march future and rip it up.They don't wait to v their kids are turning out. They put the best schools, like these finishing , so's they can make sure the kids will turn out right."

opped, then pointed over his wife's shoul- ou get windows over kitchen sinks like ." I looked at him quizzically. "Windows tchen sinks," he repeated, nodding his and down. "The rich work to make their ork out. They've got things figured out uldn't even be able to dream of. Believe now. They think in enormous blocks of ney're moving in decades, all the time left entury. It's all big business. That's what e is based on. Big business. Now, in this ittle house, which is about the best I'm nna be able to do, this woman here n front of a sink looking out the window worrying either about the weather, or it's daytime or nighttime. That's all know. If it's daytime you make break- it's nighttime you make dinner. Bills, hat's going to become of us, they couldn't ss. Nighttime, daytime, all they want to what's in the cabinets to eat. Women and . They're one and the same."

HAT DO YOU WANT OF ME, Ted? What do want of me?" Ellie's voice and tears ightening to Ted. He moved back, dis- ng into the dining area. "Okay," she ou're a big man, you're doing a great in front of us, putting on this big show, y for Tom. Now, just what is it that you ust what do you want me and my mother r children to do? Why don't you answer tead of carrying on here like a mental u answer, for once. You want me to work? it? You want the kids to stop going to nd go to work? Here, give me the phone. up the schools and pull the kids out. what you want, isn't it? C'mon. C'mon. ig guy, gimme the phone. Come on!" d her open hand out in front of her. !" she screamed. Ted walked toward her. it, goddammit. The both of you," I yself yell.

give you," Ted was saying, "I'll give you ne, across your fresh mouth is where I'll the phone."

ahead," Ellie yelled. "You talk so much. n't you do something instead of babbling this, like some kind of an escapee from a hospital."

mouth closed, he nodded sarcastically. e from a mental . . . This is what I gotta very day of my life. I'm making it possi- our human beings to lead their lives with dignity." His voice had quieted somewhat. "Four ungrateful human beings. I don't have a soul to talk to in this house. I see the way people are living. I see the way people are dying, and we're not getting any of it. I can't even afford to get us ground in the cemetery. Has that, Mrs. Big Mouth, ever crossed that brilliant brain of yours? Where, exactly, would you like them to put my corpse when I die if I don't arrange for a plot? Here? Would you like it in the kitchen maybe? Just where do the poor die? You ever think of that?

"I see the future that you and your mother and all those idiots at church pray to God to take care of for you. I *see* that future. I'm already seventy years old and still working, still lifting Sunday papers, still dragging my ass around that goddamn hole. You're praying, and I'm working to have enough money to buy a place, and a way to get rid of my body which, if you'd really care to know, was dead a long, long time ago."

He glared at the two of us before continuing.

"Let me give you both a bit of a lesson. You," he said, pointing to me, "will have to excuse me if I don't sound like some important professor from MIT. A man doesn't die when his heart stops. That's not the only death a man has got to look forward to. There are lots of deaths . . ."

"Like when your parents die?" Ellie quietly interrupted.

"NO!" he yelled at her. "Wrong again. Those are the deaths that women fall apart with. Men don't die at the sight of death. You talk to soldiers. They fight with guys falling down all around 'em. Women go to cemeteries and fall apart. Men hold women together because they know more about death than women. They know more about death because they work. They work every damn day of their lives and so they know what it is to reach a point where you can't go any further. That's the death a man knows. The death of effort. You ever hear of the word incapacitated?" he asked his wife.

"Of course I did," Ellie answered.

"Of course I did," he mocked her in baby talk. "Of course you *don't*, you mean. You can't know 'cause women can't know the thought every day of your life something happening and you're not able to work again." He glared at Ellie, assured that I, a man, would have to agree. "That's death, my friend."

"And women don't know that?" she inquired.

"No, women don't know that. You don't know the feelings of these other deaths until you find yourself in a world where you don't have any choice, and you just stay at it, like it or not, knowing you better damn well stay healthy or a whole group of people are going to fall flat on their faces."

"You're talking through your hat," Ellie started. "How hard do you think it would be for all of us to go to work? We could all make up the

"When women work it's a fill-in. They substitute, and brother, when they put in the substitutes it's because the first team either stinks or can't play."

Thomas J. Cottle

A MIDDLE AMERICAN MARRIAGE

difference. Did *you*, Mr. Bright Ideas, ever think of *that?*"

"Many, many, many times," Ted replied softly. "Many times I've thought about what it would be like having your wife and children working while you sat around the house, sick or tired or something. That, my friend, is another form of death. That may be the worst death of all. When women work it's a fill-in. They substitute, and brother, when they put in the substitutes it's because the first team either stinks or can't play. Or maybe," he smiled, "'cause the first team's got a lead they'll never catch. If only it worked that way. If only I could ever get ahead of it, instead of always chasing, chasing, chasing. . . ."

"What are you chasing, chasing, chasing?" Ellie asked, looking up. "What is it that you're always after that you can know all these *special* deaths that no one else seems to know anything about? Huh?"

"I'm chasing life!" he yelled back at her. "I'm chasing the rich and the government and my bosses and taxes and bills. That's what I'm chasing. I'm a drowning man, chasing after a breath. After air. Is that enough for you? I don't take life day by day and sit back and dream about the beautiful past. Anybody does that has already drowned.

"How do you think it works out there? That somebody just *gives* you things? Things come to you because you work your goddamn ass off. And what's more, you can work your ass off every day of your life and end up with this!" He held his hand up making a zero sign with his thumb and index finger. "Zero!" he yelled. "Nothing! You can work just like your father did and end up with nothing!"

"He was a happy man on the day he died."

"The hell he was. You don't know anything about your father. You ask your brother about your father. Ask your mother. She knows. Maybe now that you're a big girl she'll tell you some of the real facts of life. Go ask her when you see her tomorrow. Go now, for Christ's sake, it's been almost an hour since you've seen the old lady. And ask your mother about his drinking."

"Shut up, Ted." Ellie was angered and embarrassed. She looked at me.

"I'm not supposed to be saying anything about that, eh? I'm supposed to keep my mouth shut so Tom can think that everything around us and our beautiful childhoods was perfect? You ask your mother about how many times your father died in his life before the Good Lord took him away. Ask her. She'll tell you. He died every night of his life. Every night he came home to that dump your family lived in, he died. You think it's easy for a man every day to look around at his life and be reminded of what a pitiful failure he is, and always will be? That's the death part, Ellie. And that's the part, reporter, you better write about if you w understand people like us. It's seeing ev of your life what you got and *knowing*, k like your own name, that it ain't neve get any better. That's what you live wi that's what your father had in his mind his body every day, and every night. Tha a man drinks. Believe me, I know. You from your children just so long. In this c there ain't no one who fails and holds h up. Any man who holds his head up a loses is just trying to protect himself. likes a loser. That's why the rich can't st That's why we moved here. What we had t all those years were *prisons*. They were tisements of how much we didn't have. any doubts about it, you just turn on the see the way people are living with their n and their boats, and with their homes country. How many times a day they g mind you of that, I'd like to know?"

FOR THE FIRST TIME, Ellie was nodding I had seen her face show relief n before when, unthinkingly, Ted had u phrase, "the Good Lord took him away she was her husband's wife, his woman, rection of his anguish had shifted, and America, the rich, social classes, me, attacked and held responsible. No longe men against women; it was the poor aga rich, those who can, with a genuine s autonomy and possibility underwrit achieve with dignity, and those who mu out the work, the waiting, and the deci bosses for bonuses and a chance to mov slightly.

Ted stood, not exactly next to his w closer to her, leaving me, still seated, th person. For long minutes the three of silent, Ellie and I staring at the tablet standing near us, motionless. I could eyebrows rising and falling as thougl thing in me wanted to signal the two c Ted broke the silence, and turned to r voice was even and resolute. "Don't yo about us. You go ahead and write whate feel you should." That was all he said th that afternoon.

Two feelings had come over me, two as distinct as shaking hands with both Gr simultaneously. Ted's right hand in m hand, Ellie's hand in my left hand. I f that I had been as moved by these two p I had ever been by anyone or anything felt, too, a desire to make all three of us and unforgettable: famous. I suppose, halfway home, driving through an ang that made visibility almost impossible, the one word that swirled in my head came to rest. Immortality.

OMMENTARY

he fact: interpretations of Arthur Bremer's diary



welcomes brief contributions on any subject of its readers who find themselves inspired to te statement. Please send entries, including self-addressed envelope, to Suzanne Mantell.

Bremer's diary delineates the verbal shape of the snake pit inhabited by psychotic assassins. The emotional structure of it exerts a degree of fascination upon us in part because we know, after the fact, that this was the "secret subterranean site" in which the horrible and mutilating attack was conceived.

The snake pit breeds the disease that makes up the dangerously deceptive "imitation-rational assassin syndrome" with its weird cliché-thinking and its almost total sexual impotence. Careful study of the assassin's thought reveals the quality of an excited robot; this curious "depersonalization" is clear in Bremer's diary. It is not merely that men of Bremer's stamp are intellectually inferior. *They have lost control of reality-behavior and are possessed by a specific kind of reptilian dehumanization:* their deterioration is made clear by the diaries they sometimes keep.

Born into weak families, often dominated by near-incestuous mothers or by fathers "queer for guns" (the compulsive hunter) or by fathers alcoholic and psychopathic who desert and disappear forever, the future "assassin-son" is almost always a "weirdo" (French students of the assassin call him simply a "nut"), quite often a delinquent with unclassifiable admixtures of schizoid withdrawal (the "loner," the "outsider") and/or near-epileptic rages (called "temperament") but not without a certain kind of cunning and shrewdness. The latter traits describe Lincoln's assassin, the grandiose, supertheatrical John Wilkes Booth, whose father, Junius Booth, was a famous Shakespearean tragedian given to psychotic episodes onstage and off. (Junius Booth once held a public funeral [hearse, casket, minister, procession to a cemetery] for a bushel basket of dead, wild pigeons.)

Somewhere between eighteen and thirty-two years of age, the future assassin intensifies his sadistic, masturbatory fondness for weaponry (Oswald joined the Marines), begins to echo political and psychological clichés, reads enough to absorb catchphrases, and then generally becomes mobile, wandering across national borders in his excited restlessness. Bremer's diary shows clearly these signs in his agitated gun-juggling trembling during the Canadian excursion to assassinate President Nixon in Ottawa. (Oswald's mental disease was evident during his defection to the U.S.S.R.; Dominick Tsafendas, a sailor of Portuguese extraction and the assassin of Prime Minister Verwoerd of South Africa, had temporarily been committed to one of our own state hospitals.)

Bremer's diary also displays the bizarre word-spellings.

phrasings, and witticisms well known to neurologists and psychiatrists as "neologisms" and "Witzelsucht" (abnormally prolific wit) common among violent schizophrenics.

Thus: "surprish" and "surprishing" for *surprise* and *surprising*; "screky" for *creaky*; "shillowet" for *silhouette*, etc.

Or his curious "depersonalizing phrases" for people. Of New York: "a cold, peopled place," or, when he means *few passengers aboard a plane*, "a sparsely populated plane." And his wit, gruesome: "After all, does the world remember if Sirhan's tie was on straight?" Finally, when Bremer was sentenced his "imitation-rational" cunning comes back into play: ". . . I would have liked it if society had protected me from myself." And we are forced to ask and are hard put to answer: *How?*

—Daniel E. Schneider, M.D.
New York, N.Y.

Dr. Daniel Schneider, author of The Psychoanalyst and the Artist, *is presently writing a book entitled* Psychoanalysis of Assassination.

In view of the influence assassins have had over the outcome of the last three Presidential elections, it is surprising how little is known about the social and emotional pressures that drive some men to murder politicians.

I am not a psychiatrist, but the diary portions published in *Harper's* did not persuade me of the conclusion in the introduction to the diary that Bremer was a paranoid schizophrenic. He struck me as depressed to the point of suicide but with considerable insight into himself, remarkably rational (for example, in his careful planning for the Canadian border crossing), and with a clear fix on reality (as in his description of the encounter with Alga). The diary also suggested that Bremer is quite intelligent, very observant (for example, in noticing a politician's attempt to stretch his TV appearance), a competent film critic (his one-sentence review of *Such Good Friends* was mercilessly accurate), and, his terrible spelling aside, an above-average writer.

Also, I do not agree with *Harper's* that Bremer "conceives of himself as an American hero"; the diary suggests that he is a highly ambitious young man who, wanting to make his mark on the world and realizing that he could not do so in accepted ways, turned to criminal methods and an attention-getting form of self-destruction instead. As such, Bremer is one of the uncounted poor young men who have not been given a proper chance, either at home, in school, in the job market, or by the American system in general, which enables only a very small number of poor boys to make good.

Still, there are many ambitious failures like Bremer who find some way of living with their disappointments or of reducing their expectations, and who do not resort either to murder or to political murder. The diary is not very revealing as to why Bremer took this grisly path; although he bore a considerable grudge against his society, he does not seem to have blamed either the President or Governor Wallace for his misfortunes, and his need to assassin[ate] them was not based on ideological or other political motives. He appears to have been tormented by sexu[al] difficulties more than the average young man, and m[ur]der may have been his substitute for sexual relief, for wh[en] he reminisces about the "near naked girl rubbing my er[ect] penis & she wouldn't let me put it *thru* her" (my emp[hasis]; his Freudian slip suggests that he is equating his pen[is] with a gun. Why he chose to murder a politician rath[er] than, say, his parents, is also hard to fathom from the[ir] although it appears that his ambition was intense enough to be delusionary; he wanted to be "as important as t[he] start of World War II."

I doubt whether anyone as disturbed and determin[ed] as Bremer could have been stopped, but if America g[ave] its poor young men more of the educational and occu[pa]tional opportunities to satisfy the ambitions and high expectations it instills in all of us—including more psychologists and sexual therapists in the schools so [that] adolescents would get the help they need when their [in]turmoil is greatest—fewer of them would have to res[ort] to criminal methods of "making it," and even Breme[r] might not have had to identify with Alex of *A Clockw[ork] Orange*.

I hope *Harper's* will try to obtain and publish mor[e] diaries, for example, from the men who make the dec[isions] that have led to the deaths of countless soldiers and [of] civilians in Indochina.

—Herbert [Gans]
New York

Herbert Gans is professor of sociology at Columbia University an[d] senior research associate at the Center for Policy Research.

The result of Arthur Bremer's attempted assassina[tion] of Gov. George Wallace was a Senate bill to outlaw handguns with a barrel length less than three inches, [a] that must have seemed less absurd to Senators than it did to weapons experts. [The bill died in the House; [but] is little hope that it will be revived.] A brief commen[t on] this bill is in order.

The longer the handgun barrel, the greater its accu[racy] and velocity. The increased velocity will cause a soli[d] bullet to penetrate farther or a soft-nose bullet to exp[and] better. Though a longer barrel is harder to carry in a pocket, it can be completely concealed by a well-desi[gned] holster. In fact, certain federal agents have made a fi[ne] art of concealing on their persons not only large hand[guns] but shotguns and submachine guns.

Bremer did not use a cheap "Saturday Night Spec[ial]" but a high quality, two-inch barrel Charter Arms .38 special revolver. This gun retails for $80 and is in a c[lass] with the revolvers manufactured by Colt's. I have use[d] similar revolvers for informal target shooting in the course of evaluating them for police use. Given the accuracy and velocity loss of the short barrel, I would rather take my chances being shot at with one of thes[e] than with an N-frame (large, heavy caliber) Smith & Wesson or a sawed-off shotgun, both of which could

THE MASQUE OF THE READ DEATH by Margaret Bennett

If you're a struggling author,
Don't mind your p's and q's,
Don't grind for years to hone your style,
Don't cultivate your muse,
No, to be an author
Of national acclaim,
The only thing you have to do
Is make a public name.
And the fastest way to make one
Sans good looks, brains, or skill
Is to take some lethal weapon
And KILL, KILL, KILL, KILL, KILL!
Assassinate a statesman,
Or massacre a town
Of unsuspecting innocents,
Or mow a family down,
Or else kill in some kinky way
That sickens and outrages
The decent folk who lap it up
Off newspaper front pages.
Then when you're arrested
And allowed to make one call,
Don't telephone a lawyer,
He'd be no help at all,
Call up a clever agent
And get your book rights sold,
Strike while the shooting iron is hot,
Before the body's cold.
The publishers are waiting
With checkbooks open wide
And fountain pens that throb with lust
To sign a homicide.
And here's the happy clincher
That may appeal the most,
If you don't feel like writing,
They'll dig you up a ghost.
But whoever puts the words down—
Your book will be a smash,
For stone walls do best sellers make,
And iron bars make cash.
Then should your lawyer spring you
On some technicality,
You'll find you're still a wanted man—
Wanted by TV,
And all the late-night talkathons
Will echo with applause
For the literary lion
With slightly bloody claws.
So clean and oil your pistol,
Or sharpen up your knife,
Or fill a can with gasoline,
And take a human life.
An author needn't struggle,
It's not so hard to cope,
Just cheer up and remember
That where there's death, there's hope.

Margaret Bennett is the nom de plume of Barbara Toohey and June Biermann, librarians at Los Angeles Valley College in Van Nuys, California.

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ed by a casual visual inspection if concealed. ination is in the will of the assassin. If he must ganization to accomplish his purpose he will do annot find a handgun he may use a bomb, car. If he is or has been a professional government he will probably not depend on firearms anyway ey are easily detected by a frisk), but will use (including poison gas) or a disguised explosive

will always be those who insist that the assassin is nply by definition. Perhaps their opinion would nt if the usual modern assassin were of the al class as the person assassinated, as in the case Caesar. Even St. Thomas Aquinas was willing er the motives of the assassin and the objective od of the person killed before giving an opinion involved.

ings seem clear in the modern American history nation. First, the assassin is not only undeterred obable consequences of his action but is actually l by them (particularly the publicity): thus t of legislation on such matters as gun control is nake him afraid of legal penalties. Second, the who pays consistent heed to his security will have a better chance of surviving in high office. Both of the Kennedys had a fatalistic attitude toward assassination, whereas George Wallace, who considered his own speaking style inflammatory, did everything he could think of to protect himself. The latter attitude will probably become the prevailing one as politicians come to realize that constant handshaking really doesn't have that much to do with representative government. There are real security experts who can and do prevent many assassination attempts, but they are constantly thwarted in their efforts by politicians who feel that any "expert" is so narrow in his view that he must be disregarded from time to time. —David E. Steele
Los Angeles, Calif.

David E. Steele, a master's student of police administration at California State College in Los Angeles, was supervisor of the Police Weapons Center project at the International Association of Chiefs of Police in Washington, D.C.

Although it throws some light on his preoccupations, Arthur Bremer's diary does not suffice for a diagnosis. Anyway, I cannot think of new and feasible measures to predict, prevent, or protect against political murders or the pathologies that often produce them. But there is one

thing we might consider. Bremer wanted to kill so as to become famous. This is also what motivated Herostratus to burn down the Temple of Artemis of Ephesus, one of the Seven Wonders of the World. The Greeks promptly denied him his prize by prohibiting forever any mention of his name. (They did not succeed.)

Herostratic motivations have become quite prominent as the oppressiveness of anonymity has grown. We might give some thought to ways of reducing the celebrity gained by those who murder (or try to) for fame. Total isolation from all publicity may become part of the punishment, including perhaps material isolation. Certainly no biographies or autobiographies should be published for, say, ten years after the crime. If publicity is what they are willing to pay for with their own life or with imprisonment, publicity is what must be denied if we are to discourage Herostratic crimes. These crimes will increase otherwise.

—Ernest van den Haag
New York, N.Y.

The central problem facing America today is the need for a clear, broad-based perception of reality. The press is more interested in what is believable than in what is true and so we continue to be surrounded by a believable mythology. The people are interested in comfort rather than in awareness—and so our mythology gives them comfort.

The major part of the new American mythology holds that the country is so populated by lonely, disoriented men that all assassinations can be credited to them. The counterpart of the same piece of mythology is that the American war machine, which has killed hundreds and hundreds of Asians, primarily in order to maintain its power, would balk at killing within the continental limits of the country. The effect of the mythology, long since adopted as official government doctrine, is to cause each assassination to appear to be of no significance—in spite of the fact that a substantial gain by elements of our national government is perceivable in each assassination.

When the question of *"who gained?"* is applied to the Wallace shooting, against the context of the then current election campaign, the shooting—in terms of probability—becomes less mysterious and more meaningful. In the same way, the application of the question *"who gained?"* to the assassinations of President John F. Kennedy, Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr., and Senator Robert Kennedy causes those murders—in terms of probability—to become less mysterious and more meaningful.

The attempted assassination of Governor George Wallace produced readily discernible gains for the warfare apparatus of the government. The warfare apparatus may be defined as that bureaucratic complex consisting of the Pentagon and the Central Intelligence Agency, as well as those departments and agencies that serve them. Civilian control of this well-entrenched operation is considerably more apparent than real—and this is due in no small measure to the highly refined assassination capabili the warfare complex.

The first gain accomplished by the disability of Governor Wallace was to assure that President Nixo would acquire the great majority of Wallace's Soutl vote, thereby substantially increasing his potential percentage over that of Senator McGovern—the ca who was committed to a substantial reduction in the of the warfare apparatus. This does not necessaril that President Nixon in any way was aware that an operation was in effect to assure—indeed, to guara his victory. It does mean that, far and away, he was most desirable chief executive from the point of vie the bureaucratic complex.

The second major gain accomplished by the deva ing crippling of Governor Wallace was that it virtue assured that the only Democrat with a viable chanc defeating the President—namely, Sen. Edward Kennedy—would not be drafted at the Democratic vention. It was predictable that with assassination " lonely deranged men" still in the air, the counsel of Senator Kennedy's friends and family would be for t refuse any draft and bide his time. The other two Kennedys had been eliminated but Sen. Edward Ke remained as another potentially formidable *bête no* for the American War Machine.

It is my considered judgment that the diary left b Arthur Bremer, while undoubtedly written by his h is an example of the deception customarily used by gence agencies. It serves as an arrow pointing in th wrong direction. It serves to help make a highly me ful art appear meaningless—just as did so much of "evidence" gratuitously left behind after the assass of John Kennedy, Martin Luther King, and Robert Kennedy.

More specifically, in my judgment the Bremer di gives great emphasis to his initial "pursuit" of Pres Nixon in order to make the ultimate and intended s of Wallace appear to be irrelevant and capricious.

Again and again, through the diary, the predicat laid so that all can see how *violence-oriented* Breme ("I could of had enough guns in my baggage . . . to a revolution in Canada"), how *mentally ill* he was (gave me an erection" . . . "I'm as important as the s World War II . . . "), and, above all, how *lonely* and *frustrated* he was ("If I attempted to say half of wh done to me, I wouldn't do the emotion of despair ju

It is really too much. American domestic intellig has a heavy hand. Sooner or later, even the most cr audience must tire of the cloying deceptions our intelligence leaves behind as souvenirs of its operat When the warfare apparatus determines to elimina cripple an individual, why cannot it just shoot and have done with it? It need not fear that there will be departure of the great mythology in which the Ame press and the American people live.

—Jim G
New Orle

Jim Garrison is the District Attorney of New Orleans.

There's plenty of static...



Here's one way to sort out the sense from the sound and sizzle of contemporary events. The New Republic. While we don't claim to have all the answers, our staff does ask many of the right questions, helps you to find out whether

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- **desegregation is working**
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- **a new tax bill is fair**
- **military spending is too high or too low**
- **a movie's worth seeing**
- **an anti-pollution program is fouled up**
- **children learn more in open classrooms**
- **there's hope for television, and where**

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H 2/3

THE CALIFORNIA MORTGAGE SCAND

An explanation of the dismal scheme by a man who repented of his complicity

by Paul Cabbell

Lack of money is the root of all evil.
—Mark Twain

ON DECEMBER 30, 1969, K. R. Morris, a representative from a well-known Northern California loan brokerage firm, visited the Sausalito home of Belle Shaw, a seventy-seven-year-old widow. Mrs. Shaw had earlier expressed an interest in borrowing some money for home repairs.

Morris listed Mrs. Shaw's assets and liabilities on the loan application. She had $300 in a Bank of America checking account, a 1957 Chevrolet, and a combined income from Social Security benefits and rent from boarders totaling $716 per month. Monthly payments on the house she and Mr. Shaw had purchased in 1917 were $126. Her equity in the property, the difference between its value and the amount still owed, was handsome: $27,000.

Morris agreed to arrange a $1,400 loan. His company would obtain the money from a private investor who in turn would receive a "second mortgage" on Mrs. Shaw's home. The investor's profit would amount to 10 percent, the maximum interest rate allowed on second mortgages under California law.

For its part in the transaction, Morris's company, American Plan Investment Corporation, received a 15 percent "brokerage commission" as payment for services rendered. Mrs. Shaw paid this fee, plus the cost of an appraisal, policy of title insurance, escrow fees, loan service fee, and a fire insurance policy, from the proceeds of the loan. She received $1,023 in cash.

Approximately three months later, on March 26, 1970, Morris again visited Mrs. Shaw. This time and on each of the four additional occasions he visited her over the next two years, Morris arranged another loan that paid off the previous one and netted Mrs. Shaw more cash.

Because a large part of each new loan went to pay off its predecessor before it was due, Mrs. Shaw was required to pay several hundred dollars in prepayment penalties. Actually, she never knew about these payments because the money was conveniently subtracted from the proceeds of each new loan and transferred, via complex paperwork, to the broker's coffers. True, this carefully laid trap was described in the fine print, but so were many others, some of them equally treacherous.

For example, Mrs. Shaw paid a $40 appraisal fee for each loan, even though her home had been

My deeds upon my head!
—Shylock, The Merchant of Ve

appraised as recently as three months be
the same company.

She paid the 15 percent brokerage fee f
loan. Then, because the broker shrewdly
each new loan so that the largest portion
proceeds went to pay off its predecesso
ended up paying the 15 percent a secon
The result was a steadily climbing pyra
debt. Each time Mrs. Shaw borrowed
ceived a few hundred dollars in cash a
creased her debt by a few thousand. She
back for more, she said, because it was all s
Indeed it was. The complex manipulation
handled by an expert. Mrs. Shaw never hac
out of her chair, being required only to si
name to several tedious-looking documen

By the time Mrs. Shaw finally met an af
named William Bishop, she had agreed
loans with American Plan. The brokerag
had received a grand total of $10,460 in f
services rendered. Mrs. Shaw had received
of $7,038 in cash, and $378 had been p
creditors at her request. For the sixth lo
had signed a note agreeing to repay $7,56
in thirty-six months, plus a "balloon balan
the thirty-seventh month, amounting to
536.*

The balloon balance is in many ways t
to the second-mortgage business. It al
broker to lure borrowers into loans wi
monthly payments that often do little mo
pay the interest. Then on the thirty-s
month the balance of the loan immediat
comes due and payable.

The supposed advantage to the borro
that while he cannot afford equal month
ments that completely retire the loan
period of three years, he can afford a loan
balloon balance. But in most instances th

Paul Cabbell, formerly a director of marketing for a California firm of mortgage brokers, is now a free-lance writer. He is also a special adviser to the California Senate Subcommittee Panel on Mortgage Loan Brokers and the author of a book, God Bless Our Second Mortgage, *soon to be published by Federal Legal Publications, 95 Morton Street, New York, N.Y. 10014.*

*The repayment of Mrs. Shaw's first loan of
required thirty-seven monthly installments of
an arrangement that would have resulted in a to
back of $1,671.66 for the $1,023 Mrs. Shaw r
Compared to average second-mortgage loans, t
not an expensive cost, but second mortgages
outrageously expensive when repayment plans
balloon balances that require refinancing
Shaw's sixth loan, for example, called for month
ments of $210, a sum that barely paid the inter
principal of $21,000. The final cost to Mrs. Shaw
six loans can be measured only by comparing
tual money she received—$7,416—with the
amount that she had agreed to repay—$27,096.

e arranged without informing the bor-
ven worse, most people can pay them
"refinancing." In effect this means pay-
expensive loan costs all over again.
omplaint filed in San Francisco Superior
ttorney Bishop claimed that the mort-
ker had committed "acts of concealment
-statements . . . all done wilfully, op-
y and maliciously, and with the intent of
ng and deceiving the Plaintiff, to her
it." Among other things, the suit asks
dgment in the amount of $10 million.
n Plan has generally denied the charges
mplaint.
while, like the Vietnam village that must
oyed to be saved, Mrs. Shaw's home was
void foreclosure. While the enormity of
arouses feelings of pity, perhaps anger,
is hardly unique. Each year tens of
s of people find themselves pressed
wall of debt raised by a second mort-
, more precisely, by the mysterious
hat inevitably come creeping out of the
t. Although the specific methods differ
e to state, the swindle is a national one.
vindle depends on the naïveté of poor
i-literate people who believe TV and
er commercials advertising the benefits
onsolidation and QUICK CASH! The
ments compare one's equity in a home
in the bank. Borrowing thus becomes
"making a withdrawal," and the cost
nsaction almost never gets discussed.
l-mortgage brokers often claim that
omers come to them animated by greed,
such a claim undeniably contains an
f truth, it fails to explain the rapacity of
ers. Many of them do not hesitate to
e law to take advantage of people forced
money to pay unforeseen hospital bills,
ments, funeral expenses, or bail bonds-
men; or, as in the case of Mrs. Shaw, to exploit people who legitimately need extra cash to improve their lives.

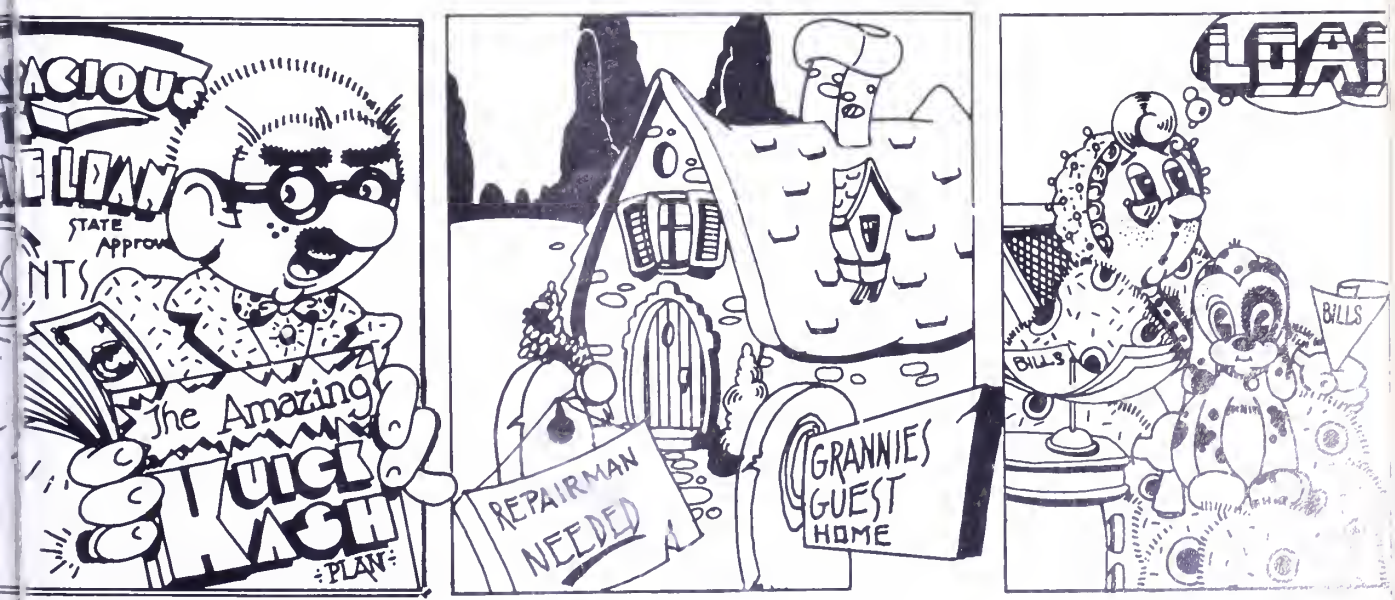
Polishing a shabby image

MY OWN INTRODUCTION to this depressing business took place in October 1970, when, as a copy writer and account executive for a Newport Beach advertising agency, I was assigned to make bright the image of Union Home Loans, the largest and oldest firm of California mortgage brokers. The firm maintains offices in fifteen cities and spends nearly $750,000 a year on its advertising.

At the time, I knew nothing at all about second mortgages, remembering only that as a kid I'd seen ads on TV showing men in shiny suits and thin black moustaches waving fistfuls of imitation cash. Like almost everyone else connected with the agency, I had doubts about the ethics of such a business.

But my own doubts consisted of nothing more substantial than cloudy images of tasteless advertising and perhaps the faint memory of Biblical or Shakespearean references to the evils of moneylending. I reread *The Merchant of Venice* and began to look for a quality of mercy in the corporate structure I was helping to promote.

More than once I decided that things were hopeless; more than once I told myself that I must quit and find myself a different line of work. But always I argued that to leave too soon would accomplish nothing, for myself or anyone else. To leave simply because I disagreed with certain business practices seemed to me comparable to the act of an ostrich burying its head in the sand. I might avoid guilt by avoiding association, but someone else would surely take my place, and the practices would continue.



Paul Cabbell

THE CALIFORNIA MORTGAGE SCANDAL

One of the principals in the agency argued convincingly that we had an opportunity to change bad business practices and to do good by arguing the long-term benefits of honesty and fairness. Perhaps because I was earning a comfortable salary, I found myself agreeing with him.

Soon afterward, for even more money, I was persuaded to join Union Home Loans as Director of Marketing. My former employer reportedly advised J.A. Seedman, the president of Union Home Loans, to have me sign an agreement by which I would promise to remain silent about any "secrets" learned in the company's employ. Instead, I recall that Seedman simply told me on the day he hired me, "If you ever cross me, I'll kill you." It was one of the few times that he succumbed to melodrama.

I stayed with the company for a year, arguing throughout my tenure in favor of change, reform, honesty in advertising, fairness, and reduced fees. Sometime in December 1971 I realized that continued arguments were useless. Seedman refused to explain a number of practices I suspected might involve the company in corporate fraud. I had lost the hope, probably naive, of working for reform from within the system.

Even so, I did not resign, nor did I seek other employment. Instead, in March of 1972, I requested a thirty-day leave of absence for "reasons of personal health." Fifteen days later I was told that I was "overqualified" for the job and that my presence was therefore no longer required.

The parting was neither angry nor bitter. I remember feeling only a sense of freedom. I had begun to feel trapped as long ago as December 1970, the month in which the company answered a complaint by the California Department of Real Estate (DRE) by signing a consent order agreeing not to advertise falsely. While not admitting guilt, the company paid a $10,000 judgment; six lesser firms paid additional amounts. At the time nobody at the advertising agency understood that we were writing questionable ads.

In June of 1971, however, many of Union's employees still worried about some of the advertising appearing on TV and in newspapers. "Those ads that promise monthly payments of $18.53 for every $1,000 you borrow are completely phony," complained Tedd Randal, now Union's Director of Loan Administration. "People come in here with an ad torn out of a newspaper and say they want a loan just like that. The loan officer has to do some pretty fancy talking to switch them to another deal."

The law enforcers at DRE apparently didn't notice the ads. But Lee Eccles, a Los Angeles attorney for the Federal Trade Commission, did notice them. He also recalled having seen "scores of complaints" about Union Home Loans. Armed with the recent federal Truth in Le Law, Eccles filed a suit naming Irving Tus Executive Director and "owner" of the Seedman, and the company as defen Among other things, the complaint specifie the company advertised loan terms it di usually arrange, at rates not generally avai

In February of 1972, this case ended wi other consent order. Again they admitt guilt. The advertising was changed.

AFTER CONCLUDING NEGOTIATIONS wi FTC, Seedman noted in a memo direc "All Personnel" that "we have every intent maintaining and embellishing our image 'Flag Ship' of our industry. We will do thing in our power to live up to the premie tion which we hold, not only in the eyes Federal Trade Commission, but with our in the industry as well."

Such a statement is not uncharacteristic way many people in the industry talk wh cussing alleged complaints and malpra Brokers and salesmen typically adopt a manner and speak in pious tones about ulent and deceitful practices of banks a ings and loans institutions. But these individuals will, in unguarded moments, an incredible amount of repressed guilt and helpless frustration. One cannot but f for many of them who obviously feel tra circumstances over which they feel they l control.

Privately, for instance, Seedman a that his was a "scabby business." He q his distaste by arguing that mortgage today are where the savings and loa twenty years ago. His aim, he said, was s to "bring the level of the business up."

It is unclear just what Seedman mea he refers to the savings and loans. Fe argue that they are now, or ever were, si mortgage brokers. But Union's presid fast-talking salesman when he speaks o sue, and he speaks on it often, as does Smith, Union's corporate attorney.

Smith and Seedman both enjoyed about their attempts to "raise the leve business." Their critics, among them state legislators, take this to mean "imp industry's image."

So, in fact, did the president and othe tives of Union's former ad agency when gued in October of 1971 that the compa stop using religion to sell loans by e Reverend Joe B. Hardwick, A.A., B.A of the Praises of Zion Baptist Church l the black ghetto area of Los Angeles.

Every Sunday morning at seven, performs commercials for Union Hor on his KFWB gospel radio show. Hardw

diamond ring and has a penchant for
ck cigars and alleged private meetings
yor Yorty, crooned in early 1972 that
ple at Union Home Loans have kept me
ir for going on six years and then in
e're going to celebrate our sixth year.
race of God if you stand with me and
calling... that will insure me coming
t Sunday morning. They are the lead-
e loan brokers. I know; I have had to
services myself." The reverend sends
members of his congregation signed
n Christ, Rev. Joe B. Hardwick." At the
of the page is the inscription: "Union
oans Cares."

didn't agree with the ad agency's sug-
hat Hardwick be dismissed. The com-
parently believes that Hardwick is re-
for a good deal of business in the black
Los Angeles.

The insurance angle

HING ELSE THAT HELPS assuage Seed-
's feelings about the "scabbiness" of the
ortgage business is the enormous profit
example, according to the Union Home
ote that sets forth the basic terms and
ns of its loans, two dollars per month go
the expense of keeping records of the
d of monthly payments." Several of
loan officers admitted a sense of guilt
e inclusion of this fee, pointing out that
uts to "charging people money to take
oney." One office manager reportedly
ar as striking the offensive clause out of
te before asking the borrower to sign.

os the most expensive and deadly traps
fine print of second-mortgage contracts
charges. Together with the low monthly payments that result from the incorporation of "balloon balances," these are often useful devices that enable an experienced broker to steal from unsuspecting borrowers. Those people who allow their payments to become late often find themselves at the end of three years owing more than they originally had borrowed.

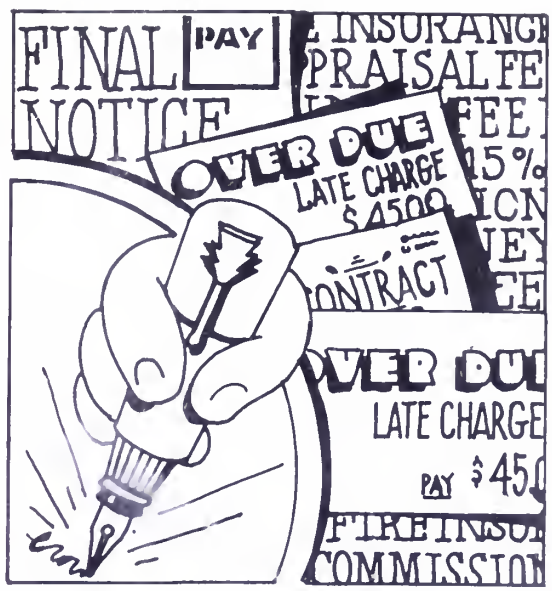
In Sacramento, for example, attorney Irvine Dungan has filed numerous cases, all against Union Home Loans, that deal specifically with the subtlety of the late charge. One of them concerns a disabled city sanitation employee who reportedly borrowed $3,500 in 1963, borrowed another $4,700 in 1966 to pay off the balance still due, and then was forced to borrow yet another $7,200 in 1969 to pay off the balance on the second loan. The suit alleges that the borrower was not told that he would be assessed a $45 late charge if his payments were more than five days late. Union Home Loans has denied this charge.

The high late charges, quite obviously, bring enormous profit to the broker. They also help force the borrower into a position where he must "refinance" his loan or accept foreclosure. Seedman once explained that the company had once held it as axiomatic that if a borrower was late once, then automatically he would be late with every succeeding payment.

YET ANOTHER SOURCE of certain profit is the gimmick of selling the borrower some life insurance along with his loan. Many loan salesmen admit that the best way to sell the insurance is to write up the documents and say nothing. "It's best just to hand them the papers and a pen," said Union's San Diego office manager. "Then while you point out the several places to sign their names, you keep talking. Talk about kids, baseball, the weather, anything. Keep them

"Those people who allow their payments to become late often find themselves at the end of three years owing more than they originally had borrowed."







from asking questions. If they do, you're dead."

When Seedman was informed that many of Union's salesmen were using these very tactics to score a "penetration" rate as high as 80 percent, he said: "Don't rock the boat. That insurance is worth about $200,000 a year in income."

The profit to be gained in insurance can be demonstrated by a proceeding against R. W. Greenburg, a former loan salesman with the Mortgage Refinance Company in Los Angeles. When borrowers Roy and Lillian Snyder came to Greenburg in March 1967, they asked for "about $4,000 to pay bills." They eventually agreed to borrow $5,250, making special arrangements to pay an additional $2,500 brokerage fee at a later date.

According to E. F. DeVilbiss, who presided at a 1969 hearing initiated by the Department of Real Estate, "the insurance premium deducted from the loan proceeds was $1,177.20. The evidence established that the purchase of insurance by borrower Snyder was not an independent decision. To this day, the borrower has no clear idea why he needed insurance or why his wife, who was not a party to the transaction, needed insurance.

"Two $10,000 credit life insurance policies were written and paid for, a total of $20,000 insurance on a $5,250 loan. This is contrary to the plain language of Section 779.4 of the Insurance Code of California. . . . The insurance was written to . . . increase the broker commission from $750 to $2,500."

In other words, a large insurance premium had conveniently been added to the loan. This boosted the total amount borrowed above $5,000. Thus, the law limiting the broker's fee to a 15 percent maximum no longer applied. So instead of receiving a mere 15 percent on $5,000 ($750), the broker received nearly 50 percent on $5,250 ($2,500).

Although the hearing officer found that Greenburg had acted with the "knowledge and consent" of the company and its principal, and that this act was "willful and dishonest," the company and its principal received only a thirty-day license suspension.

Today, almost six years after arranging the Snyder loan, Greenburg reportedly remains active as the principal in his own mortgage broker firm and is appealing the finding of the hearing officer.

The sympathy of politicians

THE LENIENCY OF THE DRE possibly coincides with the fact that the California Real Estate Commissioner, Robert F. Karpe, is himself a second-mortgage broker, with offices in Bakersfield. In addition, his firm's advertising appears to violate Sections 10235 and 10237.7 of the Business and Professions Code, by failin make clear Karpe's role as a broker.

Not surprisingly, DRE has a notorious tation among attorneys and members of the lic for responding more to the interests of estate brokers and salesmen than the consu Lee Eccles, formerly with the FTC, was c pointed after writing a detailed letter to D Los Angeles office. The results of exhaustiv search had indicated in his opinion that Un collection agency, Western Computer Ser was in reality an alter ego of Union Home L and that borrowers were thus being charge in excess of the state mortgage broker Eccles' letter documenting this research wer answered.

Ed Dilkes, a Los Angeles attorney who dealt with more than seventy-five cases in ing mortgage brokers in his two years with L Aid, claims he has made numerous specific plaints to DRE. "I have never in my life rec a reply from them in the mail indicating an tion was taken," he said. "They do not p the industry."

Herman Roth, a special investigator wit Los Angeles office of DRE before retirin 1970, disagrees. Pointing to a file of more a hundred cases involving charges of f usury, and dishonest dealing by mortgage kers, he expresses pride in his departm record.

Roth admits that "there's no one there who understands much about the industry." also admits that it is difficult to remember many actions resulting in a serious disci License revocations, for example, are usual companied by a stay of execution pendin additional violations for at least three years.

Another aspect of mortgage-broker ac that goes virtually unregulated concerns closure sales. In Southern California, for e ple, there is a group known popularly a "forty thieves." According to Ed Dilkes of L Aid, "their business is to show up at foreclo sales and buy 'distressed properties.' They out among themselves which person will which . . . property. They defy control and o engage in price fixing."

Peter Wallin, a Legal Aid attorney who ducts a seminar for legal-service attorney terested in mortgage broker problems, says "fraudulent foreclosure proceedings are common in secondary financing situations The sale itself is often a farce."

An interesting illustration of how the ga played is provided by a case now pending ag one Max D. Kessler and a company owned b parents Mr. and Mrs. George Kessler. The of the company is Gem Properties, Inc.

Long Beach Legal Aid attorneys, working attorneys from the Western Center on Law Poverty, claim that their client, Joseph Gon

victim of "actions . . . conducted pursu- preconceived, and a successful, plan to laintiff's home for a pittance."
ales, the father of five children, pur- a two-bedroom home in 1958. At the time plaint was filed, the home had a value of . Gonzales had an $11,000 equity in the y.
rding to the suit, Gonzales had arranged l mortgage through Aames Home Loans, he larger firms in the state. Several years fell behind in his payments. Gem Proper- n purchased the mortgage, and Max was substituted as the trustee who would the auction at the foreclosure sale. Ac- to Gonzales, neither Aames Home Loans sler notified him of the change in status. he finally did discover that Kessler now trol of the property, Gonzales repeatedly ed to pay off the entire debt, going as far ning an additional loan for that purpose. s went more than once to George Kess- ne with the money, but he found that no ld answer the door.
ly, the home was sold to Gem Properties ewhat less than $1,000. Gonzales was cted and lived with his five children in an ile for several days until the Welfare ent found living quarters for them. Ac- to Edward J. O'Conner, the Superior dge who heard the case, "during all of e, the plaintiff suffered from a defective ndition and from diabetes."
ying at the trial was one Herbert Gold- o, according to a summary of his testi- s in the business of purchasing property e sales. "It is a standard business prac- he Kesslers to employ tricks and devices competitive bidding at trustee's sales," dberg, "so that the Kesslers have a repu- nong trustee sale bidders . . . such that will not show up at Kessler sales because not be able to buy any good property."
slers are today appealing a judgment in Gonzales.
rominent mortgage broker admits that o he attended meetings of the "forty " He declined to join the group not be- felt he would develop a guilty con- ut because he was advised by his attor- he could end up in jail.
on simple percentages, the fear of going eems a bit unrealistic. Seedman has in public, for example, that in his first s with Union Home Loans he disposed illion worth of property that had been d upon. When asked how he gained f the property in the first place, he de- comment. Curiously, the Department state appears uninterested in this puzzle. eys Wallin and Dilkes agree that exist- regulation of mortgage broker prac-

tices is very much to the broker's advantage.

"Whenever an industry feels itself threatened by regulation," says Dilkes, "there are two lines of defense. One is to co-opt the regulatory agency, which is essentially what has happened with DRE. The other is to promulgate complexity and then hide behind it . . .

"For example, it often takes me twenty minutes or even an hour of pouring over the documents when a client comes in just to determine what has happened. And I'd like to regard myself as somewhat knowledgeable."

In fact, few attorneys, public or private, have more than a rudimentary knowledge of the mortgage-broker laws or even what constitutes a second mortgage. Thus, consumers are left with no recourse but to write angry letters to various state agencies that seldom seem to respond.

Mortgage brokers, on the other hand, often employ expensive legal talent to settle cases out of court. Union Home Loans is presently engaging the services of the Beverly Hills firm of Ball, Hunt, Hart, Brown and Baerwitz. The Brown is former California governor Edmund G. "Pat" Brown.

Not surprisingly, there are those who think that mortgage-loan brokers should be legislated out of business. One prominent broker argues against this unlikely possibility by warning that if they were not around to perform their "service," the slack would be taken up by black market extortionist loan sharks. (A woman who lost her home to a second-mortgage loan suggested that this was an odd comment coming from a mortgage broker.) The same prominent broker is fond of relating a story about a Chicano borrower who returned to his office one day to show off his newborn son named after the broker. "I wanted you to know," he told him, "that I'm so happy you were there when I needed you. I'll never forget what you've done for me."

"The California Department of Real Estate has a notorious reputation among attorneys and members of the public for responding more to the interests of real estate brokers and salesmen than the consumer."

SINCE MY OWN RETIREMENT from the second-mortgage business I have agreed to work for the California Senate Subcommittee Panel on Mortgage Loan Brokers. I have tried to draft laws for the present session of the legislature that will help to correct the abuses inherent in the business. Even so, I remain both skeptical and cynical. The mortgage brokers can count on rich and well-placed support in Sacramento (their allies include not only their own lobby but also the DRE and the California Real Estate Association), and it is doubtful that any legislation will manage to get out of committee.

Often I have asked myself dismal questions about the loss of conscience and the equanimity with which so many people apparently accept the commonplace of political corruption. I have no answers to such questions, and yet I am unwilling to succumb to the luxury of despair. □

VERSE

THE FAMILY
by Mary Oliver

The dark things of the wood
Are coming from their caves,
Flexing muscle.

They browse the orchard,
Nibble the sea of grasses
Around our yellow rooms,

Scarcely looking in
To see what we are doing
And if they still know us.

We hear them, or think we do:
The muzzle lapping moonlight,
The tooth in the apple.

Put another log on the fire:
Mozart, again, on the turntable.
Still there is a sorrow

With us in the room.
We remember the cave.
In our dreams we go back

Or they come to visit.
They also like music.
We eat leaves together.

They are our brothers.
They are the family
We have run away from.

WHAT THE BONES DO
by David Bissonette

What the bones do
is their own business.
Sometimes they keep us awake
with their racket.

Like white feathers, they
litter our dreams, reminding us
that they are a manuscript,
and we are only margins.

When the bones are in the mood to dance,
they do.
They are the bright scribbling
on the blackboard of the body.

What do bones have in mind
when they fumble among each other
like rowdy boys?
Still, it is none of our business.

There is a shipwreck of bones
somewhere in the sky . . .
Birds pick through them like scavengers,
hoping to construct the perfect nest.

Bones usually shrug off
their silence like a sweater.
They are proud of being
the cold white facts they are.

This is the Age of Bones.
Simply, they know more than anyone.
When man's bones call,
what can he answer?

FOR H. G. MOYER: NOVEMBER 19, 1910-JANUARY 24, 1968
by Donald L. Moyer

His breathing got faint
(as though he sat in a tub of hot water
afraid to move).
Final thoughts passed through his mind
like the flickering spokes of a bicycle wheel.
Later, in a dream, he thought someone
had thrown a rock past his head,
and he jerked around, lost
his balance
and died.

As I left the hospital,
a kid, standing up on the peddles of his bike,
glided by
with an easy roll of ball bearings:
a fierce whirl of energy, held down beneath his feet.

'OUNG GOOD MAN by James Wright

ng good man walked out savoring
tongue instead of the lips
ild crab apple.
l believe this,

e used to be places just on the other side
z, Ohio, where you could slip in
anybody knowing
l them sweet.

dy I knew, loved, and respected
arlie Duff, my cousin Dave,
Ellis, Gene Turner from Bellaire
kled me twice, and even I swear to Christ
unk the one man all the way from Pittsburgh
innati who knew how to use
g suit and who got his name
wspapers all the time for
g up the drowned boys

ve them crab apples alone.
te so bitter you pucker
s at least. You bite one,
e sorry.

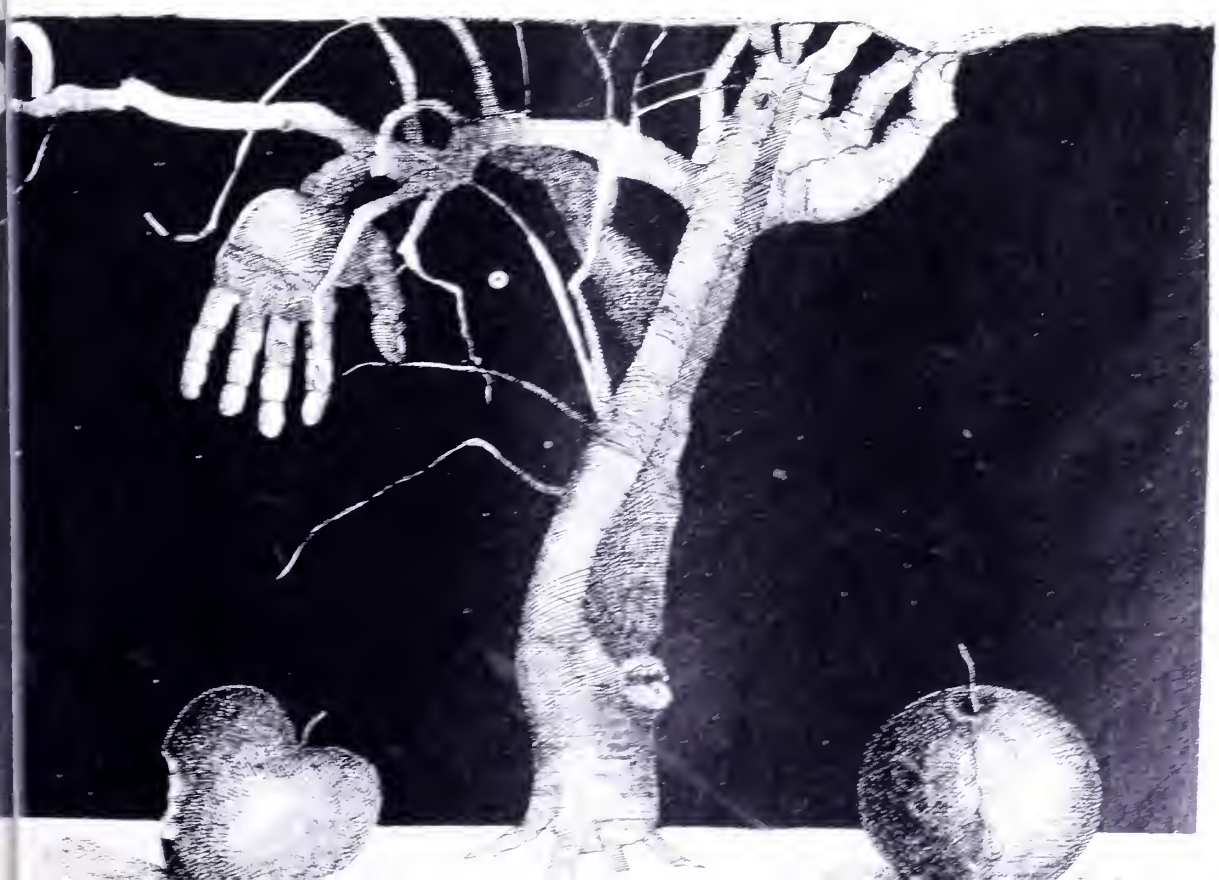
now why,
ning in August something illuminated my body
ot sick of laying my cold
n myself.
my family I was going for a walk uptown.
When I got to that hill,
Which now, I hear, Bluehart has sold to the Hanna
Strip Mine Company, it was no trouble at all to me.
Within fifteen yards of his charged fence I found me
A wild crab apple.

I licked it all over.
You are going to believe this.
It tasted sweet.

I know what would have happened to my tongue
If I had bitten. The people who love me
Are sure as hell no fools.

You and I could not have been simple married lovers.
There are so many reasons I can't count them,
But here are some few:
You are much more intelligent and learned than I am.
I have a very quick felicity of tongue.
Sooner or later I would have bitten your heart
With some snide witty remark or other.
And you wouldn't stand for it.
Our lives being what we are,
We didn't have a chance.

I wish we had had.
I have written this poem to you before I die.
And I don't mean to die
For some good time yet.



50 Questions You Could Have Answered by Subscribing to Harper's For the Past Eight Months

1. What's the connection between sex and pollution?
2. Who was the "least trusted" Presidential possibility in 1972?
3. Which organization has been linked to the heroin traffic between Indochina and the United States—the Vietcong, the Rolling Stones, the CIA?
4. Where is America's "first walled city"?
5. What do meat inspectors mean by "cumshaw"?
6. Who's the most tireless promoter of U.S. tourism abroad?
7. At what age should your child enter school—two, five, seven, twelve?
8. Who embarrassed Germaine Greer in a hotel elevator at the Democratic Convention?
9. What major American city is beset by reverse racism?
10. Which woman had the worst trouble with campaign funds in 1972—Martha Mitchell, Dita Beard, Jean Westwood?
11. What's the most famous novel excerpted by *Harper's* last year?
12. What's arcology and where can you find it?
13. Who said "Abortion is bad for the baby"?
14. What group of nonmilitary professionals suffered the heaviest casualties in Vietnam?
15. How did one Albert Grossman become a founding father of the Woodstock Nation?
16. In what issue did we introduce the Harper's Game?
17. Under what circumstances do you need a Stun-Gun?
18. Why does the Pentagon love the Association of Old Crows?
19. When, if ever, did Congress legalize wiretapping?
20. What military disaster sealed the fate of Tsarist Russia?
21. Who declared that Richard Nixon is responsible "even more to God than to the people"?
22. What kind of surgery requires an upside-down operating table?
23. Who was Andromeda and what did John Barth do to her?
24. What's the favorite sport of the Commonwealth War Graves Commission?
25. What Scotsman introduced Scotch to a thirsty world?
26. Who said of Henry Kissinger: "Henry has the best deal Faust ever made with Mephistopheles"?
27. What does a bowler try to do to a batsman in cricket?
28. Who was Abbie Hoffman working for at the Republican Convention?
29. What is "telecontraception"?

30. How many votes were probably stolen in the 1972 election—10 million, 4 million, 100,000?
31. What leading Senate dove, famed for his moral idealism, voted for the Tonkin Gulf resolution, and later said, "You have to remember, I am a politician"?
32. What do barns and churches have in common?
33. What happened when a lie-detector expert threatened to burn a houseplant?
34. Why has the liquor industry flooded the U.S. with Light Whiskey?
35. Which two members of the Supreme Court disagree most often?
36. What's the world duration record for lying on a bed of nails?
37. Which state is trying to buy a seat on a stock exchange, and why?
38. Why does Justice William Rehnquist respect legislative votes more than individual rights?
39. Where did "Jim Crow" originate?
40. Which U.S. hospitals turn a tidy profit, and why?
41. Why should you worry about breeder reactors?
42. Which U.S. car maker needs Spanish lessons?
43. What would-be killer wrote in his diary: "My cry upon firing will be, 'A penny for your thoughts' "?
44. How many acres do American Indian tribes own today—1 million, 10 million, 50 million, 100 million?
45. What famous lady lobbyist admitted: "I wrote it. Of course I wrote it"?
46. What land vehicle is fifty-three times safer than the automobile?
47. Why did gangster Meyer Lansky insist: "The Jewish people have not suffered because I was one of them"?
48. What's the average daily caloric intake in Bangladesh?
49. Which President asked a startled black soldier: "Do you ever get any black-eyed peas or collard greens out here"?
50. How many words did the last eight issues of *Harper's* contain?

The answer to that last one is: roughly 600,000 words—the equivalent of eight books costing at least $50. We'll be glad to answer any two of the other forty-nine questions. In fact, we'll send you reprints of the two pertinent articles—just fill in the coupon. And, if you are not already a *Harper's* subscriber, the same coupon can also be used to enter a one-year introductory subscription to *Harper's* for only $4.25 (half the regular subscription price of $8.50 and a savings of $7.75 below the regular newsstand price). Think of it: less than 36¢ a copy for the fascinating magazine that more and more people talk about. Next time *you'll* know the answers. So join the conversation . . . about *Harper's*, the magazine of unconventional wisdom.

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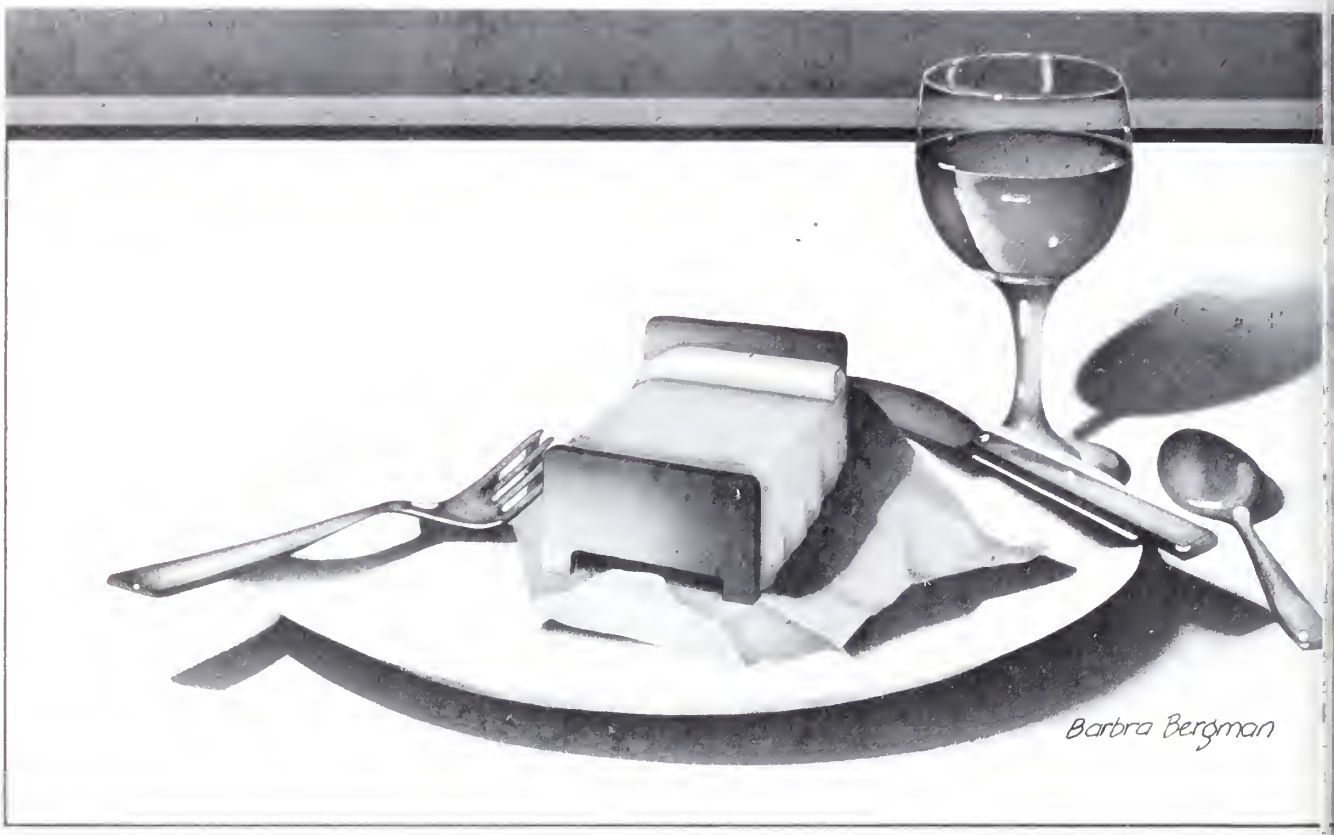
Please answer questions_____ and _____ for me.

☐ I'd rather not enter a subscription right now.

Harper's Magazine

2 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016

Notes From a Lady at a Dinner Pa



a story by
Bernard Malamud

PHILIP ADLER, passing through the City in November, had called his old professor of architecture, Clem Harris, and was at once invited to dinner that night at his house in Hempstead to meet some friends and his young wife Karla. She spoke of her husband's respect for Adler.

"He says about you something he rarely says about his former students—that you deserve your success. Didn't you get an AIA national medal about two years out of graduate school?"

"Not a medal," Adler said. "It was an Honor Award certificate for a house I designed."

Adler, at the time of the dinner party, was a heavy-bodied man who dressed conservatively and weighed two ten.

"That's what I mean." She laughed in embarrassment, and he wondered why until it occurred to him she often laughed in embarrassment. She was strong-bodied and plain in an elegant way and wore her brownish hair pulled back in a twist. He figured she was twenty-four or twenty-five. She had on a short green dress with sandals, and her sturdy legs and thighs were well-formed. Adler, when she asked, said he was thirty-one, and Karla remarked that was a fine age for a man. He puzzled over that because her husband's age was twice his. She was direct and witty, with a certain serious tensity of expression.

It was during dinner that Karla Ha
Adler know about the note in his pocke
were six at the table in the large dinin
with a bay window containing a pebb
of chrysanthemums and pink begoni
hosts; a middle-age couple, the Ralph L
he a colleague of Harris's at the Columb
versity School of Architecture; and, per
balance off Adler, Harris's secretary,
Fisher, had been invited, a thin-ankle
skirted, wet-eyed divorcée, who talk
drank liberally. Harris, pouring red wi
ally, presided at the head of the long, ne
opposite Karla, who was on the qui viv
that everything went as it should; from
time her husband smiled his encoura
Adler sat at her right, facing Lewin ac
table, and on his right was Mrs. Lewin,
luminous-faced, listening person. Karl
Harris was ladling the soup into bowls
handsome tureen, and the conversati
lively, whispered to Adler, "If you don
surprises, feel in your left pocket when y
and though he wasn't sure at once was th
time, when she left the dining room to
rolls that had almost burned, he casually
into his suit-coat pocket and felt a folde
paper, which after a minute, he smoot
and was able to read.

Mr. Malamud's new collection of short stories, Rembrandt's Hat, *will appear this spring.*

ne at the table had noticed that Adler's
momentarily lowered as though he
ately saying grace, or maybe studying
vatch with a view to catching a train
the City, the architect wouldn't have
he was politely reading the lady's note,
ated nothing. The slip of pink lined
a small printed handwriting, said
Why do we think we *should* be happy?"
while Adler, who took questions of this
usly, didn't know what to reply.
uld easily have asked her question
y were having cocktails on the en-
rch and he would have done his best
ut she seemed concerned about the
d had been in and out of the kitchen
es; dealing also with a girl sitter who
ng the children to bed, really too busy
a conversation with any of her guests.
e hadn't orally asked the question,
he had to respect the fact that she
l it necessary to write it out on paper
nto his pocket. If this was the way she
d to express herself, he thought he
eply with a note. He glanced at Harris,
still vigorous since he had seen him
was at the moment concerned with
istening to her attentively. Adler ex-
iself—he said to get his glasses in his
et—to scribble a note on a memo
when he returned, though he was not
le in pretense, he covertly passed the
her, grazing her warm bare thigh.
hadn't intended to, then feeling her
igers, as he touched them, close on the

been tempted to say that happiness
ng he worried about anymore—you
you hadn't and why beat your brains
he didn't say that. He had quickly
Why not?—it's a short, hard life if
outfox it."
lanced down at the paper in her hand,
piece of fish in the other, apparently
ointed, her color heightened, expres-
al. She disappeared into the kitchen
mpty salad bowl, and when she was
ng by his side, secretly passed Adler
te. "I want you to see my babies."
he studied this, solemnly nodded,
the paper. When he glanced up she
guely as her husband, who had once
to refill the wine glasses, gazed at
. The others were momentarily quiet
parently, attentive. Karla returned a
e of her husband's smile, as Adler,
why she had engaged him in this
me, felt they were now related in a
uld not have foreseen when he had
e house that evening. When Harris,
n, pouring wine into his glass, let his
ffectionately on his former student's shoulder, Adler, who had felt a strong emotion on seeing his old professor after so many years, felt himself resist his touch.

LATER HE ENJOYED TALKING with him over brandy in the living room; it was a spacious room, about twenty-four by thirty, tastefully and comfortably furnished, draped, decorated, with glass bowls of flowers on the fireplace mantel and some bright modernist paintings on the walls. Karla was then in the kitchen, showing the sitter how to stack and operate the dishwasher, and Adler felt geared to anticipation, though not sure of what. He tried to suppress the feeling. As Clem Harris poured him a cognac he stealthily felt in his pocket, but there were the two notes only.

The professor, a crisp, tall man with a clipped grayish beard, faintly red, and thick gray sideburns, who wore a bright green blazer with an orange shirt and white bow tie, was lavish in his praise of Adler's latest work, some slides of which the architect had recently sent him; and Adler once more expressed gratitude for the interest Harris continued to take in him. He had always been a kind man and influential teacher.

"What are you into now?" Harris asked. After two brandies he had gone back to Scotch and soda. His large face was flushed and he wiped his watery eyes with a handkerchief. Adler had noticed how often he glanced up at the dining-room door in anticipation of his wife's appearance.

"Nothing in particular," Adler answered after thinking about it. "The same project you saw in the transparencies. What are you doing?"

"Renovating some slum units for a private low-income housing group. There's not much money in it. It's more or less pro bono."

"I ought to be doing more of that sort of thing myself."

Harris, after observing his former student for a minute, asked, "Aren't you putting on more weight?"

"I eat too much," Adler confessed.

"You ought to watch your weight. Do you still smoke like a chimney?"

"Not anymore."

"Bully. I wish I could get Karla to cut down." He seemed concerned.

When she reappeared, his wife had brushed and combed her hair. The green dress she had been wearing she had changed for a short, crocheted strawberry mini, with a white bra and half-slip showing through the weave. The warm color of the dress brought out a bloom in her face. She was an attractive woman.

"Ah, you've changed your dress," her husband said.

"I spilled at least a pint of gravy on it," Karla explained with an embarrassed laugh.

Bernard Malamud

NOTES FROM A LADY AT A DINNER PARTY

"I thought you didn't much care for this one."

"When did I say that?" she asked. "I do like it. I like it very much. It's the purple one I don't like—it's too damn harsh."

Harris, drinking from his glass, nodded pleasantly. Something else was on his mind: "I wish you'd get yourself more help when you need it."

"What kind of help?" asked Karla.

"In the kitchen, of course." His tone was affectionate, solicitous.

"Stephanie's cleaning up—that's the dirty work."

"It was a wonderful meal," said Adler.

She thanked him.

"We ought to have a maid to help at dinner parties," Harris insisted. "Sometimes our guests barely get a look at you. I wish you'd be less a puritan about occasional luxuries. I hate for you to be too tired to enjoy your own parties."

"I'm enjoying this."

Adler nodded.

"You know what I mean," Harris said.

"Clem, I simply don't like maids around at small dinner parties. They get in the way."

She told Adler that Stephanie was still another of Harris's students.

"The father of us all," she laughed.

"Stephanie needs the money," Harris said.

Karla then asked Adler if he liked her in her crocheted dress. He said he did.

"Is it too short?"

"No," said Adler.

"I didn't say it was," said Harris.

THE PHONE RANG and when he answered, it was one of his doctoral candidates. Harris, good-humoredly wiggling his fingers at Karla, talked patiently with the doctoral candidate.

Adler and Karla were sitting on a love seat facing the flower-laden fireplace, when she whispered there was a note between the pillows. He dug it out as they were talking and slipped it into his pocket.

"I'll read it later."

But she had left the love seat as though to give him an opportunity to read what she had written. Karla plopped down next to Ada Lewin, on the long beige sofa along the left wall, as Ralph Lewin, sipping a brandy, listened to Clem on the phone. Shirley Fisher then drifted over to talk with the visitor. She wore a low-cut, slit midi and was openly flirtatious. When she crossed her legs a long thin thigh was exposed.

"Don't older women interest you, Mr. Adler?"

"I wouldn't call you old."

Shirley said she was charmed but then Karla returned. Harris was still patiently on the phone. Adler decided the colors he wore went with the pictures on the wall. When Adl his student, Harris had worn gray suit white shirts.

"Can you spare him for five m Shirley?" Karla asked. "I want Mr. Ac see the babies."

"Phil," said Adler.

"Wouldn't they be sleeping?"

"I want him to see them anyway—i like to."

Adler said he would.

He had managed to glance at her "Don't be frightened but I like you a lot.

"Enjoy yourselves," Shirley said, p herself a brandy.

"We will," Karla said.

As they were going up the stairs Adle "I wouldn't want to wake your children."

"You won't. They'll go right on sleepin

She opened the door, switching on the Two children slept in cribs in a large n room with three curtained windows. A Adler thought they were twins, but they w One was a little girl with light blond cur white crib, and the other was an infant bo blue crib. On the floor, in the corner, s circular canvas playpen strewn with dol wooden toys. A series of small-animal colors was framed on the walls. Karla sa she had done them.

"I used to do such lovely watercolors."

Adler said they were charming.

"Not those, my watercolors from na just haven't the time to paint anymore."

"I know what you mean."

"You really don't," she said.

"This is Sara," Karla said, standing white crib. "She's two. Stevie is just months. Look at those shoulders. Clem t we ought to have them close together s would be friends. His first wife died chil

"I knew her," Adler said.

The boy, in undershirt and plastic cover, lay on his side, sucking the corner blanket in his sleep. He resembled his fa

The little girl, asleep on her back in a nightgown, clutching a stuffed doll, look Karla.

"They're lovely children," Adler said.

Karla stood at the little girl's crib. "Oh, bies," she said. "My little babies. My hea out to them." She lowered the side of th and, bending, kissed Sara, who open eyes, stared at her mother, and was then

Karla withdrew the doll and the ch leased it with a sigh. Then she covered th boy with his blanket.

"Very nice children," Adler said.

"My lovely little babies. My babie babies." Her face was tender, sad, illumi

"Do I sound hokey?"

"I wouldn't say so." He was affected h

lowered the shades, switched out the
uietly closed the door.
nt you to see my study."
s a light-curtained lavender room with a
ortable sewing machine, and a circle of
ts on the wall before her. Her father,
sold insurance in Columbus, Ohio, was
he mother had posed in her flower
A shot of Karla taken in college showed
faced thin girl with wire-framed glasses,
es and brows, firm lips. Her desk was
l with books, sheet music, shopping lists,
ndence.
wanted to know if Adler had any

" He told her he had been married a
ne and divorced long ago.
er remarried?"

n married me when I was very young,"
id.
n't you marry him?"
an I hardly knew what I was doing."
t was he doing?"
ying me when I was very young."
aised the shade and stared into the
he windows were wet. "I always give
arties on rainy nights."
aid they ought to go down but then
the closet door and got out a large
photograph of a one-family dwelling
she had done in her architecture class
ris.
said it showed promise. Karla smiled

ly," he said.
e your work," she said. "I love the
you take."
ey work out."
do, they do." She seemed to be trem-

embraced forcefully. She dug her body
They kissed, wet-mouthed, then she
th an embarrassed laugh.
better go down."
still on the phone," Adler said, aroused.
ve'd better go down."
t's Shirley to him?"
ht-jawed bitch."
m I said."
sorry for her. Her fourteen-year-old
. LSD. He's sorry for everybody."

KISSED AGAIN, then Karla stepped out
s embrace and they went downstairs.
was off the phone.
wed him our babies," Karla said to
and.
-off," smiled Harris.
ly children," said Adler.
winked at him.

I've lost the right to his friendship, the architect thought. Then he thought, Things change, they have to.

"Now please stay put for a few minutes," Harris said to Karla. "Catch your breath."

"First I have to pay Stephanie."

Harris went to his den and returned with a box of color transparencies of his renovation project for a slum housing improvement group: before and after.

Adler, his mind on Karla, examined the slides, holding each to the light.

He said it was work well done.

Harris said he was gratified that Adler approved.

Karla was paying Stephanie in the kitchen. Ralph Lewin, smoking a cigar, also looked at the slides although he said he was the one who had originally taken them. Ada and Shirley were on the green sofa on the right side of the room, Ada listening as Shirley went on about her son on LSD.

Karla carried in a silver trayful of bone china cups and saucers.

"I'm always late with coffee," she remarked.

"Make mine tea," said Ralph.

She said she would get the tea in a minute.

As she handed out coffee cups she gave Adler a note with his.

He read it in the bathroom. "Pretend you're going to the bathroom, then go left in the back hall and you'll come out in the kitchen."

He went to the left in the hall and came out in the kitchen.

They kissed with passion.

"Where can we meet?"

"When?" Adler asked.

"Tonight, maybe? I'm not sure."

"Is there a motel around?"

"Two blocks away."

"I'll get a room if you can make it. If not tonight, I could stay on till tomorrow noon. I've got to be in Boston by evening."

"I think I can. Clem and I are in separate bedrooms right now. He sleeps like a dead man. I'll let you know before you leave."

"Just give me a sign," Adler said. "Don't write any notes."

"Don't you like them?" Karla asked.

"I do but they're risky. What if he sees you pass me one?"

"It might do him good."

"I don't want any part of that," Adler said.

"I like to write notes," Karla said. "I like to write to people I like. I like to write things that suddenly occur to me. My diary was full of exciting thoughts when I was young."

"All I'm saying is it could be dangerous. Just give me a sign or say yes before I leave and I'll wait there till you come."

"I burned my diary last summer but I still write notes," Karla said. "I've always written

"She'll write them forever, he thought; that's her nature. If not to me, then to the next man who comes into the house who's done something she wishes she had."

Bernard Malamud

NOTES FROM A LADY AT A DINNER PARTY

notes to people. You must let me be who I am."

He asked her why she had burned her diary.

"I had to. It beat me up badly." She burst into tears.

ADLER LEFT THE KITCHEN and returned to the bathroom. He flushed the toilet, washed his hands, and reappeared in the living room. At the same moment, Karla, her face composed, brought in Ralph's tea.

For a while they talked politics across the room. Then the talk went to music and Harris put on a new recording he had bought of Mahler's "Songs of a Wayfarer." Despite the singing, Shirley talked earnestly to Ralph Lewin, who suppressed a yawn now and then. Ada and Karla were chatting about the Lewins' new house, and Harris and Adler, on the long beige couch, discussed developments in architecture. "I might as well turn off the music," Harris said. After he had put the record away he returned and, resuming their conversation, characterized Adler's latest work as more daring than ever.

"That's a quality you inspired me to."

"In moderation."

Adler said he appreciated his mentor's sentiments. He felt for the first time he did not know what to say to him and it made him uncomfortable. He was now not sure whether to urge Karla to try to get out of the house tonight. On the one hand, he had gratitude and loyalty to Harris to contend with; on the other, he felt half in love with her.

They managed to meet alone at the fireplace, where, to his strange surprise, she whispered, "Something's coming," and surreptitiously touched his hand with a folded slip of paper. Turning away from the company, Adler managed to read it, then thrust it into his pocket.

Karla's note said: "Can someone love someone she doesn't know?"

"We do it all the time."

"Partly I think I love you because I love your work."

"Don't confuse me with my work," Adler said. "It would be a mistake."

"It's on for tonight," she whispered.

As they stood, side by side, with their backs to the fireplace they reached behind them and squeezed hands.

KARLA, GLANCING ACROSS the room at her husband, excused herself to go up to see if the babies were covered. Adler, for a minute after she had gone, tried to think of a reason to follow her upstairs, but the impulse was insane. It was past eleven and he felt nervously expectant.

When Karla came down from the nursery he heard her say to her husband, "Clem, I'm ing some anxiety."

"Take a pill," Harris advised.

Adler then seriously wondered wheth tell her to cool it for tonight. It might be to call her from the motel in the morning if she felt she could, they would meet the he doubted, if they did not get together to that she would be able to make it in the mo So he decided to urge her to come as so she was sure Harris was asleep.

Wanting to tell her the anxiety would go they were in bed together, he sat down her on the green sofa where she was list distantly to Shirley saying the drugs sitt had made her frantic. He waited impatient one or the other to get up so that he coul what he had to to Karla. Harris, standing ne conversing with Ada, seemed to be list with one ear to Shirley. Karla pretended unaware of Adler by her side; but after a ute he felt her hand groping for his p Without wanting to he moved away.

Adler, at that moment, expected his p to burst into flame. She'll write them fo he thought; that's her nature. If not to me to the next man who comes into the house done something she wishes she had. He up his mind to return this note unread. same time Adler realized he couldn't rea he wanted to because the paper hadn't gon his pocket but had fallen to the floor. The of the folded pink paper at his feet sic the architect. Karla was staring at it as t reliving a dream. She had written it in her and it said, "Darling, I can't meet you, I months' pregnant."

Before either of them could move to re the paper, or perhaps let it lie where i fallen, Shirley had plucked it up.

"Did you drop this?" she asked Clem H

Adler's head was thick with blood. H childlike and foolish. I'm disgraced and d it.

But Harris did not unfold the pape handed it to his former student. "It isn't is it yours?"

"An address I wrote down," Adler sai rose. "I have this early train to Boston to in the morning."

Ada and Ralph Lewin were the first t goodnight.

"Bon voyage," said Shirley.

Harris brought Adler's coat and helpe on with it. They shook hands cordially.

"The air shuttle is the fastest way to Bo

Adler said he thought that was how he go. He then said goodbye to Karla. "Than having me."

"Love, marriage, happiness," she sang, ing in her crocheted short mini, on the sta

She runs up to her babies in the nursery.

n Cravens

_KING TO POWER AND NNING WITH THE ALLY

ssed Carlos Castaneda

CASTANEDA IS DRIVING his tan Volks- n bus along a boulevard that takes us ne greater Los Angeles area and ocean-

having car trouble," he says. "Don me to talk to my car and make it an of myself. I said, 'Come on, don Juan, machine! That would be insane.' He car operates from power and under is the power you must talk to.' I did, ar is now a warrior's car. It's just a lkswagen, like anybody else's, but if of gas, it's in front of a gas station." . "It's a matter of talking to power."

EDA WENT TO ARIZONA in 1960 to the uses of medicinal plants among Indians. He was about to begin grad- in anthropology at UCLA and he enter the field with a scholarly article n Arizona he came to know an Indian, Matus, who had a reputation as an Don Juan eventually said that certain revealed that Castaneda should be- pprentice.

d myself: 'What could a greasy old ssibly teach *me*, a man of science?' " says in a self-mocking tone. But he explain that he did not want to pass r that might lead to more scholarly nder don Juan's tutelage he experi- th psychotropic plants. Don Juan re- mphasized that these plants were to user with power, and with the means g another order of reality. Castaneda ade to carry out baffling and exacting l the while, don Juan patiently eluci- ighly detailed system of knowledge lations so alien that Castaneda could ke them seriously. In turn, however, considered Castaneda's gathering of eople back at the university a con- activity.

Can an ethnographer fly?

ONCE, AFTER APPLYING AN UNGUENT made of the deadly jimson weed to his body, Castaneda apparently bounded into the air and soared over the mountains and through the clouds. Eventually he tumbled into blackness. "Did I fly?" he asked don Juan later. "Did my body fly like a bird?" Don Juan, who could at times assume the persona of a crow, replied that Castaneda flew like a man who has taken the devil's weed. Castaneda pressed on, not satisfied with the reply:

> *"Let's put it another way, don Juan. . . . If I had tied myself to a rock with a heavy chain I would have flown just the same, because my body had nothing to do with my flying."*
>
> *Don Juan looked at me incredulously. "If you tie yourself to a rock," he said, "I am afraid you will have to fly holding the rock with its heavy chain."*

Castaneda began entering another continuum of reality even when he had not used psychotropics. No longer able to take everyday reality for granted, he became terrified of losing the chains that bound him to that hypothetical rock. So he withdrew from the apprenticeship and organized his extensive field notes into a master's thesis, *The Teachings of Don Juan: A Yaqui Way of Knowledge*. This was the first of his three books, and an underground best seller.* (To his great annoyance, Castaneda has been pursued ever since by people who think he's one of the illuminati. One ardent would-be disciple dogged his reluctant guru night and day until Castaneda was driven to hurl him over a park bench. "The only way to deal with a psychotic is to be one yourself," Castaneda remarks dryly.)

Castaneda dedicated the book to don Juan and took it to him in Mexico. The Indian admired the cover and said, with a characteristically sardonic affection, that he'd better not keep it

*University of California Press, $6.95.





John Diele

Gwyneth Cravens grew up in New Mexico. Her writing has appeared in Harper's, The New Yorker, Seventeen, *and* Transatlantic Review.

Gwyneth Cravens

TALKING TO POWER AND SPINNING WITH THE ALLY

because "you know what we do with paper in Mexico."

In spite of Castaneda's fears and suspicions, don Juan's separate reality had become too engrossing and too imposing to neglect; besides, Castaneda wanted to validate a theory he had been working on.

He had observed many *mitotes*—peyote ceremonies—in which the participants never exchanged a word or a gesture, and yet afterward they would all agree that Mescalito, the spirit of peyote, had appeared to them and imparted a particular lesson. Hoping to find an explanation for this striking homogeneity of response, Castaneda theorized that a covert leader in the group cued the members. Their consensus, then, constituted a "separate reality." He presented his theory to don Juan. "You're deranged!" don Juan exclaimed. "Why should anyone be bothered with cueing at such an important time as a *mitote*? Do you think anyone ever fools around with Mescalito?" He added that the agreement about Mescalito and his lesson arose from the fact that the participants *see*, as opposed to just looking.

Seeing was, he said, a bodily awareness of the world as it is, rather than the description of it pounded into us from birth on. "We learn to think about everything . . . and then we train our eyes to look as we think about the things we look at . . . But when a man learns to *see*, he realizes that he can no longer think about the things he looks at, and if he cannot think about what he looks at everything becomes unimportant." When a man learns to *see* the world, it shows itself to be a fleeting, undifferentiated stream of phenomena.

To nudge Castaneda into *seeing*, don Juan brought in don Genaro, an eagle among sorcerers. In *A Separate Reality: Further Conversations with Don Juan*,* Castaneda's second underground hit that continues to sell at the rate of 1,000 copies a week, he wrote about the superb artistry don Genaro used to startle him into dropping the chains of reason. Don Genaro pirouetted across impossible waterfalls, made the air roar with invisible avalanches, and transported himself ten miles in an instant. The confused apprentice responded with anguish. "My mind refused to intake that sort of stimuli as being 'real,'" he wrote. "I began to weep. For the first time in my life I felt the encumbering weight of my reason." Although he had failed to *see*, he had, don Juan assured him, gained in knowledge.

In a third book, *Journey to Ixtlan: The Lessons of Don Juan*,** Castaneda reevaluated his apprenticeship. He could no longer explain as drug-induced hallucinations the remarkable events he had witnessed—too many things had happened to him when he was straight. Psychotropics were only one means of disruptin flow of perceptual interpretations that mak our particular description of the world. T were, he wrote, "certain states of awarene which the reality of everyday life is altere cause the flow of interpretation, which ordi runs uninterruptedly, has been stopped by of circumstances alien to that flow." The ceric description of the world was alien t normal flow. The collision occurred one when don Genaro made Castaneda's locke vanish and then reappear under a somb Castaneda endured the disruption for a few utes and then collapsed.

*Simon & Schuster, $5.95.
**Simon & Schuster, $6.95.

Beating a dead h

[The Tierra del Fuegan shaman] co work in the manner of a cause, reaching hind the veil and touching those hidd centers that break the normal, natural circu of energy and create transformations.

—Joseph Campbell, The Ma of God: Primitive Mytholo

CASTANEDA'S BOOKS HAVE BEEN CALLE thropological classics by his colleagues the novelist Joyce Carol Oates has praised beautiful construction, faultless dialogue, v gettable characterization, and novelistic mo tum. It would be dishonest for me to preten his works have had other than a strong effe me. They helped me organize my own resp to altered states of consciousness and imm me in the same sensation I'd had when I read a thorough but highly simplified exp tion of the theory of general relativity. In cases, separate and alien realities were me cally constructed, brick by brick, with occas incomprehensibilities—but never mind, pre —until suddenly I felt pried open. A ve been momentarily ripped away to reveal some forces at work, bending everything i suspiciously familiar picture with a drast altered perspective.

"Carlos," I now ask, "would you say tha cerers are the equivalent of nuclear physici

"That's a good analogy," he replies. W up beside a park and get out of the bus. tradition goes back to Paleolithic hu groups, but by the time of the Aztec empire *were* scientists. Physicists work together build on one another's findings, though world of the sorcerer is that of the indivi the individual in front of his death."

We choose a spot in the park. He sets u minum folding chairs with orange and gold bing and we sit down. "*Brujos* have sat in chairs—these chairs have power!" he says rily. He certainly does not resemble the undergraduate sophist he claims he once wa is alert, inquisitive, and convivial, and he

sion of having the sort of intelligence tires. He has short black curly hair, n eyes, and a stocky compact build. yellow drip-dry shirt and brown suit nd he's got a narrow-brimmed canvas places on his head when he's not gesith it.

his head is the trunk of a palm tree, d that, the vast blues of the Pacific the afternoon sky.

off at the cosmos like the mystics do," nging his arms upward. "is like beathorse. There's so much to this marld right in front of us, but we don't because our reason screens out so ourse I came from 'out there,' and I'll nnwhile, I'm on a stupendous loop, a power—life." He traces his route in h his finger. "And my body is all I n exquisite instrument of awareness. e excellent use of it."

Building

ORLD AS WE SEE IT is composed of ptual units you can call 'glosses.' For uilding' is a gloss." He points to a nished high-rise a few blocks away. rts of 'building' have to be present ay it is a building. It may be impostermine the parts of 'building,' and now and agree about what a building we've learned to gloss 'building.' We ss very soon after we're born. It's not with language at all. The only beings t have glosses are autistic children; based on *agreement*, and autistic n't make agreements with the world. ne physiological difference, they're rs—*membership* occurs when everyon a certain description of the world. lding. But there's more to that buildu think."

Personal history and fog

UN INSISTED that there were no coincis or accidents and that the sorcerer esponsible for his total behavior. The orked to dissolve all boundaries—kefulness and dreaming, between self between past and present—in order ery possible faculty in his apprentice sponsive, and usable. He told Castaround himself with a fog—to elimicial identity by erasing his past and nself inaccessible to others. A few his personal history have, however, sure.

born in Brazil in the late 1930s to a family of Italian immigrants. When he was fifteen, he came alone to the United States and lived with a family in Los Angeles. His mother had died when he was about six—although he carried "the horrendous burden of her love" until a Mescalito-inspired confrontation with her a few years ago—and so he was reared on his grandfather's farm by eight aunts. His father, a professor of literature, made occasional visits that served only to bring out the boy's fury at his aloofness and weak will. Although Castaneda has not been in touch with his father for several years, he appeared in a peyote vision, and Castaneda was able to vent his anger.

Growing up, he had to contend with twenty-two cousins, and he fought with them all until they left him alone. His feistiness led him to break the collarbone of a schoolmate, and his guilt was so great that he vowed never to be victorious again. Don Juan was able to discern this obstacle and help him overcome it by saying that some people choose to be victims.

"*Seeing* is a bodily awareness of the world as it is, rather than the description of it pounded into us from birth on."



John Diele

Gwyneth Cravens

TALKING TO POWER AND SPINNING WITH THE ALLY

Sorcery is the praxis of phenomenology

[Einstein showed] that even space and time are forms of intuition, which can no more be divorced from consciousness than can our concepts of color, shape, or size. Space has no objective reality except as an order or arrangement of the objects we perceive in it, and time has no independent existence apart from the order of events by which we measure it. —*Lincoln Barnett,* The Universe and Dr. Einstein

"THE WORLD OF MY FATHER is boring and sterile." Carlos says with an impatient wave. "He won't talk to anybody who hasn't read Plato. By 'world of my father' I mean Western culture, the European tradition, with all its preconceptions. Don Juan says, 'Stop the preconditions, stop the preconceptions.' Now, existentialism agrees: it says the world exists before our conception of it. But the philosophers never tell you how to dislodge yourself from meaning. Some can manage to rearrange the old glosses—that's what people like Leary and Baba Ram Dass have done—but it's the sorcerer who can tell you how to free yourself." He dashes his hat to the ground. "Sorcery is simply the praxis of phenomenology."

"What do you have to do?"

He gets effortlessly to his feet, drops his hands to his sides, curls his fingers, and lifts his gaze to just above the horizon. "You scan, like this, with your eyes slightly crossed so that they don't focus, and you walk slowly along so that your cortex is flooded with images. The human brain relies a great deal on feature analysis, and this practice disrupts that process. Your brain is working so hard to sort out the flood of images that after a while you find you're not able to think. Your internal monologue stops. You stop the flow of interpretations. Your perceptions become intricate and amazing. Now I'm able to sit for hours without talking to myself."

He sits down and talks about disruption of routine and how that can interrupt the flow of interpretations. You must continually try to do the unexpected. If someone asks you for the time, you can yell and run away instead of answering. Startling things will begin to happen.

"It's the task of the sorcerer to interrupt the flow, and it's the task of the apprentice to sustain that interruption. The ordinary person, however, feels that his life depends on keeping that flow going no matter what, and if you threaten it, he'll protect himself by saying you're crazy." Carlos rolls his eyes and twirls his hands. "You can also break your routine perceptions by staring at the shadows among the leaves of a tree rather than at the leaves themselves, or by paying attention to the variety of sounds coming into your ears at any given moment. The body likes [illegible] of thing."

The goal of these practices is *seeing.*

"*Seeing* is really perceiving with yo[ur] instead of your reason. The world is on[e] ing." He stands up again and spreads [his] wide. "First, you're aware of particles [of] everywhere, like the dust from a moth[er] In fact, you can take some of the dust [from] actual moth and sprinkle it in the air ar[ound] as a preliminary exercise. Well, when th[e] clears away, you find you can *see.* G[od] stupendous! What don Juan doesn't un[der]is that he can *see* that I can *see*, but [I'm] always sure about it myself. I'm still in [a] with my reason." He thumps his abdo[men] gets me right here. The stress between [my] and my reason is so great that I los[e] pounds every time I visit him. But he w[on't] me any more. He says I know what to d[o]

Carlos sits down again. "To a sorcere[r] can appear in an image shaped eithe[r] mushroom or like a teacup. Once don Ju[an] sat up all night in his house while he [tried] think of different people—friends, pr[ofessors] people I didn't even know, and don Ju[an] analyze them according to their shape, [and] always right about each one of them [in] their personalities. Then he told me to [call] don Genaro. You know, don Genaro is [a] scary guy. He's so powerful, and he cou[ld] you without batting an eye. Well, I cal[led]

"Suddenly he was before me, the w[ay] ways appears in real life—not as a m[an] or teacup shape. He was laughing. 'He[llo] lito,' he said. 'Why did you call me?' "

"Hey, wait," I say. "You mean you r[eally] the flesh-and-blood don Genaro mater[ialized] front of you?"

"Well." Carlos says, "I thought don J[uan] tricked me. That he'd known that event[ually] try to call up don Genaro and had hir[ed] outside. But don Genaro was a thousa[nd] away at the time. This was his *nagual*, h[is] terpart. Here's how don Juan explained [it]: In the rearrangement of the world, no[thing] it stands is 'real.' You see, what I'm pe[rceiving] right now is really a recollection of w[hat] were a fraction of a second ago. Plato s[aid] all knowledge is recollection. Don Juan's *awareness* is recollection and it's pos[sible] recollect two separate events at the sam[e]

Einstein's separate reality feels to me [as] merging with don Juan's separate reality [and] head is spinning.

"Look," Carlos goes on, "we say you [are] in two places simultaneously because we [have] a one-to-one relationship of the self to [the] verse. That may not necessarily be the c[ase] sorcerer tries to stop the relationship of [self] to object." Several weeks later, I reali[zed] he means. Time is only a feeling.

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Dreaming hands and books

RK ON THE FLUIDITY, the vividness, and recision of Carlos's writing.

s because I *dream* my books," he says lesty. "Don Juan taught me to control ning as a way of gaining power. First, blish a familiar reference point, like ds, and, as you dream, you keep return- at image. You *will* yourself to do it. re you can go on to analyze particular a given dream or choose what you want about. In the afternoon, I go through ooks with all my field notes in them late them into English. Then I sleep in evening and dream what I want to

I wake up, I can work all night. Every- arranged itself smoothly in my head, n't need to rewrite. My regular writing v very dry and labored."

Carlos and his ally

AN HAD TOLD CARLOS that allies were s that resembled dripping pieces of could assume any shape. In a psycho- ion, Carlos saw his ally standing in a e garb of a Mexican peon. The ally re- when don Juan sent Carlos into the oin the sorcerer's world.

he apprentice learns to *see*, the ally wrestle with him. If the apprentice , he can turn his back and defend him- inking about the things he likes to do If the apprentice does decide to grab ie struggle whirls him through the air, is victorious, he becomes one with the ius acquires superhuman powers.

lly is a force, a gloss. It's visualized, ccessible, and then it comes after you. facticity of that particular gloss. Up I haven't been ready to confront it."

Angeles stops being Los Angeles

'S AHEAD FOR YOU, Carlos?"

I want to follow this path to the end otal membership in don Juan's knowl- ow the ally is waiting for me—he can y minute and now I'm ready for him. ompleted a book on the formation of glosses. I have no loose ends now, no ts, and I'm strong—that's essential for he ally. Wrestling with the ally is the or me, and it's very frightening. But itive is a crappy one—remaining in f my father and becoming a professor. nger be an integral part of that world. On the other hand, I can't live like an Indian. I'm left only with the possibility of embracing the ally."

"Why are you so frightened? If you succeed, you'll have superhuman powers."

"But what if I fail? And after you become a sorcerer, you're no longer human. Ordinary people appear to you as phantoms. Don Juan still visits his family, but for him they're all phantoms. The only real person for don Genaro is don Juan. Sorcerers are passionate, intense men—that's why they're drawn to such knowledge. But after they're one with the ally, they're spun away into an unknown place. Yet they keep trying to go home, fully aware that they can't. It's very tragic; their control over their loneliness is superb. Don Juan makes his passage on earth so light, so exquisite, that sometimes my body can't contain it." He pauses. "Don Genaro can never go back to his farm in Ixtlan, and, if I succeed in this final step, I can never come back to the Los Angeles I know. And I love it here. But don Juan isn't sure what might happen to me, since I'm the first European ever to do this. There's a stupendous sorcerer in central Mexico who's supposed to have remained a human being. In fact, I'm going to talk to him tomorrow."

IN *Journey to Ixtlan*, don Juan and don Genaro instruct Castaneda in ally-wrestling. The two nimble old men make a pretty good comedy team. Don Juan tells Castaneda to stand in a particular way and then to leap forward and grab.

> *"He's got to kiss his medallion first," don Genaro interjected.*
>
> *Don Juan, with feigned severity, said that I had no medallions.*
>
> *"What about his notebooks?" don Genaro insisted. "He's got to do something with his notebooks. He's got to put them down somewhere before he jumps, or maybe he'll use his notebooks to beat the ally."*
>
> *"I'll be damned!" don Juan said with seemingly genuine surprise. "I have never thought of that. I bet it'll be the first time an ally is beaten down to the ground with notebooks."*

CARLOS FOLDS UP his *brujo*'s chairs and puts them in the back of his bus. After a four-hour conversation, he shows no trace of weariness.

"I still find a lot of my feelings untenable," he says. "But there's no going back. The journey to the end of the world is right now for me."

I think how unfortunate it is that such a remarkable person might be whirled out of our description of the world and into an inaccessible one.

"Oh, I'll be back," he says reassuringly. □

"'Plato said that all knowledge is recollection. Don Juan says all *awareness* is recollection and it's possible to recollect two separate events at the same time.'"

Lewis Thomas

NOTES OF A BIOLOGY WATCHER

Somewhere, underlying all the other signals of the natural world, is a continual music.

IT IS ONE OF OUR PROBLEMS that as we become crowded together, the sounds we make to each other, in our increasingly complex communication systems, become more random-sounding, accidental, or incidental, and we have trouble selecting meaningful signals out of the noise. One reason is, of course, that we do not seem able to restrict our communication to information-bearing, relevant signals. Given any new technology for transmitting information, we seem bound to use it for great quantities of small talk. We are saved only by music from being overwhelmed by nonsense.

It is a marginal comfort to know that the relatively new science of bioacoustics must deal with similar problems in the sounds made by other animals to each other. No matter what sound-making device is placed at their disposal, creatures in general do a great deal of gabbling, and it requires long patience and observation to edit out the parts lacking syntax and sense. Light social conversation, designed to keep the party going, prevails. Nature abhors a long silence.

Somewhere, underlying all the other signals, is a continual music. Termites make percussive sounds to each other by beating their heads against the floor in the dark, resonating corridors of their nests. The sound has been described as resembling, to the human ear, sand falling on paper, but spectrographic analysis of sound records has recently revealed a high degree of organization in the drumming: the beats occur in regular, rhythmic phrases, differing in duration, like notes for a tympany section.

From time to time, certain termites make a convulsive movement of their mandibles to produce a loud, high-pitched clicking sound, audible ten meters off. So much effort goes into this one note that it must have urgent meaning, at least to the sender. He cannot make it without such a wrench that he is flung one or two centimeters into the air by recoil.

There is obvious hazard in trying to assign a particular meaning to this special kind of sound, and problems like this exist throughout the field of bioacoustics. One can imagine a woolly-minded visitor from outer space, interested in human beings, discerning on his spectrograph the click of that golf ball on the surface of the moon, and trying to account for it as a call of warning (unlikely), a signal of mating (out of the question), or an announcement of territory (could be).

Bats are obliged to make sounds almost ceaselessly, to sense, by sonar, all the objects in their surroundings. They can spot with accuracy, on the wing, small insects, and they will home onto things they like with infallibility and speed. With such a system for the equivalent of glancing around, they must live in a world of ultrasonic bat-sound, most of it with an industrial, machinery sound. Still, they communicate with each other as well, by clicks and high-pitched greetings. Moreover, they have been heard to produce, while hanging at rest upside down in the depths of woods, strange, solitary, and lovely bell-like notes.

Almost anything that an animal can employ to make a sound is put to use. Drumming, created by beating the feet, is used by prairie hens, rabbits, and mice; the head is banged by woodpeckers and certain other birds; the males of deathwatch beetles make a rapid ticking sound by percussion of a protuberance on the abdomen against the ground; a faint but audible ticking is made by the tiny beetle, *Lepinotus inquilinus*, which is less than two millimeters in length. Fish make sounds by clicking their teeth, blowing air, and drumming with special muscles against tuned, inflated air bladders.

Gorillas beat their chests for certain kinds of discourse. Animals with loose skeletons rattle them, rattlesnakes, get sounds from nally placed structures. Turtl gators, crocodiles, and even make various more or less sounds. Leeches have been h tap rhythmically on leaves, e the attention of other leeches tap back, in synchrony. Ever worms make sounds, faint s notes in regular clusters. Toa to each other, and their frien back in antiphony.

BIRDSONG HAS BEEN SO mu lyzed for its content of l communication that there see time left for music, but it is th hind the glossaries of warnin alarms, mating messages, pro ments of territory, calls for ment, and demands for di there is redundant, elegant so is unaccountable as part of t ing day. The thrush in my b sings down his nose in me liquid runs of melody, over a again, and I have the stron pression that he does this for pleasure. Some of the time h to be practicing, like a virtuo apartment. He starts a run, r midpoint in the second ba there should be a set of harmonies, stops, and goes begin over, dissatisfied. Some changes his notation so consp that he seems to be improvi of variations. It is a meditati tioning kind of music, and believe that he is simply "thrush here."

The robin sings flexible so taining a variety of motifs rearranges to his liking; the each motif constitute the sy the possibilities for variat duce a considerable reperto meadowlark, with 300 notes with, arranges these in ph three to six notes and elabor types of song. The nightin twenty-four basic songs, b wild variety by varying the

Dr. Thomas is dean of the Yale University School of Medicine and a member of the National Academy of Sciences. This article first appeared in The New England Journal of Medicine.

ment of phrases and the
f pauses. The chaffinch listens
chaffinches, and incorporates
nory snatches of their songs.
need to make music, and to
it, is universally expressed
an beings. I cannot imagine,
our most primitive times, the
ace of talented painters to
ave paintings without there
been, near at hand, equally
people making song. It is,
ech, a dominant aspect of
biology.

individual parts played by
nstrumentalists—crickets or
rms, for instance—may not
e sound of music by them-
ut we hear them out of con-
ve could listen to them all at
lly orchestrated, in their im-
nsemble, we might become
f the counterpoint, the bal-
tones and timbres and har-
the sonorities. The recorded
f the humpbacked whale,
th tensions and resolutions,
ties and allusions, incom-
n be listened to as a *part* of
ke an isolated section of an
a. If we had better hearing,
ld discern the descants of
s, the rhythmic tympany of
of mollusks, or even the dis-
monics of midges hanging
adows in the sun, the com-
und might lift us off our feet.
are, of course, other ways
nt for the songs of whales.
ight be simple, down-to-
tements about navigation, or
of krill, or limits of territory.
proof is not in, and until it is
hat these long, convoluted
melodies, repeated by differ-
rs with ornamentations of
n, are the means of sending
several hundred miles of
such ordinary information
here," I shall believe other-
and again, in the intervals
songs, the whales have been
reach, leaping clear out of
nd landing on their backs,
the turbulence of their beat-
rs. Perhaps they are pleased
y the piece went, or perhaps
ration at hearing one's own
rning after circumnaviga-
atever, it has the look of
.

ose that my extraterrestrial
ght puzzle over my records
he same way, on first listen-
4th Quartet might, for him,
be a communication announcing, "Beethoven here," answered, after passage through an undersea of time and submerged currents of human thought, by another long signal a century later, "Bartok here."

If, as I believe, the urge to make a kind of music is as much a characteristic of biology as our other fundamental functions, there ought to be an explanation for it. Having none at hand, I am free to make one up. The rhythmic sounds might be the recapitulation of something else—an earliest memory, a score for the transformation of inanimate, random matter in chaos into the improbable, ordered dance of living forms. Morowitz has recently presented the case, in thermodynamic terms, for the hypothesis that a steady flow of energy from the inexhaustible source of the sun to the unfillable sink of outer space, by way of the earth, is mathematically destined to cause the organization of matter into an increasingly ordered state. The resulting balancing act involves a ceaseless clustering of bonded atoms into molecules of higher and higher complexity, and the emergence of cycles for the storage and release of energy. In a nonequilibrium steady state, which is postulated, the solar energy would not just flow to the earth and radiate away: it is thermodynamically inevitable that it must rearrange matter into symmetry, away from probability, against entropy, lifting it, so to speak, into a constantly changing condition of rearrangement and molecular ornamentation. In such a system, the outcome is a chancy kind of order, always on the verge of descending into chaos, held taut against probability by the unremitting, constant surge of energy from the sun.

If there were to be sounds to represent this process, they would have the arrangement of the Brandenburg Concertos for my ear, but I am open to wonder whether the same events are recalled by the rhythms of insects, the long, pulsing runs of birdsong, the descants of whales, the modulated vibrations of a million locusts in migration, the tympany of gorilla breasts, termite heads, drumfish bladders. A "grand canonical ensemble" is, oddly enough, the proper term for a quantitative model system in thermodynamics, borrowed from music by way of mathematics. Borrowed back again, provided with notation, it would do for what I have in mind. □

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Sigmund Freud and Lou Andreas-Salome: Letters, edited by Ernst Pfeiffer, translated by Elaine and William Robson-Scott. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. $7.95.

AMONG CATCHWORDS born indolently and destined to stubborn careers misrepresenting the artistic ethos of *fin-de-siècle* Europe, none is more profoundly inappropriate than "decadent." It suggests a waning of powers, a coming-undone of moral fiber, a tired acquiescence in fantasy that tells us more about the bourgeoisie, which sentenced itself to hard labor lest it "decay," than about its antagonists. The latter did, often enough, turn inward, but with the same missionary or proprietary fervor that drove the former outward—as if both were seeking grace in opposite ways. However different a Nietzsche or a Comte, a Tolstoy or a Mallarmé, they shared an epic view of themselves no less significant than the ideas they promulgated.

Perhaps because God's corpse was fresher then than now, and his absence more poignantly felt, social and philosophical combatants fought like rivals for the apostolic succession. This tension generated an immense amount of energy, burning up many people but aggrandizing others. The repressive morality that served industrial civilization created, incidentally, a race of giant fugitives, of conquistadores who might never have felt compelled to explore human nature, or live it to its limits, had human nature not been made officially *terra non grata*. The dialectic of confinement and escape can scarcely account for Freud's genius, but it does go some way toward explaining the overblown image of freedom that made Lou Andreas-Salomé's life a kind of Wagnerian *grand tour*.

Their correspondence spans the years 1912-1936. If three decades elapsed before it found its way into print (the German edition appeared in 1966), the reason must not be sought in its contents, which will disappoint the reader alert for scandal. One encounters a very human Freud, making short shrift of the *vulgus*, grieving over a son missing at the front, talking about his addiction to tobacco or his fear of death, but not an unfaithful Freud. And in Lou Andreas-Salomé one encounters an intellectual whose vamping takes the form of elaborate digressions on psychoanalytic theory. The reason for the book's delay is more banal. In 1933 Lou met the editor of this volume, Ernst Pfeiffer, who served her as a companion during the last three years of her life, and as a hierophant after her death. The documents that comprise her literary estate he apparently considers Holy Writ, releasing annotated portions at liturgical intervals.

IT SEEMS almost inevitable that of all countries Russia should have produced this hurricane woman who cut a broad swath through Central Europe between 1880 and World War I, buffeting poor Nietzsche so badly that he was driven to portray her as "the blond beast" in *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, lifting Rilke to the erotic-religious heights of *The Book of Hours*, precipitating at least two distinguished suicides, yet son in her own still eye, finding composure to write twenty bo fore subsiding into the laconic a Freudian analyst. Just as An Midwesterners who make it t York often have a mutant ener must have proved more thar to the lulling pieties, the h flatness, the sheer tedium t caped, so self-exiled Russia made it to Europe in the lat teenth and early twentieth c seemed launched from a c One is put in mind of Diagh deed the whole *Mir Iskustva* reading Western art revie voyeurs peering at the real What governs explorers, per their feeling "elsewhere" or n and the implicit vanity of wa occupy dead center. At once i lous and gullible, they would so apt to penetrate reality ha ventional sense of it been b upon them.

The main circumstances o von Salomé's early life cons put her beside herself. She w in 1861 in St. Petersburg to a couple of Prussian desce father, General Gustav von ruled his family like an Eas Junker, speaking German and enforcing all the prescri a militant Lutheran faith. found herself raised opposite ter Palace, half-Russian but o her parents' only daughter to be only a daughter when hood struck her as having existence than masculine v pleased to assign it. Between nothingness, what choice co be? Her earliest dreams of union with a stern, brutal div was fated to express in the

Frederick Brown teaches French literature at the State University of New York at Stony Brook. His most recent book, Père Lachaise: Elysium as Real Estate, *which portrays the bourgeoisie through its funerary institutions, will be published this spring by Viking.*

al symbiosis with Great

rst of these belonged to a stor named Hendrick Gillot, od looks, perhaps more than letic brilliance he displayed nday, made his ministry in sburg a remarkably popular iving being entered into my rld," Lou Andreas-Salomé ne years after the event, "not n it but becoming part of it he epitome of reality. The caused can only be ex- y the one word which to my scribes the most unusual, kely event as well as that most familiar and always : 'A Man.'" Having sought n the sly, she delivered her- onately to his instruction. ace of a year they studied y of religion, comparative y, theories of cognition, the French theater, Pascal, Voltaire, Schiller, Leib- ite, and Schopenhauer: a llabus that quite possibly measure of desires that e spilled through even one nt of nontutelage. Lou von nerged from their course of chaste as she was erudite; t indistinguishable, in the ythology of this femme had unwittingly groomed, Holy Ghost. It remained for vel halfway across Europe le at her confirmation in a urch, thus consummating *age blanc*. These few events rdly deserve commemora- they not form an ideal hat, allowing minor vari- reenacted with Nietzsche, . and with Freud.

a typical paradox that, ad- erself to the pastor in hopes ight help dispel a fantasy e cogent and more palpable n the one her senses regis- should have straightaway her mind for his, as though to which she had fled were etic asylum but a Platonic ing silhouettes of the Abso- or Body). After all, cave ee their own belligerence, erent: their own aptitude render, not a rapist. Now now another, became in her father had been—"the reality": and about each a book that signified many doubt—valedictory, funer-

HAVE YOU HAD A CLOSE CALL?

Though most of us repress thoughts about death, our fears would diminish if more people openly discussed the experiences that all of us are likely to share at that supremely universal moment. Scientists and others have lately encouraged such efforts. In its Dec. 4 issue, for example, *Time* magazine discussed a study of near-fatalities indicating that we all pass through distinct stages on the way to death. To enlarge such knowledge, we invite any readers who have had close brushes with death to write to us, anonymously or not, describing the salient features of the experience. Address letters to WRAPAROUND, Harper's Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

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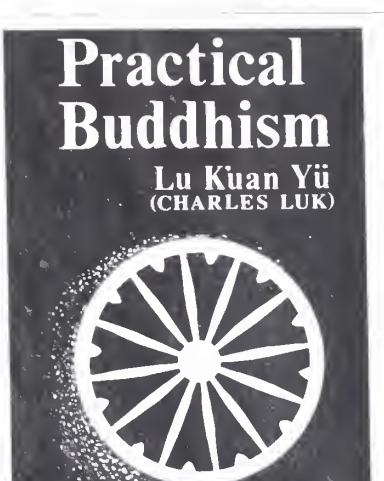
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al discourse, marriage vow—but in particular the psychic digestion of her divinity. Five years after confirmation at Hendrick Gillot's hands, she published the first such volume, *My Struggle With God*, using a pseudonym that joined (in battle and in love) the titular antagonists: Henri Lou. To be sure, the titles mellowed with age so that in 1931, by then quite grand, indeed hallowed, she would conclude her literary career with *My Gratitude to Freud*, but it is not unlikely that inside this perfect disciple there lurked, until the very end, a cannibalistic virgin.

THAT A WOMAN at once brilliant and, in her Aryan way, beautiful could lend certain men her ear so intently yet refuse them entrance by any other orifice proved ambiguously overwhelming (her marriage to the great philologist Friedrich Carl Andreas was neither consummated nor dissolved). Did she not, either way, engage their profoundest self-love and self-hatred? If the spectacle of her organizing herself around their thought gave them a demiurgic thrill, then her emotional aloofness set them an example of self-sufficiency so plausible that even Freud felt moved, in an obituary notice, to call her the most "harmonious" person he had ever met.

These two modes of narcissism governed all her relationships, first one then the other holding sway. No sooner had she met Nietzsche, on her first trip abroad in 1880, than she proposed that they form a study group *à trois*, with a mutual friend named Paul Rée. Their conversations in Rome, in Orta, and in the Tautenburg forest—conversations obsessed by "drives," "forces," "urges," but never, alas, halted by them—sufficed to convince both Nietzsche and her of their essential Oneness. "We are so much alike in our thoughts and plans that one day our names will be linked together," wrote Nietzsche. (Like Rilke, he sometimes called her his "sister," that is, a feminine doppelgänger whom he would have wed, had it ever come to that, by way of self-embrace.) As for Lou, she noted the following in her diary: "The basically religious trait in our character is what we have in common. It is perhaps so strong in us because we are free-thinkers in the most extreme sense of the word. In the free-thinker, the religious emotion cannot itself to some divinity or heav side, where those forces that gi to religion—like weakness, fe greed—can be accommodated. free-thinker, the religious thrown back upon itself, as i can become a heroic force, an sacrifice himself to some nob pose."

For all her talk of hero abnegation, Lou was more g sacrificing others than herse epiphanies she celebrated alw volved homicides, but in this her problematical nature mir general zeitgeist that disq reason and prevented mer understanding reality otherwi as the Scriptural Idea, the A Form, or else some imperson *de la nature*. Lou was at once lime and an apologist of the more doctrinaire in her pl "drives" for being so terri them, but wearing her mask s well, in fact better than Ni whom she left utterly bew "Everything in woman is a and everything in woman h solution—it is called pregnan wrote in *Thus Spake Zara* having failed to answer the question and having suffered sequences. His demonic Su may, after all, have been vestite.

That Lou preferred eating bearing them, in other wor them by killing them for he repast, one anecdote illustrat ically. It was told by the psychoanalyst Poul Bjer whom Lou had a brief affai when she had already check a hotel and was going to s night with a friend, she sudd it would not work. She abruptly, went to the station a room in a nearby town. I she discovered that she wa love with her friend. She rem a letter he had written her w carried in her purse. And to her longing for him she ate There was nothing sensatio told this story. It seemed natural thing in the world to lover's letter." One might she aborted the only child conceived.

Her mothering resemble so much as her worshippi served the same experi "oceanic" self-aggrandizen

in her own eyes, a presence, ant de-realizing some man. a sense in which the love h Rilke, who was fourteen nger than she, brought her rcle. If Gillot had given her ourse in European thought herded her westward, Lou, murderous schoolmaster of play *The Lesson*, taxed ealth with daily instruction n language, Russian literasian history, etc. before leadastward into what had subcome her own element, as ography were but the metaexpression of her "struggle ," and "East" a purely perotheosis. Rilke said that ade him rethink all dimenı beheld herself as codimenh the Motherland. "Here I e to stay forever," she wrote ry while sailing across Rusal plateau aboard the river*ander Nevsky*. "Here, as so Volga is not a river, it is as comprehensive as the sea." rite landscape was less a than a plethora indisbly earth, water, and sky by Lou Andreas-Salomé e very terms in which Rilke s love made him, at first, endearing and finally You alone are real." That is what she wanted to hear quite believed.

ORDS Pascal addresses to "I would not have sought I not already found Thee," t have addressed to Freud. re they made one another's nce at the 1911 Psychoongress, her roles patently she had begun as best she probe the unconscious inxulting in it. The swiftness h she assimilated psychoeory (her earliest letters in spondence show her diseud's concepts very knowlindeed) cannot be passed liant mimetism, or laid to t of an inveterate knack for he Idol's Mind, although inly helped. Rather, her independent mind felt inome in Freud's paradoxes: ed a kindred form of cogore it understood the techn or all the issues. If Freud first take altogether seriously her request to study with him, he was the last person to plead his cause or tout his custom: on the contrary, he conducted himself, in the presence of enthusiasts, rather like an orthodox rabbi whose obligation it is to discourage would-be converts: being a Jew is difficult.

It was not long, however, before he too fell under her spell. "I missed you in the lecture yesterday," he wrote on November 10, 1912, "and I am glad to hear that your visit to the camp of masculine protest played no part in your absence. I have adopted the bad habit of always directing my lecture to a definite member of the audience, and yesterday I fixed my gaze as if spellbound at the place which had been kept for you." The camp of masculine protest is an allusion to Alfred Adler, whose lectures Lou attended for some weeks, only confusedly aware of a mutiny in psychoanalytic ranks. That this newcomer found the Adlerian system simplistic, not to say wrongheaded, could only have ingratiated her the more decisively with Freud, who never doubted his rightness but very possibly felt the queasiness of an intellectual debating a dogmatist: where Freud built knowledge tentatively, like a jigsaw puzzle whose every piece warrants close scrutiny, Adler straightaway offered "the complete picture" by doing violence to its component details.

"I even acknowledge," Freud wrote to Lou in January 1915, "that Adler has an advantage over me in this matter: it is the advantage of someone imposing a system of thought upon things, compared with someone who observes them and is anxiously concerned to do them justice. I comfort myself with the thought that it is not the task of science to simplify the world, or at least not its first task." Remarks of this sort appear at sufficiently wide intervals in their letters to suggest that Freud's malaise outlived whatever comfort his experience and reason provided him, that on some very profound level he needed the endorsement of a charismatic woman. "I have to disappoint you," he wrote to Lou from Csorbato in the summer of 1917. "I am not going to say 'yes' or 'no,' nor shall I deal out question marks, but I shall do what I have always done with your comments: enjoy them and let them have their effect on me. It is quite evident from them how you anticipate and complement me each time, how you strive prophetically to unite my comments into a structural whole. I am under the impression that this is true to a special degree since I began employing the concept of the narcissistic libido. Without this, I feel, you too might have slipped away from me to the system-builders, to Jung or even more to Adler. But by way of the ego-libido you have observed how I work, step by step, without the inner need for completion, continually under the pressure of the problem immediately on hand and taking infinite pains not to be diverted from the path. It seems that in this way I have gained your confidence."

Freud's reality was no doubt a good deal more complex than he let on: his scientific requirements and speculative flair so nearly matched one another that he beheld himself as a scientist *malgré lui* and as an adventurer *manqué*. Would he have needed to "take infinite pains not to be diverted from the path" had the temptation to do so not been great? The above self-portrait of a monolithically deliberate man calls to mind a very different image he had urged upon his friend Fliess some years before: "You often estimate me too highly. For I am not really a man of science, not an observer, not an experimenter, and not a thinker. I am nothing but by temperament a *conquistador*—an adventurer, if you want to translate the word—with the curiosity, the boldness, and the tenacity that belong to that type of being."

THOUGH FREUD denied himself flights of fancy (always falling back on what he had verified beyond a doubt, advancing crablike into the undiscovered country while mourning the safety of his neurological laboratory), he was likely to admire highly imaginative people, fantasists, and even held his judgment in abeyance for their sake, either postponing such insights as he had won so arduously or trying to shape a reconciliation between his thought and some mystical thesis to which nothing in him could finally lend credence. Hence his lovable attempt to deal with Fliess' numerology, and the reluctance to believe that first Jung, then Rank, and finally Ferenczi had struck out on divergent paths. Perhaps the "wildness" he acknowledged in himself had its roots in this impulse

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toward, and fear of, self-surrender. "How that Sarah plays!" he wrote from Paris as a young man, after seeing Bernhardt. "After the first words of her vibrant lovely voice I felt I had known her for years. Nothing she could have said would have surprised me; I believed at once everything she said . . ."

Ernest Jones suggests that we may owe Freud's discoveries to this feminine component of his personality: he was gullible enough to believe people's fantasies when another might have dismissed them as dirty lies. His credulity may also account, by reaction, for the autodidact who often found it difficult to enter other people's train of thought. Tempted in one direction by the sibylline, he became—following the opposite direction—an impersonal agent of truths he himself had laid bare, growing almost selfless and, by various accounts, prophetically remote. How strongly he must have identified with Moses (but Michelangelo's Moses: the lawgiver who is equally a horned daimon, a virile force) is suggested by his impatience to see *Moses and Monotheism* appear in English before he died. Shall we believe, after all, that he didn't feel an "inner need for completion"? What would seem to give the lie to his sage contention is his celebrated aside recorded, for better or for worse, by Marie Bonaparte: "The great question that has never been answered and which I have not yet been able to answer, despite my thirty years of research into the feminine soul, is 'What does a woman want?' "

Did that query spring from the same Oedipal-Mosaic despair at not being entitled to enjoy the Promised Land that drives less intellectually fastidious men to create "systems"? "Everything in woman is a riddle," wrote Nietzsche. Freud never argued pregnancy as a solution to it. Rather, the intellectual troths he plighted with women like his daughter Anna, who knew him so well as to be capable of guessing his thought, or like Lou Andreas-Salomé, who strove "prophetically to unite my comments into a structural whole," helped him to demystify the "other" and to achieve the completion he would never trump up at the expense of science.

Lou Andreas-Salomé proved herself "more royalist than the king." The longest letters in their correspondence (and from a layman's vantage point the most opaqu those in which she does con housework for Freud, polishi early theory of narcissistic rearranging or piecing togethe scattered 'round about, addin liant touches of her own wit exhibitionism perhaps, but do this for other motives than one feels that, by putting his in order, she was giving her certain coherence. "But I shou to say the following on this Freud wrote to her. "I admire time anew your skill in syn which knits together the *membra* won through analys clothes them with living tissue

As Lou's practice grew, she to Freud for supervision; th letters become somewhat les retical, more clinical, simulat retrogressive course of an ana who starts with euphemisms a in the vernacular. But this tively speaking. She set Freud pace that left him panting to k often apologizing for his silenc brevity, and perhaps even cr little small talk. What little of ter this volume contains is s ful and so literate as to enjoy of prestige in its own right; most invariably Lou's talk le private life unsaid, revolv sessively around Freud's. A years, he brought himself to her as "Lou" instead of "F dreas"; for her, Freud r "Dear Professor" to the end

THE END occurred in Febru Having lost one breast cer, most of her eyesight to and her stamina to a heart c she alludes to these only in pa though they were minor sub that had no bearing on her Self and no serious claim to attention.

"Dear Professor" was t formula that undoubtedly c a multitude of other saluta 1917 Freud wrote Lou the note: "Your description sh you have assessed Groddeck you will find less that is n book than I had expected. N a little analytic task for yo caused you to make the slip me the initials F.C.? Franz haps?" Not Franz Carl, as out, but Friedrich Carl— band's name.

Wiseman

OKS

yground pioneer

**ck Law Olmsted and the
an Environmental Tradi-**
Albert Fein. Braziller, cloth,
er, $3.95.

ck Law Olmsted's New
xt by Elizabeth Barlow, illus-
ortfolio by William Alex.
Whitney Museum, $12.50.

ture of Recreation, by
Wurman, Alan Levy, and
. The M.I.T. Press, $4.95.

150TH BIRTHDAY. Frederick
Olmsted is being resur-
America's most important
n the fields now known as
nd urban planning. As with
r resurrections, though, the
elebrations of the man's
ents conveniently overlook
ially visionary spirit.
Olmsted's plan for New York
ntral Park that established
e foremost master of land-
hitecture—or the "sylvan
ie preferred to call it. But
ng hand can be felt across
ry. He designed parks for
uffalo, Chicago, Louisville,
ery, Rochester, and other
ies. His influence on cam-
be seen at Groton, Law-
, Amherst, Smith, the Uni-
California at Berkeley, and
He designed the Capitol
in Washington and was
e for saving Yosemite and
Falls from commercial de-

ich a record it seems sur-
t Olmsted has been allowed
in the wings so long. But
ary poisoning and lung dis-
e only recently brought
full fright of the fact that
ie as well as get rich from
trash into our rivers and
l we are now seeing that

*nan is a native New Yorker and
writer.*

the very low "quality of life" in cities has a great deal to do with the physical, as well as the financial, structure of the urban environment.

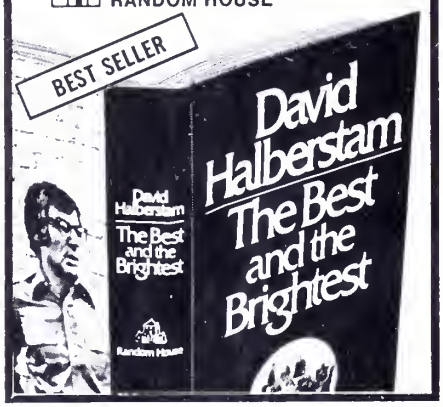
Since 1967 a growing tide of interest has produced ten books devoted to Olmsted; a five-volume edition of his papers is in preparation, and a biography will be published shortly. Last fall, the Whitney Museum and the National Gallery mounted exhibitions of his work, and there are plans to circulate a combined show around the country.

All this attention is more than well-deserved, of course, and every effort to honor Olmsted's extraordinary achievements should be supported. But missing from the current books, exhibitions, and celebrations is any vigorous attempt to reclaim Olmsted's spirit from all this historical material and put it to work in our own time. The issue is not simply to preserve Olmsted's precious nineteenth-century oases but to apply his vision to the greater and different problems of twentieth-century urban development.

What distinguished Olmsted from many of his more romantic predecessors was his confidence in the growth of America as an urban society. In the mid-nineteenth century notable aesthetes were shunning the city for the virtues of the land, and theorists of all sorts were cultivating the connection between wilderness and the independent American spirit. But Olmsted recognized that "the further progress of civilization is to depend mainly upon the influences by which men's minds and characters will be affected by living in large towns." Rather than flee to a utopian commune in the woods, as legions of ecological crusaders continue to do, Olmsted attacked the problem of how the inevitable growth of American cities could be controlled. His

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aim was to enhance the unique benefits of urban life while insuring them against the crowding and chaos that are their normal companions. He approached this challenge meticulously but without sacrificing his breadth of vision. Having studied civil engineering and scientific farming, Olmsted understood the practical problems of "designing" land. At the same time, his knowledge of the parks of England and the Continent enforced his conviction that, in an industrial age, contemplation of a well-designed picturesque landscape itself constituted recreation.

FOR ALL HIS visionary acuity, Olmsted was a product of his age and its assumptions. Albert Fein's *Frederick Law Olmsted and the American Environmental Tradition* is particularly useful in showing the intellectual climate in which Olmsted worked. As Fein puts it, the plan for Central Park "may best be understood as an expression of the idealism of a politically powerful social elite." Among this elite were journalists, ministers, and philanthropists who believed that the city dweller's moral lot could be improved by building an ideal environment. Central Park was a crowning attempt to do just that.

Olmsted, then, was an urban idealist committed to social democracy. But implicit in this kind of idealism was a paternalistic vision that now might be termed moral imperialism. Olmsted's supporters were intellectual and financial aristocrats, and Central Park was built precisely because they were sufficiently powerful to compel public support for it. But with the growth of commercial interests and political machinery, the power of this aristocratic elite shrank rapidly. In such diminished circumstance Olmsted failed in his later arguments for large-scale planning of New York's undeveloped land, and he was forced to concentrate on private projects.

This benevolent and enlightened elite remains inaccessible today, so it is futile to hope that Rockefellers or Paleys will do much more than provide an occasional vest-pocket park that signals the need rather than solves it. Nor can we return to the confident nineteenth-century dream of America's democratic perfectability as advertised by the Unitarian ministers who backed Olmsted's projects. The scale of modern America is too great, the cultural mix too thick, and the people too weary of Wars on Poverty, Great Societies, and Peaces With Honor to pay much attention to such an idealistic vision.

ELIZABETH BARLOW, in her elegant text to *Frederick Law Olmsted's New York*, evokes the flavor of Olmsted's time, when such confidence still flourished. But one senses in her fine prose a hopeless longing for an irretrievable era. There remains a need today for the calm expanses of Olmsted's original design. But there are the jammed baseball fields, tennis courts, and skating rinks, as well as the vandalizing of Olmsted's creations, to tell us something: Central Park and the concepts it embodied are no longer sufficient to our needs.

If the differences between Olmsted's time and our own are so marked, then why study him as more than a historical figure? For one thing, his basic faith in the city and his concern for the health and pleasure of its people are as badly needed now as then. For another, the originality and foresight of his approach have set a provocative example for those who hope to satisfy urban needs today.

He foresaw the growth of the city and tried to anticipate its needs, using the newest technical means plus some of his own invention. His grade separation of roads and paths, his massive drainage schemes, and his artful exploitation of the land produced a recreational space that was revolutionary for its time. What is needed today is a similar assault on our own future—and an understanding that open space is not necessarily empty space, that people cannot work together without some room to be alone, and that Vermont and Tahoe are too far away for all but a privileged few city dwellers to enjoy.

AN ENGAGING AND fresh attempt to view contemporary problems of urban open space in Olmsted's terms has resulted in *The Nature of Recreation*, one of a series of recent books produced by Philadelphia's GEE (Group for Environmental Education). Designed primarily as a workbook, *The Nature of Recreation* uses Olmsted's writings and designs in conjunction with an exploration of the definitions of recreation. The book falls far s any comprehensive theory reation, but by integrating graphs, plans, and statistic Olmsted's works, and co them with the contemporary tion, the book communica vitality of Olmsted's principl purely historical material cou

For example, in 1850 Ne had 600,000 inhabitants, and Park was within reach of a re homogeneous population. To population is more than times bigger, and the park h all but overwhelmed by the et cultural complexity that ha with that leap in scale. It is ob essential to reexamine a cit reational needs and resource light of such changes. What l open space are available? Wh can be created by clearing ready built on? If one is limi vacant lot in a small neighb should it be planted with t shade, or paved for basketba is a larger area, should there ball diamonds or bicycle Whatever the uses, what k security and maintenance ar sary? These are questions would have understood a plauded.

He once wrote: "It is t duty of government . . . to means of protection for citizens in the pursuit of h against the obstacles, other surmountable, which the se of individuals or combina individuals is liable to inte that pursuit." Without the ened elite of Olmsted's day, those who choose or are ob live in modern American cit mind the powerful of this du highways and subways a buildings for government are needed, space and fu found. Urban communities sist loudly that open space fo tion share an equal priority. for new definitions of recr clear from the abuse of Olms van artworks. But his innov proach remains a compelling of what can be achieved thro in the cities and concern for fare of their people. Eve should be made to expand sted's work in a new idiom. ger is that we may so enshri a heroic figure of a past ag spirit may be lost to our own

RESOURCES WRAP

INDS OF GUIDES NEW FRONTIER

ons produce apostles, explain the under- evangelism running relatively small cor- oks concerned with sh. The earnestness ty are unmistakable, nibited with various sophistication.

m to be three catego- s in this area: gener- journalistic surveys, l manuals. It's large- of personal prefer- approach stimulates. analyses, John W. *elf-Renewal: The In- the Innovative So-* er Colophon Books, ten in the early Six- es to stand up as the discussion of the is- ing fresh. Gardner's t as our lives, indi- vidually and within groups and institutions, narrow in scope and variety, we increase the risk of being consumed by spiritual dry rot. He unfolds the leaves of his understanding with intelligence and compassion—but, oddly, without the juicy vitality he counsels us to preserve.

Among the journalistic surveys, the main entry is *Starting Over* (Macmillan, $5.95) by Damon Stetson, a *New York Times* reporter. The book covers all the expected bases, from the Peace Corps to executive recruitment firms, and makes liberal use of popular media research, that is, quotations from newspapers and magazines. There are a number of cameo histories, from Grandma Moses to Dick Gregory. Stetson provides interesting brief discussions of the fresh-start models offered by the early retirements of professional athletes and many military men, and of the fraudulent activities of a few career-counseling firms.

Among the practical manuals, there is a comparatively wide range of choice, a voice for every ear.

Self-Help: The Art of Achievement Illustrated by Accounts of the Lives of Great Men by Samuel Smiles (Transatlantic Arts, $7.95): Originally published in 1859, this book epitomized its age with its marvelous case histories of self-made men. Fascinating in short doses, the prose gives the book too stiff an upholstery to be comfortable for more than a short time.

Working Loose (American Friends Service Committee, $1.95): The Aquarian Age counterpart of Smiles, this combination handbook, personal-history digest, and organizational newsletter provides some valuable tools for starting over. Its youthful innocence is partly appealing, partly self-indulgent.

Uncoupling: The Art of Coming Apart by Norman Sheresky and Marya Mannes (Viking, $6.95): Contemporary, but in a different way from *Working Loose*, this book calls itself "a guide to sane divorce." Stalwartly unsentimental, it is filled with realistic observations on what happens in divorce, and proffers sound advice on how to avoid the common quicksands.

The Back to Work Handbook for Housewives by Barbara Prentice (Collier Books, $1.50): If the idea of going back to work is something you feel like talking over with your old high-school guidance counselor, this book may be a good substitute. It is a worthy but somewhat pedestrian guide to standard sources of further information in a number of career areas.

ieties of Spiritual Conversion

shew you a mystery: all sleep, but we shall ed, in a moment, in g of an eye . . .
orinthians 15:51-52

livide humanity into ke the words of St. reat and those who a promise. Most of o be a long process inding and being hape; some few, but many of the great- , are "touched by t into a new shape. genius of religion tics, summed up his conversion as fire, de. His mighty con- romwell, who com- s passion of religion very much of this ved that no man igh as he who did ere he was going. tell which of the re mightily trans- unsuccessful, slov- late, economically ntleman-farmer in ties becoming in a odigy of England, enius, the destruc- ing, the great Pro- sickly, querulous, unted mathemati- ness projector who st out of his own fire, in the *Pensées* and the *Lettres Provinciales*, the combined polemic wit and passionate devotion of a Jansenist saint.

The visions that see through to a world of forms beyond this world, the visions most typically of religion and the sciences, may be impatient of the vision that is resolutely fixed on common things. Pascal knew Montaigne's *Essays* and detested them; it is a sign of the greatness of both men that he knew them by heart. In Montaigne we meet the humane soldier, the deeply practical man of affairs who could place his head on the pillow of doubt and find rest amidst the terrible wars of sixteenth-century France, where he says he went to bed a thousand times expecting that before morning his house would be attacked and he himself slain. Beset in the temporal world by war and pestilence, he did not try to storm heaven but to endure below. Yet gradually we see this classic role transformed: the Stoic Roman becoming a French statesman, the man brought up from the cradle to speak Latin becoming a master of French prose, the dignified notion of the world as a place to be endured passing into a humane sense of its being the common home of men. His calm doubt *(Continued on next page)*

ND continued from page 10

STARTING POINTS

Starting fresh demands improvisation: that's the adage behind most of the individual experiences we've encountered. The paths to follow aren't well-blazed, if only because starting over takes each of us through such a particularized forest. No matter what the individual situation, though, there is the need for support, financial and emotional. Without money and without a mechanism to work through and find validation within, any sort of fresh start becomes more difficult and lonely.

Despite what seems a clear need, there is no centralized source of information about the money or mechanisms available to someone striking out in new directions. Every person who has done it has his personal directory of programs and people he found helpful, but these private lodes of experience have so far gone unmined. The information we've been able to assemble covers only a few mimeographed sheets, and at that it is an uneven blend of national, regional, and local material.

On the money front, there are fellowship programs, generally in specialized areas, that will support the turn-around period of career change. The National Endowment for the Humanities and the U.S. Office of Education, for example, both administer fellowship programs restricted to certain types of people in certain occupations. Elsewhere, some universities and corporations have funds available to persons reeducating themselves, especially women.

As for mechanisms, there are a number that serve more or less specialized functions. There are a variety of educational institutions, for instance, that welcome people launching new careers (but they are still the exception rather than the rule). Service organizations range from those that provide "rap groups" where you can meet other people going through similar changes to those that send retired executives to underdeveloped countries.

We will be happy to pass along the specific information we've compiled, as uneven as it is, if you'll send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to **WRAPAROUND,** Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. All we ask in return is that if you know of programs or information we haven't included, you bring them to our attention so that our primitive handbook can grow in usefulness.

UNDWRAP READE



One of a series of posters on this theme conceived by Silas Rhodes for the School of Visual Arts in New York. Copyright © 1972 School of Visual Arts.

The ten letters following are from *Harper's* readers who responded to a classified ad in the November issue asking for the personal experiences of people who had changed careers one or more times in their lives. Everyone generously agreed to let us take selections from what were generally lengthy letters.

RESOURCES

opened as deep a path for him as his critic's passionate faith.

One can hardly suggest that spiritual conversion comes necessarily as a revelation, or secular transformation as a process. Bertrand Russell's *Autobiography* contains a haunting account of how his cheerful rationalist-imperialist political beliefs disintegrated while he watched the wife of his colleague Whitehead suffer the agonies of a heart condition, and he learned in a few minutes of the misery of separation in which most people spend their lives. On the other hand, John Newton's *Authentic Narrative* of his early life details the gradual journey of a man from slave trader to devoted priest—summed up more tellingly than could any autobiography in his greatest hymn, "Amazing Grace."

The crucial distinction between experiences of profound inner change may not be between the spiritual and the secular, but between conversion as a source of transforming energy and as a source of stilling peace. Just before his death, Aquinas, not yet fifty, had such an experience that he could say contentedly that the fruits of a lifetime of intellectual labor were "as straw" beside it: he had entered on a new realm of knowing. Yet Luther's epiphany in the Elector of Saxony's privy added to the rending of Christendom. Ultimately, each contains the other. In the *Journal* (actually memoirs) of George Fox we can see that a vision at the outset not to be distinguished from incapacitating lunacy—with its nights in hollow trees and its perceptions of Lichfield city awash in blood—harmonizing ultimately with all its frenzy into a vision of healing and goodness, and it was as Hosea said that the prophet was a fool and the righteous man was mad.

I make no apology for not including Augustine: there is no room to enter into the springs of the sea. Nor to touch on the vast literature of other cultures. It is best simply to end by letting Traherne speak, to whom not life but the world itself became new:

You never enjoy the world aright, till the sea itself floweth in your veins, till you are . . . crowned with the stars: and perceive yourself to be the sole heir of the whole world, and more than so, because men are in it who are every one sole heirs as well as you . . . Boys and girls tumbling in the street . . . were moving jewels. I knew not that they were born or should die: but all things abided eternally as they were in their proper places.

—Timothy Dickinson

Timothy Dickinson is a consultant to Harper's.

We welcome reports from readers on other books that have proved to be especially rewarding.

If you have trouble finding any of the books listed here, you can obtain them by writing to **WRAPAROUND,** Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

When I found myself, quite unexpectedly, a widow in 1962, with no career other than housewifery for the previous fifteen years and with a son to support, something had to be done.

I found work as a substitute guidance counselor in the Philadelphia public schools. To become a permanent counselor I had to get a master's degree. I did this by going to Temple University three summers, and once a week at night during three winters. It was difficult to return to a university twenty-six years after graduating from college, but not insurmountably so. I received my master's degree in 1967.

When I became a fully certified counselor, the pay and the working hours were excellent, but I knew this was not what I wanted to spend the rest of my life doing. Last spring, I sat down and counseled with myself. Here I was in a job where I was trying to help young people find work that would be satisfying to them, well-paying, useful to society. But what kind of work should I be doing? For me, the answer was obvious—I should be spending my life in some area of horticulture.

So I took a leave of absence from the school system. I am enrolled as a full-time horticulture student. I have never enjoyed studying so much as I do now. I hope to have a part-time job in horticulture next year while finishing my course and to remain in that field the rest of my life. I am fifty-four years old. The students in my classes range from eighteen to sixty, with the older ones doing better, generally, than the younger ones.

If I had to do it again, I would do it twenty years earlier. My advice to others can only be—if it's something you want to do and have always wanted to do, go ahead. If it's work you like and if there is a need for this work today, you are bound to succeed. But do not change on a mere whim. You must have that same need for what you want to do as I have for growing things.

—Phyllis Simpson
Lansdale, Pa.

My former life was in management with big, private industry; my training was in law. I decided business was not for me, and law was not my first interest. I "retired," went back to school, was a "housewife" f years until I finished work in psychology.

My biggest proble nancial, since I made to change careers alm night. We handled it b employment for my wi spected my choice, an good chance for her to work.

At the grad school I the faculty was superb ing me adjust to a new

I am now employed public planning agency and counsel part-time. happier. The experienc ucation of my "former now very important to success, but in a way t ceptable to my values.

What would I do di I would have done it but would have saved a lars to make the transit comfortable.

—Neil Jo
Ch

For reasons with t depth to go into here, role of housewife and woman behind and thot entering the business moved from a small Wisconsin to Minneap ally had no plan, jus that I wanted someth ent, and that would fession as a businesswo take #1, I moved with Mistake #2, I thoug just go out and get an and that would be th my career. I was stil what aspect of the busi I wanted to get int want to waste any tim preliminaries, like ge training, education, ground. I wanted to s top, or near it anyway backs that I experie innumerable.

As for advice on ch reers, one thing come I'm sure it was my I've always rememb came from a friend o was in religious work He knew I was restle aware enough to see was something I wa but that I was afraid it for fear I might fail of wisdom to me: most damaging of a this world. And the w alyzed by those who to try." If someone t

STIMONY AROUND

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—Carol Amado
De Pere, Wis.

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—H. G.
Philadelphia, Pa.

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-Harold J. Wershow
Birmingham, Ala.

I had been in the hardware-development end of the computer field since 1952 and achieved at least moderate success at it. In the early days of that business, when rather substantial new technologies and systems concepts came tumbling on top of one another in rapid succession, one felt some of the zest of the frontier. But then, after several generations of computers had been designed, manufactured, and delivered, the hardware-development field became a matter of incremental improvements. It lost its charm, for me at least.

I set my sights on 1972 when I would reach the age of eligibility for early retirement, which would provide at least a token income. Two years ahead of the target, while still employed full-time, I undertook two projects. With some friends, I organized a nonprofit corporation, Techno/culture Institute, for the purpose of acting on some ideas we had for improving the quality of the dialogue between the world of science and technology and the world of the humanities. And, following up on a couple of long-time avocational interests—wine and travel—I decided to try to organize a gourmet wine tour to France. Much to my surprise the necessary complement of customers appeared and the trip was such a success, artistically if not financially, that I formed a company called Bacchants' Pilgrimages, which sponsored two gourmet wine tours to Europe last September.

My biggest problem, of course, was overcoming the temptation to coast along with a comfortable salary and all the fringe benefits that regular employment offers. There were a few bitter times when I felt that my wife was dragging her feet on Operation Liberation, but I now appreciate that her counteraction to my tendency to impetuosity was my biggest help. Nevertheless, if you ask what I would do differently, I would say I'd do it sooner next time.

The economic system should be ordered so that everyone who wishes to could make a major shift in career directions every ten years or so without excessive sacrifice. Perhaps some of the worry about an overabundance of leisure in the future can be relieved by making this possible.

—David W. Kean
Sunnyvale, Calif.

I have switched careers several times, from educational administration to government to engineering management in industry, back to education. The experiences have been personally enlightening and strengthening, and have given me a sense of freedom and individual worth that may not be available to a person caught for a lifetime of service to one career, or in one company.

The biggest problem for me was the other face to freedom, the uncertainty that preceded finding the new job, and the loss of certainty and identity that some find in one job and career. I now feel that about five years is long enough for one job, long enough to make a contribution and to face fairly the problems of any job, not so long that the confidence to change has oozed away.

—Robert Briber
Schenectady, N.Y.

In 1947 I'd been married twenty-five years, and my husband suddenly got involved with a young girl and I came to California from New York and got a divorce. There were two children to support, no alimony, no work experience.

I opened an art-supply shop in Palo Alto with $3,000 borrowed from friends (repaid within a year), did picture framing, ran a small gallery, all on energy supplied by great need. I had been a mouse, unable to sell two tickets to a Boy Scout sale, but somehow, with the aid of material from Washington, I learned to run my own business and make a profit.

As a matter of fact, I ran myself to death; I had to sell the business in 1956, and I went to Mexico for a rest. There I studied at the university—Spanish, anthropology, archaelogy, philosophy—and finally was offered a job teaching English at the Bi-National Cultural Center. I had never taught before, but they prepared me, and for thirteen years, until they retired me with a pension, I was a successful teacher. Then I came back to the U.S. and began to cast about for something for my retirement years; just lying in the Mexican sun wasn't enough, and I am no bridge player.

Now I am "into" something else: an Experiment in Adult Group Living. I have bought a house where my tenants (at reasonable rents) will all be retired professional people who want to be independent without living completely alone. This promises well.

Each of these experiences has been entered into with great enthusiasm. I enjoy good health and great vigor, as you may have gathered. My children are grown and a credit to me, but it was work all the way.

—Doris Oakley Smith
Menlo Park, Calif.

Printing was my trade, and I just assumed I was stuck with it. I finally got to the point that it was a part of life to go to work and be unhappy.

The biggest problem involved in changing careers was in convincing myself to make the change. I handled it the same way I do when I go swimming—I just dived in. Who helped the most?My wife—with all kinds of encouragement, and a shoulder to literally cry on when I needed it. The public library helped with reference material on starting a small business.

If I had to do it over again there is only one thing I would change. I would make the change earlier in life, because I really wasn't happy in my trade even from day one.

—Earl C. Wheeler
Minneapolis, Minn.

If worst comes to worst I can always run a gas station!" With these words oft repeated for reassurance, I changed jobs, became an entrepreneur, worked north and south of the border, put four kids through college, and retired to a Caribbean island at age fifty-seven. I had started with a B.A. in chemistry and a job in an oil-refinery lab in the depth of the Depression. The salary was fifty-three cents per hour. Ultimately I acquired a supermarket of my own and in ten years was able to retire.

My observation is that everyone needs the self-assurance that comes from knowing what one can do "if worst comes to worst." Then take the opportunity when it comes. If it doesn't work out, another possibility will open up.

—Bassett Ferguson
Leeward Islands, W.I.

TOOLS FOR LIVIN

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

As products proliferate it's getting harder and harder to separate the true items of value—those that do what they promise for a useful period of time at a reasonable cost—from the general chaff. Tools for Living is simply an attempt to make information available on those goods and services worth knowing about. Furthermore, since everyone we know gets busier and busier, we felt it made sense to extend the information service to its logical conclusion: you can buy most of these products through us if that's the easiest way for you to get them.

We have no burning desire to get into the mail-order business. When we call it a reader service, that is precisely what we mean, and we'd be as happy to have you patronize your local stores or the manufacturers themselves. The idea is primarily to share some of the useful things we run across from time to time; if it's simpler for you to shop through the mail, then we'll do what we can to help.

There is something else Tools for Living is not: it is not a product testing service. If we feature something here, it's because we like it. There are no best buys, no check-rated items, no guarantees or warranties; that's the business of the consumer research services and the Better Business Bureaus—and more power to them. Lastly, our items are not selected by an organized process; somewhere along the line one of you or one of us has run across that particular product, used it, and found it to be functional and worth its price.

If you decide to order any of these items through *Harper's*, just follow the instructions on the next page. Postage and handling charges are on us.



FIGHT WRINKLES

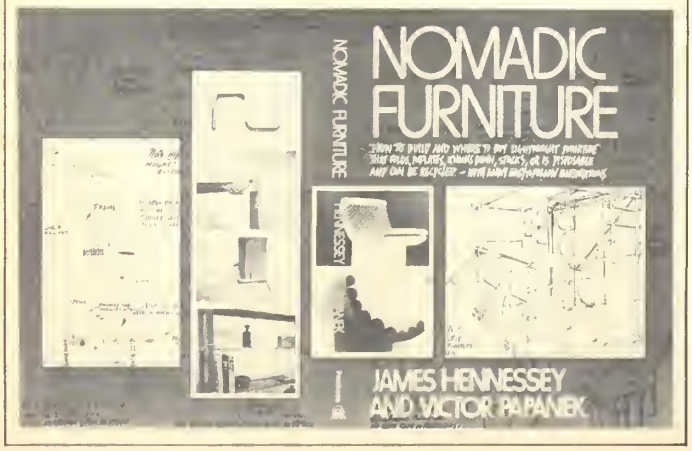
When you arrive in Marrakech with your tuxedo or evening gown crammed in the bottom of your airline bag, everything will be wrinkled beyond recognition. And you know how rotten the valet service is in Marrakech.

The problem is readily solved by the Norelco travel iron and presser, available at the many electronics and department stores that carry Norelco pro standard list price is $1 the size of a 1949 mod shaver, the travel iron on either American or electricity. The flat s works like that of an iron, only it is smaller also a clamplike openi commodates pant legs to make a sharp crease

WHERE TO BUY IT AND HOW TO BUILD IT

Once in a long while a book is published that leaves its readers with the impression that the manuscript should be written in stone. *Nomadic Furniture* by James Hennessey and Victor Papanek (Pantheon, $8.95 in hardcover, $3.95 in soft-cover) is such a book. Its subtitle is a pretty good one-sentence review: "How to build and where to buy lightweight furniture that folds, collapses, stacks, knocks-down, inflates or can be thrown away and re-cycled. Being both a book of instructions and a catalogue of access for easy moving."

There are some cracks in the book's solid advice. For example, a Swedish chrome steel-and-canvas folding chair for $20 makes your mouth water. Our investigation, sadly, shows that far from $20, the chair actually sells for $40 in Sweden and $90 in the good old U.S.A. But this kind of flaw can be tolerated since the book's main strengths are the ideas, instructions, and patterns it suggests for do-it-yourself seating, sleeping, lighting, and storage implements. Generally the plans require only the simplest low-cost materials, tools, connectors. and finishes. In other words, they are great for a klutz; an accomplished craftsman would probably find them beneath his talent.





NOTHING IS SACRED ANYMORE

Not even shoe polish. One of our readers, Ronald Mik Indianapolis, writes: "About two years ago, when I bou pair of boots from a long-haired hippie leather-shop own gested that I use Butcher's wax to shine them instead of mercial shoe polish or wax. In fact, he warned me ne commercial shoe polish. I had never liked the results o dard brands anyway, so I bought some Butcher's wax, all my shoes, and now will never use anything else. Tl crisp, hard, and long-lasting. The wax will cover, som tually any scuff mark, is easy to apply (use a slightly d and apply sparingly, but buff onto leather well), and a can costs less than a dollar. Unless one has an extensiv of shoes and unless one polishes them all once a week last for years."

We tried it. He's right. The can says the wax is als automobiles, antique furniture, marble, cork, vinyl, a alleys. We haven't tried it for any of these. Butcher's w able nearly everywhere, so we hope you won't need through us. The postage would make the price almost shoe polish.

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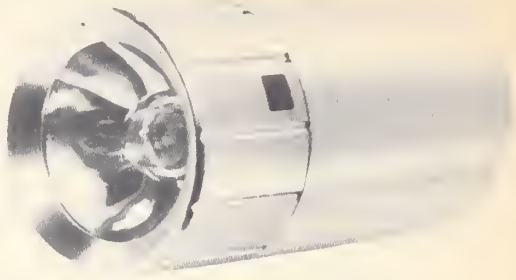
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tified by its label.

The great virtue of the Luxo lies in its ability to cover a circle of better than six feet without moving its base. If the user wants the light to shine up, or sideways, instead of down, the lamp head can be twisted around with no trouble at all. The reason for the remarkable capabilities of the Luxo, and its satisfying look of technical sophistication, is that it was designed for use in drafting rooms, laboratories, workshops, and the like. This means, of course, that the designer was never distracted by considerations of marketing and styling that manage to ruin most household products. It can lick any lamp twice its size, cost, and weight, and it looks exactly like what it is: a superbly engineered and finished piece of lighting equipment.

Luxo products are generally carried in good art-supply stores. The model shown is the most popular version and sells for $29.95. Its overall length is forty-five inches. A simpler model, about three inches shorter with a slightly smaller shade, is available in kit form at only $12.95. It can be assembled easily in thirty minutes or less with a screwdriver and pliers. Both models come with a clamp base that fits on the edge of table tops or shelves. An accessory base for desk-top use instead of the clamp is about ten inches in diameter and costs $10. Colors are white, red, black, and blue.





SPACE PROGRAM FALLOUT

For years NASA has told us that the billions spent going to the moon would result in beneficial consumer "fallout." The five-year flashlight is such a product, one first developed for lunar missions. It is guaranteed to maintain its power for at least five years. Of course, that doesn't mean you can leave it turned on for five years. But if you have a flat tire on a dark night four years and eleven months after you put the thing in your trunk for just such an emergency, it's supposed to work.

The five-year flashlight is also a handy size (1¾" x 3½") and nice-looking in its satin aluminum skin. There is no external switch. You just rotate the head a quarter turn. The price is $6.95. It is available in some hardware, department, and electronics stores and a number of mail-order catalogues, or from us.

If you have had the familiar experience of owning flashlights whose batteries are always dead when you need them, you'll be interested in this one. We don't know anyone who has owned one for five years yet, but it's guaranteed by the manufacturer.

We have no comment on the reasonableness of NASA's development costs.

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Did you ever worry about all that wasted space in the triangular area of millions of men's bicycle frames? Fret no more. You can now fill it up with a tough canvas briefcase. It is the same shape as the frame's triangle, only slightly smaller. Two adjustable straps on each side of the triangle hold the bag tightly to the frame and out of your way. For use off the bike, the bag has a handle and a shoulder strap. It's great for anyone who bikes to school, office, or elsewhere and who needs to carry papers, books, and the like. This bag is a new product so it may not be available everywhere yet. If you can't find it, we will be happy to send you one. The price is $10 in red or blue.

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On a sheet of typing paper, or on a postcard, be part of a great mail exchange, with or without names: join us in an anonymous mass pileup of undoubtedly unskilled and fundamentally amateur artworks, some minor masterpiece of participatory democracy.

Play Artist

Now that you're exhausted at the thought of change, why not imagine starting fresh as an artist? Today's kid artists want everyone to join them. The newest trend in art is primitive: that comes right after modern, in fact —supersedes most Picasso classics the way Xerox outdistances print. Media is exchange, so why not imagine yourself an artist, at least for a moment. For one stamp, for instance, one could become a concrete poet.

I made my first concrete poem in New Haven; I got the idea from John Donne and old Welsh poems. Yoking conceits, making ties between experiences not normally thought connected—that's what the art of the Sixties has added to conventional "modern" art. In pop sculpture, in Cagean music, in video, and in concrete poetry, one finds a baroque mixing and matching of shapes and tones, along with violation of every expectation, jumpiness, eagerness to shock, suddenness, a crazy clumsiness, an inadvertent amateurism, a primitivism.

Near the pushings and haulings of raw earth, dirt from the new superhighway, I found a cement mixer still churning. The cab was warm; the driver was in the steel and tar-paper hangar, a warehouse of heavy-duty earth-moving gear, probably having coffee with his buddies. I took the caked shovel off the back and walked into the cattails as if I were going to take a leak. Masked by the reeds, I dug crude jagged letters, about six inches deep and a yard wide. I backed the truck over, let the scoop flush. I did it fast, and I got the truck back in time. At my leisure I carved off the edges, and then admired my first concrete poem: naturally it said "CEMENT."

So you see, to get started in concrete poetry, tying the images to the words, all one really has to do is dig words.

Why not send in a phrase or two describing the material of your first concrete poem? And the word? I suggest FRESH: what material would you use to puff that up, to bring out the sting of watercress, say, to remind us of fish in baskets of ice, or to define the word more properly than mere print? Imagine you have a team of apprentices to carry out your every order: deprive yourself of no material: remember, for the moment, you're an artist, conceiving an act—start fresh.

—Jonathan Price

Jonathan Price is coauthor with John Lahr of the imminent Life Show: How to See Life in Theater and Theater in Life.

"In Endymion I leaped headlong into the sea, and thereby have become better acquainted with the soundings, the quicksands, and the rocks, than if I had stayed upon the green shore, and piped a silly pipe, and took tea and comfortable advice."

—John Keats, letter to a friend, 1818

TO MAKE A DADAIST POEM

Take a newspaper.
Take a pair of scissors.
Choose an article as long as you are planning to make your poem.
Cut out the article.
Then cut out each of the words that make up this article and
put them in a bag.
Shake it gently.
Then take out the scraps one after the other in the order
in which they left the bag.
Copy conscientiously.
The poem will be like you.
And here you are a writer, infinitely original and
endowed with a sensibility that is charming though beyond the
understanding of the vulgar.

—Tristan Tzara

Seven Dada Manifestoes, translated by Ralph Manheim

HARPER'S GAME ROUNDWRAP

Magazine Profiles

by Edith Schur Leavitt Chappaqua, New York

For this issue's game you may choose
To call up the limerick Muse
To help you express
Your joy or distress
In some magazine's style or views.

Bravely admitting that some of you (occasionally) read other publications, the Harper's Game invites you to compose a limerick that reflects your witty, admiring, or irreverent thoughts about any American magazine, including our own. We offer examples at right; surely you can do better. Send your entry to "Magazine Profiles," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. All entries must be postmarked no later than February 8 and become the property of *Harper's Magazine*. Winning entries will be published in the April issue. Decision of the editors is final.
First Prize: A three-year subscription to the magazine of your choice.
Runners-up: *Civilisation* by Kenneth Clark (Harper & Row).

New York mag, so radically chic,
Has hip tips on pub and boutique.
The writers are clever,
But how do they ever
Come up with a new game each week?

When Gore Vidal failed to renew
His subscription to *National Review*,
"My reason?" he cried.
"I just can't abide
The sight of Bill B.'s billets-doux."

The gospel according to Hefner:
Sex is the sole raison d'être.
Helen Gurley agrees,
And it's such fun to tease
With Burt Reynolds' arms, legs, etc.

WINNERS OF "NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS,"

the December game that asked you to write a resolution for your favorite public errant, are:

FIRST PRIZE
(Yashica Atoron Electro Camera):

Mrs. Clifford Irving:
I'll never wear a wig to town;
Across a border I won't go;
I'll never trust a guy who phones:
"I'm working late in Mexico."
—Elaine Stallworth
Willow Grove, Pa.

RUNNERS-UP
(New York Times Atlas of the World, Quadrangle):

Mrs. Clifford Irving:
I now resolve never more to use
The euphonious name of H. R. Hughes.
I also abjure my husband's line—
To fib is human; to gull, divine.
—Paul W. Boytinck
Lewisburg, Pa.

Mrs. Clifford Irving:
I resolve to bank by mail.
—Irene Piekarski Dorr
El Cerrito, Calif.

Jack Anderson:
Item: eschew insinuation
Without complete authentication.
(Note: should I slip
on some hot tip
I'd reluctantly apologize
For any so-called damaging lies.)
—Dorothy D. Hillyer
Bartlesville, Okla.

General John Lavelle:
Since I have ordered "bombs away"
And stirred up some dissension,
I now resolve to fade away
With two stars and a pension.
—Dr. L. Kaufman
Hillcrest Heights, Md.

Mrs. Clifford Irving:
I now resolve to be more clear
And label fiction fiction.
(This oath is based upon, I fear,
The strength of my conviction.)
—P. A. Kaufman
Oxon Hill, Md.

President Nixon:
. . . to make *one* thing perfectly clear.
—Robert Kendall
Fivepointville, Pa.

D. B. Cooper:
I promise to return the parachute.
—Scott Marley
Buena Park, Calif.

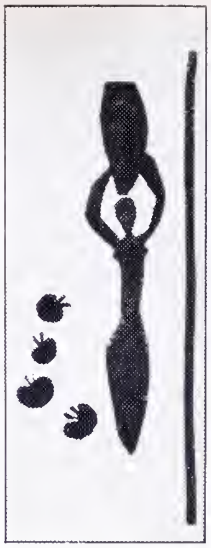
Boris Spassky:
Since poisoned pawns have lost their venom
And Najdorf Sicilians work no more,
I resolve before the Committee plenum
To open only by P-Q4.
—Parley W. Newman, Jr.
New York, N.Y.

President Nixon:
Now that I've been reelected, I promise my fellow A
no more war. Let me make one thing perfectly clear—
keep us out of Northern Ireland.
—Valerie Shouldis
Staten Island, N.Y.

FUTURE GAMES: Readers are invited to submit th
suggestions for games. Those who invent games ever
published in the magazine will receive credit lines an

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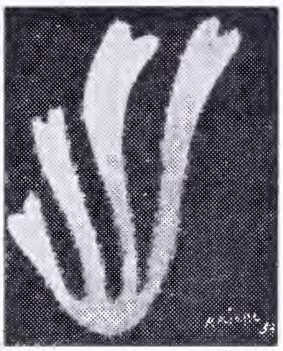
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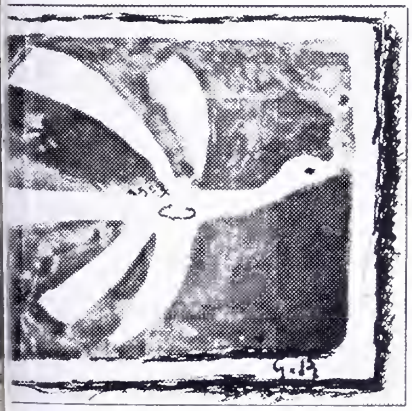
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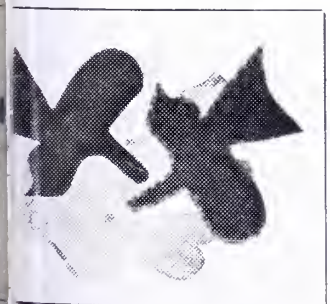
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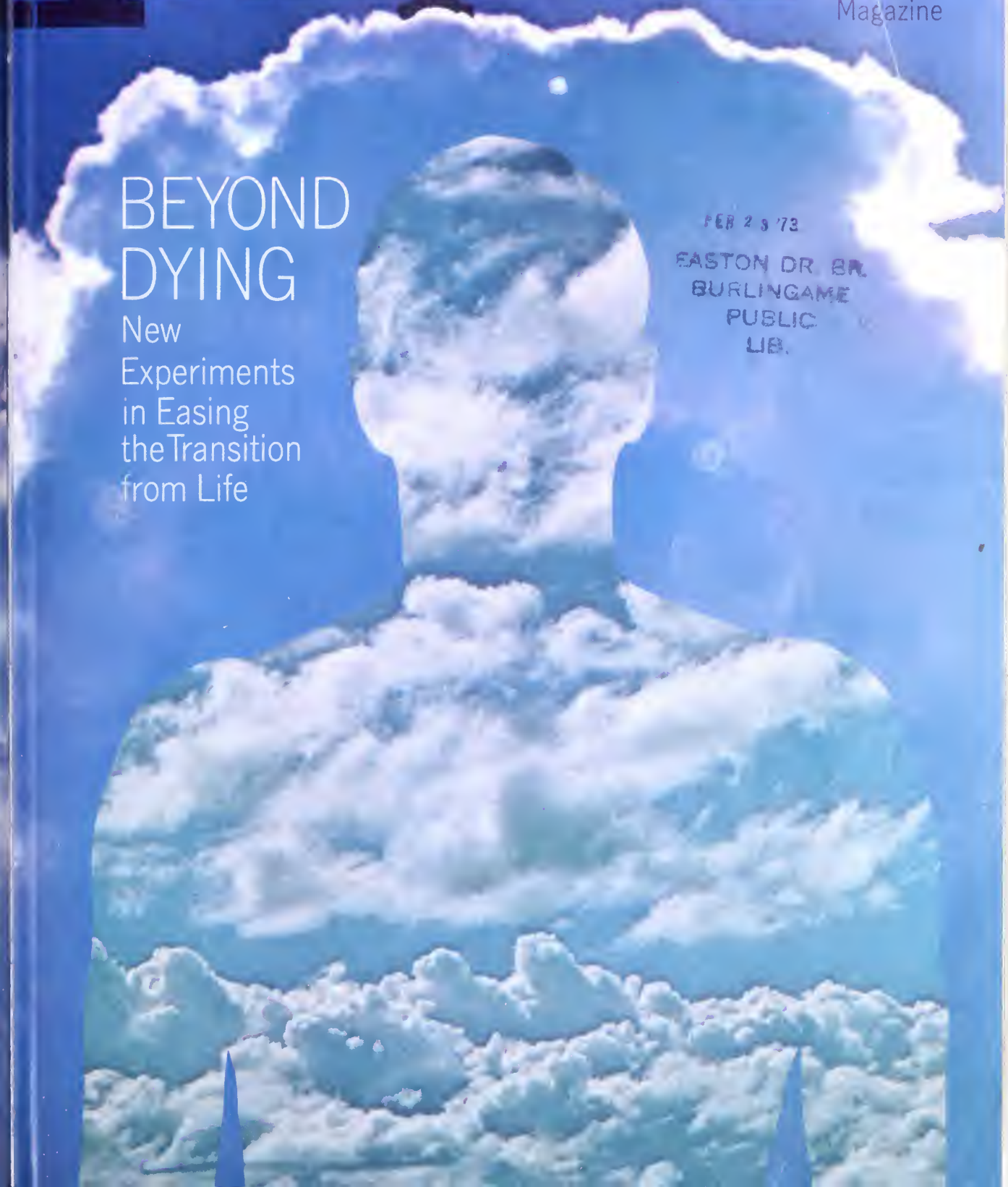
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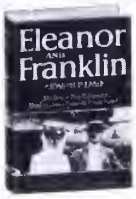
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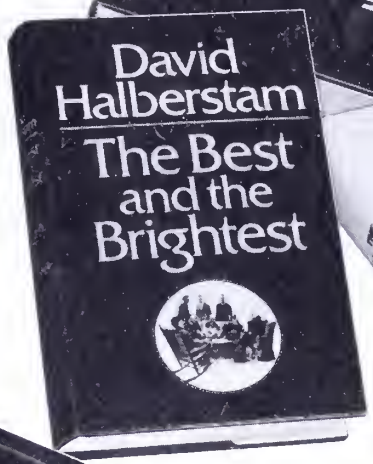
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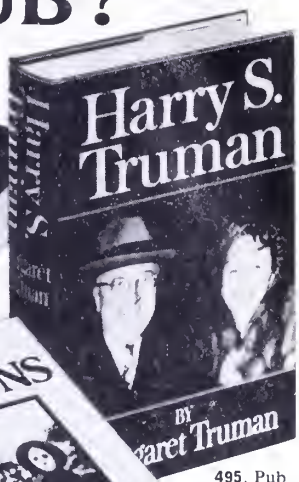


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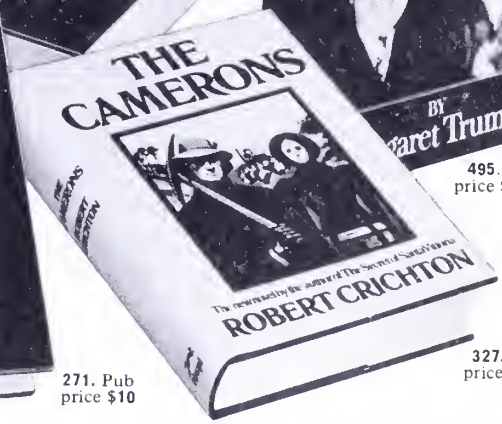
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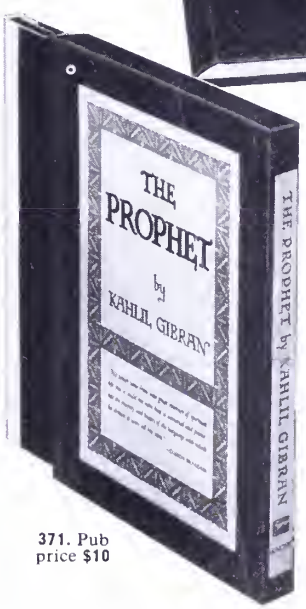
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HARPER'S WRAPAROUND: The Utopian Urge: You Make the Future Today

6 Reports
101 Starting Points
102 Resources
104 Tools for Living
106 Information
107 Ideas
108 Reader Response

Barry Head 28 *PUBLIC ISSUES:* VOICES ON THE CABLE
You and cable TV: a guide to the prevention of cultural suicide in your community

Walter Berns 36 RATIOCINATIONS
The Supreme Court's curious conclusion that some people are free to break a valid law

Herbert Gold 44 FRIENDSHIP AND THE LIFEBOAT
The memoirs of an idealist who collects injustices, relishes betrayal, and begs for more

Skip Rozin 48 LONG LIVE THE CENTER FOR SHORT-LIVED PHENOMENA!
A passion for reporting minor events has taught nature watchers how to monitor the whole earth

Jerry Avorn 56 BEYOND DYING
Psychedelic therapy for the terminally ill brings new perspectives on the approach to de

Thomas Szasz 68 THE SECOND SIN
A galaxy of unambiguous observations on the follies of language and psychiatry

William Saroyan 74 ISN'T TODAY THE DAY?
In which the author sets his typewriter on automatic and lets the keys compose holy writ

Mary Walton 78 AFTER THE FLOOD
For survivors of the tragedy on Buffalo Creek, every rain revives a memory of horror

Daniel Schorr 92 A CHILLING EXPERIENCE
To turn off a good reporter, the White House has a simple game plan—turn on the FBI

Dan Menaker 98 *TELEVISION:* "AN AMERICAN FAMILY"
How the filming of a fascinating documentary changed the actors and nullified the resu

VERSE

George Keithley 66 BUSTER KEATON & THE COPS

Peter Klappert THE SPIDER, UNSURPRISED

Charles Edward Eaton THE NUDE POET

Jay Wright FROM: TWENTY-TWO TREMBLINGS OF THE POSTULANT

COMMENTARY

86 *Contributions by Malcolm B. Wells, A. B. Guthrie, Jr., and Thomas Thorsen*

DEPARTMEN

16 LETTERS
55 COUNTERSIGN
111 THE HARPER'S

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In 1777, Washington and Lafayette may well have planned strategies over a glass of Martell.

Autumn was drawing near; so, too, was the battle of Brandywine.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army would discuss battle tactics with his new Major-General.

In turn, the young Frenchman may indeed have introduced fine cognac from the House of Martell to the man who was to become his lifelong friend.

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It still is.

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WRAPAROUND

: Utopian Urge: You Make the Future Today

e harbors some indi-
age of what consti-
Good Life. Raised to
order of magnitude,
becomes the vision of
ociety, a world con-
cording to the geom-
sonal principle. Most
course, see no more
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character. After all,
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progress, and it has
ed toward the future
luteness bordering on
It is hard, therefore,
the twin notions that
where we are headed is better than where we've been and that what we expect of the future largely determines what we will get. We are proud that many of the social/political/economic arrangements and institutions around us were once figments of utopian imagination; indeed, the framers of the Constitution borrowed from Harrington's *Oceana* many of the principles for their ideal/actual commonwealth. True, we have grown away from the idea that to be American is to be utopian. But somewhere below the reach of current pessimism lies the assumption that it is impossible to achieve a better world without first imagining it in some detail —and the closer to ideal the expectation, the closer the eventual reality.

Caught in this crosscurrent between idealism and realism, optimism and pessimism, Americans channel the utopian urge in a distinctive way. Through a kind of cultural alchemy, we seem to have arrived at a utopianism of means rather than ends.

This is not to say that the large-scale visions have disappeared; they have simply become technological rather than philosophical. A contemporary equivalent of More's *Utopia*, for example, could be the 1964 New York World's Fair. Each was an imaginative exercise designed—one for the citizen, the other for the consumer—to represent a perfect but closed system toward which one could aspire. Where More contemplated ends—the values of an ideal polity—the Fair orchestrated means—how to hold the future in your hands. One dealt in ideas, the other in process.

So with most of the current activity we would be inclined to call utopian. Paolo Soleri's giant arcologies, designs for massive cities of ingenious compression and efficiency, provide blueprints for a wholly different way of living. With other less ambitious planners, architects, and founders of new towns, Soleri assumes that form is the way to content, that better structures for living are the way to better life.

At another scale entirely, the utopianism of means is also evident in the communitarian movement that has grown over the past decade. These small communal groups come together around some sense of commonality—whether defined politically, religiously, sexually, socially, economically, or simply as convenience. But the majority of them seem more concerned with practices than principles. They are possessed by few absolutes, and their members are distinctly less concerned with philosophy than with the transformations of their own daily experience—which makes possible a loose bond of fraternity among groups of widely varying types and composition.

In many respects, these communities represent a retreat from social vision to a personal vision that has as its compass a sense of family, or at most tribe. The group is a manageable compromise between "myself" and "everybody." Within it, the individual functions in a system of embodied ideals: his transgressions are never abstract, they are against his friends. Yet despite the obvious differences, there remains the echo of the technologist's utopianism. The environment—in this case human—supplies the impulse to perfection. The assumption can be stated the same way: that form is the way to content, that better structures for living are the way to better life. Both approaches are fundamentally experimental compared to classic utopianism, for both assume perfection is a function of living process, not of abstract ideas.

This issue of **WRAPAROUND** moves back and forth between the classic and contemporary modes of utopianism. The material has been selected with the idea of exploring the images of the future that both forms of utopianism hold. The underlying belief is that without utopian images of some sort, man relinquishes his control over the future.

—Tony Jones

UNDERSTANDING WRAPAROUND

WRAPAROUND is intended to add variety to the reading found in *Harper's*. In these pages, browsing is invited; you are encouraged to pursue what interests you, take paragraph bites, juggle impressions, play with juxtapositions, find your own patterns in the material.

WRAPAROUND treats subjects of general cultural interest in two ways. The section in the front of the magazine presents a broad cross-section view, incorporating both reportorial and historical perspectives; it is intended to stimulate your own thinking. The section in the back of the magazine has a more personal focus: there you can encounter the experiences and views of other *Harper's* readers, and you can learn of resources to aid your own explorations of alternative ways of living and thinking.

Above all, **WRAPAROUND** invites your participation. We hope you will think of these pages as an extension of your own processes of discovery, as a place to contribute whatever information, perspectives, and conclusions you have found valuable in your own lives—and to share them with all *Harper's* readers.

WRAPAROUND REPORT



Hiroji Kubota, Magnum

The urge to find better ways of living: members of the San Cristobal commune in New Mexico in front of their compound.

INVITING SCRUTINY

There is a particular kind of visitor that makes the whole Community uncomfortable, but we continue to invite them, because they bring in much-needed cash. I refer to the psychology or sociology classes from nearby colleges. They come as a group, along with their professor, are shown around the buildings and farm, then get a two-hour lecture and question period, after which they get back into their cars or chartered bus and go back home. We charge them two dollars a person for this dubious privilege, and we haven't run out of customers. We even get the same professors back the following term with a new group of students.

The trouble with these people is that their interest in community is minimal. They are just taking a course. Twin Oaks is a field trip, and they have to write a paper on their impressions. They generally come to us immediately after reading *Walden Two.*

On two occasions the professors have been kind enough to Xerox the papers written by the students and send them back to us. We sit around the dining room tables reading them aloud to each other. Some of us laugh. Others just swear. "I suppose," one student wrote, "that I ought not have expected the Community to be like Walden Two when they have been going such a short time, but nevertheless that is what I did expect, and I certainly was disappointed. I don't understand how any Americans can take pride in such a gruesome-looking establishment."

—Kathleen Kinkade
A Walden Two Experiment, 1973

Lesser-evilism

A revival of the tradition of utopian thinking seems to me one of the important intellectual tasks of today. Since we live in a time of disenchantment, such thinking, where it is rational in aim and method and not mere escapism, is not easy; it is easier to concentrate on programs for choosing among lesser evils, even to the point where these evils can scarcely be distinguished, one from the other. For there is always a market for lesser-evil thinking which poses immediate alternatives; the need for thinking which confronts us with great hopes and great plans is not so evident. Yet without great plans, it is hard, and often self-defeating, to make little ones. Such utopian thinking requires what I have termed "the nerve of failure," that is, the ability to face the possibility of defeat without feeling morally crushed. Without this sort of courage, any failure implies a personal defect, and brings feelings of intolerable isolation; to avoid this fate, people tend to repress their claims for a decent world to a "practical" point, and to avoid any goals, personal or social, that seem out of step with common sense.

—David Riesman
"Community Plans and Utopia," 1947

The Precarious Eden

A few years ago I was obliged to look continuously at television commercials for an entire week, and I soon began to understand that I was looking at an image of an ideal world. It is an image that resembles a vast mosaic in which thousands of tiny fragments fit together to form a dream of paradise. The dream is corrupt and banal, but it is utopian in character, and it promises infinite happiness to anybody with the price of a new car or two weeks in a Caribbean resort hotel.

The commercials assume that the mass audience seeks to escape from an everyday reality of meaningless routine, and so the idyllic vision always appears in melodramatic contrast to a reality conventionally represented by people suffering from nervous disorders, headaches, lack of money, ignorance, indigestion, low social status, and a general failure to recognize themselves as anything but helpless chattel in a society they cannot hope to understand.

What surprised me was the standardization of the utopian image. No matter what the product being advertised, no matter what the sales talk or the camera angle, the geography of the illusion remained consistent. At the end of the week I compiled a list of the principal points of interest, as if I were taking notes for a guide to tourists:

Location: Indefinite, but part of the real instead of the mythical world. Within reach of the scheduled airlines.

Metaphysical type: Classical and Arcadian rather than Christian. Attainable by anybody with the minimum economy fare: no requirements having to do with virtue, moral worth, good works, etc.

Climate: Tropical on the seacoast; temperate inland.

Time of day: Either dawn or sunset. The sun low and red on the horizon, the landscape suffused in a flattering half-light.

Land area: About the size of North Carolina or Belgium.

Population: Less than 100,000. No large cities; no overcrowding.

Topography: A pleasant coastline similar to the Fre
iera; picturesque fishing
and harbors deep er
accommodate large ya
hind the sea a landsc
ognizable as that of th
ican historical past; t
tier, Marlboro Country
ing New England tow

Roads: Superighw
shaded country lanes.
fic lights, no heavy tra
no speed limits. Nob
gets killed in an accide

Purgatory: None. A
formations instantaneo
minutes of swallowing
let or spraying the wa
plying the cream.

Faith: Limited to th
cal; what a person
taste, feel, or smell.

Time: Meaningless.

Children: Confined t
land glade in which
forever playing ball,
cycles, and catching fr
never intrude.

Wishes: All grante
ever anybody wants is
him.

*Waiters, chauffeurs,
station attendants:* Del
be waiters, chauffeurs,
station attendants.

Architecture: Suburb
ican. Everybody's h
same size and constru

Money: Unnecessary
jor credit cards accept

Churches: Irrelevant

Merchants: Never s

*Plumbing and hous
pliances:* Forever b
proved upon.

*Appearance of th
itants:* Beautiful, you
ymous, and predo
white. Nobody is ugly,
pled, poor, or in pai
quire any of these ch
tics, or to become in
unlikable or unhappy,
sult in being denour
driven out.

Art: None. To mak
supposes pain, which
son for expulsion.

Love: None. For
reason.

Erotic play: Limite
two kinds. Either
promiscuity, in whi
there is an infinite rep
identical affairs with
partners, none of wh
gets bored. Or infinit
sion of the romantic
in which event nobody
laid.

WRAPAROUND

iage: A subject for light
r science fiction.
lar amusements: Similar
at a well-run European
ida resort. At the gam-
bles the winners are al-
o keep what they win;
rs get their chips back.
conversation: Compar-
that among strangers on
t night of a Caribbean

us conversation: The

lom: Total permissive-
berty understood in a
ather than a Christian
he license of a sailor on
ave.
history of Western civil-
An amusing bedtime
Nobody can ever quite
er what happened ex-
ut it doesn't make any
ce. **—Lewis Lapham**

pham is managing editor of azine.



geodesic domes of the Libra in Colorado.

OLD SPIRIT IEW FORM

y's search for intimate
ity is a revival, not a
y. Communal move-
re as old as American
In the mid-1800s Ralph
Emerson remarked that
ther person seemed to
his vest pocket a plan
"perfect society." In-
Emerson's friends had
ck-to-the-land at Brook
New York newspapers
nning columns for peo-
rested in forming com-
associations; and the
, a sturdy network of
al villages already dec-
l, were reaching a pop-
peak of several thousand
's.

"An idealist is one who, on noticing that a rose smells better than a cabbage, concludes that it will also make better soup."
—H. L. Mencken,
Chrestomathy, 1949

The United States, with its promise of endless land and abundant resources, has provided fertile soil for the full flowering of the urge to utopia. Believing that the world is not fully given but that people fashion it, pioneers have periodically set out to find the right place for a Fresh Start, the right design for social institutions that allow inherent human goodness to flourish.

In the past many American utopian visions were imported: immigrants such as the Puritans, the Shakers, and a variety of German religious sects came to the New World to establish their ideal communities; European thinkers such as Robert Owen and Charles Fourier inspired ventures in the States more than in their own countries. A new nation founded in liberal optimism supports utopian experimentation.

But America's very newness and emphasis on progress (psychologically internalized as the need to achieve) left many Americans feeling rootless and isolated and created the beginning of an indigenous utopian spirit. From the nineteenth century to today, critics have decried the "loss of community" in America that has accompanied the growth of distant, impersonal, achievement-oriented industrial institutions. From these criticisms of the present quality of life—coupled with faith in human perfectibility—have come the communal alternatives, disengaged from the urban-industrial mainstream. Communal movements have been most prominent at times of social ferment like the 1840s and '50s and today, and they tend to occur along with other radical movements: feminism, black liberation, mysticism, and pastoralism.

The first American communes were predominantly religious, basing their common work, joint property ownership, and distaste for private families on Biblical or spiritual precepts, often conveyed by a charismatic leader perceived to be directly inspired by God. A second theme, stressing socialist economics over capitalism, developed with Owen's New Town of New Harmony, Indiana, in the 1820s (a disaster), and the Associationist movement of the 1840s. Today's communes contribute still a third theme, an image of a personal utopia the size of a family, more often inspired by psychology than theology.

Despite differences in rhetoric, most American communes seek the personal, spiritual growth of the individual in a climate of close, loving relationships. From the Shakers' concern with salvation to Synanon's present sense of itself as a therapeutic community, personal growth has always been the distinctively American utopian vision. Communes drawing on such diverse sources as Tibetan Buddhism, the *I Ching*, B. F. Skinner, the Jesus movement, and encounter groups all see in the small, cooperative settlement a path to fuller human growth.

What difference has American communalism made? Until now, very little. The mainstream society has conducted business as usual. But today the idea of communal living is spreading into the cities, where urban dwellers have taken over rambling old houses and established communal households. Eight or ten adults owning a house together, working out cooperative child care, and sharing household chores may seem a long way from utopia, but such small steps, suddenly manageable for vast numbers of people, may have more long-range impact on American society than all of the unattainable grand visions of the past.

—Rosabeth Moss Kanter

Rosabeth Kanter teaches sociology at Brandeis University and is the editor of a book of readings called Communes.

A Case of Self-sufficiency

One goal that most communal groups consider—only to abandon as unreachable—is self-sufficiency. But the Jehovah's Witnesses, who believe that utopia is just around the corner in the next world, have become virtually self-sufficient in this one, at least as far as the residents of Bethel, their international headquarters in Brooklyn, New York, are concerned.

"A map of the world that does not include Utopia is not worth even glancing at, for it leaves out the one country at which Humanity is always landing. And when Humanity lands there, it looks out, and, seeing a better country, sets sail. Progress is the realization of Utopias." —Oscar Wilde,
The Soul of Man Under Socialism, 1895

The Bethel complex houses 1,400 Witnesses (less than one percent of the Witness population of the United States) in dormitory style. They form a group that combines the cooperative spirit of the commune with the technological sophistication of a modern corporation. Witnesses at headquarters, who receive an allowance of $14 a month, make their own ink, do their own dry cleaning, repair their own shoes, and run their own carpentry, machine, and electrical shops. Moreover, they build their own furniture and have their own surgeon, dentist, and nurses.

The food they eat comes from self-sufficient Witness-owned-and-operated farms that grow grains, fruits, and vegetables; raise hogs, cattle (both dairy and beef), and chickens; and make cheese, jellies, and relishes. In fact, the only foodstuffs Witness farms don't supply are fish, some flour, and various seasonings. Workers on the farms mine their own stone quarry, make their own cement and concrete, and handle all their own maintenance.

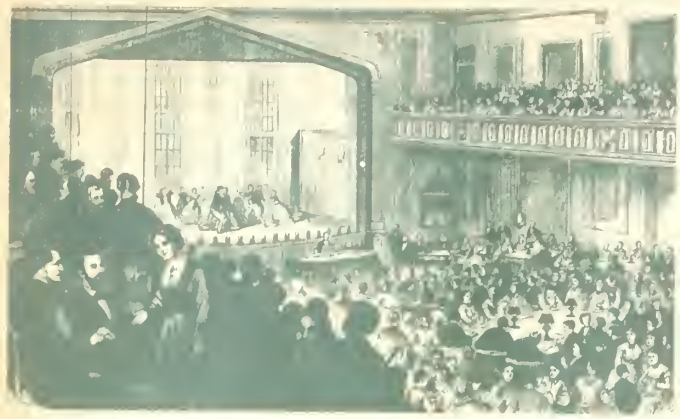
The money Jehovah's Witnesses save by providing themselves with these goods and services goes to defray the costs of publishing the 100,000 books and 800,000 magazines printed daily at Bethel in the service of spreading the Gospel.

—Nadine Brozan

A reporter for the New York Times, *Nadine Brozan visited the Witness Farm in Newburgh, N.Y., earlier this year.*

"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?"
—Robert Browning,
"Andrea del Sarto," 1855

AROUND REPOR





An experiment in community: illustrations of the daily life in the Oneida Community of "Free Lovers," as it was known in the press of the late nineteenth century.

Do it Yourself

It's not a problem of government and politics at all. That's the first plank in the Walden Two platform. You can't make progress toward the Good Life by political action! Not under *any* current form of government! You must operate upon another level entirely. What you need is a sort of Nonpolitical Action Committee: keep out of politics and away from government except for practical and temporary purposes. It's not the place for men of good will or vision.

—B. F. Skinner
Walden Two, 1948

A LESSON LEARNED

Here's a lesson I honestly believe I learned in my lifetime: ideals cannot be institutionalized. You cannot put your ideals into practice, so to speak, in any way more "ambitious" than through your own private life. Ideals, placed in the context of a functioning business enterprise (such as the government, SDS, or LNS [Liberation News Service]), become distorted into ego trips or are lost altogether in the clamor of daily ped-xing which *seems* related to the ideal but is actually only makework. It is possible, for example, to spend an entire day typing and transcribing and telephoning the words of Eldridge Cleaver without once considering their meaning, or feeling their strength. There are probably still some people around who are grateful for all the radical magazines being published, and believe they contribute toward social change, but for those who do the work behind the magazines life can be an unending succession of meaningless and disheartening chores which actually stand in the way of their own liberation.

—Raymond Mungo
Famous Long Ago, 1970

Georgia Dream

The vision of the Reverend Charles Sherard is not unlike the original Marxist collective farm idea. Inspired by the tradition of collective tribal land ownership in Africa, and by a 1968 visit to Israel, Sherard is trying to create an almost self-contained collective agrarian community in the swamp-laced loamy soil of Lee County in south Georgia.

So far, his organization—New Communities, Inc.—consists of 5,735 acres of good Georgia flatland that is undercapitalized, overmortgaged, and only partially cultivated. About thirty families, mostly poor black sharecroppers, meet monthly to talk about the someday utopia they want to create there.

"Our goal is to build a non-alienated community," explains Sherard, who was a SNCC field secretary, Freedom Rider, and civil rights worker in five states during the past ten years. "This project is not going to be a panacea, but it will speak to the rancor we see—the black militant *and* the white militant. It will also answer the white conservative because we will be standing on our own feet." So far New Communities is virtually all black. "It's not that we don't want whites," says Sherard. "It's that they don't want us."

New Communities, Inc. is conceived as a vast farm to be peopled by several hundred families who would be salaried but share collective operational control with equal votes. It would promote diversified production from peanut-growing to catfish cultivation, and some kinds of light industry. Someday it would include its own health center and schools.

Sherard is now busily trying to refinance the $800,000 mortgage held on the large tract by the Prudential Life Insurance Company. "It's been difficult just surviving over the last three years," he says. Whenever the amortization problems are settled and housing becomes available, some 500 families in a twelve-county area want to move onto the farm.

The chairman of New Communities' Farm Committee, Robert Christian, views the collective as an alternati vaunted American m which he feels has bec victory for many b struggled to get into tian has a good gover a home, and his own farm, but he feels the mainstream is "n pia that people think a world of hustle and one fellow tryin the other. There is n recreation, so to sp can't sit back and ju seems normal and n order to do "what s mal and natural," would move to the if he didn't give up h He wants simply to "a big family of us gether there, doing gether. . . . I'd like to people, not get tied the separatist idea, ownership thing s apart."

Monroe Gaines, a ther of five who w way from tenant skilled crane mech homeowner, sees Ne nities quite simply a where black people, c people, can come to own a piece of land their own say-so abo run it. You can spe be heard. That's wha ing for every day: land secured and get ing built and move farm. I want to do And I would do with and property whateve voted for me to do."

—P

Peter Range is Time's *respondent.*

"Let there be one m a city obedient to h he might bring int the ideal polity abou world is so incredulo."

—Plato, *T*

Inventing New Cities

The idea of exper ties—where it is start from scratch and execute a total vironment—is curre ing a good deal of Having a new city a comprehensive pla cess, instead of h

RAPAROUNDWRAP

f twelve communes in the Minneapolis area reveals that e commune dweller uses 40 percent less natural gas, 82 s electricity, and 36 percent less gasoline than the aver- hold dweller.

only way to meet the that hold already es- rban areas in an un- grip.

nnesota Experimental w town plan that is without being impracstrates the benefits Now at the point ite selection is being

Experimental City ived in 1965 within ed guidelines: the ulaximum population quarter of a million ere is nothing magic precise figure; it inorder of magnitude). unity would be ecoviable as a unit of the my, truly experimen- 100 miles from any ting urban center—populated center surby open land. This g land, which would ea perhaps 100 times e densely populated uld be used for foror museums, recreariculture, or just left area.

will be to populate mental City in the ssible time by attractrom the overcrowded plexes, in contrast to actice of letting the grow by drawing m the immediately region. We must rom what Buckmincalls the "local foon, wherein the city f specifically to the rces, and desires of s immediate vicinity. r building the Exity differ in many m plans for building of cities. Conven- s grow above the l as they grow, and demand transporta- r, water, gas, and sewers, the ground and rock underneath the city are tunneled for subways or the streets are dug up and the utility lines are buried. In the Experimental City the whole substructure will be planned and excavated, and the power lines and utility lines will be installed, before the city is built. Knowledge that the city is to be of a certain size will make this possible.

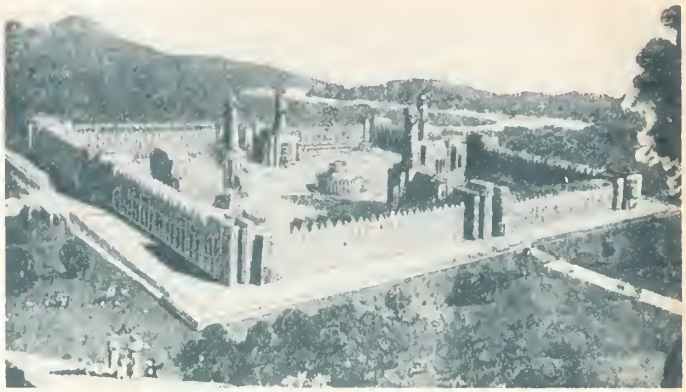
Costs of all city services will be part of the rental, occupancy charges—the "hotel bill"—for individuals, businesses, or industry in the city. Much of the equipment for servicing the city will be underground—invisible and inaudible. Water and building materials can be stored there. Heating plants and cold-storage facilities can be located there. Underground pipelines can carry out solid wastes conventionally carried by trucks. Snow or rainwater from the streets can be channeled to underground reservoirs.

Pollution-producing vehicles can come in underground, and fume sewers can take the gases out to scrubbing and processing plants in the surrounding open-land area. Air-burning vehicles that connect the city with the rest of the nation can be parked underground. Police, ambulance, and emergency vehicles will all have underground thruways. By eliminating the need for some service vehicles, restricting those that are needed to the substructure, and providing a free above-the-ground transportation system, we hope to eliminate all vehicles from ground-level streets.

—Athelstan Spilhaus

An originator of the Minnesota Experimental City, Athelstan Spilhaus was dean of the Institute of Technology at the University of Minnesota from 1949 to 1966. This report has been adapted from a speech describing the experimental-city concept.

we do, man will remain a competitive creature, and al and intellectual training may vary and enlarge his of success and fortify him with refinements and con- o Utopia will ever save him completely from the emoia of struggle for exultations and humiliations, from rostration and shame. He lives in success and failure, itably as he lives in space and time." —H. G. Wells, *A Modern Utopia*, 1905



Culver Pictures

The dream of a utopian city: Robert Owen's vision of the New Harmony community.

"Man is neither angel nor beast; and the misfortune is that he who would act the angel acts the beast." —Blaise Pascal, *Pensées*, 1670

SKINNER'S TOTAL ENVIRONMENT

A utopian community is usually composed of a relatively small number of people living together in one place and in stable contact with each other. They can practice an informal ethical control and minimize the role of organized agencies. They can learn from each other rather than from the specialists called teachers. They can be kept from behaving badly toward each other through censure rather than the specialized punishments of a legal system. They can produce and exchange goods without specifying values in terms of money. They can help those who have become ill, infirm, disturbed, or aged with a minimum of institutional care. Troublesome contacts with other cultures are avoided through geographical isolation (utopias tend to be located on islands or surrounded by high mountains), and the transition to a new culture is facilitated by some formalized break with the past, such as a ritual of rebirth (utopias are often set in the distant future so that the necessary evolution of the culture seems plausible). A utopia is a total social environment, and all its parts work together. The home does not conflict with the school or the street, religion does not conflict with government, and so on.

—B. F. Skinner
Beyond Freedom and Dignity, 1971

A Matter of Alchemy

It would be so easy, this business of making over the world, if it were only a matter of creating machinery. There has probably never been lacking the sort of energy and talent that is needed for this sort of work; and at any rate, during the last three centuries, with the growth of technology, the mechanical services at the command of our engineers and organizers are huge and adequate. Unfortunately, we are still in the same ditch that Carlyle mordantly pointed out in his essay on Characteristics: Given a world of knaves, we are trying by various cunning devices to produce an honesty from their united action. **—Lewis Mumford**
The Story of Utopias, 1922

IMPOSSIBLE DREAMS

The Utopianization of the family has improved family life, and many Americans now find in marriage and their children, in the shared fun and genuine togetherness of their families, satisfactions other generations would not have deemed possible. Yet the Utopian hopes displaced onto the family are often so colossal that no conceivable family could fulfill them. Paradoxically, our high national divorce rate is a token of these often impossible hopes: it is because we expect so much of marriage, give so much of ourselves to it, channel so much aspiration and Utopianism onto it, that we are so often later disillusioned.

—Kenneth Keniston
The Uncommitted, 1965

APARAUND REPORT

"Make no little plans; they have no magic to stir men's blood and probably themselves will not be realized. Make big plans: aim high in hope and work, remembering that a noble, logical diagram, once recorded, will never die, but long after we are gone will be a living thing, asserting itself with ever growing insistency."

—Daniel Burnham, 1846-1912

HOW WOMEN FARE IN UTOPIAN THEORY

Women amuse themselves with dances, which tend to give them attractive bearing, or with games of skill that have the same purpose, to make their movements easy and graceful. In addition, they occupy themselves with creating and trying on all sorts of finery; they unite their sweet and well-modulated voices either with the masculine sounds of the men or with instruments they play. Besides, they have a sort of game they greatly enjoy, and that is, to practice among themselves seeing who can assume the most engaging manner, the most seductive smile, who will find the most effective means of pleasing men in all possible situations. For the idea is inculcated into them from childhood that they are made for man as man is for the fatherland.

—Nicolas-Edme Restif de la Bretonne
The French Daedalus, 1781

Some women are very much women, while others are hardly so at all. These variations, formerly concealed by clothing and way of life, and disguised by prejudice, are perfectly clear and open in our society. Indeed, they are accentuated and more marked with each successive generation. Ever since women have worked like men, and acted and thought like them, it is apparent that there are many who resemble men. Some day we may arrive at the point of creating neutrals and of producing female workers, as is said of the bees.

—Anatole France
The White Stone, 1905

Among the inhabitants of the City of the Sun, deformity is unknown. When the women are exercised they get a clear complexion, and become strong of limb, tall and agile, and with them beauty consists in tallness and strength. Therefore, if any woman dyes her face, so that it may become beautiful, or uses high-heeled boots so that she may appear tall, or garments with trains to cover her wooden shoes, she is condemned to capital punishment.

—Thomas Campanella
The City of the Sun, 1623

In your day there was no career for women except in an unnatural rivalry with men. We have given them a world of their own with its emulations, ambitions, and careers, and I assure you they are very happy in it. It seems to us that women were more than any other class the victims of your civilization. There is something which, even at this distance of time, penetrates one with pathos in the spectacle of their ennuied, undeveloped lives, stunted at marriage, their narrow horizon, bounded so often, physically, by the four walls of home and morally by a petty circle of personal interests.

—Edward Bellamy
Looking Backward, 1888

In the choice of wives they carefully follow a custom which seemed to us foolish and absurd. Before marriage some responsible and honorable woman, either a virgin or a widow, presents the woman naked to her suitor and after that some upright man presents the suitor naked to the woman. We laughed at this and condemned it as foolish. On the contrary they wonder at the stupidity of other people, who are exceedingly cautious in matters involving only a little money. For example, men will refuse to buy a colt, unless they take off its saddle and harness, which might conceal a sore. But in the choice of a mate, on which one's happiness depends for the rest of one's life, they act carelessly.

—Thomas More
Utopia, 1516

The Carnival of Communal Styles

The condition of American communes today might best be described as a weakening holding action. Some have survived the past few years more pleasantly than others, while still others have disappeared completely. New communes are being formed no faster than old ones are disbanding. Some that carry on as corporate entities change personnel almost annually; others live years together in a kind of tribal dance. Meanwhile, America is.

Gary Snyder once observed that this generation is the first, thanks to modern communications, to have all of history from which to choose how to live. It is a huge and perplexing choice. It has been made more difficult by a deep disdain among cultural fugitives for things smacking of government and authority. Some choose, then, in blindness and come up with social structures they themselves can't recognize or control. Others emerge with political forms from ancient history that nonetheless seem to work amazingly well. The "commune scene" is a bright carnival of exotic social art.

The typical commune of a few years ago was a sort of anarchy-in-practice. Such groups often sprang up after a festival of some sort, or on land donated by a benefactor, in the fashion of the lovely optimism of that era. They were held together primarily by the beguiling hope that people could live together in harmony without rules, leaders, or coercion. This left them vulnerable to problems created by their own middle-class conditioning, by hostile outsiders, by disease, and by the mobility of the millions out fishing for futures. Not many are forming today, and not many early ones have lasted without changing and tightening up. History is seldom kind to the innocent or the dreamy.

The anarchic groups are closest to what most Americans think of as "hippie communes," wherein sex, dope, and dirt rotate in a frightening miasma. Much more frequent today are religious communes—uniformly sexless, dopeless, and not Jesus people, yogists, Sa Hare Krishnans—all ha own communalities whe is a product of single exultation. These co have considerable survi er on the strength of th tional energy, which c be incredible, and by ternal acceptance of hie social structures.

Out of the Middle A another type of comm tablished around prop generous persons who their followers like feud on the basis of either la ership or visionary c The messianic variants better than the ones cont live-in landlords, out o erally stronger sense of ment. All of them tend stronger or more c than their leader, who is just a person to the r

A fourth type is trul prehistory, when sma were governed by co elders. Older, more exp men (twenty-five to thi take the initiative w broader passivity and in make most major co decisions, which is g acceptable to everybo There are matriarchs fewer, reflecting either lag or a natural divisi bor, or both. These co are perhaps the most being the closest to real in which leadership is and competent. Mode tions of equality and ju not foreign here, jus more in stride. There many of these groups— not many are visible— seem to be surviving qu ly. The key seems to b ing each other well fo time before starting out

Many communes a more like villages, on t el of the English Co Monogamy may hav serialized but it has n away, nor has the nucl ily. What's happening mostly family farms an of couples dividing the tive meadows. Not rea munes, but still com . . . and in our age th significant event, not th logical purity. —**Hugh**

Hugh Gardner is a sociol a long-standing interest in c

CERITY T ENOUGH

: was never any doubt ne thing: we had started for the alternative so- d we would practice just e preached. *Friends* it led, and even if such micability didn't mean were plunging right in- e-love-work-and-play-to- commune, neither were g to fall into any of ablishment office traps. ks, no hierarchies, no Maybe a masthead, but easily justified—"gotta the straights, man"— vas fine.

ere a diverse enough f hopefuls: Alan, whose ight well put up some and who had plenty of as as well; Pearce, who ded to turn his talent n to a job that made financial deficiencies hole lot of soul; Dick, w everyone in the mu- ess. There was Patri- ke care of what books aged to keep, Phil to few ads forthcoming durate capitalists, and recently graduated, a or every journalistic ound, the hack of all was teamwork, all for one for all, united we optimism reigned su- ir paper was advocat- ative styles, it seemed odying one itself.

s role-taking, this lust r, for credits, bigger . that's just *condi-* othing more. What *we* as the simple accep- just because one per- ens to be considered ent designer, or an- exceptional writer, it natter a damn. Who such straight concepts ditor or Art Director. an do it, man, anyone. hat means there are eople simultaneously laying out an eigh- paper, or that the of editing is reduced ensuring that enough ailable for the prop- of every militant around, well, that's ower, buddy.

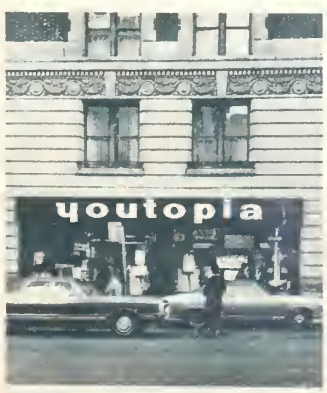
what we wanted, or ere supposed to want.

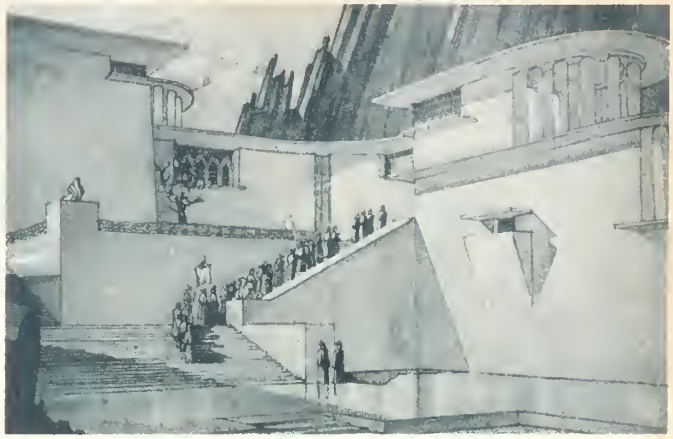
"An acre in Middlesex is better than a principality in Utopia."
—T. B. Macaulay,
Essays: Lord Bacon, 1837

It certainly wasn't what we got. On one hand, as well-brought up, indoctrinated bourgeoisie, we all realized that one decision-maker is vital, that the guy who's best at his job should be given sufficient latitude to get on with it, that perfect democracy has distinct drawbacks. On the other, ideological purity and the communal ideal demanded that we go with the flux. It was this dichotomy that played so great a part in weakening and finally wrecking the underground press. Papers, radical or establishment, all share one irredeemably capitalist function: they have to sell. If, as in one case, the printers refuse to print the chaos presented to them as "the latest issue," then how can the public, even the most faithful of the faithful, be expected to buy the stuff?

The initial group of friends, although united in their aims, their ideals, and their optimistic hopes, fell apart under the day-to-day pressures of bringing out the paper. The lesson, I suspect, is that communes survive best when they are providing for internal needs. Producing a newspaper, issue after issue, potentially year after year, particularly under the stresses that plague any underground publication, simply does not fit with communal life. **—Jonathon Green**
Jonathon Green has worked extensively in the English underground press.

In 1971 a spokesman for the National Institutes of Health estimated that there were 3,000 communes across the country.





Shangri-la realized: a set design from the Frank Capra production of Lost Horizon *(1937), the film version of the story of an ideal community locked in the Tibetan mountains.*

Heights and Depths

The individual fortunes of the French utopians were touched with failure and tragedy. Cyrano de Bergerac, estranged from his ducal patron, died in misery of a wound accidentally inflicted by a servant. Diderot was imprisoned in Vincennes, and subversive pieces like the *Supplement to the Voyage of Bougainville* could be published only after his death. Condorcet wrote his vision of the future scientific society while hiding from Robespierre's police in a garret, and he died in a sans-culottes detention cell. Babeuf was guillotined for his attempt to implement the *Manifesto of the Equals*. Restif de la Bretonne lived in abject poverty during his declining years, though he did receive a rather grand official funeral under Napoleon. Saint-Simon stood trial for publishing the *Parable*, charged with inciting the Duke of Berry's assassination, and in his advanced age despair drove him to an attempt at suicide.
—Frank E. and Fritzie P. Manuel
French Utopias, 1971

BUY AN ISLAND

Here are some pointers if you're thinking of buying a small island of your own. Island prices depend on improvements. A ten-acre island without house or utilities can be had for a tenth the price of an island with a home and utilities. By and large, island houses don't cost much more than homes on the mainland though, of course, it is difficult to obtain fire insurance, and police protection is often nonexistent. But for many people, utilities are the stumbling block. Plan to operate all your appliances on bottled gas. This way you reduce the load on your electrical plant to lighting only. A gasoline power generator with automatic controls, large enough to light the average home and power the radio, shouldn't run over $400 and second hand can be had at half the price. But unless money is no object, don't try to install a generator to power your appliances. It can run into thousands of dollars.

Lack of fresh water isn't too important in selecting an island since you can always catch rain on your roof and store it in a cistern. But do be sure your island has a sheltered haven for your boat and that it is safe from erosion and flooding. Avoid islands with noisy foghorns and choose an island as close to the mainland as possible. With the practical problems of island living solved, there are ample compensations. You can build yourself a millionaire's retreat for the price of a three-bedroom home in Suburbia. On your own island, you are lord of all you survey. From the safety of your own secluded retreat you can thumb your nose at almost everything except taxes, including zoning laws, neighbors, restrictions, and neighborhood snobbery.
—Norman D. Ford
Utopia Is an Island, 1971

UNDWRAPAROUN



Chasing impossible dreams: an engraving by Gustave Doré from a German edition of Don Quixote.

"New utopias would have to derive their form from the and dissolving movement of society that is gradually repla fixed locations of life. They would not be rational cities by a philosopher's dialectic: they would be rooted in the well as in the mind, in the unconscious as well as the cons forests and deserts as well as in highways and buildings as well as in the symposium." —Northr

"Varieties of Literary Utopia

WHEN TO TRUST TECHNOLOGY

On my travels I overheard endless debates about whethe to use electricity from outside sources: electrical connecti becoming party to the national electrical network and directly responsible for helping perpetuate a power sys poisoned the air with pollutants and strip-mined farmland communes that had started out using electricity decide without it, even though this meant reading by dull keros and hauling water. Others who'd begun without electri cluded that the plusses outweighed the minuses and plu but most limited electrical use to essentials: freezers, pur in some cases, stereos. The net shift was away from elect

The rationale that emerged was to adopt only those segments of modern technology that fit in with a number communal ideals, such as self-sufficiency and craftsmans electricity to heat a kiln or run a sewing machine.

—Robert

Getting Back Togeth

A Tale of Imperfection

Once upon a time I had a dream. My personal fiction was both enlightening and, in a most curious way, lightening. I dreamed that I lost my appetite for utopia. That meant, of course, losing both sides of the coin that is utopia: namely, the idea of perfection and the idea of nowhere. I dreamed that at last I began to accept imperfection, and that for me every "where" became a somewhere, a here-and-now-where. I also found that I was seized by a strange physical phenomenon. In the past, I, like all my utopian friends, walked about with my body quite fixed to the earth and with my head, like other heads, very much in the sky. With the loss of the utopian idea, the reverse occurred. To my great curiosity, and with my will having no part whatever to play, I found myself—or least the bulkier, bodily me—floating several yards off the earth. My mind, however, was in the ground, where it was suddenly and pleasantly visited by a variety of subterranean realities whose color and beauty made me gasp.

The loss of the idea of utopia is a decisive, central act of personal history, and I can tell you that my final exhilarations were preceded by every kind of anxiety. My greatest anxiety was that I would be put up against a wall and shot as a traitor to some very powerful ideas.

That is in fact what happened. They had no trouble finding me, of course. There I was floating gently and balloon-like in the middle-air above the rest of the population. My feet dangled about people's heads (especially as they tried to get their minds into the sky), there was much bumping and jostling and pushing aside, and people in general took me as an insult to their dignity. Some figure of authority eventually reached up, looped a rope around my ankle, and tried to haul me down. Oddly, he wasn't able to do this right away, for his body was a thin, mean thing while my body, the longer it stayed up, got larger and larger. The figure of authority, being what he was and taking himself very seriously, refused to ask for anyone's help. Finally he hit upon a scheme that doomed me. He tied his end of the rope to a basket, and he began to fill the basket with books. I couldn't see the titles of all the books, but those that I could see I remembered, for they were on top of the pile and they may be said to have been decisive in bringing me down. They were the works of Rousseau and Robespierre, copies of the Communist Manifesto and of a book by that man Hitler (I can't pronounce its title), and —finally—a twenty-volume set of Richard M. Nixon's silence.

Once down, I was marched off to trial. The judge had wiry hair that stood straight out as if electrified and he wore what looked like magician's robes. Instead of a gavel, he held a little pennant that he never waved but held straight up in the air at the end of an unbending arm. The jury of peers was, to tell the truth, a cast of millions. They were divided into sections, and each section had its distinctive pennant. I can't remember the names on all the pennants, but I will tell you what I remember. The judge's said Nirvana. The churchgoers' said Heaven. The businessmen's said Growth. The politicians' said Smile. There were many others, of course, but the two largest sections were the warlovers and the peacemakers. They kept handing their pennants back and forth to one another. One pennant said Peace, the other Kill. They were all mixed up.

I was quickly tried and condemned for betraying modern societies oldest the perfectibility of n the absence of evil in th I was told that I was a to my more serious, h ing, body-on-the-groun ers whose glorious resp was to bring perfectib a state of actual perfec separation from my and their universal id termed buoyancy in t est degree, and I was (I should say dragged my body kept wanting and they had to tie w it) to a nearby wall.

I woke up quite so before the shots wer however. They offere act of consolation, to re sacred text. I woke t they came to the wor liberty and the pursui The pursuit of what? I ways known the phra "the pursuit of happin they changed that to t suit of perfection." I k two are not the sam woke up. I looked arou copy of the book that c those words. I couldn' anywhere, and I have living happily ever afte

—Ren

Ren Frutkin writes occasi this magazine.

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LETTERS

WRAPAROUNDLETTERS

People all over the world are anxious to contribute information, perspectives, resources, and conclusions they have found valuable in their own lives. WRAPAROUND provides a unique and complementary opportunity to each of *Harper's* readers. You have graciously recognized each reader as a separate entity, and you have handed him (or her) a sharpened pencil to prove it.

MARTHA HOWELL GUESS
Columbia, S.C.

Who would have thought that *Harper's*, of all magazines, would cater to the New Credulity? From its pseudo-intellectual out-of-context and misleading Great Quotations to its anti-intellectual blurbs on the latest developments in irrationality, from its slick title to its pulp finish, WRAPAROUND is a blistering insult and a bore.

JOSEPH BRENNER and K.K. COLLINS
Princeton, N.J.

Just a note to say "Thank You" for your new feature, WRAPAROUND. I feel as though I am getting two magazines from *Harper's* every month now, for the price of one. In order to keep up with the outside world, I subscribe to many magazines . . . Out of all these, *Harper's* seems to come up with the most original and interesting material. I look forward to *Harper's* more than all the others because you seem to encourage readers' contributions. I feel that it is as much *my* magazine as it is yours.

DANIEL MOODY, #223773
Eastham Unit
Weldon, Texas

Had decided to let my subscription lapse—*then* came my final issue. That did it—you really surpassed all previous ones. Do continue your WRAPAROUND.

DOROTHY TINKHAM
Columbus, Ohio

Some staff member is undoubtedly patting himself or herself on the back (or otherwise rediscovering his or her body) over the advent of WRAPAROUND. But it's sad that he or she required *Harper's* intervention to gain this awareness.

PAUL N. VAN DE WATER
Cambridge, Mass.

Thank you so much for WRAPAROUND. You said we were free to wander about and dip into the paragraphs at random, but I found it too good to miss any part of. What most startled me, in giving a new ens
human body relationship to i elf.
the photograph of the hand nd
foot together. And what ost
lighted me was the photogap
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exactly what is claimed in Ca ane
A Separate Reality as wha we
discover about the entire hu n bo
once we learn to *see*, not just ook

MARJ IE
Evere W

[As an English teacher, I thi s]
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There are *no* educational
so stimulating and exciting
Indeed, there are *no* educati
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actly what we need.

JACQUELINE
Bro

WRAPAROUND as it appea
new *Harper's* is truly a cre
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regular readers.

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CORRECTION

A misstatement in "The Curious Case of the Indicted Meat Inspectors" by Peter H. Schuck (September 1972, page 87, fourth paragraph) has been brought to our attention. Inadvertently, the firm of Waters & Litchfield was erroneously named as having been involved in a case in which an FBI plant and marked money were used to catch meat inspector Robert Gaff red-handed. In fact, it was not Waters & Litchfield but another meat company that was connected with this incident. Under the circumstances and after reviewing a court transcript not previously available, we regret any implication in that paragraph that Waters & Litchfield, Alvin M. Litchfield, or Richard A. Averbuck, who were successfully represented at the trial by Attorney Paul T. Smith of Boston, might have been wrongly acquitted of the bribery charges. THE EDITORS

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More background on
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The grape is the true Gamay of the Beaujolais area of France, and is called "Gamay Noir a Jus Blanc" in some books. This fine red varietal does exceptionally well in our Napa Valley vineyards.

The wine it produces here is a great favorite — rich, dry and red, with a velvety softness. All of our dry red wines are cask aged for four years or more, and bottle aged before shipping.

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Priced at about $2.50, Gamay Noir is a good companion with a wide range of foods—red meats or game—even pizza.

Brother Timothy F.S.C.

Brother Timothy, F.S.C., Cellarmaster
The Christian Brothers Winery
Napa Valley, California

Worldwide Distributors: Fromm and Sichel, Inc.
San Francisco, California

Your January format is a grand mess. I hope you don't plan to subject us to it in the future.

ALMA GAULT
Nashville, Tenn.

I feel as if *Harper's* has given me a party offering little bites of interesting and tasty morsels—then tells me where I can get larger mouthfuls of those I liked.

Harper's, you've become more human to me.

JANET RUFFIN
Houston, Texas

I have been reading *Harper's* for many years and wish to let you know that the WRAPAROUND is the best thing that has run for many years. Let's face it, *Harper's* is a good magazine —but dull. This WRAPAROUND is like a great assortment of delicious canapés—spicy, appetizing, varied, and designed to whet the appetite.

HARRIETTE T. DAVIDSON
East Rockaway, N.Y.

Arthur Bremer's diary

A nation like ours is not oriented by a system of caste or class or by the shared roots of its people. Its orientation, its cohesiveness, depends upon a sense of forward movement toward shared objectives. When these objectives are shattered—when yesterday's goals of constant progress toward a better life for all of us and toward a world secure from the threat of national aggression are in disrepair and disrepute—the nation is disoriented, sick, and disorganized.

Part of the cause and effect of this national illness is the vicious, venomous attack upon public figures. So long as we regard our public figures as legitimate targets for unreasoning venom, hatred, and contempt—so long as our media take the lead in the character assassination of public figures—just so long will we have to acknowledge a substantial share of the blame for the Bremers and the Oswalds.

By saying this I do not, of course, mean that we should eliminate or even moderate criticism. It is a question of the tone and level of debate and discourse. It is a question of human decency. . . . It was in this milieu of national disorder, of virulent attack upon national norms and national figures, that Bremer and Oswald turned their sick minds to surrogate satisfaction of assas[illegible] tion. They saw themselves as p[illegible] heroes, not as public enemies. [illegible] saw themselves as public he[illegible] gratifying their impotence and [illegible] dicating their lives by an ac[illegible] spectacular aggression against [illegible] temptible public figures that th[illegible] tion, as they read the public ten[illegible] would like to commit but had ne[illegible] the wit nor the might to perpetra[illegible]

Bremer and Oswald were [illegible] catholic in their choice of pote[illegible] victims. Theirs were not politic[illegible] ideological targets. Their target[illegible] a symbol—any suitable symbo[illegible] their own impotence and empt[illegible] and, as they saw it, of the nat[illegible] disgust. Oswald and Bremer di[illegible] elect to assassinate Kennedy or [illegible] lace, but to kill off their own an[illegible] nation's feeling of impotence, e[illegible] ness, and resentment. They sou[illegible] sense of potency, of gratificati[illegible] the destruction of an object [illegible] represented power, meaning, an[illegible] fillment.

ABE F[illegible]
Washington, D.C.

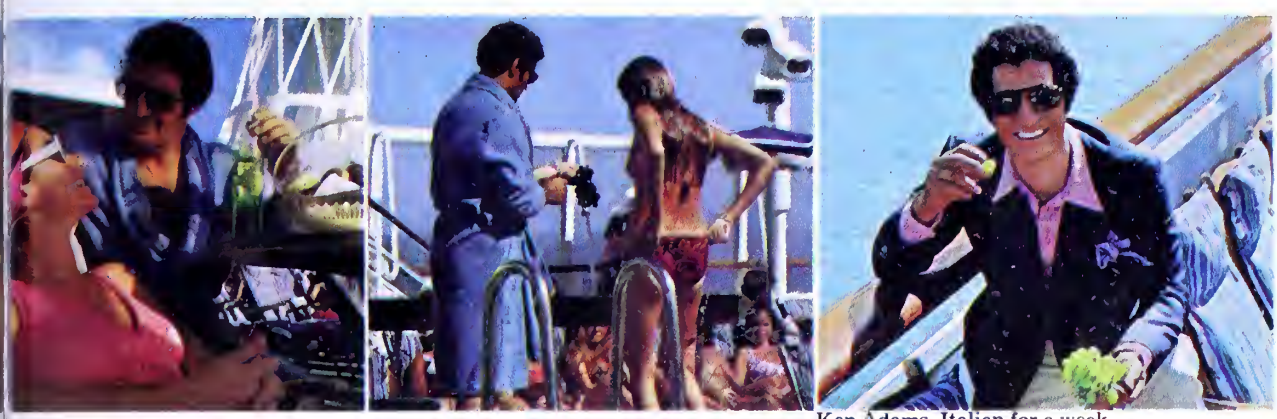
Indian G[illegible]ng

Eric Treisman's article ["I[illegible] Giving," January] contains an[illegible] of fact regarding the Dow Che[illegible] Company. Mr. Treisman claims [illegible] is "developing" Zuñi, a pue[illegible] New Mexico. This is untrue. [illegible] not own or lease any land in New Mexico, we are not developing any land in New Mexico, and we ha[illegible] business dealings with any Indian groups there.

A. A. [illegible]
Manager, Eastern Public Rel[illegible]
The Dow Chemical Co[illegible]
New York, N.Y.

Eric Treisman's generally ins[illegible] ful essay on the Tesuque Pueb[illegible] steal errs too frequently in sub[illegible] and interpretation. Had he ac[illegible] studied history sufficiently to [illegible] guide him well, he would have [illegible] and written that federal and [illegible] white manipulation of the ju[illegible] "tribe" is nothing new, certain[illegible] a post-1968 novelty. The old [illegible] "business committees" that g[illegible] in the mid-1800s on the newly [illegible] lished Western reservations [illegible] quasi-legal shadow government [illegible] often serving both the federal g[illegible]

TER A WEEK OR SO OF SUNNING AND IMMING AND DINING AND DANCING AND ING PAMPERED AND WAITED-ON ABOARD ILIAN LINE, YOU BECOME ITALIAN.



Ken Adams, Italian for a week.

Sail with us on Italian Line d something nice happens.

You begin to unbend.

You start to relax. To open up. ou love being alive.

To put it another way, you be- me, for a while at least, *Italian.*

And all of your new life with us vith the lounges and swimming ols and posh air-conditioned state- oms, with the cafes and buffets and oarets—gives you a keen feeling of iat it is to really *live*. Like an lian.

With our 70 sea-going chefs d their thousands of international hes (including 450 different kinds pasta!) you discover you love food e an Italian. Wine, too: Bardo- o, Soave, Orvieto, Frascati—not mention vintage French cham- gnes. Your ship carries thousands bottles.

You loll. And splash. And eat. d tan. You have pre-release mov- to watch. Nightclubs to dance in. Parties to go to. Exotic harbors to anchor in. The world's starriest skies to gaze at. And in between you discover the exquisite joys of doing nothing. No wonder you feel like a new human being (Italian, of course).

Right about now you deserve a vacation. In Europe. Or the Caribbean. A good travel agent can get you started.

Even more, you deserve to be Italian. At least for a week.

Tell me more about becoming Italian on one of your transatlantic voyages ☐ Caribbean cruises ☐ or Mediterranean tours ☐.

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A town declares its independe



vith a hand from U.S. Steel.









There's been a change in Gary, West Virginia. Until 1971, United States Steel literally owned this Appalachian coal town. Every house, store, school, office and public utility.

The people—most of them—worked in our mines. So had their fathers, and their grandfathers—ever since we began building the town for them.

U.S. Steel hasn't left Gary.

But with our advice and support, the people voted a new existence for themselves: from company town to independent city.

A Charter Board was set up to incorporate the town. We paid the legal expenses, and gave the land outright to the new city.

We offered each tenant the home he lived in—at a price far below the market value. (An overwhelming number bought them.) Every house was repainted, every street repaved.

To the new Mayor and City Council, we gave a fire truck and other vehicles. Several buildings. Power, water and sewage facilities. And cash, to finance the city until taxes were collected.

But perhaps our most important contribution to the people was the encouragement to strike out on their own. And that's what they voted to do.

There's a sense of pride now among the 3000 people here. And an involvement, for the first time, in their community. And their future.

That's been the real change in Gary, West Virginia. And it's a change all for the good.

United States Steel, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15230.

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We're involved.

ment and local white interests much better than the Indians they so loudly claimed to represent. And most of the new "tribal" councils of the 1930s, imposed with firm paternalistic hand by John Collier, have necessarily taken on the critical functions of mediating the relationships between Congress and the federal government and local Indians. As a lawyer, Treisman should have recognized what most Indian "tribes" have long since become: federally chartered membership corporations, with the elected councils operating as the managerial staff and board of directors, too often creations of the holding company that spawned them—the Department of the Interior.

Mr. Treisman's base of comparison is deficient as well. Surely his experience in Micronesia might have suggested to him that the antique device of separating the "juridical tribe" from the Indians and of molding a new style of governance is little more than one instance of the most popular form of colony management, namely, indirect rule. The main difference in Indian affairs is that we are dealing with a near-unique phenomenon, *internal* colonialism. . . .

Mr. Treisman's problem is the same as all those who have just recently discovered that the Indian is getting shafted. He quickly scans a few polemic tracts, . . . puts it all together, and targets the most obvious enemy, the BIA. He's dead wrong. The Bureau is the creature of the Administration; and the Administration, of the greedy hand of the American people.

JAMES A. CLIFTON
Green Bay, Wisc.

ERIC TREISMAN REPLIES:

Mr. Wolf's letter is slightly disingenuous, though I erred in stating that Zuñi is presently being developed by Dow. Dow's negotiations fell through.

To Mr. Clifton: In my discussion of the BIA-commissioned development program for the northern pueblos, I was not writing about "molding a new style of governance." When I suggested that juridical tribes were about to be taken away from the Indians, I meant taken *away* from the Indians, leaving detribalized Indians and white-owned, empty tribes. The older white uses of tribes Mr. Clifton mentions were qualitatively different. They were manipulations of ju tribes as a means of grabbing als, water, or land. This woul more sophisticated technique that, along with land and water the tribe as a thing in itself, a l of increasingly valuable attrib sovereignty.

In any event, the pueblos a the newly established Western vations Mr. Clifton apparently they are. Most of them were se their present sites in pre-Colu times, recognized by three suc colonial powers, guaranteed " according to their ancient cu by statute in 1874, reaffirmed i ancient customs by the United Supreme Court as recently as Neither the nineteenth-centur ness committees nor the India ganization Act travel councils during Collier's tenure at th have any relevance to Tesuque'

Those who read the essay o que may be pleased to know t last fall, the Sangre de Cristo opment Company voluntaril plied with a HUD request suspend all interstate sales, j weeks before the 10th Circui of Appeals ruled that the S

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of the Interior's ratification of the lease with the Pueblo was improper.

The music rip-off

Margo Jefferson goes a bit too far in her lament ["Ripping Off Black Music," January] about how whites have ripped off rock from the blacks. I must dissent from her perspective on Fifties rock and roll as a kind of "minstrel show" with whites vicariously experiencing black culture while remaining safe in white skins.

While this may conceivably be true with regard to white teeny-boppers digging Little Richard lyrics, . . . it isn't true all around. . . . Chuck Berry happened to be black, but his message transcended blackness, and here was the key to his popularity. Chuck's style also owed something to white Country and Western music.

Elvis Presley may not have been as original or creative as Chuck Berry, but he was certainly more than the "minstrel" white Negro or latter-day Al Jolson that Ms. Jefferson depicts him as. Rather, he seemed to owe as much to Country and Western as to imitation rhythm and blues.

The sudden splurge of rock and roll in the Fifties cannot be properly understood simply as another wave of minstrelsy. It would be a pity if the history of rock were distorted to serve the purpose of ethnic chauvinism.

Tom Robbins
New York, N.Y.

The bias, lack of depth, flawed insights, and incredible naïveté expressed in Margo Jefferson's article are so appalling that it is difficult to decide where to begin . . . The shameful, tasteless, and often lucrative exploitation of black music and artists is about as new as an exposé of payola. What is "new" in the article is an erudite but blatantly racist interpretation of who musically begat who during the fifties. . . .

Immaculate Miscegenation is a clever term and certainly in part applicable, but it is a rather gross oversimplification of the germinal musical and cultural symbiosis characteristic of the South that led to the music of the Fifties. . . . It is indeed an impoverished racism or a badly misdirected guilt that must bolster itself by denying the expression of sensuality or *machismo* in others save as imitation.

Whatever tortuous course [illegible] music has taken since the mid-S[illegible] at its inception it was real. [illegible] colors of black and white. B[illegible] there were aplenty, but in light [illegible] doctrinaire interpretation of th[illegible] lution of rock music, one mu[illegible] this piece "Blind Margo Jeff[illegible] Lemon"—certainly no worse [illegible] than her use of the introductor[illegible] from the novel *Tom Jones*.

Ronald F. T[illegible]
New Brunswic[illegible]

Margo Jefferson replies:

It is unfortunate that Mr. Rob[illegible] and Mr. Turner are so caught u[illegible] rhetorical phrases like "impove[illegible] racism" and "ethnic chauv[illegible] that they fail to discuss the co[illegible] of my article. Clearly I did not [illegible] to write a piece on rock's r[illegible] origins, or those of black m[illegible] general . . . I was interested [illegible] tain aspects of rock's cultural h[illegible] specifically some of the w[illegible] which white Americans have h[illegible] to, assessed, and borrowed fr[illegible] music of black Americans. T[illegible] ways remain, despite all attem[illegible] change the subject. To say that [illegible] Berry's music owes someth[illegible] Country and Western as wel[illegible] blues is to miss the point: wh[illegible] a comfortable blend musical [illegible] not so idyllic when it came [illegible] Berry's cultural, economic, a[illegible] chological treatment as a blac[illegible] cian. No one "happens" to b[illegible] past the day of his or her bir[illegible] "transcending" blackness se[illegible] be a term used exclusively b[illegible] unaware of the concept of [illegible] cending" whiteness.

I have no desire to deny any[illegible] sexuality (though I would [illegible] deny all groups *machismo*) a[illegible] stated quite clearly, it is the [illegible] imitation of a style—sexual, n[illegible] or intellectual—that is destr[illegible] offensive, and ultimately [illegible] Messrs. Robbins and Turne[illegible] prove my point: the best roc[illegible] black music in general, has a[illegible] an extraordinary complexity i[illegible] of cultures and traditions; t[illegible] ception and treatment of this r[illegible] phenomenon is still, too oft[illegible] too deliberately, narrow, def[illegible] and sadly uninformed.

It is a pity that I focused [illegible] on critics in discussing tho[illegible] have abused black rock; sh[illegible] decide to, these gentlemen hav[illegible] me ample material to work fr[illegible]

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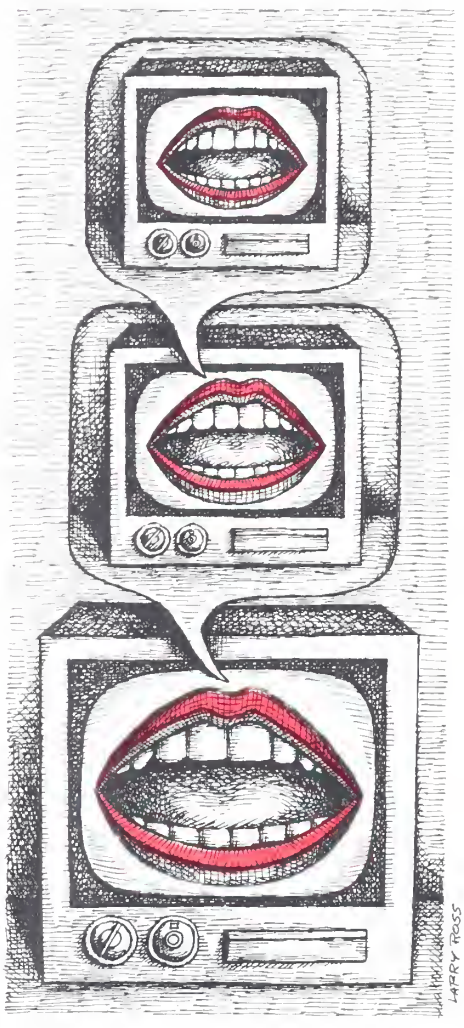
VOICES ON THE CABLE

Can the public be heard?

IF THINGS KEEP GOING the way they are going now (and that's what things generally do), cable communication will soon be chalked up on the Big Board of our social stock exchange alongside all those other issues: poverty, crime, environment, war, urban decay, civil rights, transportation, and so on. When that happens we will have yet one more subject for experts to disagree about and for the rest of us to avoid on the ground that there's nothing we can do about it. At that point, we will doubtless sit around blaming inaccessible experts and shadowy corporations for the grotesque shape of our wired-up nation.

Then, perhaps in the pages of this very magazine, some irritating social historian will point out that cable communication was not a "problem" at all. It was, instead, an instrument of such enormous power that it held the promise of solutions to our *real* social problems. Worst of all, the decisions that finally rendered the instrument inaccessible, or ineffectual, or both, were not, in fact, made in unreachable boardrooms and distant corridors of government; they were made at the municipal level where franchises to wire up individual communities were handed out—by local, identifiable, flesh-and-blood decision-makers to whom each of us had access and whom each of us could have influenced.

As local cable systems begin to interconnect, they will form a kind of electronic railway system that will span the nation. There will be rail-



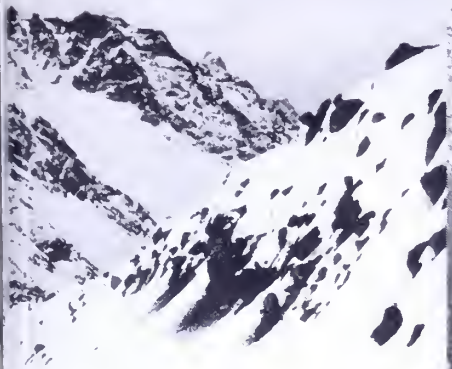
heads and switching yards in thousands of communities, and from these will run dozens of feeder lines into virtually every home. What will be remarkable will not be the clarity of picture—which is all most people now associate with "being on the cable"—but the flexibility, the practically limitless capacity, and the viewer-response capability of this new communications configuration. Freed from the tyranny of one-way transmission over the airwaves' spectrum space, we will have a copian abundance of wide, ous, two-way frequencies tl handle all our communicatior —from an electronic impuls stantaneous mail transmissic printout of any book in the l of Congress.

It will be tragic indeed f only cargoes that move on th are thousands of reels of o thousands of tapes of game sh situation comedies, thousand o hortations to buy thousands ucts, and thousands of hours less information. What is at a nothing less than a chance o collectively, to bring coordir our disjointed society, and of us, individually, to bec identifiable, responsive, and cant member of that bod specifically, cable commu could:

- give us new access to c sion-makers;
- provide a survival kit disadvantaged by bringing sential information on emp housing, health, nutrition, d and other assistance in provi their needs;
- significantly raise the public education uniformly the nation, ease overcrowd rooms, offset the shortage of by giving everyone electroni to continuing education;
- provide the means to and combat environmental d tion;
- open new international tives on ourselves and o clarifying our different as while emphasizing the com of many of our problems;
- permit the population

Barry Head is a free-lance writer who has recently become associate director of the Design Center for Public Interest Communications, a joint project of the Academy for Contemporary Problems (Columbus, Ohio) and the Aspen Program on Communications and Society (Palo Alto, California).











NEW YORK DAILY NEWS photo

Few things in life work as well as a Volkswagen.

overcrowded cities to disperse, enable those who remain to form cohesive communities with easy and effective access to each other and to the central urban entity;

- enable minority interest groups to reach their members, each other, and the rest of us, giving the "right of a minority to become a majority" a new practical validity;
- lessen the likelihood of violence born of the inability to communicate anxieties and grievances;
- bring new methods to bear on crime prevention and control;
- carry family-planning information beyond the reach of field workers to those who most need it;
- obviate unnecessary business trips by making two-way video communication, data transmission, and facsimile printout possible.

THESE ARE BUT A FEW of the more obvious changes that cable communication could make in our lives. (The details of how they may come about—together with the new problems cable may usher in—can be found in the sources mentioned on page 34.) But while there is consensus among communications experts that cable offers us a potent new problem-solving instrument, there is also agreement that the tool may never take realizable form. The chances of the experts being proved right increase enormously so long as an uninformed and largely uninterested public considers the question somebody else's business. The worst error is the assumption that the whole thing will one day be properly resolved in Washington.

But wait, you say, there are all those good men in Congress . . . No, there aren't. A well-informed official who deals with Congress over cable issues puts it this way: "There are perhaps ten men on the Hill who understand what cable communication is about—and that's being generous." Chances are the Congressmen *you* elected don't even know what CATV stands for.

. . . and there's the Federal Communications Commission . . . In fact, the FCC's vacillating attitude toward the growth of cable has been another clear indication (as if yet another were needed) that it does not and cannot speak for the public interest. One of the FCC's most serious problems is the complete lack of leadership from Congress. Unsurprisingly, the FCC has a history of mediation between competing industry and government interests rather than one of statesmanlike trusteeship of the public airwaves. In addition, the FCC may well be the most understaffed, underfinanced, and overpressured regulatory agency in Washington. It won't help you in Dubuque.

. . . and the Office of Telecommunications Policy . . . The OTP is the three-year-old communications arm of the Executive Office of the President. It runs on an annual budget of $2.6 million, and its functions, according to its highly controversial director, Clay T. ("Tom") Whitehead, are as follows:

> *First, the Director of the Office is the President's principal adviser on electronic communications policy. Second, the Office enables the Executive Branch to speak with a clearer voice on communications matters and to be a more responsible partner in policy discussions with Congress, the FCC, the industry and the public. Third, the Office formulates new policy and coordinates operations for the Federal Government's own very extensive use of electronic communications.*

"We like to think that we are representing the public interest," says Brian Lamb, the thirty-one-year-old assistant to the director for Congressional and media relations, but clearly there is scant room for that role in the Office's job description. Moreover, there is no identifiable "public" with which the Office might act as a "responsible partner."

. . . and the Cable Television Information Center . . . The newly established CTIC, a semiautonomous unit within the Urban Institute, stands quite apart from the regulators, the lawmakers, and the policymakers. Funded by $3 million from the Ford and Markle Foundations, the Washington-based Center is headed by a wunderkind named W. Bowman Cutter. Faulted by his adversaries for being short of field experience in cable communications, Cutter—and his youthful staff—is nonetheless highly knowledgeable about cable and its implications. "Cable communications," Cutter says, "present *the* critical test of whether or not we can manage our technology." The Center's charter is to "provide to government agencies and to the public the results of objective, nonpartisan analyses and ies and technical assistance eable television. The Center wi attempt to assist state gover in their regulatory decisions r ing cable television; and p when needed, information reg federal government policy cable."

But though the Center will, a ing to Cutter, "make clear t function is to serve the public est," the individual citizen or coalition will find it little h shuns advocacy. Its job is to p the facts, just the facts, on req

. . . and Publi-Cable, Inc. S ing bravely through the Wash mulch, Publi-Cable is a voice advocacy with no organizati office, no money, and, as of its first birthday, minimal inf "We're an ad hoc group, a br operation," concedes Dr. Har gren, director of Publi-Cable as educational telecommuni specialist for the National Ed Assoeiation. "We're trying to many communities as possible dangers and opportunities in t chise deeisions made by the officials. But there aren't man and we've all got other jobs. spread pretty thin." Out of mo 150 individuals representing groups coneerned about eable of sixty or so meets every m Washington. They are a w nected lot, and their influence though it may be, is well direc quite out of proportion to the ber. Such loose eonsortia, h are always prey to internal sion, suffer from financial lack long-range strategies. a no way of ensuring the stab rational behavior of local gro may spring up in their wake Cable is no exception: it c cannot be regarded as herald tained publie attention to th configuration of our wired-up

But isn't there a National Committee for Broadcasting NCCB. Thomas Hoving's onc hope for reforming broadca this country, has imploded. remains in Washington is a ti ing operation in a signless, bered room in the back of the Presbyterian Church's head way out by American Un There are a paper board of and a fitful newsletter. There talk of resurgence.

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WHO, THEN, WILL SPEAK for you during the next several years as our new communications systems take shape? The simple truth is that there is no voice with a broad public constituency to address the all-important questions of uses and programming. (Critically short of manpower and resources, even the New York-based Office of Communications of the United Church of Christ—that redoubtable and astonishingly effective manifestation of the Church Militant—will reach few communities.) You will have to make yourself heard where you live, and the costs and benefits of local action vs. inaction are indicated by two examples.

• By the time that an Illinois state statute authorized municipalities to grant cable franchises in 1965, Peoria—in a sealed-bid process with no public hearings, no citizen involvement, and no outside consultation—had contracted an agreement with General Electric Cablevision that included no specific performance requirements. Six years later no cable had been laid. "In January 1971," says Peoria's corporation counsel, Paul Knapp, "we asked GE to renegotiate. Cable technology had changed a lot, and there were experiences in other cities to learn from. GE refused and insisted on sticking to the old contract. Because nothing had been done—no studies, nothing—we declared them in default in February and considered the contract invalidated. In April GE took us to court to challenge our action. In December the court decided in their favor, holding that because the city had failed to act affirmatively during the intervening years it had effectively waived its rights to invalidation. We appealed. The appellate court sustained the trial court's decision. I am now recommending we appeal to the Illinois Supreme Court."

The other side of the argument is presented by Boyd Goldsworthy, whose Peoria firm of Goldsworthy & Fifield is representing GE Cablevision. The trouble, says Goldsworthy, lay in FCC restrictions on importing programming from distant markets—in this case bringing, say, Chicago and St. Louis channels to Peoria cable subscribers. Precluded from offering this inducement to subscribers, GE Cablevision believed that building a Peoria system would be economically unfeasible—a contention with which Paul Knapp, naturally, disagrees. Who is in the right is a murky question, but for the average Peorian the consequences of attention are crystal clear: his city is involved in expensive and [illegible] litigation; he has none of the [illegible] that cable could bring, and [illegible] lack them for a long time to come.

• The experience in another heartland city, Oshkosh, Wisconsin, was dramatically different. There, [illegible] manager, Gordon Jaeger, had [illegible] weathered a four-and-a-half-year franchise struggle as city manager of Normal, Illinois. Soon after taking the Oshkosh post, Jaeger [illegible] mended to his city council that [illegible] employ a consultant and draw up a model cable ordinance *before* the [illegible] were faced with deciding among [illegible] tenders. With the help of a [illegible] consultant, Robert A. Brooks of Chesterfield, Missouri, firm of [illegible] Engineering, Inc., a model was [illegible] adopted. Bids were solicited and three subsequently received. The [illegible] of evaluating the competitors was turned over to a small but representative citizens committee, and a franchise was granted to the Public Communications Corporation of Los Angeles (now a part of Warner Communications), which, unlike the other two bidders, accepted a September 1973 deadline for commencement of service. What is Oshkosh getting? A thirty-six channel cable system in which two channels are reserved for municipal use and two for public access on a first-come first-served basis—in both instances an allocation twice the minimum FCC requirement.

But in addition Oshkosh is getting a separate, two-way, twelve-channel "loop" interconnecting the University of Wisconsin, all public and private schools, the Fox Valley Technical Institute, the library, and the museum. Robert Snyder, the coordinator of radio, TV, and film for the university and a member of the planning committee, expects a major payoff to be in community-wide curriculum development and teacher training. "But although the loop will be primarily a closed circuit," Snyder explains, "programs on it can be fed into the regular cable system. And the possibilities for adult education in general are enormous." The greatest danger is that the loop will lie idle. To prevent this eventuality, Gordon Jaeger has appointed a seven-member committee to plan how it can best be put to use.

COMMUNITIES WILL BE as for-
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Nelson Rockefeller signed
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New York. The commission
franchising guidelines for
ernments, regulate contract
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Few states are taking any
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now much of it and whether
it is cumulatively a positive, negative, or irrelevant influence on our immediate community—will be made much closer to home in our town halls. Here, we can help shape the details of the franchise, applying our own perceptions, needs, and desires. Here, as individuals or in small coalitions, we can monitor the acquisitiveness of cable interests, the defensiveness of entrenched broadcasting interests, and the heedlessness of the officials empowered to act on our behalf.

THREE ACTIONS ARE immediately appropriate for every citizen:

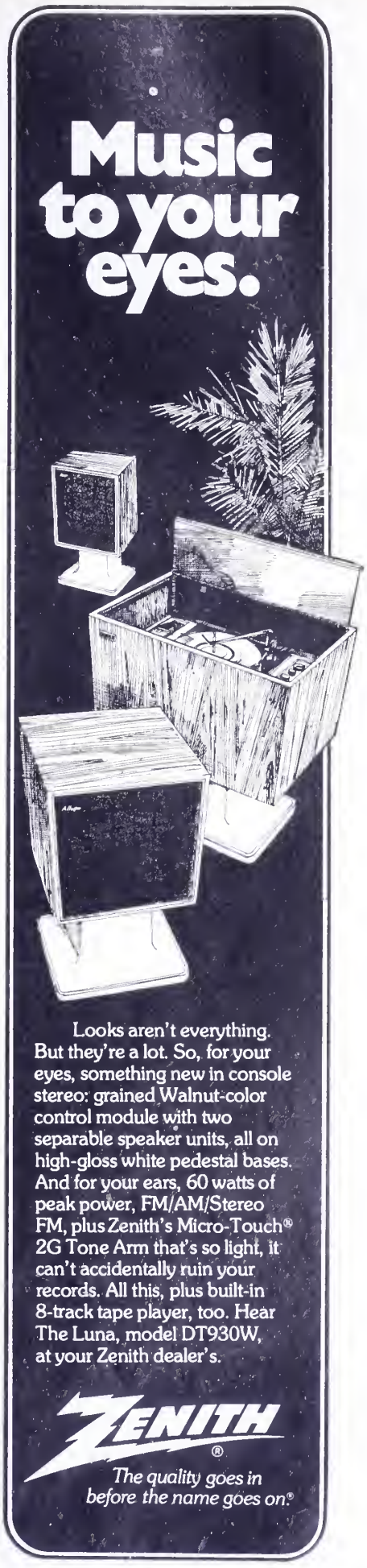
1) Call your corporation counsel (town attorney) and find out where your community's franchise stands. Has one been granted? On what terms? Is a grant pending? What is your town's franchising authority?

2) Inform yourself. Two important and comprehensible sources for basic information on cable communications are *On the Cable*, the report of the Sloan Commission on Cable Communications (McGraw-Hill, cloth, $7.95; paper, $2.95) and *Cable Television: A Guide for Citizen Action* by Monroe Price and John Wicklein (Pilgrim Press, $2.95). An excellent survey of the history, technology, and implications of cable is to be found in *The Wired Nation* by Ralph Lee Smith (Harper Colophon, $1.95). Ben Bagdikian's *The Information Machines* (Harper & Row, $8.95) is a useful survey of mass media—past, present, and future.

3) Join a citizens-concerned-about-cable group in your community. If there isn't one, start one or act as an individual. The *Guide for Citizen Action* mentioned above will help you: if, having read it, you still don't know how to proceed, get in touch with Publi-Cable, c/o The National Education Association, 1201 16th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036, phone: (202) 833-4120; or the Office of Communications, United Church of Christ, 287 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10010, phone: (212) 475-2121.

Finally, though each community will present a different mosaic of issues, interests, and alignments, at least three principles for citizen action should hold true in all cases:

1) Insist on widely publicized public hearings well before franchise decisions are to be made. A community needs ample time to iden-



tify all its options and to air all its viewpoints.

2) Avoid the simplistic "good guys vs. bad guys" trap. There are many legitimate interests competing in the cable controversy. Speedy cable penetration *is* in the public interest, and this means providing adequate economic incentive to offset the enormous capital investment needed to build a system. Although the huge multiple-system owners bear watching, they are *not* automatically the enemy; they may be the only entrepreneurs who can afford to extend cable's range of services. Wholesale destruction of existing broadcast structures is *not* in the public interest, and this means providing some economic safeguards. Successful pursuit of elusive public interest is more likely through statesmanlike compromise than through shrill consumerism.

3) Let nothing be given away for too long and without provisions for frequent periodic review. Nobody knows for sure what configurations of ownership and technology will serve what social and economic needs and produce what social and economic effects. Thus, while it may be necessary to grant a ten-year franchise in order to ensure incentive, development, and stability, such a franchise should stipulate at least biennial amendment. This is necessarily a period of trial and error; make sure that what goes wrong today can be set right tomorrow.

THESE SIMPLE ACTIONS and basic rules of thumb are well within any citizen's capability and, if taken and followed, should have a profound effect on how our inexpert experts wire us together. The single clear question we all face is this: "Are the implications of cable serious enough to warrant my participation?" If our conclusion is no, it should be a no of decision rather than of oversight, and before arriving at that conclusion it would be well to ponder Fred Friendly's words in *Due to Circumstances Beyond Our Control*:

> *The great malfeasances agai people of our country are m indictment of the society th mitted them to happen than individual rogues who com the frauds. In the case of tele it isn't a question of scound frauds; rather an indiffere ciety has given away more was ever entitled to, like an tor who permitted the trust care to be squandered.*

Noting the imminence of rev ary new technology, Frien cluded:

> *If indifference and naïveté us to give away our electro heritance when the industry its untested infancy, to do s with the stakes so high wo little short of cultural suicid*

Cultural suicide is a dire ality indeed. But if things ke the way they are going n that's what things general unless each of us takes a stopping them), it could ju to that.

A GUIDE TO CATV

Communicating via cable is, in itself, old hat. In Budapest in the 1890s there was a wired audio system providing music, market reports, and even news-on-the-hour. It was, in fact, the wireless nature of the airwaves that made broadcasting seem such a miracle—so much so that returning to earth and using cable for picture transmission seems to many faintly regressive.

The first cable television systems in the U.S. were started in Pennsylvania and Oregon about 1950. In communities that were too distant from broadcasting stations or that were situated in rugged terrain, a master antenna was placed at some advantageous elevation and cables were laid to subscribers' houses, bringing them amplified signals that produced strong, clear pictures. From this arrangement arose the name Community Antenna Television (CATV).

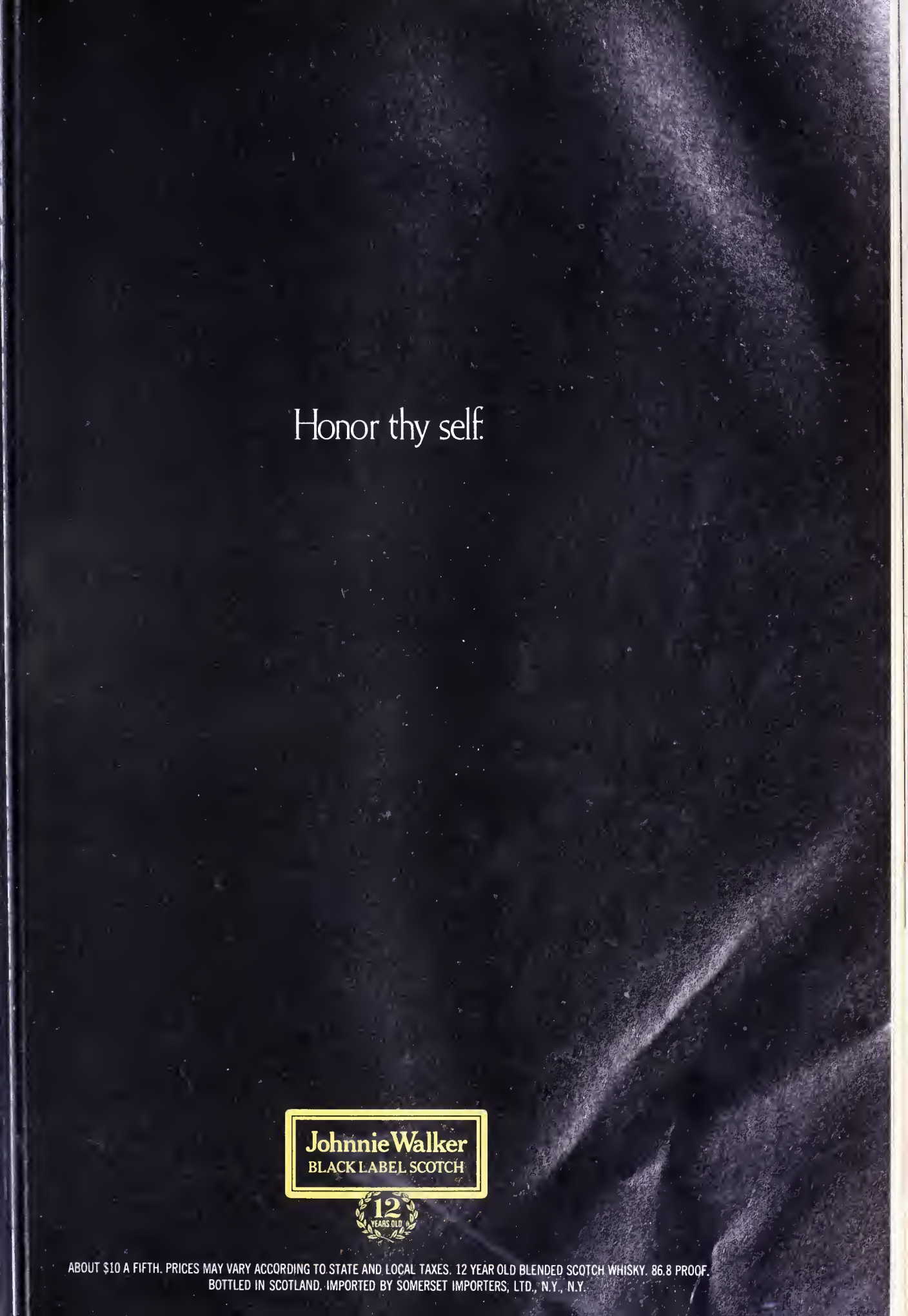
By 1955 there were about 400 cable systems in the U.S. By 1965 there were more than 1,000. Right now, an estimated 2,800 operating cable systems are serving 5.5 million homes—roughly 9 percent of the total number of homes with television. About two-thirds of all systems have less than 2,000 subscribers. Most of them carry twelve or fewer channels.

The load-carrying and two-way capacity of the coaxial cable has opened up remarkable possibilities. One of the first, naturally enough, was to originate supplementary programming available only to a particular system's subscribers. In addition to picking up off-the-air TV signals, about 40 percent of the existing cable systems offer their own automatic programming. About one-fifth of the existing systems also provide local live programming such as sports, city council meetings, and entertainment programs. As cable systems are coupled with computers to exploit their switching and storing abilities, subscribers will be able to send, receive, and retrieve at will vast quantities of information by punching out specific, coded requests on small, push-button consoles next to their sets. The simple days of passive television as we now know it will then have ended. The "boob tube" will have become a video sender-receiver with which we can, from our homes, enter the warehouses of man's knowledge, speak and be heard, se seen.

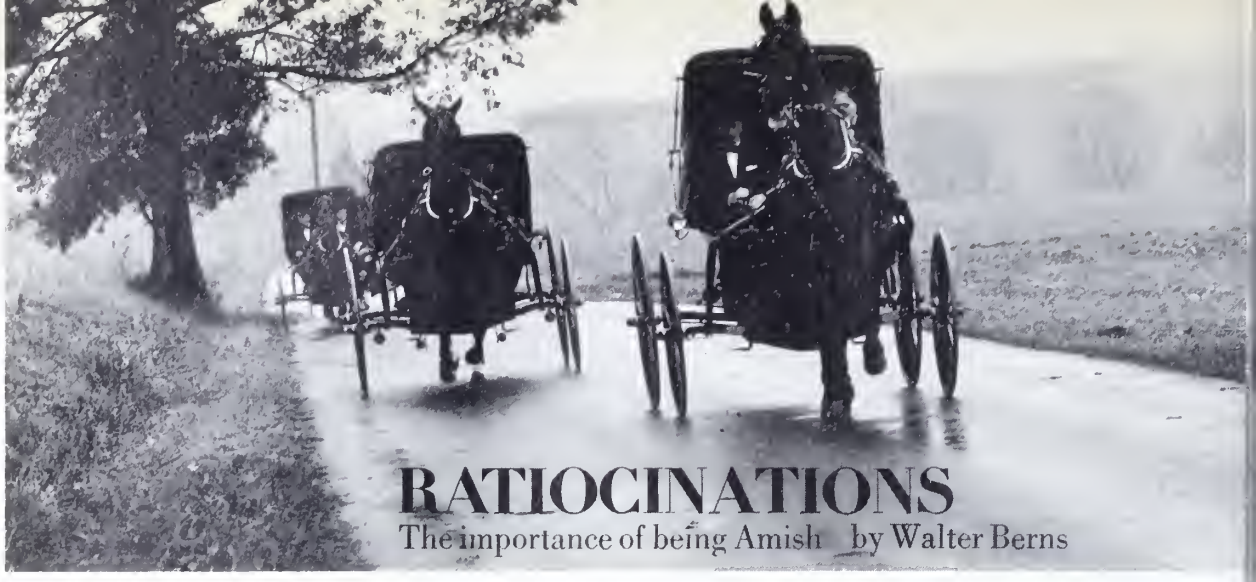
Edwin Parker, a professor munications at Stanford, and Dunn,a professor of enginee nomic systems there, have the creation of a "national tion utility" that would u communications' potential t est (*Science*, June 30, 1972

> *The social goal of such a mation utility could be to all persons with equal oppo of access to all available pu formation about society, ment, opportunities, produ tertainment, knowledge, a cational services. From th scriber's perspective such a would look like a combinati television set, telephone, an writer. It would function as bined library, newspaper, order catalog, post office, room, and theater.*

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Cris Burke

RATIOCINATIONS

The importance of being Amish

by Walter Berns

THE AMISH HAVE WON from the Supreme Court of the United States a special exemption allowing them, and so far only them, to ignore an otherwise valid statute. It is not part of my purpose here to speculate about the reasons for their unprecedented success—and it is unprecedented, for, although many groups have tried, none before the Amish has ever succeeded. But if it were my purpose, I would attribute their success to the fact that when it comes to culture there is no group more counter than the Amish, and in this day of bourgeois diffidence, that sort of thing matters.

The facts of the case, *Wisconsin* v. *Yoder*, decided by the Court on May 15, 1972, are these: Wisconsin's compulsory school attendance law requires parents to cause their children to attend school, either public or private, until they reach the age of sixteen; Yoder, a member of the Old Order Amish religion, refused to permit his daughter Frieda, fifteen at the time, to attend school beyond the eighth grade, and specifically refused to permit her to attend high school. There was no disagreement (or at least none that appears on the record) between him and his daughter on this score; both agreed that it would be profoundly contrary to the Amish religion and way of life for her to attend the public high school, and no doubt they are right about that. (Indeed, if I credit half the stories I hear, what goes on in the high schools is profoundly contrary to my way of life too, and mine is a long way from being Amish.)

Yoder and his Amish colleagues had made an effort to settle the dispute before it reached the courts. They had asked the State Superintendent of Public Instruction to consider the kind of accommodation Pennsylvania has made with the Amish. In that state Amish children are permitted to satisfy the high-school attendance requirement by attending an Amish vocational school and, during the balance of the week, to perform farm and household duties under parental supervision, keeping a journal of their daily activities. But the Wisconsin officials would have none of so sensible a compromise. So it was, a complaint having been filed with the local county court, that Yoder, after trial and conviction, was fined $5.00. Under the statute he could have been sentenced to jail.

The court was not unsympathetic to his claim, finding that the compulsory school attendance law did interfere with his freedom to act in accordance with his sincere religious belief, but concluding nevertheless that the requirement of school attendance until age sixteen was a "reasonable and constitutional" exercise of governmental power. The circuit court affirmed, but the Wisconsin Supreme Court reversed, holding that the conviction violated the free exercise clause of the First Amendment. This decision was affirmed by a divided Supreme Court of the United States, the Court's opinion being written by Chief Justice Warren Burger, usually the most sober of men; the lone dissenting vote, paradoxically, was cast by Justice William Douglas, usually the most liberal if not radical of men. So the Amish will be permitted to pursue their traditional, pious, gentle, yet industrious ways; and that is good. But the rule in Yoder's case is not good.

JEWS ESPECIALLY WILL H[ave a] difficulty being sympat[hetic to] Yoder's plight. It is simil[ar, for] ample, to the plight of [a] merchant unable to work [on] commodation with the loc[al] who insist on enforcing Su[nday] ing laws. And the quest[ion] fought through the courts i[s] lar to the question litigat[ed] long ago, by just such a J[ewish] chant. A few states make a[n] to their Sunday closing la[ws] sons who, because of religi[ous] tion, observe a day of rest [other] Sunday, and the Supreme [Court] suggested this may well be a wiser solution to the probl[em]. sylvania, however, where Ab[raham] Braunfeld had his place [of] was not one of these states [and] the habit of closing his ret[ail] and home furnishings busi[ness] nightfall each Friday unt[il] each Saturday"—as the fo[rmer] Justice, Earl Warren, pu[t it] 1961 opinion for the Cour[t in] *feld* v. *Brown*—and he sou[ght] order permitting him to re[main] on Sunday. Like Yoder, h[e] be exempted from a law be[cause] peculiar impact on him. [At] point there appears a dif[ference] tween the two cases, and, p[ut] it was this difference that p[roved] material and accounts for t[he] Braunfeld lost his case. "[T]he] of the compulsory attenda[nce] respondents' practice of [the] religion," said Chief Just[ice] "is not only severe, but i[nsur]for the Wisconsin law a[nd] compels them, under thre[at]

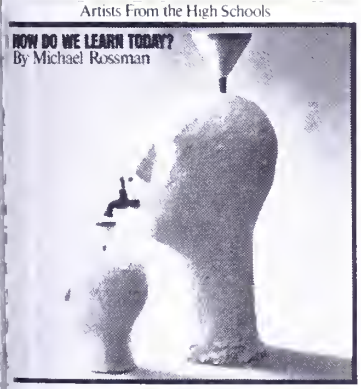
Walter Berns is a professor of po[litical science] at the University of Toronto. I[n] many years at Cornell University



Saturday Review

EDUCATION

John Bremer: Yellow Pages for City Learning
Artists From the High Schools



st that's the way it should be. But, all too our love of learning is "educated" out of us time we get to Junior High.

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inal sanction, to perform acts undeniably at odds with fundamental tenets of their religious beliefs. See *Braunfeld* v. *Brown*. . . ."

Presumably he referred to Braunfeld's case in order to make the point that, whereas Yoder was being affirmatively required to do something that violated his religious beliefs, Braunfeld was merely being asked to refrain from something. While the law imposed a financial burden on him—or, at a minimum, put him at a competitive disadvantage—it did not require him to act in a manner forbidden by Jewish law. It did not—and this, one assumes, would be the equivalent case—require him to open his shop on the Jewish Sabbath. To sum it up, the state may sometimes make piety expensive, but it may never require impiety.

That sounds reasonable enough, but one is left with the lurking suspicion that the distinction is not all that clear. What of the case of a person firmly persuaded that salvation requires him to go out onto the highways and byways (or at least onto the streets of Brockton, Massachusetts) and preach the gospel by selling or giving away copies of a religious publication—indeed, a person persuaded not only of the necessity to do this but of the consequences of a failure to do it, namely, punishment by "everlasting destruction at Armageddon"? What of such a person being confronted by a child labor law that forbids him to engage in this kind of activity?

The Court had such a case in 1944, and the person involved, a Mrs. Sarah Prince, made it sufficiently clear to the officer who told her to take her nine-year-old niece, Betty Simmons, off the streets that she would not have been satisfied with the distinction drawn in the *Yoder* case. Mrs. Prince told him that neither he nor anyone else could stop her. "This child," she said, "is exercising her God-given right . . . to preach the gospel, and no creature has a right to interfere with God's command."

Here, clearly, is the case where the requirement that one must refrain from an activity (preaching on the streets rather than, as in *Braunfeld*, remaining open on Sunday) has the affirmative effect of requiring one to act in what is understood to be an impious fashion. Not only was Betty Simmons being required to act in an impious fashion, but if she was right about the divine consequences of failing to preach on the streets—Armageddon and all that—she had had it, for the Supreme Court upheld the law.

THE PROBLEM IS THIS: may a person, because of his religious beliefs, be entitled to an exemption from a valid law? Pennsylvania may require merchants to close their shops on Sunday. Are Jews, because they are Jews, entitled to keep their shops open? The Court said no. In effect, it would be a denial of the equal protection of the laws for Pennsylvania to assess a fine against, say, Ryan, a Roman Catholic, and not against Braunfeld, a Jew, for the same act. Massachusetts may forbid children to engage in commercial activity on the streets. Are Jehovah's Witnesses, precisely because they are Jehovah's Witnesses and required to sell copies of *Watchtower* on the streets, exempt from this requirement? The Court said no. The law is a reasonable health measure, and no one can claim an exemption from it. Wisconsin may require parents to send their children to school until the age of sixteen. Are the Amish, because they are Amish who see nothing but iniquity in the high schools of the community around them, exempt from this requirement? For the first time in its history, the Court said yes to this question.

No doubt it is a difficult question, and no doubt the Justices, silently cursing the Wisconsin school officials for their refusal to find some way of accommodating the Amish without resorting to the courts, would have preferred to avoid it. Indeed, one wonders why they did not avoid it; they would have had a precedent for that. Back in 1944, and again in 1946 in the same case, the Court refused to answer what was probably the most radical formulation ever given this question in American law: does the constitutional guarantee of religious freedom afford immunity from criminal prosecution for the fraudulent procurement of money through the United States mails?

The Court, speaking through Justice Douglas both times, refused to answer, first by sending the case back for retrial and then, on its return, by reversing the conviction on the ground that the indictment had been handed down by a grand jury from which women had been improperly excluded.

It is easy to understand the reluctance to grapple with th involved in this one. The def were members of the so-called movement who claimed to b Germain, Jesus Christ, George ington, and Godfre Ray King others, and to possess mir powers, including the power t the sick well and, less generou well sick. The Ballards (th under which they had been i and tried) had passed a co plate through the mails, so to and the government, refus credit their miracles, indicte for mail fraud. They could victed, however, only by pro they knowingly made false repr tions, and it is said to be no of any public official in the States to say what is or what false religious representation religious views espoused . . . seem incredible, if not prepos to most people [but] if tho trines are subject to trial befor charged with finding their t falsity, then the same can be do the religious beliefs of any sec

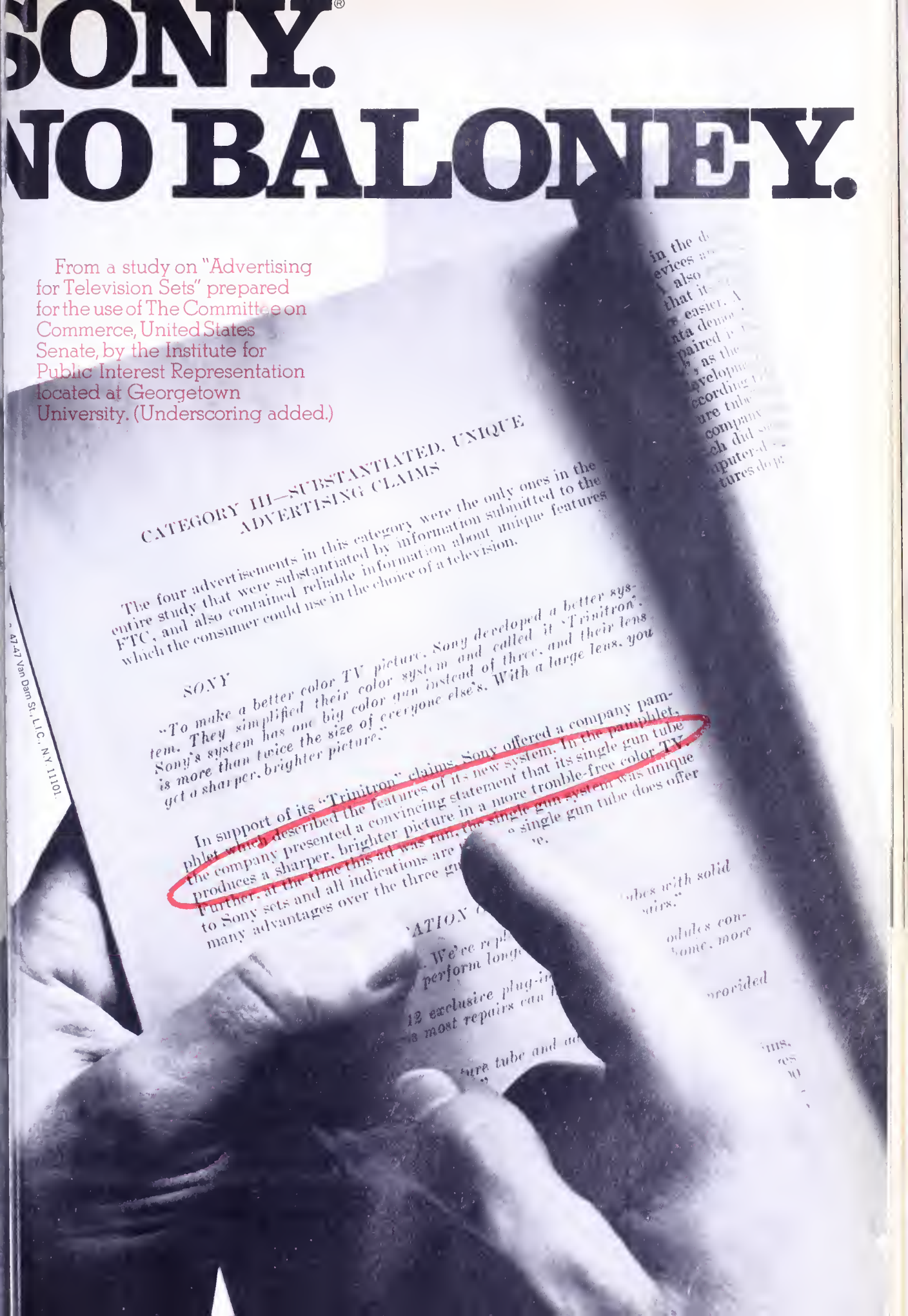
So said Justice Douglas, al having decided to send the ca for retrial, it was unnecessary to say it. All he accomplished was to provoke Harlan Ston Chief Justice, to reply that f of worship does not include th dom to procure money by knowingly false statements one's religious experiences." thought the government shou lowed to try to prove the fals some of the claims made, at l claim to have "physically hands with St. Germain in Sa cisco on a day named" and t cured "hundreds of perso means of their special "s power."

In any event, the Ballards punishment, and they escape because a special exemptio carved out of an otherwis statute but because almost ev except Stone was anxious to the trial of such questions, a should not be criticized for t

UNLIKE THE BALLARDS, wh Justices to a man proba garded as scoundrels of the sort, Yoder and his Amish fri caped punishment precisely they were held to be decent

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abiding," "productive," "sincere," and—viewed from a world beset with a sense of guilt for what is understood to be its ecological sins and its psychological madness—living "in harmony with nature and the soil," the closest thing possible to the virtuous "sturdy yeoman" of the Jeffersonian "ideal." Pervading Burger's opinion for the Court is a muted admission that the Amish (and others similarly situated, to use the legal phrase) may well have been right all along. It is no wonder Wisconsin could not prevail against them; neither could the gates of hell.

Of course, the Court would have us believe that there is nothing novel about the decision or the rule on which it rests. As Burger put it in his opinion, only state interests "of the highest order . . . can overbalance legitimate claims to the free exercise of religion"; or again, while "religiously grounded conduct must often be subject to the broad police power of the State [this] is not to deny that there are areas of conduct protected by the Free Exercise Clause of the First Amendment and thus beyond the power of the State to control, even under regulations of general applicability." But this is not the rule that had been applied in earlier cases, including the ones Burger cites; and it surely is not the rule of the case most apposite to Yoder's, the second flag-salute case (1943), which he does not even deign to mention.

West Virginia required school children to salute the flag and recite the pledge of allegiance. Children who refused to comply were expelled and treated as delinquents; and their parents were made liable to prosecution and, upon conviction, a fine and jail sentence. Jehovah's Witnesses refused to salute the flag, on the ground that to do so would constitute worship of a graven image, and their parents brought suit to enjoin enforcement of the regulation.

Here, in every material sense, is the compulsory school attendance case: in each case children and their parents are being compelled, by a statute carrying criminal penalties, to perform acts contrary to their religious beliefs. The Court ruled in favor of the Jehovah's Witnesses, but it was very careful to avoid making them the special beneficiaries of its decision. The flag-salute requirement was held to be unconstitutional, a violation not, however, of the free exercise of religion clause of the First Amendment but of the free speech provision. Stated otherwise, the Court held that *no one*, pious sectarian or militant atheist, could be required to salute the flag. In the school attendance case, on the other hand, the Court held that the statute was constitutional, except as applied to Yoder and the other Amish.

THE COURT has never before held that one's religious convictions entitle him to an exemption from the requirements of a *valid* criminal statute. This is new law, and of a dangerous sort. It is dangerous because if one is entitled to disobey a law that is contrary to his religious beliefs, and entitled as well to define his own religious beliefs, the proliferation of sects and of forms of worship will be wonderful to behold: drug cultists, snake worshippers, income-tax haters—why, in Shelley's words, the sense faints picturing them all. But there will be no stopping this religious revival (or what, for legal purposes, will be labeled a religious revival), short of permitting public officials, and ultimately the judges, to do precisely what the Supreme Court has insisted they may not do, namely, get in the business of distinguishing the honest profession of faith from the dishonest, the genuine from the spurious. The principle was stated best by Justice Robert Jackson in the second flag-salute case: "If there is any fixed star in our constitutional constellation, it is that no official, high or petty, can prescribe what shall be orthodox in . . . religion, or other matters of opinion or force citizens to confess by word or act their faith therein."

But in Yoder's case the Court took the first step in this heretofore prohibited direction by drawing a line between the religious and the secular; it did this by emphasizing that the exemption being carved out for this religious group could not be claimed by other kinds of groups, "however virtuous and admirable" may be their "way of life." No assertion of "secular values" will do, Chief Justice Burger insisted in his opinion. Even Thoreau, who, like the Amish, "rejected the social values of his time and isolated himself at Walden Pond," would not have been entitled to the privilege, because, unlike the Amish, his "choice was philosophical and personal rather than religious."

This, inevitably and with ve[illegible] reason, proved too much for [illegible] Douglas. He agreed that the [illegible] could not be compelled to go [illegible] school, but he insisted that th[illegible] lege could not be restricted t[illegible] whose objection to a law rests [illegible] gious belief in a formal sec[illegible] what's wrong with Thoreau's [illegible] sophical position? he wanted t[illegible] And the "philosophy" of th[illegible] scientious objector who figure[illegible] for himself that "human life [illegible] able in and of itself"? Dougla[illegible] it known that he adheres to th[illegible] exalted views of 'religion,'" [illegible] can expect him to send [illegible] ions of his favorite cultists-[illegible] burners, not-this-war-I-won't[illegible] the like—through the gap that [illegible] evitably be blown in that line.

Finally, is it not strange to [illegible] now—after eighteen years of [illegible] fort to integrate the public s[illegible] when one of the principal p[illegible] issues appears to be whethe[illegible] shall be busing to achieve a [illegible] between the races; when the d[illegible] that gave rise to all this i[illegible] held that "education is perha[illegible] most important function of st[illegible] local governments," that "com[illegible] school attendance laws . . . [illegible] strate our recognition of the [illegible] tance of education to our dem[illegible] society," that, indeed, it is "th[illegible] foundation of good citizenship [illegible] in the famous statement t[illegible] troubled the logicians, "separa[illegible] ities are inherently unequal"[illegible] not strange to be told now th[illegible] unconstitutional for a state to [illegible] children (or, at least, some ch[illegible] even to go to high school? I[illegible] strange that they be permitted [illegible] regate themselves from the res[illegible] American community? That th[illegible] not be forced to attend other [illegible] or, presumably, to accept oth[illegible] dren in their schools? Is this [illegible] consistent with the law of scho[illegible] gration? Or shall we see the da[illegible] a suburban school district, as [illegible] show cause why it should not [illegible] grated with an inner-city sch[illegible] trict, will reply with the fol[illegible] words:

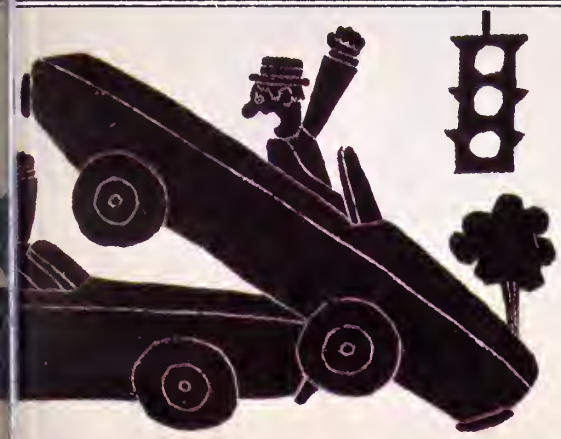
> Said counsel for schools st[illegible]
> banish:
> "Sure, we admit that we're [illegible]
> nish:
> But there's no use your fussin[illegible]
> court-ordered busing,
> 'Cause there's no one out
> but us Amish."

Will everyone who thinks auto insurance costs too much please stand up?



America needs action on No-Fault

Now's your chance to be heard. State legislatures are convening and they're the ones who decide the kind of auto insurance you live with. Many have already scheduled discussions of No-Fault laws.



at's No-Fault? Simple. Accident settlements based on *loss* instead of *blame*. Your insurance ıpany pays your actual medical costs, lost ;es and property damage. The other driver's ıpany pays his. It's fast and fair. Lawsuits to ide fault are eliminated. So money is saved.



It works, too. For example, a No-Fault law became effective in Massachusetts in 1971. The first year alone saved car owners more than $61,000,000 on the cost of their auto insurance.



'd expect an idea this good would spread fast, only a few states have done anything about Where the law is strong and eliminates most uits, insurance costs have come down. When aw doesn't reduce lawsuits, little is saved. ost states have not acted at all.

Ætna
LIFE & CASUALTY

So now's the time to ask for action in your state. You can urge a strong law that reduces insurance costs and returns more of your premium dollar in benefits to you. And when that kind of law is proposed, you'll find Ætna supporting it every way we can.

You get *action* with Ætna

Herbert Gold

FRIENDSHIP AND THE LIFEBOAT

In the struggle for survival, the perfect friendship is often lost

BECAUSE I MUST, I accept that there are people who don't care too much about those they bump on the journey, just want to enjoy a beer or a joint, go to the game or watch it on the box, float through a life that is difficult enough already, and justify any companion on a part of this haphazard voyage: "Well, he makes me laugh."

That's enough. They don't ask too much of friends. A relative, a buddy, what difference; so long as it's reasonable fun to drift in his company.

And then there are the others, maniac souls, who demand perfect friendship. They are loyal and true when the friend grows sick or needful, but vindictive and creepy with night hatreds if the friend lets them down. They love. They hate. They treasure injustice with the sweaty focus of adolescent concupiscence. An evil word behind the back, a lazy dismissal of obligation—the sort of thing human beings do all the time, because they are human, evil, and lazy—calls down the maledictions of the injustice collector. He sleeps in a bed of worms. There are many such. Alas, I find myself among their number. The element of disease in this pursuit of perfect loyalty and the continual discovery of failure is not a treat. A doomed ideal is no joy, even to fanatic idealists. Anything that gives so much pain must be given a more pejorative psychological name than quixotic: love of disappointment. Masochism. Mea culpa.

Survival is everyone's aim: survival *conveniently* is what it mostly comes to. A true friend gives up some of his convenience for his buddy. When the laughter stops is when the ambiguity of survival stops being abstract. The contradictions between pleasure and obligation are crucial. Here is where depth is defined. And so friendship often has its knuckles broken as it tries to climb into the crowded lifeboat.

Let us now introduce the Dump. There comes a time when most friendships are strained by ambition (I pass him by) or love (I rob him of his girl) or a frivolous moment (I make a joke behind his back about his paunch, his ambition, his love). There are saints, true; a few of them, who never sin. I used to know a couple, but they appear, on closer study, to be feebly protecting themselves from being dumped on by never giving way to human weakness. That's more calculating than saintly, and it's a calculation from fear. One, a writer, seemed so lovable and innocent and depressed that everyone wanted to protect him. He made no enemies. He was touchingly confident of his own weakness and tremulousness; no need to scorn or attack others.

The result was that he became exceptional in a way I'd never have predicted. Now he is certain of his saintly and generous character. His work celebrates his own self in a way that still, astonishingly, preserves some of the original innocence. He hasn't experienced much risk and shame since his frightened childhood. That was all he could bear. Grown-up abuse, withheld from the air he breathes, has resulted in a pale and babyish middle age, a swollen head, a habit of incantation. If he had been punctured regularly, there would be less gas.

Another similar case began as a man of great virtue, a natural virtue, great suffering in his past. Because nobody dumped on him, he came to believe in his virtue. He never dumped either. That confirmed what people said about him: *a truly good man.* Oh, equal pomposity and self-love. He dims into righteousness with an inward glow, shivering plumply like cherry Jello.

My interest in the subdivision of friendship and loyalty called Betrayal and Disloyalty can be classified under the heading Interested Curiosity and Implicated Science. It is not a abstract, despite its dry to more than the famous questio by the scientists of the medie erno Medical School is sc "Why does the savage unico his fierce wrath with the virg brace?" (I've sometimes m same mistake as the unicorn.

LET ME DESCRIBE three crises that friendships on. There are other troubles, b are the Lifeboat ones. I had whom I protected. He was y perhaps weaker: I indulged pleasures. Along came an opp to do himself good while p standing by as harm was don He wished me no grief. H wished me well. He regretted didn't find it in his heart to h He remains, as always, sensit good-natured, and he wante prosper. But his own career is constantly in danger—or sc it; his welfare, his pride; a where his interest crossed n did me ill. It was risky not to. him feel terrible all the while euphoric and blissful with mentary success at my cost, happiness he wrote me a de letter, to this effect:

Please don't think worse o begged, *because hurting you so much good. And you ar fine, you can bear the harm fr me, paltry me. Don't let our ship suffer, I beg you. I am I will always treasure . . .* and

Now, have I the right to with him? Whence this malev After all, it was his very w that stirred the protective and feelings in me. I knew he nee through life, I knew he had n or power to spare for other own protection, I knew his ch wit were ways of ingratiating with helpers in a world fill dreadful challenges. I had un him and treasured him.

Herbert Gold (who claims to have several friends) has recently written My Last Two Thousand Years *(Random House), an autobiographical study of the writer in America.*

yet I was angry, and have not
iven him. I have gone on col-
this injustice in memory over
rs, accumulating it, savoring
by bite. While now I feel no
inst him, and the harm is long
etain a certain spite. I speak
ly against him. I write these
I see that his life and career
ll, and I am content that they
His wife has a certain mean-
od. His children are hard on
cellent. I am amused when
e else tells an anecdote to his
t. He was my friend. He
s no longer.

he ever my friend? I thought
l therefore it was so. We
together, and poured out the
ing hearts of youth, and
and dreamed together. His
de me feel fond. My little pal.
rets. I thought I was immune
eakness, though of course his
weakness spares no one, par-
ives, children, friends. My
ness expired in a petty harm
convenience to him. I wrote
at the time: You would chop
ers off if you were in the life-
d I in the sea. You are always
f foundering. You can be no
iend.

IER TIME, another friend, an-
her injustice. This is compli-
. friend asked me to do some-
would later regret. Very com-
. We were college kids and I
to what he said, not what he
but felt uneasy, because I
ne would be sorry; yet it was
ent for me at the time, and,
, he did ask me; it was his
uneasily I complied.

ur later he forgot his request
ut his deepest passions were
by jealousy. (Okay, be spe-
e were young men, he asked
eep his lady company while
away, he sought freedom, he
e to remove his obligation to
ad betrayed him, he thought.
g what he asked. He had be-
ne, I thought, by asking me to
chestnuts from the fire, and
forgetting he had asked, and
jealous fury. But he was des-
and therefore seemed right,
me. Lies? Amnesia? Mere
opping. He screamed and I
There was no defense I be-





Her father gave her away when she was three years old.

He had to. Her mother is dead. He is incurably ill and can no longer give Angelina food and shelter.

For $12 a month, you can help us save such a child.

Through our "adoption" program, you can help provide a child with medical attention, adequate food, education, warm clothes. And hope.

But please hurry. Write direct to Mrs. Jeanne Clarke Wood, Children, Incorporated, Box 5381, Dept. HM-3 Richmond, Va. 23220.

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I will pay $12 a month ($144 a year). Enclosed is my gift for ☐ a full year ☐ the first month. Please send me the child's name, story, address and picture. I understand that I can correspond with my child. Also, I may discontinue the "adoption" at any time.

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☐ Or, I will pledge $_____ per month.
☐ Please send me further information.
☐ If a group, please specify name_____.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

You can "adopt" a child from Africa, Asia, Latin America, Middle East, U.S.A.—Appalachian children or American Indian children. (Or any child of greatest need.) All gifts are fully tax deductible.

Children, Incorporated

lieved in. After all, he was i

Because of all this turmo friend and the lady came ba gether a couple; they marrie doesn't like me much and quite remember why. Too ha him to sort out the reasons. I aggrieved. Another injustice sack.

I don't find myself innocen either. But no explanation he to understand how what was ship, trust, and sharing conge necessary ugliness. I still wish my old friend, with whom I l at the Marx Brothers and w called my brother. The war friendship makes one forget ho friends who call each other can use each other.

AND NOW A MOST COMPLEX ship, the way they usuall this one more than the usual was generous, tense, intelligen weird; he clung to his friends sinewy stubbornness of a orphan; sometimes I felt c but his need was very real and We were close. I felt pleased to his need.

Then his marriage broke up cracked. All divorcing men a little mad, but he was havin delusions than the usual ones was free, he was good, she w civilization was specializing tailed annoyance of him. Christ. She was anti-Christ. T the Mafia, and the New Te took roles in his foundering m Phantoms watched him from ters. He laughed at miseries a over nothing. To me, across t tinent, he mostly telephoned middle of the night. He sp visions, which were not the vi anyone else who tried to look he saw. He began a senten giggles and ended it with s insulted my wife because she s sleepy at 2:00 A.M.: "You wis away. You don't care." His voi metallic when I said it was tin back to bed. He said over t phone from New York: "I'd k come and stay with you a wh get my head together. You're friend. The rest are working you know, Herb."

He knew he was in trou knew his visions, delusions, scenes—that floating irrelev his confused brain—made hi

an. Sometimes he had fist-
1 bars. An intelligent man
lo that, and he was intelligent,
iad been beaten up twice on
venue, just because he tried
in to tall, morose, muscular
t they had taken a bad turn
y chose to be stupid pigs. He
ant to be alone, and a bar
asn't really company. He
o be with me, his old friend,
ive like my son along with
and children.
I said, which is already the
g of the way you don't talk
end—thinking of ways to
Uh, we're kind of busy right

I can't stand it anymore!
me to go to a hospital! I just
st. I'll clean up my room, I'll
around a week or two."
d to make a joke while I
Old Italian proverb: house-
ish, stinks after three days.
a. I'm dying here, Herb. I've
t away."
e you ought to get to a
st lie in the sun a while."
e resorts are controlled from
ton. The Penta—*you know.*"
ered: "They got a flag on
ly."
I said again.
as the young man with whom
lked the nighttime streets of
ies, talking of our future,
eers, the meaning of life. At
had been inseparable; we
ters faithfully through the
d when we met again, it was
always been. He was a part
ly time, the best and purest
comradeship, warmth, hope,
erosity. He knew what I was
I knew what he was think-
had traveled together with
runk wine, played tennis,
n beaches.
w he was in bad trouble.
h, I didn't want him around.
razy, he didn't quite feel my
e. He was coming to San
. he said. I said: "Hank, I
you here now. It's too com-
They're right; you should
a hospital for a while."
cause strangers were follow-
spying through the tele-
ying to break his arm by
ower?
rry, Hank," I said.
vas a long pause. "You think
rn to you or your family."
You were my friend."

THE NOTION that friendship matters implies that we are not just a swarm of midges, invisibly devouring each other—an identical organism in shaded motion, if our planet were to be seen from afar. The notion that others are not merely occasional helpmates and collaborators, to be discarded when necessary, implies some continuity of the organism: memory, in which we live; nostalgia, in which we live; love—something permanent in the flesh that we know to be forever rotting, whatever lovely glow it emits in the process. I, like others, stubbornly insist there might be a meaning. There may be no God. There may be no Intention. But there is a divine pattern in tradition and memory. In the duration of our lives, the jostling uncertainty of the times, we cling to trust. And it is betrayed. And we cling again. Friendship and love mean more than someone to chatter with, someone to stroke, someone to couple with.

The man who dumped on me out of convenience to himself was my friend, he thought. The man who forgot the trouble he put himself in, and blamed me for his trouble, was my friend, we both thought. The man whom I dumped on in his time of trouble was my friend, I thought. I saw no alternative at that moment to letting the madman, my friend, be treated by paid nurses and doctors. The man who dumped on me also saw no alternative. Nothing was convenient: still these acts seem to be betrayals.

And still friendship matters: it seems to matter more than most things, and to have moral connections to the will more deeply human than mere connection by blood. After all, wolves are loyal to their cubs; many species protect their nests. Only men and women aspire to lifelong loyalty to friends whose bodies do not commingle. We choose. Until we are composed decently by death, we long for company unobliged by blood. The loneliness of the friendless is a special horror, and family does not fully mitigate it. Blood is fatal, inevitable, never to be denied; it demonstrates nothing about choice. But friendship, an act of pure intention, can be denied. There are no guarantees other than that most fallible one, the human heart. We choose to have friends because we must; else we'll have no hearts, we'll not feel alive. Sweet and dangerous defiance forever. □

TIME IS RUNNING OUT FOR THOSE WHO DREAM OF A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE COTTAGE BY THE SEA.

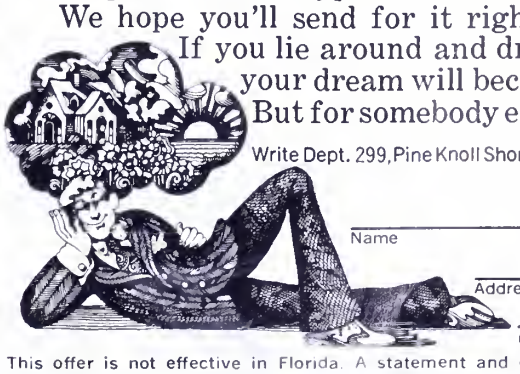
Many still dream of a quiet place by the sea, and yet there are only a few left. Pine Knoll Shores is one of them.

This rare community is tucked away in tall timber and thick vegetation on an island off the coast of North Carolina.

It's ideal for a vacation retreat, retirement or an investment, because we intend to keep it the peaceful place that it is.

We have a beautiful booklet describing Pine Knoll Shores. Its people. And the types of homes that have been built.

We hope you'll send for it right away.



If you lie around and dream too much longer, then your dream will become a reality.

But for somebody else. **PINE KNOLL SHORES**

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Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

This offer is not effective in Florida. A statement and offering statement has been filed with the Department of State of the State of New York. The filing does not constitute approval of the sale or lease or offer for sale or lease by the Department of State or any officer thereof or that the Department of State has in any way passed upon the merits of such offering. A copy of the offering statement is available, upon request, from the subdivider and in addition thereto the assigned advertising number. NYA #1080-1.

Skip Rozin

LONG LIVE THE CENTER FOR SHORT-LIVED PHENOMENA!

Who else can read man's future from the curious ways of snails and squirrels?

IT WAS A CLEAR warm December day in 1967 when the water over Metis Shoal suddenly began to change color. The coral shoal is near the Tonga Islands, a scattered cluster of landfalls 1,800 miles this side of Australia, and the Pacific there is usually deep blue. But on that particular day it turned a sickly green and yellow, the water cloudy with mud. As one day became two and two became a week, the water began to churn and bubble. By the morning of December 11, the smoke and steam rising 6,000 feet into the air could be seen for seventy miles, leading to reports from native fishermen that the world was coming to an end.

Instead of an end, it was a beginning. By sundown an incandescent island—one-half mile long, 150 feet high, and glowing cherry red—had pushed its way to the surface where a day before only water had been. The agent of conception was a volcanic eruption, loud and violent, ejecting molten lava and rocks in great parabolic arcs to a height of 1,000 feet. Within two weeks the volcano had built a kidney-shaped island four miles long.

While not unknown, such undersea volcanoes are rare, and the islands produced by their eruptions contain information about the nature of the earth and how it works that is not available anywhere else. But these eruptions tend to occur in isolated places, so that scientists are seldom aware of what is happening. Furthermore, islands formed in such a catastrophic manner have a habit of slipping back into the sea before anyone has noticed they ever existed.

The island at Metis Shoal was like that. Fifty-eight days after pushing its way to the surface, attended by neither noise nor pyrotechnics, it slid back into the ocean.

But not unnoticed. Before it sank, a complete scientific investigation was made. Photographs—taken by a variety of passing planes ar[illegible] during its eight-week life—w[illegible] lected and edited, and a [illegible] actually reached the island t[illegible] rock and lava samples for [illegible] For the first time, the birth a[illegible] of a volcanic island—one of t[illegible] mysteries of the earth—was r[illegible] with scientific exactitude.













THIS ACHIEVEMENT CERTI[illegible] efficiency of an early-[illegible] system called the Center fo[illegible] Lived Phenomena. Located [illegible] Smithsonian Astrophysical [illegible] tory in Cambridge, Massac[illegible] the Center is a sort of As[illegible] Press for the international [illegible] community. On a twenty-fou[illegible] day basis it receives reports [illegible] happening all over the wo[illegible] relays the information to ir[illegible] scientists for further examina[illegible] interpretation. The main sti[illegible] is simply that the event, like t[illegible] tion of the island at Meti[illegible] should be in the process of [illegible] ing or should have just happ[illegible]

With a full-time staff of [illegible] people, the Center has report[illegible] than 500 events in the five ye[illegible] it was created by the Smi[illegible] Institution. The appearance o[illegible] ing island in the Caribbean, [illegible] pact of a meteorite in Con[illegible] the death of 10,000 robins in [illegible] field in southern Florida—suc[illegible] normally get a few paragrap[illegible] tion in some local newspape[illegible] Center and its knowing clie[illegible] may be crucial news.

The Center itself is not [illegible] pressive—six small offices, [illegible] an institutional light green [illegible] nished with military-surplu[illegible] and big gray file cabinets stuf[illegible] records and reports that l[illegible] overflowed onto the desks an[illegible] and floors.

"It is the short-lived e[illegible] nature that tell you the mo[illegible] natural systems," explains [illegible] ron, director of the Center. "[illegible] can tell a geologist more a[illegible]

Skip Rozin is a regular free-lance contributor to Audubon *magazine and a writer of yet-to-be-published novels.*

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Did you know that the same little Pocket camera that gives you big, beautiful snapshots can also give you dazzling slides?

Next time, drop in a cartridge of 110-size Kodachrome-X or Kodak Ektachrome-X film and see what you get. Pocket slides that aren't much bigger than your thumbnail but project big and brilliant on your screen.

To show them at their best, there's the Kodak pocket Carousel projector. It's only a little over 8 inches square. Yet the slide tray holds 120 slides! (You can also show your Pocket slides on a 2x2 projector using special slide adapters and, preferably, a 2½- or 3-inch lens.)

See the Kodak pocket Carousel projector at your photo dealer's. There are three models and a choice of automatic features. From less than $100.

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fundamental earth processes than an earthquake or a volcanic eruption, but he's got to go in there and observe them while they're happening.

"Speed," he says, leaning forward over his cluttered desk, "is the crucial element. To astrophysicists, a freshly fallen meteorite may be priceless. Let it sit for five or six days and it becomes a museum piece, practically worthless in the laboratory."

SINCE SPEED is the Center's most important commodity, it is not by chance that it is located on the top floor of the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory. Below is the observatory's communications room crammed with humming, idling machines: six teletype circuits—including Western Union domestic and international, ITT and RCA international, NASA, and the institute's satellite-tracking networks—and nine telephone lines.

The Center's global sensors include 2,300 corresponding scientists and scientific stations in 148 countries, working mostly under informal agreements in a mutual aid network. Each scientist covers his geographic area for the Center, and in return he receives immediate reports of all events in his particular discipline from all over the world.

Whatever the event, the Center's procedure varies little. It always starts with a correspondent somewhere noticing something out of the ordinary. It does not have to be something spectacular, and often its true importance is not realized until much later.

In mid-September 1968 isolated reports began to dribble in to the Center concerning migrating squirrels in the southeastern part of the United States. Nothing alarming, just an increase in the number of gray squirrels observed on roads and in yards. Upon receipt of the first alert the Center notified every interested scientist, agency, and institution with "fast response" capabilities. Then an Event Notification Card was sent to each subscriber. The cards contain complete information on an event, including where and when it occurred, a description of what occurred, the source of the information and where he can be reached.

As additional reports of the migration came in, the Center issued successive Event Information Cards, one for each change in the migration's status. And the status did change as reports came in from North and South Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, Georgia, Alabama, New York, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts. They showed that the "eruption" involved possibly as many as twenty million animals moving independently and in every direction imaginable, and that tens of thousands were starving, dying on highways, and drowning in their attempts to swim across lakes and reservoirs.

During the four weeks of peak squirrel activity, the Center stayed in touch with seventy-one biologists, mammologists, and research institutions, and distributed daily information reports to 121 biological correspondents around the world.

Early explanations for the massive migration centered on a bumper mast crop the preceding year that produced two highly successful breeding seasons. That took care of the number of squirrels, but not their odd behavior. It was only later, when scientists could pool their findings and check records of similar phenomena, that the cause was linked to the natural habits of the gray squirrel. Unlike its cousins that store food in hollow trees, the gray squirrel tucks nuts and seeds under leaves or a little dirt. Each fall he "reshuffles" his stores, collecting old nuts and hiding them in new places, in the process moving farther and farther away from familiar grounds. The increased number of squirrels pressed him farther yet, so far that many became "confused and disoriented," and responded by migrating even farther.

Biologists came away from the study concluding that the conditions contributing to the event were not so rare and that additional migrations might be expected, probably of a similar nature and at the same time of year.

AS THE CASE of the Appalachian Squirrel Migration indicates, the Center works simply to collect information and get it as quickly as possible to where it will be of the most value. Though it has no investigative powers of its own, it does initiate follow-up studies by its correspondents. As a result, four of every five events reported are fully investigated.

"A biologist can study squirrel habits and life-styles all his life," says Citron, "but nothing can giv more insight than to have som happen abruptly like a pop explosion or a major migrat can add a whole new dimensio way of looking at his subject.

Each event the Center co classified by its character into four divisions: earth science, s physics, urgent anthropolog biological science. The first in volcanic eruptions, avalanche earthqnakes. The second i meteorite falls and meteors (a ite is a meteor until it strik earth), and the third is for like the discovery in 1970 of t jaki, the Stone Age tribe of I located in Paraguay. Such eve considered short-lived becaus ever scientific value they h threatened by contamination b zation. The fourth division i oil spills, insect infestations, a usual animal activity like the s migration.

The division that draws th publicity is biological science. periodically offers the press s ticing stories as the Victorian Plague, the Monarch Butterfly tion, the Miami Snail Infestati of the best covered events of t ture was the infamous Ma Frog War of late 1970. The re of Sungei Siput initially rep battle involving 10,000 or mor biting and ripping at each ot making horrible sounds for days running. When scientist the University of Malaya reached the scene, however, th was reclassified as an amphib orgy, a rather natural occurren ing heavy rainy spells, resulti swamp full of eggs and tadpol

THE ORIGINAL IDEA for the came from Dr. Sidney who recognized the need for a alert system when he was head logical research for the Na 1965, having become the Sm ian's assistant secretary for s Caller drew up plans for such tem, using the existing comp tions for the satellite-trackin work of the Institution's Astr cal Observatory. The Center m upstairs with Bob Citron as it tor and sole employee. Unti Citron had supervised the sonian's satellite-tracking stat Africa.

e beginning I had a little
nstairs, a telephone, and a
r," says Citron, who, in
o being an expert in moni-
stems, is a professional
her. "I read newspapers
ires looking for events, and
ten or fifteen scientists
e world trying to arrange an
on exchange. It was a great
per—you do it for me and
for you—but no one really
would work."
s initial priorities were
olcanoes and freshly fallen
s, of which the Smithsonian
able to recover only one or
. Within weeks, he received
he activity at Metis Shoal
n immediately to contact
planes in the area for eye-
ccounts. Some of them
made detours to collect
photographs. Citron also got
nian scientist, Dr. Charles
, who was on his way to
to divert to the site, take
collect samples, and send
l-time" reports.
ersed the information to
enters all over the world,"
n, "and people said, 'Hey,
lly working.' News spread
of mouth, and soon every-
l if you want news about
, contact the Center."

SUCH informal beginnings,
nter's activities have grown
prestige, and usefulness. Of
rojects, none is more am-
or more important to the
an Earthwatch, a global
g and research network
s been planning with the
ations. The plan received
s approval at the Stock-
nan Environment Confer-
une, and it now needs only
oval and funding by the
the Center it will mean a
increase in the number of
ered each year; in a sense
g environmental awareness
totally isolated from the
f world ecology.
ference between the Center
watch is fundamental: the
nission is to observe and
rthwatch's will be not only
n early-alert system but to
information and use it to
world environment in all
d make suggestions for



EVER SINCE THEY PUT the new stoplight at the head of town, there are two good reasons to stop here in Lynchburg, Tennessee.

On your way in we suggest a pause at Jack Daniel Distillery. Here, a gentleman will show you around and talk pridefully about our whiskey. And probably he'll talk proudest about charcoal mellowing, the extra step that smooths out Jack Daniel's. On your way out we suggest a stop at our town's new redlight. If you knew Sheriff Martin as we do, you'd know this was an equally worthwhile recommendation.



CHARCOAL MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 361), TENNESSEE

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Remedios Guanzon.

Father dead.

Mother blind.

REMEDIOS GUANZON
AGE 5. Father dead. TB. Mother blind. Earns a few pennies begging. Brother is a scavenger. Remedios guides mother's hands to spots on clothes that require particular scrubbing. Family lives in one small room. Must crawl through small opening to enter. Walls from material found at city dump. No facilities. Help to Remedios means help to entire family.

Thousands of children as needy as Remedios anxiously await "adoption" by you or your group. Choose a boy or girl from Viet Nam, the Philippines, Republic of Korea, Indonesia, Peru, Ecuador, Colombia, Brazil, or Bolivia.

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Duke University
General Electric

35 YEARS OF HELP WITH A HUMAN TOUCH

changes. Or, as Citron puts it, a holistic view of earth manag

As the nucleus of the alert the Center will help gather on which the other divisions watch can act. It will form li other monitoring networks ar earth—thirty-three major ar sands of minor programs co with different aspects of the ment. The Center plans to e aid of science classes in thou universities and secondary sc over the world. Biology class ing the environment in th areas will act as the first lin servers. If the plans work, will turn their findings in teachers, who will send th portant enough to a national nator, a professional scientis as a filter. Investigating tea then be assigned to events r further study. By making use ing systems, the Center's pla the way the first post offices tier America were located already established general

"We are right on the fro man's knowledge of this plan Citron. "In order to keep what's going on, to try and stand the very fundamental what goes on in the earth, earth, and in the biosphere, to keep our fingers on the pul planet."

He envisions the Center a storehouse of information, ca and cross-referenced so that mal migration in the Easter States is not an isolated event be compared with events places over a century-long pe

"A hundred years from n one will be able to come archives and study almost ev that has happened to the pla 1968 on," he says. "We'll be see changes in the planet and first time, to make an assess man's impact on the globe."

Anyone can become a scriber to the Center for $15.0 year and receive weekly pa of all the event cards filed d the previous seven days. The ter's annual report, tellin events covered in 1972, is able for $5.00. Requests shou addressed to the Center for S Lived Phenomena, 60 G Street, Cambridge, Mass. 0

The great American forest is closer than you think.



nerever you are.
cause after giving up land
ur cities and highways, after
our constantly growing de-
r wood and paper products,
ave nearly three-fourths as
estland as we had when Co-
nded.
en more surprising, this 753
cres is still widely distrib-
across the country—it's not
ut West" or "down South."
ew York State is forest. 65%
Island. And 51% of New
he most densely populated
a matter of fact, more than
e forest in the continental
tates is located in the east-
ern part of the country.

Because America's forest is truly an *American* forest, growing in many different elevations and rainfalls and temperatures and soils, its six distinct natural regions provide us with a constant variety, too, from the Douglas firs of the Northwest to the hardwoods of the Northeast.

Much of the forest has been harvested and regrown three or four times. And, public or private, government or individually owned, much of it is available for hunting and fishing, picnicking and camping—as millions of outdoorsmen from Maine to California can tell you. So if you haven't seen it lately, why wait?

It's right there in your backyard, keeping America green—and growing.

Source: Department of Agriculture, U.S. Forest Service

For the whole story on America's forest today, get "Forests USA". For your copy of this full-color, 16 page booklet, send 25¢ to AFI, P.O. Box 963, Arlington, Virginia 22216

Name

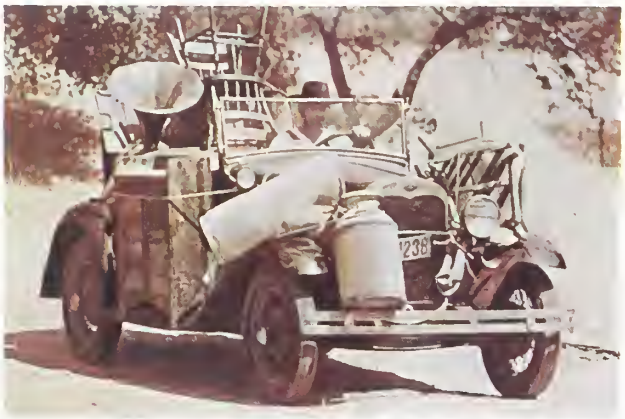
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American Forest Institute 6

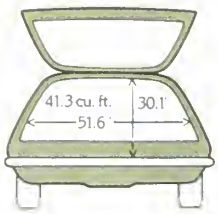
The Pinto Runabout. It's the rugged Model A all over again, with a lot more carrying space.



Back in the 1930's, you could always count on the rugged Ford Model A to get you where you wanted to go.

But if you had to bring along much more than a toothbrush, it took a lot of imagination. And rope.

In today's Ford Pinto, carrying space is engineered in. The Pinto Runabout, for example, has a lift-up rear door, fold-down rear seat, and 41.3 cubic feet of cargo space. (See diagram.) With the seat down, the cargo area is more than four feet deep, and every inch of it is carpeted.

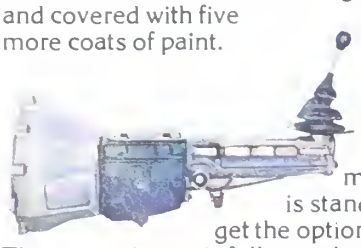


But, even more important, ruggedness and durability are also engineered into Pinto.



The Pinto engine (left) was improved and perfected in over 10 years of actual driving in small Ford-built cars all over the world. It's easy on gas, simple to maintain.

The Pinto body is welded into one solid piece of steel, with steel guard rails in the side doors and steel reinforcements in the roof. It's electrocoated to fight rust and covered with five more coats of paint.



A four-speed floor-mounted transmission (left) is standard on Pinto. You can also get the optional automatic, of course. The transmission is fully synchronized, and designed to be "lubed for life." All it should need is inspection during routine dealer maintenance.

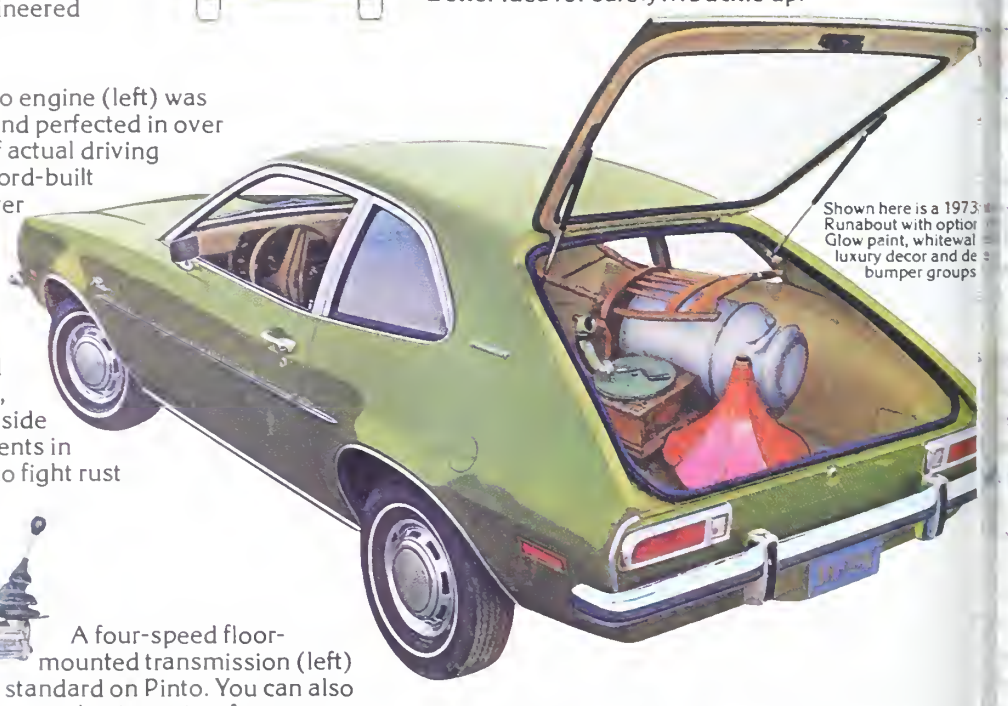
Everything about the Ford Pinto has been engineered and designed with durability in mind. From the ball-joint front suspension shown here to the special rust-resistant brake line coating.



We built Ford Pinto to be a basic, durable, economical car. With plenty of space in it to carry you and yours.

See the 1973 Pinto at your Ford Dealer's: two-door sedan, 3-door Runabout, and the popul Pinto Wagon.

Better idea for safety... buckle up!



Shown here is a 1973 Runabout with optio Glow paint, whitewal luxury decor and de bumper groups

When you get back to basics, you get back to F

FORD PINTO

FORD DIVISION Ford

COUNTERSIGNS

ous Policy

Silence is the perfect expression of scorn. —*George Bernard Shaw*

ift of speech distinguishes
m animals, minerals, and
es. Humans are human by
speaking to one another. We
sea of words connoting love,
y, hope, the past, present.
ire. Words define and bind
als, cultures, nations. With-
h, there would be no politics
e no society; no moral pur-
no civilization.

h, to be sure, has a price. It
upt thought, mask evil, incite
n. The power to voice au-
e conclusions is the power to
Thus, rulers suppress words
sider seditious: freedom of
rare in history.

he American polity is based
pothesis that government re-
quires the consent of the governed—a goal supposedly achieved by competition among "truths" in a free marketplace of ideas. We assume that silence is fine for martyrs and mystics; we expect our leaders to speak their minds and seek our support. In that sense, nothing strikes us as more un-American than official secrecy and silence.

This country's most successful Presidents have understood our hunger for plain talk in high places. Richard Nixon is not among them. As of this writing, he had staged the most devastating bombing in history, without a word of explanation. By wreaking mass destruction—in our name, without our consent—he had further weakened our political system and made George III look like an egalitarian.

Given the courtlike atmosphere of Washington, Mr. Nixon's high-handedness will be forgiven, even admired, by those who curry his favor. But they may constitute a dwindling minority: the President has called most Americans "children" and implied that he doesn't need them: the election is over. It is a perilous policy. We perceive the cold silence that breaks a close human bond as a deadly insult akin to murder. It says: I consider you non-human, a stone.

No democracy can long endure such attitudes. A silent, isolated President endangers himself and the nation.

---

y to Punish

oliticians marched into 1973
ocious resolve to stamp out
criminality and license. No
hat they would make peace
ring war: the spirit of punish-
ascendant.

is New York's Governor
Rockefeller who best reflected
search for vengeance. Some
o. Mr. Rockefeller started a
campaign to treat drug ad-
has, in his view, failed. To
ublic outrage, he now offers
nacea: get the pushers. He
d his usually pliant legisla-
mpose a mandatory life sen-
ithout possibility of plea-
ng before conviction, or
fter it—on anyone caught
ny amount of heroin, cocaine,
hashish.

Rockefeller's severity de-
he public and daunted his
opponents, who inferred
Governor covets a fifth term
y or yet another try for the
louse. Civil libertarians re-
with arguments of mere fact.
ts, they said, would be over-whelmed, the jury system taxed to absurdity, the prisons choked to bursting. It was the sound of tiny fists beating against brass doors to the throne.

When men sit in judgment upon one another, a detached observer may, thank heaven, hear the quiet laughter of the gods. One notes, for example, that Mr. Rockefeller's list of proscribed drugs includes neither methadone nor "uppers" and "downers." The first is pushed by New York City clinics on the theory that addiction to a legal drug is better (for the civic peace, if not the addict) than addiction to an illegal one. And amphetamines and barbiturates are pushed by medical men on the theory that the addictions of those who can pay for them are therapeutic—although the addictions of those who can't are considered a threat to civilization.

By contrast, no one has yet proved that cocaine, LSD, and hashish are addictive. Yet they appear on the Governor's list, partly for reasons he does not fathom. These drugs, in common with heroin, have the power to remove the user from the world of work, productivity, responsibility. Is it possible that drug users constitute the vanguard of a whole army of the willfully, defiantly, happily unemployed—those sick of a society that touts the "work ethic" but offers only meaningless work?

Rage usually masks fear, and the thing we rage at is not always the thing we fear most. So it is at least conceivable that the new avengers are really defending their most cherished values against an emergent culture of hedonism—something far more formidable than junkies and their dealers. If so, jailing pushers for life is irrelevant. The beginning of wisdom about the drug-crime axis is the recognition that drug users *want* to use drugs, and that so long as they do, there will be people willing and eager to sell to them. The cry to punish is a politician's ploy that satisfies our need for instant gratification. It does nothing to push our leaders into helping us create a more satisfying society. □

Jerry Avorn

BEYOND DYING

Experiments using psychedelic drugs to ease the transition from life

DR. PAHNKE: What else happened during the day?
MRS. PROCTOR: I died.
DR. PAHNKE: What was that like?
MRS. PROCTOR: Beautiful. It sounds vindictive, but it was beautiful. (Chuckles.)
DR. PAHNKE: How can that be?
MRS. PROCTOR: I don't know. I felt like I was dying . . . I don't know how I came back. I don't remember that. I think I called for you—did I?
DR. PAHNKE: What does it feel like to die?
MRS. PROCTOR: You're just like the thin air, that's it. You have no pain. No fear.
DR. PAHNKE: Did that scare you?
MRS. PROCTOR: No. No fear at all. Very relaxed. If it's unusual maybe it's me. I don't know. Is it?
DR. PAHNKE: What?
MRS. PROCTOR: Unusual to feel that way?
DR. PAHNKE: That it's relaxed to die? Other people have said the same.

THE PATIENT WAS A WOMAN in her late fifties who had already undergone a partial resection of her stomach for cancer.* Nine months later, the tumor had spread into her liver and invaded her spine, and another operation was performed. Narcotics and sedatives could not overcome her pain; her doctors recommended radiation therapy. But the pain became progressively worse.

Normally the life of a cancer patient like Mrs. Proctor would end in a miserable spiral: one by one, new organ systems would be assaulted by the spread of malignancy or by heroic medical attempts to slow the cancer with lethal radiation, toxic intravenous drugs, or surgery that often must be mutilative to offer any chance of success. While the blood count, pulse rate, electrocardiogram, liver function, and urinary composition of these patients may be monitored with care, rarely does anyone talk with them about their illness, about the very imminent prospect of dying. Mrs. Proctor was luckier; her surgeon was sensitive to the psychological dimensions involved in the treatment of cancer and spoke to her of a research project ing the use of LSD to ease the agony of t illness. She decided to volunteer.

In an era when slow degenerative (heart disease, the cancers) are replacin often quicker killers (like pneumonia, man's friend"), Mrs. Proctor's isolatio edge of death was not unusual. Generall the terminal patient is brought into a l tubes are hung from every orifice like sp talismans to ward off the spirit of dea burial begins soon thereafter: visits shorter and more awkward; if the dying in a university medical center, doctors a cal students making morning rounds m to pass by the room without entering. So sicians prescribe morphine around th others, motivated by a sense of duty, of lawsuit, or mere compulsiveness, mob awesome armamentarium of medical tec to prolong death. Whether abandoned or over, the patient is often treated more of degenerating systems than as an in watching the terrifying approach of his

Most medical discussions of this subj been narrowly linear: should the doctor to lengthen the patient's life, or perhaps it? Only rarely has anyone asked more questions or considered what rights a might have in deciding the shape his la will take.

For several years now, a little-publici ect has been going on at the Maryla chiatric Research Center in Catonsvi outside Baltimore. The work embodies sumption that it is at least as important with a dying person's psychic anguish his physical pain. The research concern of psychedelic drugs within the frame psychiatric counseling to help patients a transcendent level of awareness fro it may be possible for them to deal mo with impending death.

Years before LSD became the illeg ment of the counterculture, psychiatris Catonsville center, led by Dr. Albert started administering the drug to mental and alcoholics to see if its profound mi ing powers could possibly help in the th those for whom altered states of consc were a way of life. Gradually, a re

*Her name has been changed, along with those of the other patients mentioned in this article.

Jerry Avorn, a fourth-year student at the Harvard Medical School, was the principal author of Up Against the Ivy Wall, *a history of the demonstrations at Columbia University in 1968.*

enon emerged: with striking regularity, ı no suggestion from the therapists, many .SD subjects would undergo an experi- "dying" and "being reborn" that often m with a much more serene, well-inte- ıpproach to life that persisted long after- The following description of the drug of a fifty-one-year-old homeless alcoholic es this well:

' I found myself not as a person but as can only describe as my soul or spirit. art of everything ugly, dirty, and filthy. ed through intestines, garbage, dung, in of a rectum, and anything else you can ...It seems I became part of everything, bad. I didn't think I would ever get out Next, I was going down through a lot y and gloom. The further down I went, se it got. I was going down something lack vein [that] got smaller the further went. The closer I got to the end of it, e afraid I became. I saw a vulture which s Death, or the Devil. When I got to the as too terrified to look at it for fear of might see. Very much to my surprise, orced myself to look at the end, I found r it was I was afraid to look at was ...

r seeing all these horrible things, I came ıe beautiful and the wonderful. I con- o go higher, passing among billions and of minute spirits like myself. I felt a ry small part of the whole thing. There a small place above and beyond everything else, and I found myself being drawn to this place. After getting to this peak, I found who I thought was God. We were on the same level, looking down at this greatness. Something made me feel He wanted me to exchange positions with Him. This I didn't want to do because I felt unworthy. He insisted, so we made the change. It was a wonderful feeling to be there with Him, far beyond any of the ambitions of any astronaut—peaceful and wonderful. . . .

"It seemed at about this time (I'm not sure if this is in the right sequence) I found myself looking up and seeing Jesus a long distance above me. My body started to fill out to perfection and I wanted to go to Jesus. I reached my arm toward Him and I started to rise up to Him. As I got closer to Him, I began taking on His appearance. Something seemed to be holding me down, but I wanted so much to go to Him. I looked down and my body seemed to be tearing apart from my feet up. I kept reaching for Him. The closer I got to Him the less there was of me. This was a little terrifying, but I wanted to go to Him. Finally, when I got to Him, I became Him. I was Jesus and He was me. We were one."

Once, an experience like this would have been considered a manifestation of something holy, a bridge between our transient lives and Something Else. For our ancestors, encounters with the divine and demonic were legitimate facts of human existence. Today, if this sort of thing happens spontaneously, we call it an "acute schizophrenic break with paranoid delusions and experiences of depersonalization." These ritual

"Whether abandoned or labored over, the patient is often treated more as a set of degenerating systems than as an individual watching the terrifying approach of his own end."



Jerry Sarapociello

words are inscribed on a sheet of pink paper and thrust into the hands of an ambulance driver, a first step toward "curing" the patient of his "mental illness," or at least preventing him from having his visions in public.

Since the Enlightenment, Western civilization has steadily narrowed its view of the broad spectrum of consciousness, focusing on the pure, cool light of science to the exclusion of the more subtle and exotic colors beyond. Rationality has given us penicillin, laser-guided missiles, and electric can openers in exchange for the kingdom within.

Death has suffered a parallel disfigurement: we find it hard even to imagine what medieval writers meant by *ars moriendi*—the art of dying. With the passing of God, death has moved from the province of philosophy and theology to that of medicine. On one level, we medical professionals can claim better results than our predecessors. What priest could measure up to a well-placed defibrillator, what man of God could infuse the breath of life with the efficacy of a Bird Mark IV respirator? We can even raise the dead, if we get there fast enough. Yet somehow in the process, we have made death another mass-produced, impersonal commodity controlled by expert providers rather than by the consumer.

This narrow-minded attention to the preservation of vital signs is not enough. As if completing a cycle, a new kind of technology is developing that may put us back in touch with the human roots from which other applications of science have alienated us.

Coming to consciousness

THE ACCIDENTAL SYNTHESIS of LSD in 1938 by a Swiss biochemist studying derivatives of ergot was met with remarkably little interest. Over the next twenty-five years, researchers explored the molecular configuration of the drug and its contractile effects upon the rat uterus and tentatively looked into its effects on consciousness. But the mainstream of psychiatric research and practice flowed on, almost oblivious to these startling reports. One project that appeared and was then virtually forgotten by most of medicine was an experiment by Eric Kast, a physician at the University of Chicago Medical School. In the early 1960s, Kast found that LSD (still practically unknown, even in medical circles) had pain-relieving properties far more potent in many ways than morphine and its derivatives. Kast initially viewed the drug simply as an analgesic and administered it to terminal patients without regard for its hallucinogenic effects. His early results, published in a 1961 issue of *Anesthesia and Analgesia: Current Research*, did mention one unusual aspect of the drug's action: "In addition to pain relief, these patients displayed a peculiar disregard fo gravity of their situations, and talked about their impending death with an affec sidered inappropriate in our western ci tion but most beneficial to their own ps states. This approach to their disease was usually for longer periods than the ana action lasted."

The possibility that LSD therapy lighten both the physical and psychic angu dying became more immediate for the C ville group in 1965: a research assistant wo there was diagnosed as having inoperabl cinoma of the breast. When it became cle neither medical nor surgical therapy had to offer, and the pain grew increasingly s she agreed to become the group's first te LSD subject. The encouraging results therapy led to a systematic study of the ness of LSD therapy for the dying.

Since those early days at Catonsville, p delic therapy with terminal patients has crafted into a form involving elements choanalysis, music therapy, neuropharmac Buddhist cosmology, existential psychoth and traditional medical care to guide the patient through his suffering and, ideally, level of transcending awareness.

On the morning of the drug session, the pist (by now well known to the patient) specially trained nurse arrive at the bedsi a portable stereo, headphones, eyeshades, fresh roses, and a dose of pure LSD lated psychedelic that is three or four ti strong as the amount usually used when t is taken illegally. Even before the dru effect, the patient puts on the stereo head and the eyeshades—to ease the journey and minimize distractions. The therapist is present throughout the session—enc the patient to "get into" whatever inter agery he is experiencing, no matter how u ant. This approach departs from popu tions of the "bad trip": the therapists feel you are battling dragons or being devou flames, those represent personal psychic you must pass through, not around. T quires from the patient an almost perfe in the therapist and nurse—enough to ta word that it's safe to be sucked into wh seem like an absolutely real whirlpool. B patient is able to let go of his own ego s enough, he may achieve a sense of unity creation so strong that the decompositio earthly body will seem infinitely less imp

In addition to reassurance, the therap music to modulate the drug experience. T the subject's posture, gestures, and occ comments, an experienced guide can where the drug is taking him and ca music to deepen or shift the experience. the Catonsville therapists have been throu

re training LSD sessions themselves.) If
ıg has produced frightening imagery and
erapist feels the subject is confronting
al that should not be avoided, he might
Sturm und Drang selection like "The
of the Valkyries." Or, if the patient has
d a placid plateau, the therapist might put
bussy's *La Mer* to prolong the moment.
l music is reserved for the evocation and
paniment of the peak experience: the cli-
f *Tristan und Isolde*, Strauss' *Death and*
iguration (*Transfiguration* only), Gou-
St. Cecilia Mass.

ORE ANY OF THIS CAN START, however, the
ay must be cleared by conventional
therapy. In a culture that views death as
ing obscene, and that has endless ways of
ting our attention from it, the patient
rst be brought to the point where he can
the certainty of his own mortality. Often
ı major barrier, especially for the family.
te Dr. Walter Pahnke, who directed the
SD-therapy research in Catonsville, came
d against the problem in treating the
whose words opened this article.
e family's greatest reluctance over having
ıtment at all," he recalled, "was the fear
e patient would discover her diagnosis.
ıad decided in the past that she should
now, and that they would lie to her about
ıdition so as not to take away her hope
keep her happy. However, in the last
onths her psychological condition had
ed greatly and she was filled with anxiety
rry." *
n, denial of the truth is for the sake of the
's family members, who cannot bear to
ıt the reality of a relative's—and hence
wn—mortality. No doubt Prometheus's
was not that he let out the secret of fire
ıer that he endowed man with the power
t the inevitability of death. It's a knack
ps most of us going, helping to preserve
sion that our day-to-day activities really
ter. Yet for all of us, after all, life is a
l condition, and thinking about a loved
om doctors have given six months to live
l to jarring thoughts about our own lives.
heir expectancy is measured in years, or
les.
raditionally, the games continue around
g patient, usually increasing his anxiety
suspicion grows that no one is leveling
n. At a time when closeness is one of the
only remaining sources of joy, it is undermined by an unacknowledged system of deceptions whose intricacy can reach Laingian dimensions, as Dr. Pahnke discovered with Mrs. Proctor: "It was obvious that she was testing me out. Although she was extremely frightened of the possibility of cancer, she was at the same time intensely curious. She had been playing this game with her family for years. Because of their own fear about death, they had interpreted this to mean that she really did not want to know. Her daughter and husband told me that she had been worried about getting cancer for forty years. They all assured me that the patient was a very nervous person and that she could not possibly stand to know the truth; otherwise she would go to pieces."

The psychological choreography required for this work can be exquisitely difficult. On their first meeting, Mrs. Proctor had looked Pahnke straight in the eye and said, "I have cancer, don't I?" and followed immediately with, "But don't tell me, I don't want to know what I have." He relied on an approach often used by doctors who must deal with a preterminal patient: never lie, but let the patient set the timetable of discovery. When they're ready to know, they'll ask.

In the subsequent two weeks (one lacks the leisure of normal psychotherapy here), Dr. Pahnke and Mrs. Proctor explored issues of life and death, and again she asked her question, this time without the caveat. He told her the truth. "Although quite upset," Pahnke recalled, "she was able to talk about the matter rationally, with some genuine emotion. She then admitted to me that she had really known all along that she had cancer, or at least strongly suspected it, in spite of the denials of her family. She expressed some concern that they were having a difficult time dealing with this and that of course it was a difficult problem for her too."

Another patient, Mrs. Busen, a fifty-year-old woman who knew her diagnosis of widely metastatic cancer of the ovaries, also had to overcome the denials of well-meaning relatives.

"It was very hard for some of my family to swallow the words *dead* and *dying*, and to say them. In fact, they can't say them yet. It's my mother-in-law who has refused to face the fact that I'm even sick. She calls every morning to see how I slept. She thinks that every day I'm going to feel better, so she refuses to accept the fact that I *can't possibly* feel better—that if I feel the same as I felt yesterday (which was a good day, fairly good), fine.

"My husband had gotten tickets for Acapulco next February, and he would say, 'Oh, you'll be well enough. Don't be silly—we've got reservations,' and all this kind of baloney, and I knew darned well that I wouldn't be going to Acapulco next February. He's been playing games with me since April and because of the [pre-LSD]

"A new kind of technology is developing that may put us back in touch with the human roots from which other applications of science have alienated us."

estingly, "protection" of a dying patient from is rarely successful, as suggested by a recent blished in a journal of the American Cancer howing that 80 percent of terminal cancer know their diagnosis whether they have been not.

therapy the game stopped being played and we faced what we had—we learned to enjoy each day together, [even] if it was just sitting watching a baseball game. And we've enjoyed each other so much more because I don't have the anxiety when I talk to him: the fear of hurting him, and he was always afraid of hurting me. So, in this sense, the therapy helped as much as the LSD."

Once this groundwork has been laid, the therapy proceeds to the drug experience. Pahnke, who held a Ph.D. in religion from Harvard as well as an M.D. from its medical school, brought to the work a deep interest in the "peak experiences" described by humanistic psychologists like Abraham Maslow and by centuries of religious mystics. As described by Maslow, people who achieved spontaneous peak experiences frequently felt an ineffable joy that they attributed to a fuller understanding of the meaning of life.

Previous LSD work, too, had shown that subjects who underwent the death-rebirth-ecstasy experience were left with a "psychedelic afterglow" that seemed to infuse them with an exultant clarity that lasted long after the drug had left the body—and that seemed similar to the effects of other kinds of peak experience. Knowing the importance of "set and setting" (expectation and environment) to the character of the drug experience, the Catonsville group set about devising a therapeutic program that would maximize the chances of inducing a "peak." Now, in a modern new building (constructed under the auspices of then governor Spiro Agnew), as part of their work with cancer patients less far advanced in the course of the disease, they use specially designed "psychedelic treatment rooms" that at first look like comfortable living rooms: carpeting, sofa, stereo. Only one element distinguishes the rooms from thousands like them in homes across the country—the small remote-controlled TV camera placed in a recess of the breakfront, for videotape recording of the drug sessions. Of the sixty patients who have volunteered for the cancer project, about one-third have reached what the Catonsville group considers a pure peak experience, with many more having less ecstatic but nonetheless therapeutic sessions.

Psychic spaces

WHEN WALTER PAHNKE disappeared suddenly while scuba diving off the Maine coast in the summer of 1971, Dr. Stanislav Grof assumed leadership of the cancer project. A Czech-born psychiatrist, Grof first became interested in psychedelics as a medical student in Prague when he volunteered for some of the earliest LSD research, which involved studying the drug's effects on the electroencephalogr response to a flashing light. During the e ment, the strobe light and drug combined t erate in him an ecstatic experience of or that he still remembers vividly. While in C slovakia, Grof pioneered in using LSD th to unlock unconscious material in psychot severely neurotic patients, within the fram of analytic therapy.

An uncommonly quiet, tall man of fort Dr. Grof has a manner that reflects the re ability necessary for this work: his medic dentials are solid (he is on the faculty Johns Hopkins School of Medicine), his temperate, his dress conservative. Yet wh cussing the psychic spaces through wh guides his patients, he speaks with genui pathy. His knowledge of the biochemistr pharmacology of the drugs he uses is con with a broad familiarity with the literatu theology of the ancient Orient.

Mrs. Betser, a forty-five-year-old black f worker with cervical cancer, illustrates the ise Grof sees in drug-assisted terminal th Having undergone a hysterectomy and c therapy, Mrs. Betser was readmitted to th pital seven months later with persistent loss, constipation, loss of appetite, di breathing, and chest pain. Neither she n of her family knew of her diagnosis; sh covered that she had cancer only wh overheard doctors discussing her case i her room.

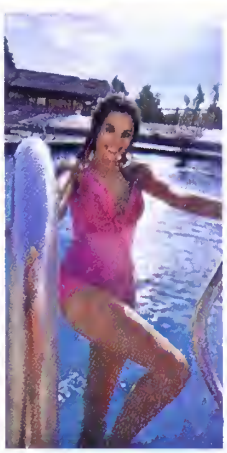
Predrug counseling included her hu oldest son, and other relatives, and worl ward enabling them to express their f about Mrs. Betser's impending death. Th was given DPT (dipropyltryptamine), a acting psychedelic with effects similar to t LSD but lasting three to four hours, co with eight to twelve for LSD. Her exp was described by William Richards, who wife, a psychiatric nurse, is one of th experienced therapists in the cancer proj

"On April 20, 1971, 75 mg. of DPT w ministered to Mrs. Betser. Initially, she enced herself as a mad beast, something a lion, and vomited intensely during a mately six episodes over perhaps 45 m Each episode of vomiting seemed to ha siderable psychological meaning to h though she was freeing herself of depressi ger, and frustration. She then became ver and, upon subsequent inquiry, said, 'I di know.' She stated that she had seen vario tives, both living and dead, and also had enced God awaiting her with outstretche She claimed she had embraced God and that there was 'No death anywhere.' In th part of the session, she saw imagery abou boy who continually blocked her way. A she suggested that this little boy migh

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OREGON

child she had miscarried, but later she identified him as her husband Sam. She asked for her father's picture and held it to her bosom as she had done with pillows during preparatory interviews.

"Mrs. Betser was seen at her home by both therapist and nurse on June 22, 1971. Her husband was present with us during this interview. She had edema to her waist, was having trouble breathing, and manifested considerable additional weight loss. . . . She said, 'I can't live much longer in this body,' and again invited therapist and nurse to come to the funeral home to pay their last respects following her death. She was taking one tablet of codeine every four hours and claimed that she had no pain. She stated that if she did not take the codeine she became irritable. Her husband had been very supportive, and both were obviously facing the imminence of her death as fully as possible.

"At two o'clock on the morning of July 1, 1971, Mrs. Betser awakened and expressed a desire to sit up and drink water. Her husband, alone with her at the time, held her hand and talked with her for approximately one hour. He remembered this talk as a meaningful time. Around 3:00 A.M., she stated that she felt similar to the way she felt at the beginning of her session—as though she were a wild animal—and expressed a desire to shout. Her husband encouraged her to go ahead and shout if she felt like it, and she did. After lying down and sitting up several times, she chose to remain in a sitting position and encouraged her husband to get some sleep in the other room. Her husband reluctantly lay down, slept for one and one-half hours, and awakened to find that Mrs. Betser had died."

WHAT ACCOUNTS FOR THE ABILITY of the psychedelic experience to ease the psychological pain of dying? Dr. Grof offers one answer: "Death, instead of being seen as the ultimate end of everything and a step into nothingness, appears suddenly as a transition into a different type of existence for those who undergo the destruction-rebirth-cosmic-unity experience. The idea of possible continuity of consciousness beyond physical death becomes much more plausible than the opposite. The patients who have transcendental experiences develop a rather deep belief in the ultimate cosmic unity of all creation and experience themselves as part of it without regard to the situation they are facing.

"The encounter with elements of the deep unconscious in the form of transpersonal experiences (such as Jungian archetypes, racial and collective memories, experience of the cosmic drama, divine and demonic appearances) enables them to relate in a very tangible and convincing way to psychic realities that [illegible] beyond their individual frameworks. It [illegible] that it is this opening of the transperson[illegible] cosmic panorama that provides a back[illegible] and referential system against which the [illegible] individual destruction appears relatively [illegible] portant."

Asked to explain the consistency of t[illegible] ings and imagery many of the terminal p[illegible] experience, Grof's answer is character[illegible] cautious: "Whether these are valid insig[illegible] the nature of reality, or merely mercif[illegible] sions, I don't think we can say for certain[illegible]

But the evidence is impressive: withou[illegible] ing or suggestion, patients with religiou[illegible] grounds varying from atheism to churc[illegible] Sunday somehow experience the knowl[illegible] an alternate reality-system that may b[illegible] pletely foreign to them. And there is a [illegible] correspondence between this kind of rea[illegible] the concepts found in the sacred books of [illegible] the Upanishads of Hinduism, the Gospel [illegible] ing to St. John, the teachings of Buddha, [illegible] works of mystics throughout history. In [illegible] paper, Grof carefully suggests that a c[illegible] cosmology can be derived from the exp[illegible] reported during the 3,500 or so drug ses[illegible] has either conducted or studied, here [illegible] Czechoslovakia.

The example of Seth Case illustrates t[illegible] nomenon. A middle-aged laborer with [illegible] rudimentary education and a homespu[illegible] mentalist Christian belief, Case was in [illegible] minal stage of metastatic lung cancer. [illegible] counseling was limited by his debilitat[illegible] dition and the literal, almost childlike si[illegible] with which he viewed the psychedelic tr[illegible] His session took place during the month [illegible] with the Catonsville group as a visiting [illegible] student, and I watched its evolution [illegible] closed-circuit TV system.

After an hour or so, it became clear th[illegible] —despite all he had been told before[illegible] viewed the drug treatment as something [illegible] his pain away: the idea that the *conten*[illegible] experience was important seemed to [illegible] Periodically he would say, "I hope I ai[illegible] this wrong," or, "Do I have to go thro[illegible] *every day?*" and then return to his inner [illegible] without the running verbal commentary [illegible] ten accompanies subjects' visions.

The next day, hours after the drug eff[illegible] worn off, Dr. Grof discussed the sessi[illegible] him. At first Case kept referring to the p[illegible] the "treatment" had helped it somewhat [illegible] had slept, how his bowels were working. [illegible] Grof's questions about the experience i[illegible] seemed reluctant to discuss it, as if wha[illegible] seen and heard during the treatment had [illegible] importance for its effect than an ether d[illegible] fore surgery. Finally, with some embarra[illegible] he described what he had been through:

E: I was in a junkyard. Everything got thrown together: skeletons, cans, whatall. Then everything got burned, destroyed, by a big ball of fire . . . I felt I was goin' in it too. I felt all my bones was in amongst all those other things. Like you said, you had to let it bypass you, or let it know it didn't get the best of you.

F: [During your session] you mentioned Jehovah.

E: That's when the preachin' was goin' on—how your soul is saved when you come back to earth you'd be another—er—ah, person, or whatever you'll be when you come back, why that's what you'll be. Whether it's an animal, or what. You could be something different. Sometimes, in a dream you may think like you're gonna be your own self, but you ain't, to my knowledge you won't. You'll be something else. Just take what comes in life.

F: Some of these feelings are new, aren't they? I didn't hear you talking like this before.

E: This is through this [experience]. This is what I feel through all this other stuff that was goin' through me. . . . That you'll be living, in other words that your *soul* will be livin', your soul will be with you all the time, but yet you don't know what you'll be on the next earth.

F: Do you feel that you will live in another form?

E: Yeah, I feel that way, yes. . . . I didn't want to get into this [junkyard]— course I was in it and that was it, but it all came to turn out the way I wanted it, you know, that I'd be more . . . more delightful, you know, more succeeding [although] I seen all them creatures and stuff and it made me feel kinda sick.

F: Any other things you remember from the session?

E: Not right off.

F: Did you actually become aware of God during any part of the session?

E: Yeah, I felt like he was savin' me . . . I feel I'm livin' through God, that's the way I'd put it, if you can understand that right. I feel like God's the onliest person can help you, can save you . . . If you don't got no faith in Him, why you ain't got no faith in nobody. It's yourself—the way you feel about it . . . Course I always says my prayers every night before going to bed.

WHILE DRS. PAHNKE AND GROF both placed emphasis on helping subjects reach a peak unitive experience, not all of them have. There are, however, levels of transcendence, and the majority of patients do appear to experience some kind of heightened insight into the meaning of their own death, even if it falls short of cosmic consciousness. On the day of the session, patients are asked to bring photographs of family members or friends to whom they feel especially close. With these as a trigger, the drug may make possible vivid reliving of life experiences. Patients often are reimmersed in feelings of warmth and closeness normally too powerful to allow into conciousness.

Alternatively (and less commonly, because of the supportive setting of the sessions), the patient may recall long-repressed bitter or tragic moments. In this case, the reexperiencing is often accompanied by a sense of catharsis, of resolving painful intrapsychic conflicts that had been generating considerable tension (a phenomenon common in conventional psychiatry, elicited with its much weaker tools of spontaneous recall and free-association).

There is, additionally, the issue of bodily pain. Neurophysiologists believe that the perception of pain has two components: the physical sensation itself, and the psychological interpretation of that sensation. LSD may have an effect on the latter.

In line with Kast's earlier speculations, Dr. Grof points out: "The experience of present pain involves activation of experiences of pain from the past, and also anticipation of increase or continuation of the pain in the future. In that case, the unusual propensity of LSD to decrease the emphasis on past and future events and to increase the awareness of the present moment could reduce these anachronistic components of pain. In addition, the expansion of awareness and broadening of the sensory field could facilitate defocusing on the source of painful stimulation, thus alleviating the meaning of pain and its frightful psychic resonance."

In a paper presented to a symposium of the Foundation of Thanatology, Dr. Grof and his colleagues reported a highly significant increase in patients' ability to tolerate their pain, as measured by several medical and family observers. Other variables such as depression, anxiety, fear of death, and social isolation also showed significant improvement, although unbiased measurement is notoriously difficult. These effects may or may not be permanent; if a patient begins to suffer difficulty weeks or months after the initial drug session, another is often arranged.

Nonetheless, not every patient who volunteers for the cancer project is left strikingly better in some way. Some show a more equivocal response, like Mr. Black:

"In a culture that views death as something obscene . . . the patient must first be brought to the point where he can admit the certainty of his own mortality."

DR. PAHNKE: Did you look at any of your family pictures during the day?
MR. BLACK: Yeah.
DR. PAHNKE: How did they look?
MR. BLACK: The same.
DR. PAHNKE: Just the same as ordinary? They didn't change or move, or . . .
MR. BLACK: Uh-uh—
DR. PAHNKE: Did the colors change?
MR. BLACK: No.
DR. PAHNKE: How about when you looked at the flower?
MR. BLACK: The flower? Oh, to be truthful with you, I'm not too particular about flowers.
DR. PAHNKE: I mean under the drug did the flower look any different than usual?
MR. BLACK: Oh, it was beautiful . . .
DR. PAHNKE: Was it unusually beautiful?
MR. BLACK: I mean to me—I'm not a flower lover—but I do appreciate nature, you know—I like to tend the garden.
DR. PAHNKE: When you looked at the flower under the drug did it look any different from the way flowers usually look?
MR. BLACK: It looked like it was getting bigger, you know.

A different kind of benefit available from this therapy is explained by therapist William Richards. "There's a tremendous potential here for practicing preventive psychiatry. Mrs. Busen, for example, before therapy had not told her children of her illness, and hoped she would die while they were away at summer camp. If they had been called home unexpectedly to attend their mother's funeral, the trauma they experienced would have been much greater than coming home to be counseled by her about accepting her approaching death and continuing to live fully, the course she finally took. Much of the grief work can then be done in advance of the death instead of originating with the death or, worse, being repressed to cause internal conflicts in future years."

Or, in the words of the daughter of another patient, in a letter to Richards: "I had never watched anyone dying before. Thank you for giving me the chance to say and do so many things for my mother that others like me never have the chance to do for theirs. I'm still griefing for my mother. Maybe I'm griefing and crying for all the wasted times in our lives. I was the black sheep in my family, but in the end I had a place for my mother to come stay before going to the hospital. We became very good friends in the end. We both asked each other's forgiveness and we both gave it . . . Out of all the sadness and pain, something good came of it."

NO PATIENTS HAVE DETERIORATED p
or psychologically as a result of t
therapy; still, it is hard to quantify the
rate" of LSD-assisted death therapy. Fi
is no reliable way to measure improv
psychosocial well-being. Second, the sm
the sample makes generalization difficu
procedure gains more acceptance, Dr.
his associates hope to make this kind o
available to more than just pilot-scale
of people. But right now that goal seem

Consciousness-altering drugs and t
of death are seemingly taboo subject
culture, for both are powerful reminde
fragility and arbitrariness of our day-t
istences. Even predeath counseling,
revolutionary aspect of this work, mee
resistance (usually in the form of ap
most medical schools and hospitals.

Then there is the public fear of psy
drugs, irrational and entrenched. Well-
but poorly publicized studies have sh
the specter of "chromosome damage"
few years ago was more the product
tionalism and sloppy research than
Furthermore, a great deal of evidence
cumulated suggesting that if pure psy
are administered in supportive, super
vironments, the chance of real psyc
damage in healthy subjects is vanishing
What these drugs *do* appear to do is pr
cess to a form of reality that challenges
assumptions of Western culture, assu
about the nature of man and the purpo
that have been carried to often grote
tremes in contemporary America.

Death can't be made illegal, but alter
of consciousness can. When in the late S
government stamped out virtually all hu
research except for Catonsville and a
search enclave in Topeka, Kansas, it a
like the thirteenth-century Church forbi
dissection of human bodies by early an
to be denying an expansion of consciou
yond the borders certified by the
culture.

Perhaps after a few more years, the a
ity of altered states of consciousness
easily obtained illegal drugs will, by sh
effect, enable the awareness of other
reality to become a powerful cultural fo
own right. But, for the present, abov
investigations into the effects of thes
proceed at a glacial pace. Until the r
are able to use these substances in prote
tings and decide for ourselves the validi
ontological insights suggested by this
research, we may have to learn some of
valuable lessons on what it means to l
those who are about to die.

*See, for example, "LSD and Genetic
Science, April 30, 1971.



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THE NUDE POET
by Charles Edward Eaton

All of the mattresses worn through, he lies
On a bed of stones, the ironic pea
The tense princess kept doubling in her mind.
All one had to do was live through the layers
To find that the nerves seldom entirely lie,
A wilderness of stone beneath sensation
As though in every lush feeling a pit
Fell into a quilted effect below.

Nevertheless, the body hoards its memories,
Jacking itself above the bedrock world,
Excreting its fantasies of roses,
Clinging to the splitting hammocks, loose slings—
One feels a single stone a long way off:
There is a piercing stalagmite in love:
Unknown defeat rumbles down, in under:
Death contributes the gravel from a craw.

The nude poet considers his attritions
As if the world, reviewed, stacked bodies up,
Lamina on lamina of lovers,
And the poet himself lies like the felt stone—
So this was the secret of mattresses:
The princess was no liar and no shill.
She is beside him on the bed of stones—
Thick life above them cannot hear their words.

THE SPIDER, UNSURPRISED
by Peter Klappert

Four months content
to mend the depredations
of the wind, while the great sphere
became a small sphere
and I, wound out, inside
cataleptic, six legs
on the graph of my season,
sensed your flurried wings
and registered a gradual
descent.
My poor
assassin, you seem inclined
to thwang this net again,
the last wasp of summer's
last encore: should I
in my conceit deny
the itch of instinct, feign
sleep, or we, lovers
of a lesser order, dance
the sad ballet once more?





USTER KEATON
THE COPS
y George Keithley

one Face is the likeness of all lovers.
ıder a flower cart he keeps his seat,
ding his hopes from the crowd
til some clown discovers
s hat in the cop-cluttered street.

ıe officers fall on their knees
the flowers and find his hiding-place.
e remains undismayed.
rubs his cuffs and dusts his collar.
ıe cops crawl up and greet him face to face.

throws his roses in their eyes.
retreat he duels for his life,
th daffodils he clouts their clubs.
creeps from his cart and tries
lose them in the lilies which he spills.

ıen as he impeccably plucks his hat
d races thru the swirling street.
s shirt-tail hangs unfurled
d waves goodbye to his heart
d goodbye to the fragrant world.



John Diele

FROM: TWENTY-TWO TREMBLINGS OF THE POSTULANT
by Jay Wright

In time,
in tune and omen rich,
I spin about my body,
at ease with my sabbath temper.

I know there is a mark
upon the man who only knows
the shiver of a penitent
at a Joshua tree,
whose only peace is in

intoxicated stillness,
or the breath of holiness
that comes when evil, faced,
has been denied.

But what can we deny,
when each body falls,
plump with his father's gifts,
into this body already rich
with the god's gifts?

Your shepherds now shiver
at the base of these bells.
They stamp about our feet,
and pinch their fingers at our mouths.

Disguised,
I rise from my stone,
under your eyes,
to begin my trembling.
My eyes remember

the quiver of the goat,
the star bound blood
that asserts my purity,
the liver laden word
so silent it chills me.

Redeemed,
still the mark of longing
is on my body.
Just once, I turn away,
knowing I find these fathers' gifts

too much to bear.

Thomas S. Szasz, M.D.

THE SECOND SIN

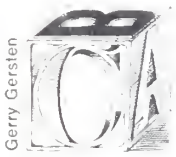
"And the Lord said, 'Behold, they are one people, and they have all one language; and this is only the beginning of what they will do; and nothing that they propose to do will now be impossible for them. Come, let us go down, and there confuse their language, that they may not understand one another's speech.' ... Therefore its name was called Babel, because there the Lord confused the language of all the earth ..."
—Genesis 11:6-9

We all know what is the first or "original" sin: "the knowledge of good and evil."

But we do not know, or tend to forget, what is the second sin: speaking clearly.

Knowing and doing good and evil, thinking and speaking clearly—these are man's fundamental affronts against God, the child's against the parent, the citizen's against the state. This is why man is enjoined to avoid these sins; and why when he has committed them—as commit them he must if he is to be human—he has been punished by the Family, the Church, the State, and, in our day, Psychiatry.

Many of the aphorisms, definitions, and maxims assembled here refer to ideas or practices formally recognized as falling within the provinces of psychiatry and psychology. Others do not, unless one believes—as increasing numbers of people apparently believe—that everything people do is a legitimate matter for psychiatric inspection and management. I have tried to dispel this notion and other psychiatric mystifications and to ridicule the psychiatric humbug that displaces ever more of our common sense and ordinary language.



Childhood

To the child, control means care and love: to the adult, disdain and repression. Herein lies the fundamental dilemma and task of society: to encourage parents to love and control their children; and politicians to respect their fellow citizens and to leave them alone (except when the latter deprive others of life, liberty, or property).

Modern societies are well on their way to inverting this arrangement: they encourage parents to fake respect for their children and thus justify their failure to control them; and politicians to fake love for their fellow citizens and thus justify their efforts to exercise unlimited control over them.

Thomas Szasz, professor of psychiatry at the State University of New York Upstate Medical Center, Syracuse, is cofounder and chairman of the board of the American Association for the Abolition of Involuntary Mental Hospitalization.

From The Second Sin. *Copyright © 1973 by Thomas Szasz. To be published in April by Doubleday & Company, Inc.*

A child becomes an adult when he realizes that he h right not only to be right but also to be wrong.

In the United States today there is a pervasive tend treat children like adults, and adults like children. V speak of infantilizing adults, and call their childish havior infantilism. We should recognize the counte this pattern: causing children to behave in an adult fashion, which results in "adulticism." The options children are steadily expanded, while those of adult progressively constricted.

In short, we treat fewer and fewer people as they are. By allegedly protecting children from the evils authoritarianism, and adults from the evils of comp we define and maintain control over them, while cla that we are helping them.



Sex

Perversion: sexual practice disapproved by the spe

One cannot be an individual, a person separate fro others (family, society, etc.), without having secre because secrets separate people that individualists them and collectivists condemn them.

As keeping secrets separates people, so sharing t brings them together. Gossip, confessional, psycho sis, each involves communicating secrets and thus establishing human relationships. Traditionally, se been a very private, secretive activity. Herein perh its powerful force for uniting people in a strong bo we make sex less secretive, we may rob it of its pow hold men and women together.



Education

Every act of conscious learning requires the willing suffer an injury to one's self-esteem. That is why yo children, before they are aware of their own self-im

earn so easily; and why older persons, especially if important, cannot learn at all.
e and vanity can thus be greater obstacles to learn- n stupidity. Psychoanalysis is an effort to teach the it" something about himself without humiliating the process; often, he could learn what the analyst s him from his wife (or husband), friends, children, self; but this would entail a loss of face that, he feels, not afford.



Language

we couch behavior in the language of religion, we ize it; when we couch it in the language of psychia- illegitimize it.
say that Catholics who do not eat meat on Fridays vs who do not eat pork at all are devoutly religious; not say that Catholics suffer from recurrent attacks phobia or that Jews are afflicted with a fixed of pork.
he other hand, we say that women who do not leave mes suffer from agoraphobia and men who do not rplanes suffer from a pathological fear of flying: ot say that these men and women are devout s.

institutional psychiatrist, lies are delusions. In ing the lie, he abolishes language; and in abolishing ze, he abolishes—as C. S. Lewis warned that he —man.

s (that is, persons who insist on defining others) pathogenic microorganisms: each invades, zes, and often destroys his victim; and, in each ose whose resistance is low are the most susceptible k. Hence, those whose immunological defenses are e most likely to contract infectious diseases; and hose social defenses are weak—that is, the young old, the sick and the poor, and so forth—are most contract invidious definitions of themselves.

sence of conversion hysteria is that it is an in- mbiguous sort of communication, then profes- rgon may be regarded as semantic hysteria. When speaks or writes in political, psychiatric, or ical jargon, he expresses himself with a certain ness and ambiguity; and like the hysteric, he zes what he says as something profound, although e trivial. This indirection also allows the speaker ss dangerous and forbidden ideas without fear of on by censor or colleagues. Compare the articles mporary psychoanalytic journals with Freud's -e histories; or sociological studies on war with way's stories.
ort, if you want to learn about psychology or ry, do not read psychology or psychiatry, but erature, and especially biography. In the profes- terature, for every sentence that clarifies (if. indeed, there are any such), there are two that obscure and mystify. Were a novelist or playwright to write like that, he would never get published.



Significance

In many people's lives, the need for attention is the dominant motive. This explains why people often espouse one opinion one time, and its opposite soon after: it does not matter what they say, so long as it draws attention to them. Tolstoy was a dramatic example.

Henri Troyat remarks that Tolstoy's family and friends "... could not understand how he had married an upper-class girl after declaring that 'to marry a woman of society is to swallow the whole poison of civilization.'"

Psychoanalysts interpret this sort of behavior as the expression of ambivalence. Moralists call it hypocrisy. It may be both of these things. But it often is simply the result of a passion for attention, which cannot be as easily satisfied through consistent behavior.



Emotions

Happiness is an imaginary condition, formerly often attributed by the living to the dead, now usually attributed by adults to children, and by children to adults.



Law

The fact that Americans speak about "legalizing" abortion, gambling, marijuana, and so forth shows that they no longer look down on their government as their servant but look up to it as their master. For to legalize is to permit; and to permit implies a relationship between a superior and a subordinate—as when a parent permits a child to go swimming, stay up late, or eat sweets after his meal.



Punishment

There can be no humane penology so long as punishment masquerades as "correction." No person or group has the right to "correct" a human being; only God does. But persons and groups have the right to protect themselves through sanctions that are, and should be called, "punishments," which, of course, may be as mild as a scolding or a small fine, or as severe as life imprisonment or death.



Drugs

Voltaire said, according to legend: "I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it." But who will say today: "I disapprove of what you take, but I will defend to the death your right to take it"? Yet it would seem to me that the right to take things is more elementary than the right to say things; for taking things is less likely to harm others than saying them. In a free society, it is none of the government's business what idea a man puts into his head; it should also be none of its business what drug he puts into his body.

Treating addiction to heroin with methadone is like treating addiction to Scotch with bourbon.

Powerful "addictions"—whether to smoking cigarettes or injecting heroin—are actually both very difficult and very easy to overcome. Some people struggle vainly against such a habit for decades; others "decide" to stop and are done with it; and sometimes those who have long struggled in vain manage suddenly to rid themselves of the habit. How can we account for this? Not only is the pharmacology of the so-called addictive substance irrelevant to this riddle but so is the personality of the so-called addict. What is relevant is whether "the addiction"—smoking, drinking, shooting heroin—is or is not a part of an internally significant dramatic production in which the "patient-victim" is the star. So long as it is (and if it is, the struggle to combat the addiction is only a part of the play), the person will find it difficult or impossible to give up his habit; whereas once he has decided to close down this play and leave the stage, he will find the grip of the habit broken and will "cure" himself of the "addiction" with surprising ease.

Some advocate that heroin be prohibited; others, that it be given "free" to "addicts." Both positions reveal a shocking lack of a sense of equity: why should heroin be prohibited when alcohol and nicotine are not? Why should heroin be dispensed at the taxpayer's expense to those who crave it when alcoholic beverages and cigarettes are not to those who crave them? Furthermore, it is revealing of our propensity for meddling that every conceivable intervention in the lives of "addicts" is now seriously advocated and widely supported, save one: repealing all antidrug laws and leaving so-called addicts alone.



Suicide

He who does not accept and respect those who want to reject life does not truly accept and respect life itself.



Psychiatry

Psychiatry is a moral and social enterprise The psyc a trist deals with problems of human conduct. He is, t e- fore, drawn into situations of conflict—often betwe d individual and the group. If we wish to understand psychiatry, we cannot avert our eyes from this dilen a we must know whose side the psychiatrist takes—th individual's or the group's.



Psychoanalysis

Psychoanalysis is an attempt to examine a person's l justifications. Hence it can be undertaken only with patient's cooperation and can succeed only when th patient has something to gain by abandoning or mo his system of self-justification.

The early Freudians believed that insight "cured." it was realized that it didn't, but psychoanalysts ne plained what did. In the first place, it is senseless to of a cure where there is no disease. In the second pl insight stands in the same relationship to personali change as "is" stands to "ought," fact stands to val science stands to politics. This explains why insight suffice to change anyone; and also why those who m that it is unnecessary in psychotherapy are as wron those who maintain that it is indispensable.

Whether psychoanalysis is or is not a science has b debated at length by philosophers, psychiatrists, an others. The question is deceptive: actually, the iss whether psychoanalysis is good, true, or valid. Tho argue for the scientific basis of psychoanalysis affir it is "good," while those who argue against it deny This is an ironic confusion, first, because it rests on tacit assumption that what is scientific is good; and because although psychoanalysis is not a science th is some good in it.

Freud never tired of asserting two contradictory cl one, that it was not necessary that a person have me or psychiatric qualifications to practice psychoanal the other, that neuroses (and perversions, psychos were diseases. I think the reason for this was quite on the one hand, he wanted to acquire the prestige protection of medicine for the religious cult he was ing, and over which he wanted to rule—from the gasse, while alive, and from the grave when dead; other hand, he knew, and realized that others woul that conversation is not a form of medical treatmen

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20% of today's pharmacy students are women) holds an academic degree which, these days, takes five years to earn.

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Your pharmacist's most effective role is that of a professional consultant—a valuable link between you and your doctor.

Oh yes, it is very human to grumble that the medicine he dispenses seems to cost too much. But if we really check it out we discover today's prescription costs three percent less than the same amount cost a decade ago.

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Mental illness

We do not expect everyone to be a competent swimmer, golfer, chess player, or marksman: nor do we regard those who play games poorly as "sick."

The activities that comprise being a student, parent, worker, etc. are, in many ways, similar to the activities that comprise being a golfer or chess player. Yet we act as if we expected everyone to play at his own life games competently; and we regard those who play poorly—at being husband or wife, mother or father—as "sick," that is, "mentally ill."

When a person does something bad, like shooting the President, it is immediately assumed that he might be mad—madness being thought of as a "disease" that might somehow "explain" why he did it. When a person does something good, like discovering a cure for a hitherto incurable disease, no similar assumption is made. I submit that no further evidence is needed to show that "mental illness" is not the name of a biological condition whose nature awaits to be elucidated but is the name of a concept whose purpose is to obscure the obvious.

Doubt is to certainty as neurosis is to psychosis. The neurotic is in doubt and has fears about persons and things: the psychotic has convictions and makes claims about them. In short, the neurotic has problems, the psychotic has solutions.

Phobia: a type of self-dramatization, as if the person were saying to himself: "I am afraid of X (cats, spiders, being alone, etc.), even though there is no reason to be afraid of X." His (or, more often, her) impoverished life thus becomes a kind of detective story, a cinematic thriller, or Grand Guignol. An empty life is thus transformed, without any real exertion or work, into a life full of interesting dangers, threats, and terrors. This solves the patient's problem of what to do with his life: he must protect himself from the dangers that threaten him.



Myth of mental illness

Bodily illness is to mental illness as literal meaning is to metaphorical meaning.

We may be dissatisfied with television for two quite different reasons: because our set does not work, or because we dislike the program we are receiving. Similarly, we may be dissatisfied with ourselves for two quite different reasons: because our body does not work (organic illness), or because we dislike our conduct (mental illness). How silly, wasteful, and destructive it would be if we were to try to eliminate cigarette commercials from television by having TV repairmen work on our sets. How much more silly, wasteful, and destructive to try to eliminate phobias and obsessions, and delusions, and what not by having psychiatrists work on our brains (with drugs, electroshock and lobotomy).

When I say that so-called mental illnesses are "problems in living," I mean only that they are matters of existence and meaning, not of health and disease. Freud knew this and said so when he acknowledged that his case histories read more like something that a novelist would write than what a doctor would. This is exactly the point: novelists write about how people live, and what they write is often largely autobiographical. When so-called psychiatric patients tell their doctors the same sorts of "stories," these doctors conclude that people who live like *that* must be sick and diagnose the patients as mentally ill. If this be diagnosis, it is the greatest folly of modern science.



Schizophrenia

What we call schizophrenia is often the result of a certain kind of childhood development with respect to rule-following. Normally, the child learns his basic repertory of rules through loving submission to adult authority: lan-guage, patterns of dress, and a great deal of everyday con-duct are learned in this way. If the adult is uncaring, is not respected by the child, we witness the development of the coercive megalomania so typical of the behavior of the person later diagnosed as schizophrenic. This usually starts in the early teens. Not having a rule-maker he can respect, the young person becomes his own lawgiver. He acts and feels as if there were nothing he could not do (especially if he tried hard enough); and nothing he should not be allowed to do. And he comes to believe that if he cannot do something, it must not be worth doing. Such a person then tries to live not by the rule that every-thing worth doing is worth doing well, but by the maxim that only those things are worth doing that he already knows how to do well; and since he does not know how to do anything well, he alternately pretends and claims mastery of arts, crafts, and knowledge he does not possess and scornfully rejects the value of all practical endeavor. In short, (some) schizophrenia is a type of arrogance and immodesty.

Why have psychiatrists paid so much attention to the so-called schizophrenic's symptoms, and so little to his rights? Perhaps because many schizophrenics conduct themselves as if others had no rights: they violate the rights, privacy, not to mention their sense of reality. Hence the schizophrenic may be treated as (1) a dangerous madman, (2) a person having highly dramatic and unusual experiences, or (3) a person disrespectful of the rights of others.

The first view is that of traditional psychiatry; the second, that of the glamorizers of schizophrenia; the third is my own.

ones says he is Jesus, scientific psychiatry declares
ıave a delusion. I say he is lying. What is the differ-
delusion is something that happens to you; that
e. A lie is something you make happen: some-
ɔu do. Which view is correct? Something that
s to a person—an accident or an error—is moti-
ly neutral: hence it may be to the person's
ge or disadvantage. But people with such delusions
aim that they are Doe or Smith (their friends and
rs); they always insist they are Jesus or Napoleon
ne important).

ɔ-called paranoid delusions are, in effect, the
ion of lack of courage. For example, the elderly
who complains that her husband is poisoning her.
uses. She complains. But she does not act. Why
she kill him? Or leave him? Why doesn't she put
ıey where her mouth is? Because she lacks courage.
its someone else to act on her belief, and be
ible for the action.



Psychology

he bar of justice, ignorance of the law is no excuse.
he bar of psychology, ignorance of history is not
excuse but a requirement for recognition.

ence tests: hocus-pocus used by psychologists to
ıat they are brilliant and that their clients are

eneral acceptance of these tests suggests that
m may not be without foundation.

ive tests: hocus-pocus used by psychologists to
at they are normal and that their clients are crazy.
ɔopular acceptance of these tests suggests that this
ɔo, may not be without foundation.

ılity theory: familial and social policies disguised
ical observations and promoted as scientific laws.



Psychotherapy

seeking help from psychotherapists can be divided
groups: those who wish to confront their diffi-
nd shortcomings and change their lives by chang-
ıselves: and those who wish to avoid the inevitable
ences of their life strategies through the magical
al intervention of the therapist in their lives. Those
ɪmer group may derive great benefit from therapy
weeks or months; those in the latter may stand
ink ever deeper into their self-created life morass,
eting with psychotherapists for years, and even

The autonomous psychotherapist's role vis-à-vis his client is like the court jester's vis-à-vis the monarch: therapist confronts client with painful reality, but in as friendly a way as possible; client retains all the power over whether he wants to listen or not (that is, whether he wants to continue or terminate the therapeutic relationship).

People with personal problems often behave like the proverbial drunk who looks for his house key under the streetlight, not because that's where he dropped it but because that's where the light is. Should such a person consult an autonomous psychotherapist, the therapist's job is not to try to find the key but to suggest to the "patient" that he light a match or borrow a flashlight from a neighbor and go look for his key where he dropped it.

"Hard cases make bad law" is a sound legal maxim. *Mutatis mutandis:* desperate clients make bad psychotherapy. Sound and sensible rules for psychotherapy must rest on a contract between a client able to inspect his own life and learn from his mistakes and a psychotherapist competent to help him with this task. Desperately distraught clients often suffer from the consequences of their stupidity compounded by their stubbornness; and they often succeed in provoking a matching set of stupid and stubborn responses in their psychiatrists—which the latter rationalize and even glorify as "emergency methods of psychotherapy."



Science and scientism

The essence of the scientific enterprise is the effort to understand something in order better to control it. In natural science, this means that the scientist, man, studies and controls the object of his interest, a thing. The thing studied has no say in this matter. Hence, the moral dimensions and dilemmas of natural science derive not from a conflict between the scientist and the object he studies but from a conflict between the scientist and other persons or groups who may disapprove of the personal and social consequences of his work.

In human or moral science (if it may be called a "science"), the situation is radically different. Here, the scientist, man, studies and controls the object of his interest, a person. The subject studied is very much concerned with this process. Hence, the moral dimensions and dilemmas of human science derive from two distinct sources: first, from a conflict between scientist and subject, and second, from a conflict between scientist and other persons or groups who may disapprove of the personal and social consequences of his work.

In short, although both the natural and moral sciences seek to understand the objects of their observation, in natural science the purpose of this is to be able to control them better, whereas in moral science it is, or ought to be, to be better able to leave them alone. The morally proper aim of psychology, then, is self-control. □

a story by William Saroyan

ISN'T TODAY THE DAY?

Or, Saroyan 1964

ONE OF THE IDEAS I carry around in my head all the time is, Today's the day.

And it never is, although now and then it almost is.

Today's the day I'll *really* write, the day I won't have to think how to do it, the day I'll be with it, unable to do anything wrong, the great day, my day, the day of the innocent in the world—me.

A *question* I carry around all the time is, Who makes up the jokes?

Nobody seems to know. Jokes don't happen by themselves, but nobody has ever tracked down a joke to the guy who made it up.

Another thing, of another order, that I carry around all the time is a certain amount of remembering of other writers, old friends of mine, and old enemies.

One of them is a writer I've known thirty-three years, who is a very good reader, a much better reader in fact than he is a writer, who quit writing thirty years ago, although to this day he doesn't act as if he quit at all, he thinks he's been in there all the time writing great books. This writer reads a book and jumps into his car and races ten miles to the house of another writer to say, "I can't read William Faulkner, the guy just doesn't know how to write, he refuses to revise, the stuff goes on and on without punctuation, even, but I just forced myself to read this new book of his and the thing *can't* be read, it's impossible to read."

"What'd you read it for, then?"

"*Sanctuary!* Like the Hunchback of Notre Dame hollered, but of course that's the name of the book, too, but it wasn't any sanctuary for me."

And then long years later he'll drive four hundred miles to ask about a writer who shot himself through the mouth with a shotgun. "How do they *do* that?"

"I don't know."

"*Why* do they do it?"

"I don't know."

And then the next day or the day aft
remember another writer, only this one n
couldn't write, he couldn't read either, bu
he could do, he did for eight straight yea
then zing went the strings of his heart, a
wife was a widow, and his two kids wer
orphans. What he did was write movie sc
—but seriously, which was probably the
of his success, because people who make
like to take the whole thing seriously. D
if *everybody* doesn't like to take everyth
does seriously, except maybe me.

Take plays, for instance, opening
actors performing, and then taking curta
while a whole buildingful of people cla
hands off, I can't take *that* seriously, I fe
for the playwright, who by that time thin
done it, I feel sorry for the actors e
the applause so humbly, they make tears
of my eyes, but the whole thing is a joke.
never knew anybody who could make a
tell out of it.

Everybody takes everything seriously
a barber for another haircut, and he thin
got something going for himself persona
own superior way of giving a haircut, o
a barber, not like those bums who dri
tonic and can't keep a job for longer th
years. He takes barbering seriously, he b
barbering has got to be taken seriously
ape is taught to give a haircut in half th
the barber takes, and it's twice as good a h
the barber says, "They hypnotized him. W
that boy comes out of it, he won't be no
beater."

WHEN I GOT UP THIS MORNING I h
"Today's the day."

While I shaved I didn't care about the
look. So it's like an old hobo in the door
an empty store at daybreak, so what? I
care, because I knew the truth: I was y
was handsome, I was a writer, and this

William Saroyan's most recent book is Places Where I've Done Time. *"Isn't Today the Day" was written in 1964 during a period when Mr. Saroyan was writing a story a day for approximately thirty-three days —an exercise matching the one that opened his literary career thirty years earlier.*

g with Chubby Checker on the radio,
oka Mama soda cracker."
en I got under the shower, and who
ing about anybody being any fifty-five
' Not me. Just let me have my black
l my unfiltered cigarette, and watch

Man, I was going to write the Holy
ıe fell swoop, but of course I can never
fell swoop without making it six or
r things that sound something like fell
t I'm not going to do it this time, the
t. I was going to write holy writ. One
ıck, two cups of black, three cups of
ld, morning, life, me, was there ever
arlay?
he first black, a brand-new pack of
lds was opened, a brand-new cigarette
ght out, a paper match lighted, the
ied to the end of the cigarette, a big
ep. "Man, today's the day."

Ideas? All over the place. Characters? The most wonderful characters that ever occurred to any writer. And away down at the bottom, tobacco smoke bumping into sleeping dogs and making them jump for joy, run and bugle, because there it was, the scent of the wily red fox, and this was the day we'd get him, writer, dog, fox, art, and all. Nothing could stop us now, and all of it would be new, and good for money too. There wouldn't be an editor in the world who would dare turn it down, saying (as he was always saying, taking himself seriously), "We liked the way the thing began, but it wavered in the middle, and at the end we all had the feeling that we'd been left holding the bag." Instead, he'd just say, "Okay, if you'll be reasonable about how much you want for it. We get sued for three million dollars twice a week, and it's expensive. And don't forget it's not really a short story either, and if you want to know the truth, we all want it but not one of us can decide *why*

"I felt so chosen I could barely tolerate myself, my doubting self, my disbelieving self, my glum hangdog bored tired self saying, 'Take it easy.'"



William Saroyan

ISN'T TODAY THE DAY?

we want it, so don't be unreasonable about how much you want for it."

For forty-four minutes this morning this was the day. Not only the day I had been waiting for all *my* life, it was the day everybody else has always been waiting for, and I felt chosen to be the one the day would come to, at last. I felt so chosen I could barely tolerate myself, my doubting self, my disbelieving self, my glum hangdog bored tired self mumbling, "Take it easy."

I wanted to feel courteous, even to himself, my own lazy fat self, magnanimous if possible, indifferent to his insults, unchosen as he is, as he has always been, and I wanted him to know there just couldn't be any snobbery in me about him: "You come along too, why don't you?" Generosity unbounded, goodwill galore, and Christian charity unfiltered.

Morning, man, and the world is here again. There's a sunflower somewhere with a shopworn bee buzzing around the golden fuzz out of which the yellow petals laugh about the light, the bee intoxicated by the offbeat smell and the dazzling color. It's all *now* again, isn't it, old-timer? The whole thing's here again, isn't it, as if by schedule? This has *got* to be the day. What jokes, what stories, what characters, what fun, what art, what laughter, what writing, what *readable* writing, what readers the writing would make, transforming a lot of half-dead dream-drenched fools into alert, raring readers.

Just get me to my old table and my old typewriter, and watch me go, in spite of the fifty-five years, the bad gimp since 1939 but lately forgotten, the chronic catarrh but ignored, the hissing right ear but excellent for Hooka tooka Mama soda cracker, the dim right eye but useful in support of the left, just get me to the stack of good old blank paper and watch me fill six or seven sheets with great wonders.

Plot? Who needs plot? Form, continuity, style? Who needs them? Man, when the world is the world again, the next day has got to be the day, and this *was* the next day, postponed a little, postponed fifty years, on account of rain, influenza, school, work, war, movies, and the news, the big news, the daily news, but now at last no longer postponed, here at last and exactly on schedule, as promised, totally unpostponed, instant, as instant as the coffee in the fourth black cup, instant and everlasting, all on account of me, the original innocent, the unlettered man of letters, the unschooled founder of the only school, the rejecter of the forms, the story, the novel, the essay, the play, the lawyer's brief, the last will, the free brochure about happy retirement on a hundred a month, the price list, the catalogue, the directory, the phone book.

The coffee's supposed to be wrong because the oil in it gives you ulcers, the cigarettes are wrong because they give you cancer, liking the world is wrong because the world is contemptible, being keen about being alive is wrong becaus alive is stupid and in any case how lon last? Believing is wrong because it has disproved. Expecting something good t out of a new day is wrong because th never been a precedent for it. Forgettin catarrh, hissing ear, and dim eye is wr cause they are all there, smiling and willing and able to make a shambles of at any moment. Remembering the fun laughter and the girls and the children them is wrong, because where is it all now are they all now? Everything is wrong everything is always wrong, but not to the he will not learn, he refuses to learn, h too stupid to be stupid, and he says agai day's the day," taking nothing and nobo ously, excepting the day itself, as clean as of blank white paper.

So he sat down, so I sat down, so wh was sat down twelve hours ago at six in th ing. San Francisco still dark. Hooka took soda cracker, how about the kids who n songs, how about the way they sing them

Every day I hit the sack at one in the n wake up at three, switch on the transisto and there they are again, held in conte Clifton Fadiman, ridiculed by Marya there they are again, bugling at the little indifferent to the crisis at the *Saturday* about how total destruction is drawing because nobody understands the inevita it: Elvis Presley, Ray Charles, Fats Chubby Checker, and the girls, the wo little girls who sing he's a walking mi you don't own me, or go now.

Nobody who is anybody wants to ta in the singing boys and girls, but the fac are telling the story and we aren't. We're art, we're being superior, we have read S haven't we? We *know*, don't we? We ha ten stories, novels, plays, poems, and f torials, haven't we, having gone to seriou and having taken every bit of it seriously

I take pride in them, the singers. I ev pride in the little girls who gathered tog organized groups to scream at the Beat funny-looking Liverpool boys who lea avoid going to barbers, not to be emba about it, and to wink about the fortun bringing them. I take pride in Johnn Ferlin Huskey, Marvin Rainwater, a Seeger—ticky tacky. Pete sings at thre morning, every one of them is made ticky tacky, every one of the nice people to barbers, and in a pinch *become* barb take it seriously. And I take pride in t fat boy, my own friend can't even remer name, phoned me one time when he tho ought to and said, "Anything I can do, n singing everything ever made into a so a little bitty tear brought me down." A

sing it on the radio one time I sang it
on and daughter in Chicago, and the
driver turned around and laughed:
at's the song of my life." Burl Ives,
dy can do a song better, not even Bob
the Texas Playboys singing "New
nio Rose," not even the Sons of the
singing "How Great Thou Art." The
o it, the singers have it. The joke-
it, the comedians do it, and pretty
erybody else doesn't.

THE DAY, so I sat down because it was
, it was hopeless and useless, and I
the Finn at the top of the ski jump at
Winter Olympics in Innsbruck on
, brooding, head down, making the
ne microphone ask the lady ski cham-
ng ago. "Is he praying?" I knew, with
that wrong or impossible or useless or
ridiculous, it was there to take after,
be reached, like the crazy little red
ing, and then I saw him lift his head,
out and go. I remembered having seen
off and lean far forward. Over the
ing away out there to the best jump
new, with him, that if it was possible
better try to do it, and if I happened
on my face, that would be all right too,
ou can't even do *that* unless you try.
're out there in the damned blue trying.
unting down had been going on since
ped out of bed. From approximately
llion the counting had moved down to
t, to seven, six, five, four, three, two,
go.
t happened?
g. Try again, then. Three, two, one, go.
gain. Again, then. One, go. Nothing.
ng.

is the day? What happened to the day?
dy growled on a phonograph record,
e best minds of my time go mad," but
I first heard it—and first was last, it
gh, more than enough—I didn't believe
noisy argument, but it had something
r with it. Everybody went mad, com-
icide, went to jail, or died, and it was
to be the fault of—whose fault *was* it
to be? The fault of the sons of bitches
on Avenue, as if *they* had never gone
mitted suicide, gone to jail, and died.
had. What they hadn't done was claim
en the fault of the poets who were
their poems on phonograph records.
then. Three, two, one, go.
g again, maybe I'd better start at the
, with a million, which all red-blooded
boys choose as the number of dollars
earn a year or two before they become
. Counting down from a million took the better part of an hour, even though I did a lot of skipping, but again nothing, and it looked as if the time had come to find out whose fault it was. This took sixty-six one-hundredths of a second: it was *my* fault. I had chosen the wrong stupid profession not to take seriously. I should have chosen a practical profession. The profession of writing is wrong, like smoking cigarettes, bad for your health, a diminisher of life expectancy.

What happened to the day? What happened to the jokes? What happened to the writers I was always remembering? Gone, like Ferlin Huskey singing it.

Well, gone, then, move along, there's a day out there somewhere. So I left the table, the typewriter, the stack of blank white paper, and I drove to the sea. I drove to the beach, and nobody there, not even a Japanese, fishing. I walked and looked and listened, and picked up rocks and driftwood. Nothing. The gimp came up because of the soft sand, the ear hissed, the dim eye blurred, the sea gulls came circling around, flying low, as if I had something good to throw to them, or as if I was in fact chosen and it had been ordained that they circle around my head, to mark the fact.

I loafed all day, hungry, cigarette-sour in the mouth, almost as badly in need of a haircut as any of the Beatles, full of memories of the dead, all of them alive in the memories, back, away back to 1928, 1932, 1934, back before the war, back before the bomb, back when everybody laughed, back before death, in those days even the dead didn't die, and you went to a funeral feeling, Have a nice time, Joe. And then as the sun began to move down into the sea I went back to the coffee and the cigarettes, to the table, the typewriter, and the stack of white paper, and the hell with it, today was the day all right, but it wasn't. I was there all right, and there were no excuses, it was nobody's fault but my own, but it got away, the day got away again.

I don't mind, though. I can't sing, and that's what I'd like to do. My songs aren't much good, and I don't even bother to put them on paper anymore, I let them go. I can't read, because I'm a writer. I chose writing as my profession, but I can't write either. I mean, I can write, but I can't write, man. Anybody can write, and everybody does, but after all these years I can't write. I don't know how. I know how, but I don't know how. I just thought I'd tell you. It's all right, and not because tomorrow's another day, not that at all, because that isn't really true at all, tomorrow is *not* another day, it's the same day, but after fifty-five years of it, the only reason it's probably all right is that yesterday is always there, it is always unknown, never understood, but man wasn't it great yesterday, let's talk again, like we did last summer Hooka tooka Mama soda cracker. □

"Being keen about being alive is wrong because being alive is stupid and in any case how long can it last?"

Mary Walton

AFTER THE FLOOD

A continuing lesson in corporate insensitivity

At 8:00 A.M., February 26, 1972, a dam collapsed on the headwaters of Buffalo Creek in Logan County, West Virginia. It was midafternoon before the news media in Charleston, 100 miles away, learned of the flood and two months before the missing were presumed dead, establishing the final toll at 125. The dam was built on company property of waste materials from coal mines owned by the Buffalo Mining Company, a subsidiary of the Pittston Company of New York City.

The rain falls softly at first, its sound amplified by the trailers' metal roofs. A child begins to cry. A miner dressed for the second shift steps from the door and trudges toward the creek. The rain continues through the night and he remains there, missing work for a compulsive vigil at the creek bank. Car after car filled with families and belongings rolls from the trailer park in search of higher ground. Those who do not leave listen to the rain and remember. Their tears are the sorrow of Buffalo Creek.

A SULLEN GRAY CEILING presses down across Buffalo Creek hollow, from hilltop to hilltop and as far up and down the winding valley as you can see, clamped on like a lid. Except for the green grass and trees—these faintly singed with early autumn—it is a black and white movie. The sky, the houses, the people are all monochrome: pale white children living in a shadowy valley where they've never seen a horizon, ash brown people whose great-grandfathers came to lay the rails and stayed to mine coal beside whites turned as black as they. There is a brisk, cool wind stirring, unusual here, cleansing but eerie. More often the valley is still, clogged with dust kicked up by cars and pickup trucks traveling the crumbling road, and with black grit from the tipples where coal is loaded into boxcars. And, under skies such as these, a fine dulling mist. At this particular hour in midafternoon, the long lines of C & O cars are full but not moving.

The upper end of the seventeen-mile-long valley is a pretty place. Horses are tethered in thick pastures on choice bottom land. The trees are full, riffled by the wind, and the creek is clear. But something is wrong. It is too quiet, curiously empty, too clean. In the coal-mining hollows of West Virginia, flatland bustles with small coal-camp houses and carefully nurtured gardens, company stores, trailers squeezed onto tiny lots, drive-in restaurant shacks, cars and more cars.

It is that cluttered leaving the town of Man, at the mouth of the hollow, where the single movie theater is for sale and you are "cordially invited" to a revival. But at Kistler, three miles up the valley, the homes seem oddly dilapidated and the yards are muddy. Farther up y the high-water marks, the houses askew o dations. And then it is empty.

Where are they, the people? The peo old couples sitting on front porches, men ing with gaping cars, children scattered the houses, the young girls walking in pai hair stringing down their backs and hip ing in tight jeans, the boys in work Chevys and Fords, honking as they re screeching to a stop to yell, "Where y'all The girls smile too sweetly. "We're jus a walk."

A state road sign, green with white stands beside a large field. It says "Lora incorporated." It could say "Lorado U ited." There is nothing here. Lorado is several communities that vanished Febr when the dam collapsed.

KAT . . . KATHLEEN . . . WAUGH is at Home now is a two-bedroom trailer ly paneled in plywood, with a new color a place called Latrobe No. IV—here, La Odd, these Roman numerals, an outsi planner's touch.

She is a tall slender woman of forty-t dark-blue flared slacks and a blue an patterned shirt. Her hair is light brow short, soft and fluffy. Her voice, fragi quavering, carries the jarring West V twang; her laugh is nervous. She gras hands when she isn't drawing on a ment arette, now three packs a day, she tells y is a beautiful woman and tragic even bef smiles. But the smile, with disconcertin between her teeth, is heartbreaking. It i and not there, more a wish than a smile.

"And what did . . . what was your hus name?"

"Robie."

"Robie?"

"Robie, yuh."

"How do you spell that?"

"R-o-b-i-e." She coughs. "I get nervo talking about that." She coughs again, getically. "I've sort of had a cold the l days too."

Mary Walton, formerly a reporter for the Charleston Gazette, *is now maritime writer for the* Philadelphia Inquirer.

Michael Waugh, Lundale, W/M, age 18
Robie Waugh, Lundale, W/M, age 45
ames Waugh, Lundale, W/M, age 11
ry Kevin Waugh, Lundale, W/M, age 5
Donna Waugh, Lundale, W/F, age 20
Cathy Waugh, age 1 (missing)
-from the deceased list, March 28, 1972

Vaugh didn't want to talk to you very hen you called from the Lundale store. clapboard structure that escaped major mage, the store has been freshly painted ocked for customers who never come. "I on't know anything," she had said. "I e very much."

it happened . . . when the dam broke, r exploding through the burning slag ging down the valley in a twenty-foot early always described as a "wall of Kat was visiting a neighbor two houses We just looked out and here come the hat's all we saw. I tried to go home, but 't make it back home. So I just stayed Stayed there, until the water went down. of minutes. When it was over, her hus- ur of her six children, and her grand- were gone.

oesn't tell you, but others have, that she less, imagining five-year-old Larry, her nning ahead of the dreadful wave, arms hed, crying "Mommy, Mommy."

e all the bodies found, of your family?" f my family was found but just one. My ughter, she wasn't found."

speculate, on the creek, about the lost whether they reached the Ohio River ree miles away. It is too horrible to out. Cathy Lynn, little bit of a thing, all proud smiles as she stood for the first time. (Decaying now somewhere.)

Janet Waugh, seventeen, is alive because she spent that night with a girlfriend. She is a plain girl, with a swollen face, and you wonder if she has been crying. It is her last year of high school. She will no doubt be married soon, like Kat's remaining son, and the mother will be alone.

"I think it was about four or five altogether they didn't find," Kat says.

"Seven," says Janet. "Seven." you repeat.

"Six kids and an adult." Janet adds.

Kat: "Was that Mr. Clay's father that was never found? And I don't know who those children was they never did find."

Janet: "Donald Clay's children and Cathy . . ."

"I thought they found those children."

"They found one of them . . . and the three unidentified kids too."

You ask, "Janet, your mother says she isn't angry. Are you angry?"

"Well, I kind of agree with her, but, I don't know, uh, I just think it's pure-all murder."

Kat: "Other than that, I'm gettin' along pretty well." The phone, a party line, belches a harsh treble ring, not the Waugh's. "We just learn to live with it."

Other than that?

THREE MOUNTAIN STREAMS come together to form Buffalo Creek, and the small town farthest up the hollow was called Three Forks, or sometimes Saunders, as it is on maps outdated by the flood. The houses, formerly owned by a coal company, had been purchased by miners in the late '50s for several thousand dollars. Over

"'We just looked out and here come the water. That's all we saw. I tried to go home, but I couldn't make it back home.'"



the years people—most of them earning decent wages in the mines—had added siding, rooms, porches, and garages, installed new heating systems and appliances. It was a clean, well-kept community.

In 1953, the state of West Virginia brought under its water pollution control program what people call "black water"—the discharge from preparation plants where coal is washed before shipping. Seeking the least expensive way to treat the waste water and sludge that until then had gone directly into the nearest stream, coal companies hit on the idea of using mine wastes—slag, "gob," or slate—to build dams, then pumping the "black water" behind them. There the sludge could settle and the water would be clarified as it seeped through.

On one side of Middle Fork was an ugly burning gob pile like the hundreds that have sputtered for decades on West Virginia hillsides, the still highly combustible material emitting sulfurous fumes that wither surrounding trees. It was a simple matter for Lorado Mining Company, which had begun dumping gob there in the late '10s, to extend the pile across the hollow to form a dam. By 1966, the structure was 500 feet thick and twenty feet high, a stinking, smoking hill locked between the mountains. Because the impoundment was filled with sludge, the new owner, Buffalo Mining Company, started a second dam farther up Middle Fork.

In October 1966 a large hillside coal-refuse bank in Wales buried the Aberfam schoolhouse, killing 144 children and adults. That December the U.S. Geological Survey dispatched geologist William Davies to examine thirty-eight banks in West Virginia. One was the first dam on Middle Fork, which Davies noted "could be overtopped and breached." In March 1967 Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall wrote the governor, the state's Congressional delegation, and county officials, calling attention to hazards in thirty banks. Only the four considered most dangerous, however, were mentioned by name. The dam on Middle Fork was among the remaining twenty-six. Udall pledged continuing observation of mine dumps "for possible critical conditions." Only a few months later, Davies' forecast proved accurate. Water from melting snow overtopped both dams on Middle Fork, flooding yards and causing minor property damage in Saunders. Residents recall a similar break the year before in a slag pile in Proctor Hollow, another offshoot of Buffalo Creek.

In 1968, Governor Hulett Smith's office received a second letter, this one attacking the dam in no uncertain terms. An elderly Saunders woman named Pearl Woodrum wrote: "Dear Sir, I live 3 miles above Lorado. I'm writing you about a big dam of water above us. The coal co. has dumped a big pile of slate about 4 or 5 hundred feet high. The water behind it is about 400 feet deep and it is like a river. It is enda[n]ger our homes and lives. There are over 20 [fa]milies here and they own their homes. Plea[se] somebody here to see the water and s[ee] how dangerous it is. Everytime it rains it scare[s] us to death. We are all afraid we will be [w]ashed away and drowned. They just keep d[um]ping slate and slush in the water and making [it] more dangerous every day. Please let me he[ar] from you at once and please for God's sake l[et] them dump and water destroyed. Our lives [are in] danger."

The letter was routinely forwarded [to] the state's water pollution control agency an[d] to the West Virginia Public Service Com[mission], which is required to license dams for c[onstruc]tion after a thorough review of their desi[gns]. Representatives of each agency looked over [the] with Buffalo Mining Co. vice-presiden[t] Dasovich. Later, they acknowledged i[n] agency letters and memoranda that [safe]ty might slip and that the company ha[d] sought the required license. However, th[ey] officials interpreted the law to mean [that] license could be required retroactively.

"They told me they'd been up there an[d] at the dam and it was dangerous and th[ey] what they could do about it," Mrs. W[oo]drum recalls. "And that was all that come of i[t]. I never did hear of it anymore, and then I had p[lan]ned to write Governor [Arch] Moore [who s[uc]ceeded Smith] but I neglected, just kept p[ut]ting it off until it was too late." Widowed b[efo]re the flood, she lives now with her daughter an[d] a nasty dog in one of 600 emergency tra[ilers] provided by the government. Over the y[ea]rs, the Woodrums had left their home a h[alf] dozen times during heavy rains, the last the [night] before the flood that destroyed it.

By 1968, the pool behind the second [dam] was full, and work began on a third, again [with] a state license. (In testimony Dasovich s[aid] he did not know that a license was required.) T[he] dam in the second pool served as the new da[m's] foundation. Like the first and second dams [it] was a loose mixture of shale and low-grade co[al] particularly compacted by a bulldozer. In Ju[ne] 1970, when the dam was about half its even[tual] height, Buffalo Mining was sold to the Pittsto[n] Co., the fourth largest coal producer in the Unite[d] States. A conglomerate concentrated in coal m[ining] and oil distribution, Pittston also owns 80 p[er]cent of Brinks, Inc., the armored car compan[y] and part of United States Trucking Corporat[ion]. It claims to own more warehouse space a[s] any other company in the world. Among [the] notable members of its eleven-man bo[ard] of directors are ex-heavyweight boxing [champ] Gene Tunney and former Kentucky [governor] Thruston B. Morton. In 1971 the com[pany] was operating seventy-six mines—the ma[jority] in southwestern Virginia, eastern Kentu[cky]





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Mary Walton

AFTER THE FLOOD

West Virginia—through its Clinchfield coal division and ten wholly owned subsidiaries, among them Buffalo Mining Co.

In February 1971, a front portion of the third dam sloughed off. Nevertheless, the company continued to dump refuse, widening and heightening the structure. During that year, a water inspector habitually noted in written reports to the company that the dam lacked an emergency spillway. His warnings had as much effect as the previous letters, reports, and cave-ins.

In May 1971, nine months before the disaster, the U.S. Bureau of Mines promulgated regulations effective July 1 under the 1969 Federal Coal Mine Health and Safety Act. "Refuse piles shall not be constructed so as to impede drainage or impound water," the regulations stated. "If failure of a water or silt retaining dam will create a hazard, it shall be of substantial construction and shall be inspected at least once a week." Inspection, however, was left up to the company, not entrusted to federal personnel, and, in fact, there were no adequate engineering inspections. On Buffalo Creek the dam appeared so massive—an 80,000-ton dump, 550 feet wide and 480 feet thick—that no one dreamed it could go: it might overflow, but not crumble like a sand castle, which is what happened to it that Saturday morning.

IT HAD BEEN RAINING off and on since Thursday, but the precipitation wasn't that unusual: 3.7 inches in three days, which might be expected on an average of every two or three years. February had been a warm month, and there was little snow.

Had the flood come earlier, even more people would have died. But most were awake, and many saw the huge wave laboring toward them in time to run for the hills. Others, particularly around Saunders and Lundale, had been warned by men who had been up on the dam the night before, watching the water creep to within a foot of the top. They had gone door to door, pleading with friends and neighbors to leave. But there had been other warnings, in other years: and some people heard only what seemed to be another cry of wolf.

Two deputy sheriffs, Max Doty and Otto Mutters, were among those who urged people to get out. They halted their warnings after they met Buffalo Mining's Steve Dasovich on the road about 6:30 A.M.

According to Deputy Doty's testimony before Governor Arch Moore's investigative committee, Dasovich, who had just returned from the dam, stated, "Well, Sheriff, you can quit worrying now. We have channeled around this thing and released some of the pressure off of it, and I think it is going to be all right."

Dasovich maintained afterward that he had merely announced *plans* to ditch around t... That may have been the case, according ... ters' testimony before a Senate labor sub... tee. Whatever was said, Mutters was left ... impression that the dam was all right, as... group of other people on the road who hea... ovich at about the same time. Had they n... reassured. Mutters told the subcommi... think myself and the other deputy and... there could have got everybody out." W... dam went, Dasovich himself narrowly e...

Subsequent engineering studies have ... that during the night the dam became sa... and the particles of gob buoyant as th... climbed up its slope. The dam quite ... turned to slush and began to ooze forwar... ing 132 million gallons of water to sur... the top, mingling with the sludge. Th... mass swept through the two lower dams, ... explosions in the smoldering bottom o... crashed down on Saunders, destroyin... dwelling. It picked up cars, trees, peo... even homes with whole families clinging ... calling for help as they were propelled pa... who had scrambled up hillsides to safety. ... ing from side to side through the zigzag ... the black mass skirted whole communi... leveled others. In the three hours it t... wave to travel the seventeen miles to M... men, women, and children died; 1,00... were injured, 551 homes were demolis... another 936 extensively damaged, leavi... people homeless. Property damage was e... at more than $50 million. Only two home... it turned out, carried flood insurance.

(I was then a reporter for the *Ch... Gazette*, in the state capital. While my co... were having no luck finding company off... the scene. I called the New York head ... where an executive vice-president remar... the flood was, "of course, an act of God." ... wondered? He explained: The impo... "was incapable of holding the water Go... into it.")

The homeless survivors were housed ... rarily in the Man high school, with t... school nearby serving as a morgue. A ... creek. National Guardsmen sifted thr... bris looking for bodies. The weather ... seasonahly warm, and the stench of dea... in the air. The U.S. Army Corps of E... moved in construction crews to raze hou... aged beyond saving, bulldozing the ... into huge piles for burning. Thirteen si... leveled and equipped with water and ... facilities and electricity to accommo... emergency trailers ordered by the U.S. ... ment of Housing and Urban Developm...

Interior Secretary Rogers Morton, b... Pittston director Thruston, issued a ... lease saying that his department, which ... the Bureau of Mines, lacked the auth...

elimination of dangers to public health
/" posed by coal-refuse piles. The state
ive committee, however, would later
"The U.S. Bureau of Mines indirectly
rity to prevent dams to be constructed
se piles."

A MONTH AFTER THE FLOOD, Pittston,
fully denying liability for flood dam-
etheless opened up two claims offices
unced plans to settle with survivors.
pany assured stockholders that "the
the claims should not be material in
) the company's consolidated financial

yet another ordeal for the flood vic-
weeks they had queued up at various
get emergency loans, housing, unem-
benefits, medical help, welfare assist-
l advice, and charity. Now they began
rom store to store, seeking the receipts
ston insisted must accompany each
)ne man presented a laboriously ac-
t of a dozen lost items. He was sent
)roof of the dates of the purchases.)
tston, immediate settlement had obvi-
tages. Dazed by their losses and eager
ensation, many filed claims without a
accounting of all that was gone. Un-
n the law, many didn't place claims for
r losses, including physical and mental
'otally without resources, most couldn't
two or three years it would take to sue,
st local lawyers, many of whom work
)mpanies, and didn't want to give a con-
'ee lawyer a third of their settlement.

Filing claims was frequently arduous. It wasn't unusual for people to make three or four trips to the claims office to argue the worth of a house, a living-room suite, a son's life.

On May 2, as Pittston executives and directors journeyed to Richmond, Virginia, for the annual shareholders' meeting, forty-five bitter Buffalo Creek survivors boarded a chartered bus to take their grievances about claims handling before the meeting personally. They arrived the next morning, weary and disheveled from the long ride over the mountains, only to confront several off-duty policemen charged with keeping order. Pittston broke precedent to admit newsmen to the meeting, but the band of West Virginians was barred. (Only the day before, Continental Oil Company, faced with a similar if lesser challenge, had opened its stockholders' meeting to a delegation of miners and widows concerned with the policies of its subsidiary, Consolidation Coal Company.)

Still, Pittston couldn't insulate the meeting from the events at Buffalo Creek. In April, the New York-based Field Foundation, which grants about $3 million annually to a wide range of social projects, among them the Voter Education project in Atlanta and the National Indian Youth Council in Albuquerque and several in Appalachia, had discovered among its holdings some shares of Pittston stock. As the group from Buffalo Creek waited outside the carpeted boardroom, three Foundation representatives were inside, urging Pittston to deal with specific problems raised by the disaster. Field president Morris Abram explained: "As a participant in the total society, [the Foundation does not want] to receive income from its investments only to

"There had been other warnings, in other years; and some people heard only what seemed to be another cry of wolf."



Mary Walton

AFTER THE FLOOD

spend the same income in allocating grants to redress the social distress attributable to that business investment. Moreover, the Field Foundation firmly believes that, in the long run, the safety of its investment in Pittston or any other company depends on the compatibility of that company's operation with the welfare of its workers and the conservation of the environment."

Abram proposed resolutions requiring Pittston to report to stockholders in six weeks on the kinds and amounts of claims and compensation arising out of the Buffalo Creek disaster, to appoint a committee to develop information on the potential for similar disasters arising from company operations, and to explore alternative mining methods, complete with cost analyses, for disposal of coal wastes. The resolutions were defeated by a vote of 12,000,000 shares to 1,171.

With a half-dozen reporters present, clearly the waiting West Virginians couldn't be ignored. After the meeting, Pittston president Nicholas T. Camicia met with a delegation of seven. This time the press was not admitted. Camicia, the son of a coal miner, is a short, agreeable man who was raised in McDowell County, one county below Buffalo Creek. During the session with the seven men, Camicia apparently soothed their doubts. One leader murmured, "I'm satisfied Nick is going to do what he said. We have faith in the company." To reporters Camicia remarked, "I was born and raised in this very area. . . . These are my people. I assured them that our policy is to make restitution and to expedite the claims as rapidly as possible."

By early June, however, many victims hadn't received settlements or were dissatisfied with Pittston offers. Miners also resented the loss of six to twelve weeks' pay while the mines along the creek were closed by flood damage. Employing the only weapon they knew short of violence, 3,000 men staged a week-long strike for back wages, vowing to shut down all of the company's mining subsidiaries. Failing, they returned to work poorer for the protest.



SINCE FEBRUARY 26, 1972, Pittston executives have maintained a distinctly low profile—except for a flurry of appearances before state and Congressional investigating committees where, for the most part, they were treated courteously, even gingerly. But at a hearing last May, while Camicia was on the stand, New Jersey's Harrison Williams, Jr., chairman of a Senate labor subcommittee, pointedly observed that Pittston had been cited 5,000 times for alleged violations (carrying possible penalties of $1.1 million) of the Federal Coal Mine Health and Safety Act—more than any other company. "I was not aware of that, sir," Camicia replied. On reflection, he added, he believed certain of the citations were either not justified or excessive, and thus were being appealed [illegible] subsequent letter Camicia explained addit[ionally] that the appeals were being filed in order [to] the constitutionality of the Safety Act.

At the hearing before the state invest[igating] committee, Camicia essentially argued th[at] tion that Pittston adopted shortly after th[e] that the disaster "was not foreseen and [was] reasonably foreseeable." But, identifying [Fran]cis J. Palamara as the source of the "act [of] quote, he observed, "I would never call i[t an act] of God. . . . Certainly I'm not blaming [God] it." With the deity absolved, Camicia [then] maintained that the impoundment wasn't [dam]. "It was a slag heap used for filtration o[f coal] from a cleaning plant." Finally, he beg[ged] "some help and not a lot of rules and regu[lations] that won't do us any good, as we now ha[ve]."

The governor's committee, surprisingly [to] who expected a whitewash, concluded "[The] Pittston Company, through its officia[ls has] shown flagrant disregard for the safety [and] dents of Buffalo Creek and other perso[ns who] live near coal-refuse impoundments. Th[is] tude appears to be prevalent throughout [the] the coal industry."

Camicia now turns aside interview re[quests]. He explains that his lawyers have advis[ed him] to keep silent about a $52 million lawsuit [brought] by nearly 500 families and individuals. [He] ca[lls] the suit "a nuisance" that will "take a l[ong] time." (In response to my own request [for an] interview, Camicia suggested that a wri[tten] of questions be submitted through P[itts]ton public relations firm, Albert Frank-G[uen]ther Law of New York. This was done, and [the] mediate response was a telephone call [from] man named Gilbert Busch, who describ[ed] self as a "special public relations cons[ultant]." Busch asked for a copy of a draft of thi[s] to provide "a frame of reference." Turne[d] he declined to answer questions that i[n]cluded among other things, the amount the disa[ster] cost Pittston in lost production, claim[s] ments, flood damage, and lawyers' fees, [as well] as what action Pittston has taken to e[limi]nate its other slag dams.)

The Pittston board of directors see[ms] occupied with the company's econom[ic] pects. Quite apart from the flood, 197[2] bad year: by October, net income was on[ly] million, compared with $34.9 million [for] same period in 1971. Camicia and boar[d] man Joseph Routh blame surface (strip) [mining] restrictions and costly health and safe[ty] lations, not the Buffalo Creek claims [for] which the company is insured.

Still, some of the directors display a [broad] viewpoint toward the Buffalo Creek [disaster]. Samuel Pryor of Greenwich, Connecticu[t], former Pan Am vice-president, observed th[at] ton was no more responsible for the Buffa[lo]

the one last summer in Scranton, Penn-
'It was an act of nature. . . . The rains
the dam wouldn't take it." Vigorous
s seventy-two years—at least over the
ryor insisted that the dam "was built
vernment and inspected and inspected
ted." To the incredulous response, "By
nment? Buffalo Mining Co. built the
yor replied, "Just read the reports.
satisfied with what the minority say."
n Morton, the affable ex-Senator and
)P national chairman, sighs: "It was a
igedy, of course. No question about it.
ppened to us in 1937 in Louisville . . ."
t broke?"
rty days and forty nights of rain."
only rained three days on Buffalo

). Check your weather."
s a grain of truth in Morton's state-

uary and February, rainfall aver-
inches above normal, leaving the
urated. But, in the words of West Vir-
climatologist Robert Weedfall, "If
n no dam, there'd have been no flood.
a naturally occurring flood." And of
zens of slag dams in southern West
ncluding others on Buffalo Creek, the
o fail during the rainstorm belonged
Co.

DRIVE through the valley, today under
ny skies. There's a chill in the air and
erie wind persists. At the head of the
emains of the first gob pile are sliced
aped gash where the water surged
ne hundred thirty-two million gallons
ailed to extinguish the internal fires,
s still lick at its slope. Several
rds away, a clamshell is scooping the
ant sludge from the new, shallow
nd. Trucks haul it away to a distant
e system is a substitute for the dams—
ightly, but one that at least poses no
uman life.
ief time, there was anger on Buffalo
v you find only depression and uncer-
t surprisingly, Dr. Albert Recio, a
t with the county mental health
is observed "an extremely, almost
lelusion of fear every time it begins
pecially in the children." There are
eelings among those who lived while
ed. Cases of extreme headaches, body
hypochondria are common. A dozen
)ple, in whom the symptoms consti-
neurosis, have been sent to a state
pital. Recio, a Cuban refugee not un-
with dislocation, is nonetheless sur-
"amazingly enough, they all want to
go back to the same place." To their gardens, their land, their neighbors. The doctor believes it would be the best thing for them now.

But no one can begin rebuilding until water and sewage facilities are installed, and work has barely begun. It was held up for months by controversy over plans for a highway through the hollow and into the next county, plans formulated ten years ago and dusted off when the flood made possible 100 percent federal disaster funding. Social strategists have further complicated the future with a master plan for three "nodes" or subdevelopments of diversified housing in the $12,000-to-$20,000 range, which is more than many people say they can afford. (Mention "node" on Buffalo Creek and they think you mean "know'd," but never mind.) Such concentrated housing, with no aid for private efforts, would leave their property valueless. So, now, months after the flood on Buffalo Creek, there is only grass.

"Totally without resources, most couldn't afford the two or three years it would take to sue."

KENNY OSBORNE, thirty-six, sits uncomfortably in the easy chair that came with his three-bedroom mobile home in "Green Valley," a trailer site on Huff Creek a mile from Man. He has spent the day in bed, his back laced with pain from an injury in the mines last year. Periodically he draws workmen's compensation, then returns to the mines when the pain eases, refusing to do the light work ordered by the doctor because "I ain't going to ask no boss to let me go outside and work. I figure I'm no better than the rest of them."

Kenny, his cheerful wife Anne, and their five children lived in Saunders. They escaped the flood but lost their five-room house and everything in it—and, he calculates, twenty-seven relatives. You ask Anne what they're going to do and she says, "That's up to Kenny." The weight of that burden seems added to his physical pain, and in his eyes is the same wounded expression you saw earlier in Kathleen Waugh.

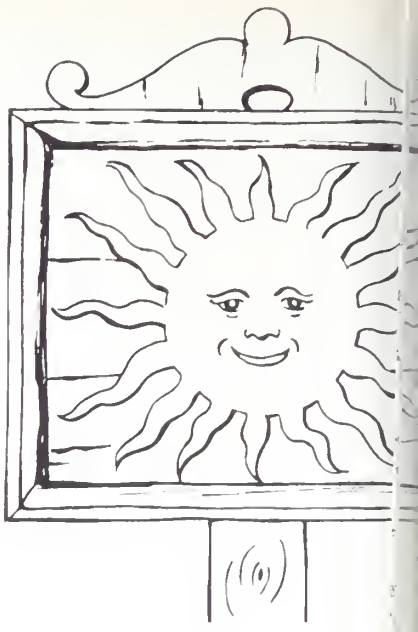
For the house, furniture, clothing, a car, and a jeep, and nineteen stands of bees, he received from Pittston—and he tells you to the penny—$13,588.16. He now calculates a true loss of $27,000, but in the haste to file he forgot much of what he lost. "I just asked for $16,000." Unlike some, "I tried to be honest about it." And of the $13,588.16, some $3,000 was withheld to repay a federal emergency loan used to buy clothing, additional trailer furnishings, and a car, leaving him now with $10,000. What will he do? "I don't know. I'll have to get me a double mobile home, I guess. I can't put up a $14,000 home and put furniture in it." Why didn't he sue? "That's a good question. I've asked that 10,000 times."

He repeats this, and you hear him asking and asking, with no answer. □

COMMENTARY

*The contributors this month: Malcolm B. Wells is an architect/conservationist whose time is devoted to finding ways of building without destroying the land. Thomas Thorsen, associate professor of engineering at El Camino College in California, was born and raised in Oslo, Norway. A. B. Guthrie, Jr., well known for his novels (*The Big Sky, Arfive*), works at home and became a repairman of necessity. He keeps his TV and radio "in perfect working order by never turning them on."*

Harper's *welcomes brief contributions on any subject from all of its readers who find themselves inspired to passionate statement. Please send entries, including stamped, self-addressed envelope, to Suzanne Mantell.*



WE'LL HAVE THE FIVE-DAY FORECAST AFTER THIS BRIEF MESSAGE

. . . aspirin is good. Beer is good. Airlines are good. And cars are good. Diet drinks are good. Deodorants are good. And gasoline is good. Bad things are things like gray hair and indigestion. Good things are things like Living Bras, Listerine, VapoRub, and Maybelline.

WE RETURN NOW TO YOUR LOCAL STATION FOR A LOOK AT THE WEATHER.

Thunderstorms are bad. Blizzards are bad. Hurricanes are very bad. And tornadoes: they're awful! Bad weather includes sleet, hail, rain, drizzle, humidity, and heat. Also cold weather, chilly weather, and those rare bright days that make you squint.

From what I can deduce, good weather, in the eyes of our TV weathermen, consists solely of those airless days on which greasy sunlight filters down through all the smoke. "Good weather" is barbecue weather, football weather, suburban weather, American weather. Don't knock it; we like it like it is.

Early last spring, in New Jersey where I live, there was a record dry spell. For almost a month there wasn't a trace of rain. Toward the end of the month people began to talk knowingly about the drought, about how bad it was for the crops (meaning their lawns). And when the rains finally came everyone said, "We sure needed this."

But it kept on raining. Three days. Four days. And we all went sour again. At first there were good-natured storm jokes ("Wet enough for you, Fred?") mixed with knowing recitals of last night's rainfall statistics. But as the weather got wetter the jokes dried up and gave way to our true feelings. "Isn't this lousy?" "What a rotten weekend!" "Whew! It's really awful outside." All this in spite of brimming reservoirs, lush green lawns, and that fresh moist smell everywhere. Nature was shouting her delight at us, and we were calling it lousy just because the weathermen—the authorities—had taught us to.

Well, I say those authorities ought to be deported. I can think of few more insidious disservices to [illegible] these times than the preaching of hatred for the sources of all earthly life: air, water, and [illegible] gives us) food. It's insane. Not only national [illegible] and voters but millions of innocent little kids [illegible] teachers are reminded two or three times a day [illegible] wind, fog, sleet, snow, cold, and every other [illegible] phenomenon except smoky blah weather are [illegible] It affects everything we do—how we think, [illegible] and how we feel about life and nature.

And it's getting worse. If false values continue [illegible] preached through a *second* TV generation, [illegible] wits—the weathermen—who in utter innocence [illegible] those values will have made major contributions [illegible] final destruction of the land.

Now just imagine, on the other hand, what [illegible] pen if philosophers or poets were to replace the [illegible] men! After all, how many of us need to know [illegible] wind speed or the second decimal on the barometer [illegible] ing? Wouldn't it be nice to hear about glorious [illegible] a change? Or to see the new weatherman coming [illegible] the studio, red-cheeked on a wintry day, to deliver [illegible] mile walk, through three-foot drifts, that took him [illegible] to complete? Or suppose he said the kind [illegible] Henry Thoreau used to say: "There was never [illegible] a storm but it was Aeolian music to a healthy [illegible] cent ear. The gentle rain which waters my beans [illegible] me in the house today is not drear and melancholy [illegible] good for me, too. If it should continue for so long [illegible] cause the seeds to rot in the ground and decay [illegible] toes in the lowlands, it would still be good for [illegible] the uplands, and, being good for the grass, it [illegible] good for me. Some of my pleasantest hours [illegible] the long rainstorms in the spring or fall, which [illegible] me to the house for the afternoon as well as [illegible] soothed by their ceaseless roar and pelting; [illegible] twilight ushered in a long evening in which [illegible] had time to take root and unfold themselves [illegible]

We all know by now that snow can be [illegible]

not, humid weather can be uncomfortable. But them worse? Are there so few real troubles to that we've got to try topping each other by com- ermometer readings? My greatest hot-weather t has come, invariably, from listening to the an. When I am sane enough not to listen, the eems to drop by ten degrees. The natural air- ng systems in our bodies (remember?—per- aspiration, circulation?) may not be able to hold t 70° comfort, but they're fully automatic, they batteries, and they often keep themselves in rder for as long as seventy or eighty years. The ems keep us warm in winter too. So why is there ror over each dip and rise in what is perfectly mmer and winter weather at each particular

lmost forty years old before I ever walked bare- snow. From all the years of snow!emergency! warnings I'd seen on the tube I half expected to es drop off the first time I ventured out. But I ny surprise and delight that the experience was five or ten minutes, that is. It was like walking nchiest, softest, and coldest kind of sand. I didn't oo long that first time, but I stayed out long realize that I was walking on millions of crys- ne of which could have put a jeweler to shame. covered what poor traction my boots had been all those years. With five toes to help it grip n, each foot really grabbed the snow. Maybe otwear should look more like gloves than boots; ow. I do know that each time I go barefoot in the crazy footprints alone justify the whole adven- am made aware that I'm knee-deep in a miracle

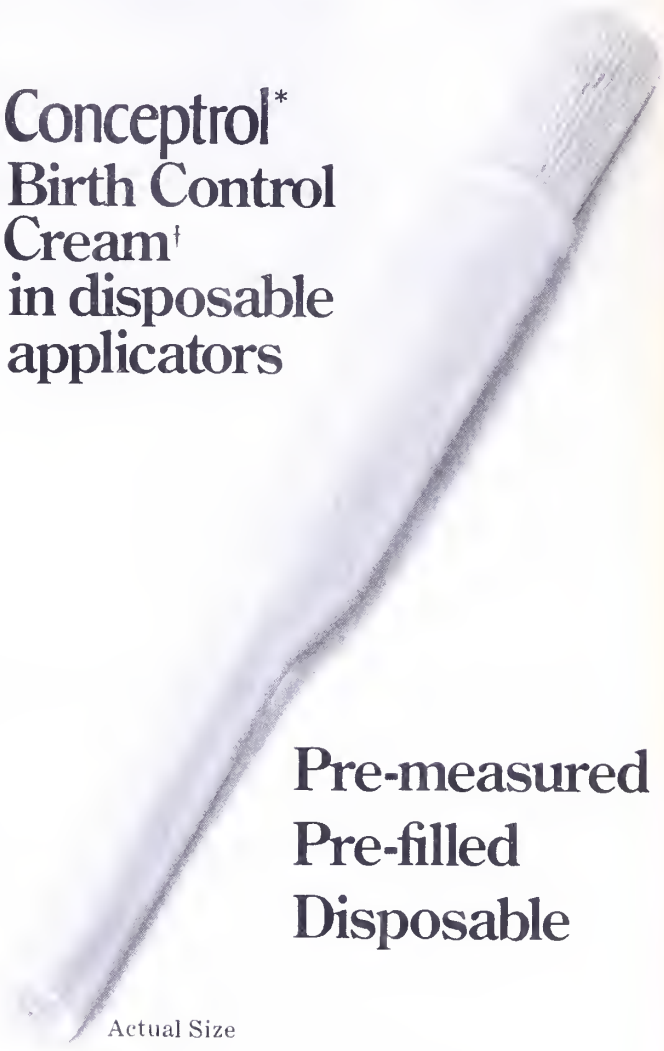
no longer forced to spend weeks at a time battling nts. But it doesn't follow that we should spend experiencing them. Our waterproof skin, our hair—even the shape of our noses—were all now a variety of weathers. We were meant to be the life forces that swirl around us. Instead we e attuned only to CBS and NBC. As a result we hreats like DDT, auto exhaust, and sewage-filled y as threats to ourselves and not, as they truly reats to all the animals and plants that have d equal rights to eat and breathe and drink here e sickness of man that we continue to see every- ne TV weatherman's kind of how-will-this-affect- As long as we ban DDT only to save our own 'll get nowhere; we'll simply poison all the other in different ways—and wind up, of course, ourselves again.

no hope except through whole new motives and through things like seeing weather as an endless f beautiful miracles. ("Look, Ma; it's starting to I go out? Please? Can I?") A very accurate our ecological health is the attitude of the TV an. The day we hear him trying to describe the rs of a stormy sky or speculating as to how good drops must feel to drought-shriveled leaves is the start to turn around and wade out of our mess.

—Malcolm B. Wells
Cherry Hill, N.J.

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TO BE LICKED

I think the earliest remembrance I have is being licked by a cow on a summer day. The family album shows photographs of other events in previous summers, but they left no permanent marks on my soul. I remember standing by a two-board fence, my elbows hanging over the upper board. Cows were grazing nearby. One looked up and came toward me. It had friendly, blue eyes. All of a sudden, its tongue came out and licked me in a broad stroke from my chin to my forehead, covering my whole face. I had, perhaps, the sensation of being stroked by warm, wet sandpaper of grade "coarse." In the background, my mother laughed, laughed, laughed . . .

I grew up and one day I was somewhere in my middle teens. During one of the winters, I took a girl out to the movies; in the summer we went to the public beach in the company of others. One day, when everybody seemed to be looking in other directions, I bent over and gave her my first kiss. As I retracted, a fine thread of spit hung between her lips and mine, becoming more slender as I moved away from her and gaining substance as I moved toward her again. Back and forth I swayed, but the spit in its catenary beauty remained. I didn't know what to do, but she did. As I became paralyzed, she leaned toward me and licked me in the face. It was pleasant in a way, like being stroked by a warm, wet, soft piece of sandpaper of grade "fine." In the background, her girlfriends sni er snickered, snickered . . .

Later in life when I had settled down with anotl g I made my first attempt at adultery. I figured I n ht well try for the best of two worlds. I went after a o economics teacher. She had a certain way with fo I was hopeful, therefore, about her other abilitie culated that an entry to her kitchen would be a nat step toward an entry to her other rooms. By ste other means, I obtained samples of her cooki praised them extravagantly, while berating my w ganic alfalfa dishes. She invited me over to wit preparation of her masterpiece, broiled ox tongu it started to sizzle in her eye-level broiler, I made vance. She was furious. At a time like this! Sp perfectly good tongue! She grabbed it and sla across my face. It felt like a hot piece of "coars paper, wet with peppered water. But, at least, nob there to laugh at me.

I took a short, solitary vacation at the rim of th Canyon while my burns healed. There, looking depths, I pondered what she needed those other ro

And now: I am approaching forty and wonderi will be licked next.

—Thomas
Inglewo

REFLECTIONS ON A FLUSH TOILET

A few years ago *Newsweek* reported with suppressed glee that the inventor of the indoor toilet was one Thomas Crapper of London.

Flushed by this felicitous and surely accidental association of surname with our common names for product, function, matter, and bathroom, I came out with a limerick.

> Tom Crapper was the name of a chap
> Whom fame has neglected to tap.
> When seated take thought
> Of the blessing he wrought
> And always spell Crap with a cap.

For a long time I had thought it shameful that we hadn't identified the man whose invention ranked with or above those of Edison, Marconi, and Whitney. A man's home is hardly his castle unless it has a throne in it, no matter the presence of a telephone, wireless, or even a cotton gin.

One way to celebrate inventor and invention is to improve on his work—and here our technicians have been woefully wanting. The modern mechanism, though refined probably beyond Mr. Crapper's imaginings, remains little better than the original and, more important, is, like his, a great waster of water, of which we are increasingly in short supply.

Surely, I thought, it was within the talents of our engineers to devise a two-phase flush toilet with levers or buttons designated A and B or One and Two or, come down to it, P and C. Thus would be reduced to half a gallon or less the minimum four and one-half gallons of water presently used to flush away the bladder's approximate maximum content of one pint (ratio, 36 to 1). John and demijohn perhaps could be used as references. In any case the improvement would be a testimonial to Mr. Crapper and a contribution to conservation. A go worthy of public support and the efforts of superio

But experience has discouraged promotion. Th flush toilet is the fruit of a conspiracy between turer and union. It has been designed to thwart yourselfers. It has been so engineered that, whe out of whack, only a plumber can fix it—at wh ported to be the going wage in my part of the of $17.50 an hour. Were it to be improved in th I have suggested, only a handful of scientists cou it and only a Howard Hughes could afford the though it is true scientists might come chea plumbers. More, to effect the improvements we w to break the conspiracy—a lost cause that Won might embrace.

By perseverance—but with scant thanks sav menclature to USDA's Farmer's Bulletin No. have at last mastered the mechanism. I can spe ingly of the valves, the tubes, the connecting floats and balls and brackets and guides and leve can do what must be done when one or two or m function. But I won't go into all that except for advice. Before tinkering with the guts of the ta sure you close the cut-off valve outside it. Once, f to do so, I removed the intake valve and flushed bathroom—at a saving, though, of $17.50 an ho

It is incidental to this report that plumbers wil their wages are justified by encountered hazards Against that position I have no argument. Gun i have been looking for my one-time plumber ev received a $70 labor bill for less than half a day'

—A. B. G
Missou



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A CHILLING EXPERIENCE

The White House, the FBI, and me, by Daniel Schorr



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(Simon & Schuster) © 1972 Herbert Block.

"See what you can get on this TV gu... we're considering him for a high p...

TOM WICKER, in a *New York Times* column dealing with the Nixon Administration's attacks on the press, cited, along with the injunction against publication of the Pentagon Papers and the Supreme Court's decision on subpoenas for reporters, the "full-scale investigation of a reporter—Daniel Schorr of C.B.S.—considered unfriendly by some of Mr. Nixon's men." The investigation of me in August 1971 appears to have won a place in the history of the war between the government and the press—despite the Nixon Administration's avowals that no intimidation was intended and that the investigation came about because I was briefly considered for a government position.

Few in the press believe the government's claims, and because the effect of intimidation is there as long as intimidation is perceived, it is the continuing suspicion that counts. Seeking to discover whether the suspicion is warranted, I decided to make my own inquiry into the "Schorr-FBI affair."

THE INVESTIGATION STARTED, without warning, on August 20, 1971. As J. Edgar Hoover dryly recounted it five months later in a letter to a Senate subcommittee, it was a simple matter, a "routine" investigation for "possible Federal employment," ordered by him the day after he had received a request from a White House staff member.

"Routine" for Mr. Hoover, but for me it was a day of disruption and puzzlement, the FBI at the door and the telephone incessantly jingling with breathless bulletins from superiors, associates, family, and friends touched by the widening web of interviews. Each one told of being advised that the reason for the questioning was that I was in line for a government "position of trust and confidence." To all I protested that I had not sought or in any manner been offered such a position. Most doubted me. The few who believed me proceeded to volunteer the darkest theories about possible motives for an investigation—harassment, intimidation, or a concealed effort to "get something" on me.

This seemed improbable to me, if only because the investigation was so overt. Later I learned that job investigations without jobs are not unprecedented. Lipman Bers, professor of mathematics at Columbia University, experienced a deja vu sensation when he read of my case. Only two months earlier, he wrote me, the FBI had visited him, his colleagues, and neighbors, saying that he was being considered for "an important position" in the executive branch. He told the FBI that it must all be a mistake, and the investigation ceased. "At that time," wrote Dr. Bers, "I considered the whole thing the result of a clerical error somewhere. But now I'm not so sure."

Jim D. Whittenburg, president of the National Council on Youth and Drugs, incurred the hostil... Secret Service in October ... he publicly criticized the ... ministration's policy on na... marijuana. Several days l... cret Service agent requeste... ical file from his physician ... tor was then asked to sign ... Department release form, ... to "a full field investigat... conducted relative to appl... employment with the Un... Secret Service."

Vincent Gillen, private i... and former FBI agent, p... be carrying out a pree... check when he dug into ... Ralph Nader on behalf of ... General Motors. Testifyi... the Senate Subcommittee ... tive Reorganization in M... Mr. Gillen displayed impat... Senator Robert Kennedy p... about a preemployment in... made on a pretext and w... subject's consent.

"Oh, Senator, come on," ... chided Mr. Gillen. "For ... sake, where did I learn t... FBI!"

Whether, in my case, t... consciously using a techni... wittingly acting as an inst... the White House, it did t... almost flattering formality ... waiting at the Washington ... CBS News when I arrive... on August 20, 1971, act...

Daniel Schorr, Washington cor... CBS News, specializes in inv... porting.

might toward a candidate
ffice. He said that he did
what position I was being
for, and was surprised
't know either. When I cut
nterview, saying that I ob-
eing investigated on such
ounds, he promised to re-
ews to his superiors. Some-
heatedly, William Small,
bureau chief, declined to
gent my personnel file, but
show him the door.

y telephone started ring-
from New York, Richard
president of CBS News.
had called him at home
e morning, saying it had
to complete the investiga-
the implication that the
ent of my appointment
ent. To me, Mr. Salant
ned. Why, after nineteen
ld I leave CBS so abrupt-
hat was my new job any-
dn't know of any job?

calls came in a steadily
g pattern—other CBS ex-
olleagues, friends, neigh-
FBI man is still out there
t watching your house!"),
employers (back to the
the Jewish Telegraphic
ere I worked three dec-
Each caller eager to be the
me, and each agog with
Is it all right to talk to
Wouldn't want to delay
tment, hah, hah! Say, uh,
job anyway? *No* job?
an't talk about it or the
ill change his mind, hah,
b, really? Maybe the FBI
gun on the offer? Or
u think?

thereafter, CBS execu-
me to ask whether a job
rfaced, and, when none
later, a more serious con-
losing a correspondent
self. There are raw nerves
ting about the Nixon Ad-
, abraded by the speeches
sident Agnew, the con-
over "instant analysis,"
over *The Selling of the*
and—still to come—the
t over entertainment pro-
the hint of possible anti-
for news "monopoly."
vestigation, then, exem-
ment, a new wrinkle in
the media?
y me? I was, after all, a relatively small reportorial planet in a galaxy of anchormen and commentators. Some in CBS theorized that some specific piece of reporting had created some specific antagonist. They suggested that investigative reporting, undermining studied public relations postures, could have raised more hidden hackles than critical commentary, which could be refuted or simply dismissed.

THE FBI INVESTIGATION had started at the moment of my latest brush with the Administration. Only the day before I had visited the White House, on request, to receive complaints from Presidential Assistant Patrick J. Buchanan and other officials about my most recent report on the *CBS Evening News*. President Nixon, addressing the Knights of Columbus in New York, had made an emotional promise to aid the foundering parochial schools. My report, coming directly after the Nixon film, quoted Administration and Catholic educational sources as saying that there was no plan to deliver on that commitment. The White House officials told me that various plans were under consideration. And on the very day the FBI showed up I was working on a follow-up report analyzing the comments of the White House staff. One CBS executive felt sure that the investigation had been triggered by resentment because I had blunted the President's message to the Catholics. That on top of all my previous trouble with the Nixon Administration.

Not that I had been free of trouble with Democratic administrations. President Kennedy had taken umbrage at my reports from Germany about his quarrels with Chancellor Konrad Adenauer. Since returning to Washington in 1966, I had heard, second- and sometimes firsthand, of President Johnson's explosions over my accounts of backroom compromises on welfare and taxes. But these had been brief eruptions, and the Republicans' disaffection with me had been a steady, bitter growth.

In June 1970 I reported that two West Point instructors, commissioned by President Nixon's Urban Affairs Council to survey food distribution, had found many counties operating only "paper programs" and that an Administration that had promised to

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eliminate hunger was sitting on the report. Sen. Robert Dole, then chairman of the Republican National Committee, made a speech in the Senate, charging bias and saying that my first interest was "in discrediting the Nixon Administration while he promotes those who share his liberal views." Senator Dole also complained to my boss, Mr. Salant, and was something less than mollified by Salant's reply that "if Mr. Schorr has any bias, it is against hunger."

President Nixon himself became involved in a dispute with me in March 1971. Dr. James C. Fletcher, a science adviser to the White House, had told me of expressing misgivings to the President about the Safeguard ABM system, and of hearing Mr. Nixon confess to doubts of his own. When Dr. Fletcher was named director of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, I decided to broadcast the story. The day after my March 9 report, Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler devoted the better part of his daily briefing to a categoric repudiation. Meeting next day with women reporters, the President volunteered that he was not concerned about opinion or criticism, with one exception.

"The only thing, however, where I have a very hard line about is inaccuracy, where something is inaccurate like Dan Schorr yesterday said, or made a statement, with regard to ABM that was totally without foundation and fact. . . . If they say that 'Nixon expressed doubts about ABM' when no meeting ever took place, that has to be corrected. That is what I mean. You can't allow a little lie. Incidentally," the President added, "when I call it a lie, that is unfair because, after all, the man just probably had the wrong information. I am always very charitable towards my friends."

A sense of charity toward "friends" did not appear, however, to pervade the Presidential staff. White House aides have an insiders' code for designating their pet hates. When referring to their names, they insert the initial "P" (for an obscenity). Around the White House I was thereafter "Daniel P. Schorr."

DESPITE ALL THIS, I kept an open mind, at first, about the FBI investigation. Perhaps somewhere in the bowels of bureaucracy there was someone, not cued in politica
had raised my name and acci
triggered a premature FBI
gation.

As days stretched into we
no sign of the chimerical job
discreet inquiries but tur
nothing. On October 8, ho
got an unexpected opportun
direct inquiry when I foun
at a dinner party with Fre
Malek, the White House tale
Six weeks had now passed w
peep from the government.
Mr. Malek if he knew for
the FBI had investigated me
pressed complete surprise
norance, even to inquiring
investigation had occurred. I
ised to check on it first th
morning and call me. Mr
never called. He might have
occurred to him that, a mo
an unexplained investigatio
be a public issue.

It was, oddly enough, s
tion within the President'
family that apparently he
story about me come to lig
are stories, and half-stories,
over Washington, launched
some interested party asser
circulates them. At CBS
agreed to let this story la
had concluded that to bro
myself would only cast n
role of an antagonist of the
tration—the role it had
for me.

Then the Administrati
with me erupted on another
November 4, Charles Colso
Counsel to the President, t
Dr. Frank Stanton, vice-ch
CBS, Inc., with a bitter
about my reports on un
conflicts in the Pay Boar
porting, he said, threatene
a labor boycott and unde
stabilization program. He
tioned that I had previous
such gross error that I
obliged to broadcast a
Mr. Colson was misinfor
error he was alluding to—
attribution to the then Bud
tor George Shultz of a sta
tually made by Dr. Herb
chairman of the Council of
Advisers—had not been
licly but in private convers
labor officials. And I had
in private at the request of
Dr. Shultz, learning of M
distortion of what was sup

y to him, expressed irrita-
ıe intervention, remarking,
Chuck Colson should be
ıed out."
days later a *Washington*
ɔrter, Ken Clawson (who—
ɔincidentally, he insists—
e White House staff a few
ıter), called me to say that
eard about the Colson com-
d was writing a story on it.
ılso been told, as an added
ɔut the FBI investigation,
ough an older story, he con-
better one. So, on Novem-
n the front page of the *Post*,
ɔlicized mystery became a
ɜue.

ADMIT that I could not have
ɔated becoming a front-
sation, with the inevitable
ıews agency follow-ups, re-
r interviews (all of which I
and a barrage of questions
hite House. Ronald Ziegler,
y hastily prepared, denied
ve of intimidation and said
d, in fact, been considered
oyment. The idea, Ziegler
l arisen in the office of Fred-
ek, and Mr. Malek loyally
l that statement, although
idea had astounded him six
rlier.
egler, questioned about the
f the position, said that it
he environmental area" and
e disclosed "in due time."
etted the curiosity of many
, and requests for amplifica-
duced a variety of off-the-
hispers. William Anderson
icago Tribune wrote that he
the job was "in the $40,000-
ıge" and that my sponsor
person of rank within the
ration." John Osborne of the
ublic wrote that a White
ficial finally named a job to
job that only a fool would
ɔected Dan Schorr to con-
ing."
ıggestion that an incumbent
ɔlacement created some ten-
"the environmental area."
hat dissident member of the
t's Council on Environmen-
ty told the White House that
vanted his immediate resig-
hey could have it. The head
Environmental Protection
William Ruckelshaus, told
ers at cocktail parties, smil-
ingly: "Maybe it's my job they want Schorr for."

There were other contradictions. In the first hasty reaction, Mr. Malek told reporters that the investigation, accidentally escalating from an intended in-house "name check," had been quickly canceled without any report ever being received from the FBI. But FBI Director Hoover reported officially: "The incomplete investigation of Mr. Schorr was entirely favorable to him, and the results were furnished to the White House."

Senator Sam J. Ervin, guardian of the First Amendment, announced that his constitutional rights subcommittee would look into the matter on February 1, 1972. And, as his public hearing approached, the White House suddenly shifted to a new position about the phantom job. A Presidential counselor wrote to Senator Ervin on January 27 stating, in line with the old position: "Mr. Schorr was being considered for a job that is presently filled." That changed abruptly four days later, on the eve of the hearing. Now the White House told reporters that what was involved was a new position that "has not been filled." What was being sought, said the officials, was an assistant to Russell Train, chairman of the Council on Environmental Quality; the assistant would prepare television programs on environmental subjects. And, though no one had yet been chosen, "other well-known newsmen" had been interviewed for the position.

I have since ascertained that several newsmen were, in fact, interviewed by Mr. Malek—apparently to help make the new stance credible. One of them, Ron Nessen of NBC, said he found the offer "peculiar" because he had been previously vetoed for another government position on political grounds. Mr. Nessen told me: "I got the impression that Malek was not so much offering me a job as trying to get me to spread word that there *was* a Schorr job."

At the February 1 hearing, Senator Ervin read from the Presidential aide's letter of January 27 about the post "that is presently filled" and from the *Washington Post* of that morning about the unfilled job. The Senator commented, "If I had been White House counsel, I would have told the witnesses to try to reconcile their testimony instead of making a contradictory statement of that kind."

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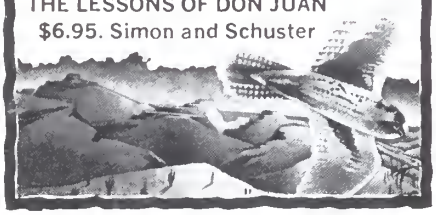
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IN THE FOLLOWING months the issue, and the questions, refused to die. When Richard Kleindienst came up before the Senate Judiciary Committee for confirmation as Attorney General, Senator John Tunney asked him about "the Dan Schorr case." ("I am not familiar with the specifics of the situation.") When White House Communications Director Herbert Klein appeared on the CBS *Face the Nation* broadcast, David Schoumacher asked, "Did you bring along with you the job offer for Dan Schorr?" ("No, I didn't, and I think that the handling of that wasn't probably the best thing.") When Senator Henry Jackson announced his candidacy for President, he said, "I think what was done in the case of Daniel Schorr is an outrage." (That did not result in a Jackson sweep of the primaries.)

Only the White House could solve the mystery, if it wanted to. The Administration had issued a spate of comments but had volunteered not the slightest explanation to me. At length, I wrote to Mr. Ziegler, asking if he could clarify the matter. Three months later, on August 14, 1972—almost the anniversary of the beginning of the whole business—Mr. Ziegler replied:

"I am told the job you were being considered for was Assistant to the Chairman of the Council on Environmental Quality. As I understand it, the Council was considering reorganizing its public affairs division to launch a program of public awareness about environmental problems. . . .

"Fred Malek tells me you were suggested to him for the position by one of several people he uses often for recruitment ideas, and remained under consideration for about ten days. Fred subsequently concluded that you and the job were not really matched, and your name was dropped from consideration. Other people were being considered at the time, and have since been considered; but for a variety of personnel and planning reasons, a general hold has remained on the position.

"I am further told that because your FBI investigation was terminated in the very early stages, no comprehensive report was ever prepared. The preliminary report, which was entirely favorable and which was forwarded to the White House, has subsequently been destroyed."

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·ks later, on September 1, Russell Train of the CEQ get a Special Assistant—·y Temple Black. Her as- s "active citizen involve- ıportant international en- l activities."

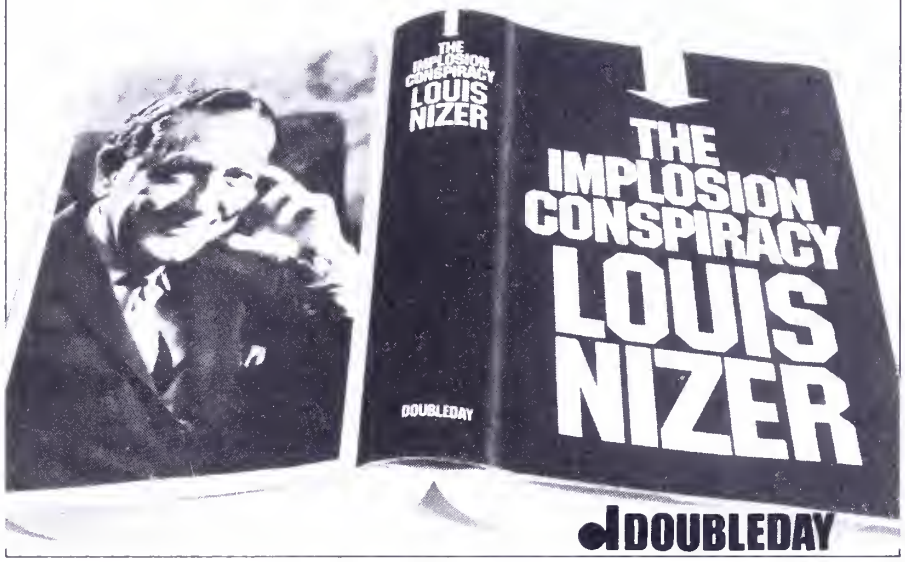
be flattering to think that ıce intended for me was l for Mrs. Black, but I how, believe it.

THE investigation had been by a tentative job offer. under the circumstances. chilling to my work as a n FBI investigation is not formality." It has an im- e's life, on relations with neighbors, and friends. I must manage a strained ı asked, on social occa- her my "FBI shadow" is has become standard hu- ire whether I am still "in ı the FBI," whether it is to me on the telephone. t Nixon, the White House sued orders that there will ıre "job investigations" ance consent. But in the climate between Admin- d press, most of my col- ieve that I was subjected nd of harassment. More than the Administration stand, I have become fi- nced that the weight of e is in that direction. I to think that it has not . But the insidious thing ı never be sure.

now to ponder, when a jects a controversial sto- offered, whether it is be- e normal winnowing pro- use of my troublemaking Even more am I left to ıen I myself discard a stigation, whether I am professional criteria or ı subconsciously affected nce to embroil my supe- troubles with the Nixon ion. I should like to think vernment cannot directly me. But my employer, ıs at stake in an industry egulation and pressure, is the government, and I e to my employer's prob- ne never quite gets over estigation—not, at least, re years. □

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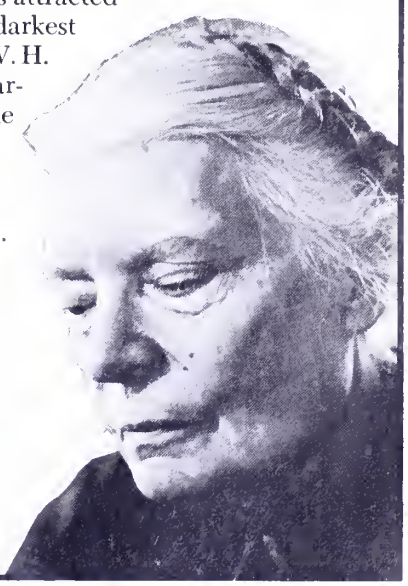
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Dan Menaker

"AN AMERICAN FAMILY"

The Uncertainty Principle in the making of a documentary

On a hillside overlooking the center of Santa Barbara, California, a teenage girl stands in a driveway paddling palms with her boyfriend. Two of her brothers look on. One of them lunges onscreen and says, "Brad and Delilah love scene. Take two."

A FRIEND OF MINE owns a splendid but vicious green parrot named Ed. She keeps Ed's cage on top of her refrigerator, whence His Malevolence commands a full prospect of the apartment's front (and only) door. The cage's situation—the only one proof to the drafts that zip through the place and that would give Ed his death of cold if given a chance—makes it impossible for my friend to be in her apartment without the bird's realizing it. Which, in turn, thwarts her curiosity about what Ed does and says when he thinks he's alone. She has tried faking exits—going halfway out the door and then darting back in and around a corner. But Ed Knows. You don't catch Ed napping. Dr. Werner Heisenberg once tried to catch electrons napping but couldn't. As he discovered, and as my friend has rediscovered, the *process* of conducting certain kinds of experiments alters the very *properties* under investigation, thereby rendering any result meaningless.

It is precisely this law that governs the experimental television documentary *An American Family* and condemns it to partial failure. The series, created by New York's WNET-TV and currently being shown on Public Broadcasting Service stations across the country, consists of twelve one-hour segments covering seven months (June through December 1971) in the life of William C. Loud and his wealthy Santa Barbara family. Producer Craig Gilbert and his crew moved into the house of William and Pat Loud and their five teenage children, accompanied them on trips—in short, filmed their lives. Gilbert has acknowledged the influence of process upon product: "There is no question that the presence of our camera crews and their equipment had an effect on the Louds, one that is impossible to evaluate realistically." And, although he has therefore eschewed the notion that his film conveys anything about the typical American family, he has also, somewhat contradictorily, expressed the belief that the series *does* portray "doubts, fears, pressures, hopes that unite us all. I had faith that if we stayed with a family long enough, certain universals would surface—like how parents feel about children and husbands about wives."

Unfortunately, despite excellent cinéma-vérité technique, despite intelligent editing, despite the poignancy and humor of the finished product, the universals for which Gilbert was fishing stay pretty well submerged. Or, if they do surface, it is impossible to distinguish them from the red herrings spawned by the presence of the camera crews and all their paraphernalia. How can the audience be certain that when, in episode 3, Pat Loud firmly tells her sons Grant and Kevin they must be home by six o'clock, she is not performing, that the blazing lights and whirring cameras have not affected her tone and manner? Maybe she didn't really care when they came home. How can the audience be certain that when, in episode 7, Bill and Pat argue (Pat: "The things you do are shitty. . . . I think you're a goddamn asshole"), Bill might not have fought more freely and thus more healthily had the cameras disappeared? Maybe they would have ended up making love. And, most important, how can the audience be certain that the disintegration of the Louds' twenty-year marriage, presented as a fa[ct] pli in episode 1 and retroa[c]amined by the rest of the [s]not result at least in part [f] prolonged tension of bein[g] era for seven months, und[er] tential scrutiny of tens of [m] people?

Even if you accept WN[ET]'s tention that the Louds [got] quickly" to the film crews' [pr]you must nevertheless co[n]doubt the sociological v[al]their documentary. For wh[at] illuminates, at best, how[ever] that has "adjusted quickl[y] vironmental cinema behav[es] ine a parrot that can feig[n] behavior when he knows [he's] alone or an electron that c[an] for a scientist. You coulc[n't] eralize about psittacine [or] form atomic theory using [rats] so atypical as these. And y[ou] learn very much about h[ow] ments that "unite us all" [by] ing a family of rich Califo[rnia] offs. Thus, for all these re[al] program lacks the universa[l] producer claims for it.

THE CONSIDERABLE SUCC[ESS] *American Family* as a [doc]tary owes far more to a[n] superficial visual fragmen[t] incidental assumptions ab[out] ica than it owes to the p[ro]"meaningful dialogue" or f[ul] teraction." For instance, a[n] in episode 1 that shows Pa[t] a shopping cart through [a] market and pulling down [one] after another from the shel[ves] fies the idea of conspicuous [con]tion into concrete picture[s] color packaging, brand [n]Day, HiHo), and physica[l] Cold and impassive, she [is] a marketing machine. Th[e] itinerary transforms statis[tic] American mobility into a

Dan Menaker is a member of The New Yorker *editorial staff and a film critic for WBAI in New York.*

departures. In episode 2, her eldest son in New episode 3, she returns isode 4, she travels to her Eugene, Oregon; in epi- in leaves to work in Aus- Pat and her oldest daugh- go to Taos, New Mexico, 's vacation (but Delilah there and returns home episode 6, Pat returns pisode 8, Bill is away on episode 9, he returns; in Lance returns home from after having journeyed to episode 12, Pat goes to s and returns home. All n months.

neighborhood rock band, tices its mannered aping ing Stones in the Louds' wns an armory of equip- es, guitars, amplifiers, ms—that must be worth ,000. This electric weap- with the cars, telephones, ts, beach cottages, houses, that lie about in the film, audience with images of ore immediate than any be.

tuitous textural elements ticular family contribute gram's documentary suc- hildren's names: Lance, vin, Michelle, Grant. The t name: Loud. The fa- e owns a company called Western Foundries, which ement parts for heavy used in—get this—strip episode 1, he watches lready half-destroyed hill- blown up and exclaims, Gee, that's beautiful." ucer was also lucky that ble portion of the dia- in just this way—as dra- g *An American Family* as well as enlightening:

itting on bed and talking Brad on telephone): Oh, od. It was so embarrass- g. My parents got in a ght. I almost died—to t the cheese in the re- igerator. They were ar- ing about whether you ould put the cheese in e refrigerator or not.... nd then Nancy called me d her parents are fight- g too. m glad I'm single.

DELILAH: We were getting ready to leave forever.... I don't think I ever want to get married, really.

BRAD: Well, I'll see you later.

DELILAH: No, I mean I'd get married to you, but—

(episode 7)

PAT: (to son Grant): You know, you're an awful big baby. You really are.

BILL: Well, he's not a baby. He's a good boy.

GRANT: Well now, why don't you decide on one thing you both can call me so you can get together on something.

(episode 7)

THUS, WHILE *An American Family* offers nothing convincing in the way of *psychology*, it manages to provide a good deal of entertainment and to speak quite eloquently of a specific habitat—of the dance, not the dancer.

Movie and television journalism that concerns institutions or events or places generally tastes more strongly of reality than do the newer, less structured films that seek to record intimacy and spontaneity. For instance, Frederic Wiseman (the man who has made *Titticut Follies* and a string of other documentaries) usually focuses on public entities—a hospital, a high school, a mental institution—the conduct of whose operations is relatively impervious to the influence of the camera. A doctor trying to save a heart-attack victim is less likely to grandstand than are a husband and wife sitting around their living room with little else to do. In *Marjoe*, to take another example, the sequences showing the production-crew conferences—full of jokes and posturing—look like utter hoke and hype in comparison to the revival meetings, which are formalized events.

All of which indicates that certain limits exist upon what cameras can tell us about ourselves—at least until they permeate our environment so thoroughly as to lose their conspicuousness. Until *we* lose our privacy. What with Polaroids, home videotape equipment, and cable television—to say nothing of governmental surveillance and data gathering—that time may be closing in. □



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The utopian urge in art: Henri Rousseau's The Dream *(1910) looks back to an idealized Eden rather than ahead to a future perfection. From the Museum of Modern Art, gift of Nelson A. Rockefeller.*

the past instead of the present, can be had by touring historical utopian settlements that still stand at various points around the country. Although there is a distracting air of preservation at some of these places, it's usually possible to enjoy the imaginative exercise of reconstructing the everyday life that once existed there.

The Shakers have been one of the most durable utopian groups, despite the fact that celibacy is one of their tenets, and their communities are scattered across the northeastern part of the country. The Hancock Shaker Village in Pittsfield, Mass., was founded in 1790; it's no longer occupied, and during the summer you can inspect the buildings (including a round stone barn) and the Shaker furniture inside. The village is open from June through mid-October; admission is $1.50 for adults, $.50 for children under twelve.

For contrast, not far away is a museum marking one of the shortest-lived utopian experiments: during eight months in 1843, Bronson Alcott (Louisa May's father) and an Englishman named Charles Lane tried to set up an ideal way of life at Fruitlands in Harvard, Mass. The Fruitlands Museums consist of four buildings displaying furniture and varied memorabilia of the community, including various things that belonged to the author of *Little Women*, who was quite unhappy while she was there.

Oneida, in upstate New York, was founded in the mid-nineteenth century and later, in 1881, reorganized itself as a joint-stock company. Now best known for its production of silverware, the Oneida group still has strong communal features. The short dresses worn by Oneida's women, at the time considered outrageous, have been gathered with other interesting relics at the Madison County Historical Museum, open Tuesday through Sunday, May 1 to November 1. There is no admission fee, but a donation is requested; the museum is open by appointment in the winter.

A slightly different form of dress prevailed among the women in the North American Phalanx, a Fourierist community in Colts Neck, N. J.; they wore not only short dresses but bloomers underneath, since that provided a comfortable costume for working in the fields. After a difficult start in 1843, the North American Phalanx prospered for a while; then, in 1854, a fire destroyed a large portion of the community. Unable to agree on rebuilding plans, the members split and the group rapidly collapsed. Phalanx House fell victim to still another fire last fall, but a small portion still stands as a reminder of Charles Fourier's dream to organize the world into a system of self-sufficient groups.

The remains of the Harmony Society are more substantial: seventeen of the original buildings in Old Economy Village, Ambridge, Pa., have been preserved. Founded by George Rapp in 1804 on principles that included celibacy, the society disappeared in 1905, leaving shops, homes, gardens, a music hall, and Rapp's 25-room house constructed of handmade bricks. The restored buildings are open year-round; $.50 for adults, children under twelve free.

For a while during its hundred-year history, the New Harmony Society was located in Indiana. In 1825 the Indiana settlement was sold to Robert Owen, the Welshman who—having tried out some of his novel social ideas in New Lanark, Scotland—attempted to set up a working utopian community in the United States. The experiment failed after two years, but if you go to New Harmony today you can still see the fort-granary, the dormitory for unmarried men, and

D CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

a garden maze. The town's Visitor Information Bureau is open May through October and will arrange guided tours for $2 per person.

Planned gardens were a common feature in utopian communities, and those of the Zoar community in Ohio were intended as a replica of the New Jerusalem. Zoar Village (1817-1898) was founded by a group of German immigrants seeking religious freedom who succeeded in making themselves virtually self-sufficient. Number One House, a luxurious dwelling belonging to the founder, Joseph Bimeler, has been restored. The village is open Tuesday through Saturday, April through October; admission is $1 for adults. The Bimeler Museum, which offers historical material, is next door and free.

The Nauvoo Museum in Illinois' Nauvoo State Park provides an unusual stop on a tour of the utopian past. The museum has organized displays around each of four periods in the city's history, two of which—the Mormon and the Icarian—were characterized by utopian settlements. Joseph Smith and his followers established the headquarters of the Church of the Latter Day Saints in Nauvoo in 1839, and it remained there until 1846 when Brigham Young led most of the group on to Utah (Salt Lake City, needless to say, boasts countless exhibits of Mormon life.) Though vandals burned the still-unfinished temple in 1848, the Smith family's first home and the Mansion House, designed to be the prophet's permanent home, have survived and are open year-round. There's a guided tour available.

Three years after the Mormons left, a group of French Icarians, socialist followers of Etienne Cabet, arrived in Nauvoo to undertake another utopian experiment. The group split up in 1858 and apparently left no remains other than those you will find in the museum.

Amana, Iowa, like other communities on this tour, was founded by a religious group, the Society of True Separatists, that established seven communal villages in Iowa in the mid-nineteenth century. Now organized as a joint-stock corporation, the Amana settlement today produces furniture, foodstuffs, and woolens. In the village of Homestead a colonist's home has been restored; it has no kitchen or dining area, since all meals were taken in a central place.

While a great many utopian movements were religious in their inspiration, there have been several with a more single-minded concern for economic reform. Henry George's Single Tax System, for example, was adopted in 1894 by four families in Fairhope, Alabama. Now there's a little town overlooking Mobile Bay and an abundance of small craft shops.

California had its share of utopian colonies of all sorts in the nineteenth century and probably has more than its share of communal experiments today. But it's also the setting for William Randolph Hearst's San Simeon, the ultimate expression of a different strain of American utopianism. On top of a 1,600-foot hill commanding remarkable views of the California coast, Hearst built a sprawling estate as a lavish personal assertion that utopia is simply a matter of money. There is a plunderer's magnificence about San Simeon that is literally breathtaking. Hearst always figured there was more to be done to the place, but by the time he died in 1951 he had probably come as close to realizing a personal dream of environmental perfection as money can bring you.

The Hearst-San Simeon State Historic Park is open every day except Thanksgiving and Christmas and offers a choice of three guided tours, the most expensive of which is $4 for an adult. During the summer or on holidays, it's a good idea to make reservations in advance (Hearst Reservation Office, Dept. of Parks and Recreation, Box 2390, Sacramento 95811; there's a small charge for the service). The tours involve a fair amount of stair climbing, since San Simeon impresses its elevation on the visitor in a quite physical way.

Judging by their names, there are a fair number of communities across the country that aspire to utopian status. We'd be delighted to hear from you the virtues of Bliss, Idaho; Climax, Minnesota; Delight, Arkansas; Ideal, Georgia; Eden, Montana; Paradise, Kansas; and Sublime, Texas.

Inspections of Ideal Societies

"Why don't we just start all over again the right way?" says a character in B. F. Skinner's *Walden Two*. The appeal of Skinner's utopian novel, written in 1945, is in its assurance that science knows "the right way." From his behavioral-science perspective, Skinner exults in the sense that nothing need be beyond man's control of himself (today one wonders when behaviorism, like physics before it, will encounter mystery that will prevail over even its most ingenious models). In Skinner's universe, control promises freedom: the freedom to realize true intent, the freedom from error that comes through a comprehensive knowledge of what variables affect what outcomes.

Walden Two (Macmillan, paper, $2.25) has been extremely widely read, among the young especially, and may even qualify as the most familiar contemporary utopian vision. The book banishes the stark tyrannies that moved across the dystopian landscapes of Orwell and Huxley, and in their place erects a beguiling apparatus that mellifluously grinds out our destinies. It is a dream of social organization rooted in the optimism and the "can-do" certainty of the World War II years, yet one capacious enough to enfold the yearnings for sunshine and community that mark our more pessimistic present mood.

Skinner's vision, in fact, has proved so compelling that a few small communities have been founded with the idea of embodying the principles of *Walden Two*. The best known and longest lived of these has been Twin Oaks Community near Louisa, Virginia. Now there is a book describing life at Twi… written by Kathleen … who was one of the com… founders in 1967. *A Wal… Experiment* (William … $7.95) is a fascinating … rich in detail and com… written, of the process … the elastic sheet of … ideas has been stretched … lives of a group of ind… Above all, it is a book o… dimension, one that e… tains laughter, that cru… with reality so noticeab… in most utopian literatu…

(Another, more ha… view of Twin Oaks is … by *Leaves of Twin Oa…* munity Publications … tive, Louisa, Va., $2.95]. … tion of the newsletter … kept by the community … first five years.)

The best survey loc… communal experiment… taken since the mid-… provided by Robert … *Getting Back Together* … McCann & Geohegan, … Houriet spent two years … that took him through … the new communal se… most of them utopian … either to transform … consciousness or to ref… structures. Using diar… record his impression… community, Houriet s… conveying a strong se… people and their lives. … sympathetic to the co… he describes, you will … enjoy the book; othe… may feel that everyon… pears aggressively self-…

A different kind of … a greater analytical … offered by Rosabeth … ter's *Commitment an… nity* (Harvard Univer… paper, $2.95). The … sociologist at Brande…

THE UNKNOWN UTOPIAS

Before you overestimate your familiarity with utopian … consider these facts:

Arthur Orcutt Lewis, Jr., professor of English at Pe… State University, has edited a collection of otherwise u… utopian works by American writers. The series includes … which can be had altogether for $475 (individual titles … $5 to $30). The collection is called *Utopian Literature* a… lished by the Arno Press in New York.

Glenn Negley, professor of philosophy at Duke Un… completing a bibliography of 1,200 utopian works. … collected fifty of these books, several of them written by … a series titled *Utopian Fiction, 1581-1934*. Published by … Washington, D.C., the collection costs $900 (the boo… $16 to $30 apiece).

NDWRAPAROUND



anging in front of the Lama community in northern New Mexico. 5 acres, the community stresses the spiritual development of its American equivalent of the Hindu ashram.

es the book this way: the ideas and values itopian communities ial living, present ex- arch on the forms of that built commit- ong-lived communes eenth century, and me of the dilemmas ommunities of the many links to the nmune movement, kinds of contempo- nes in detail, and ex- of the moral and raised by the com- ment today." The isively written and useful conceptual for understanding munitarian experi- pian terms.

y short lived, most riments leave only ents that communi- tre of everyday life. is the Oneida Com- ded in upstate New 3, which proved to most enduring and the many nine- y attempts at large- inal living. A de- of the thirty years n the community be found in a two- ry, *Oneida Com-* acuse University and $9.95 for vol- respectively), writ- ed by Constance son, a granddaugh- nder, John Hum- The first volume ars 1851 to 1876 collection of the l experiences of bers themselves the community he second volume, 6 through 1881, count, sympathetic the disagreements n the community's olution. In their mulation of detail, the books succeed in conveying an intriguing picture of daily life at Oneida.

Where history shades into academic investigation and theory, there are several books that are noteworthy in some respects, though not necessarily relaxing reading.

California's Utopian Communities (Yale University Press, $6.50), by Robert V. Hine, a historian at the University of California, gives a chronological account of seventeen utopian settlements that were born and then died in California between 1850 and 1950. The discussion of the influence of Bellamy's *Looking Backward* is especially interesting as an example of how people go about breathing life into fiction.

French Utopias: An Anthology of Ideal Societies (Schocken, paper, $3.95), edited and translated by Frank and Fritzie Manuel, is a collection of relatively short utopian visions from a culture that has repeatedly cultivated and then ridiculed the utopian impulse. The provocative ideas scattered throughout the text can be found in concentrated form in the Manuels' felicitous introduction to the book.

Utopias and Education (Burgess Publishing, Minneapolis, paper, $3.95), by Howard Ozmon, is interesting for its cross-section view of what the classic utopias have had to say about education. The individual selections are introduced by brief commentaries that gradually make clear the correspondences between educational reform movements in our own day and historical utopian visions.

Utopias and Utopian Thought (Houghton Mifflin, $6.50), edited by Frank E. Manuel, is a collection of essays based on a 1965 issue of *Daedalus*, the journal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. The book offers a handy sampling of what the theory class thinks about utopias. The individual essays range in quality from dense to delightful, and the forest of academic prose is relieved by frequent rays of insight.

Finally, there are two books that deal generally with the utopian spirit as it relates to the everyday commerce of American society. Both are gracefully written, spirited, personal statements that make for good reading.

The Story of Utopias (Viking, $1.95), by Lewis Mumford, was written shortly after World War I; it is an attempt, in the wake of a cataclysm that called all idealism into question, to define what still seemed possible for social man to aspire to. Mumford's thought wends a skillful course that is sensitive to the dictatorial tendencies of most utopian thought yet recognizes the power of utopian thinking to break down, or transcend, the specialized modes of thinking we use to divide our lives among countless pigeonholes, arriving finally at the conviction that life is better than utopia.

Utopian Essays and Practical Proposals (Vintage, paper, $1.95), by Paul Goodman, is a collection of essays on the insanities he saw in the world around him and his suggestions on how they could be remedied. Goodman's catalogue of better alternatives encompasses a range of things, from banning automobiles in Manhattan to finding a way to humanize sociology. Occasionally querulous, the book is also by turns charming, moving, provocative, and above all humane.

ART IN THE IDEAL SOCIETY

In the last of the positive utopias, Aldous Huxley grinds home the point that art is incompatible with a just society. Huxley presents in *Island* a Palanese version of *Oedipus Rex* in which a boy and a girl talk Oedipus out of blinding himself on the ground that what an old society considered fearful crimes were, after all, only accidents. The Palanese believe that it is plain silly for Oedipus, to say nothing of a whole city, to have to suffer for accidents. "Silly," I regret to say, is the word used. Huxley's travesty of *Oedipus* is banal beyond belief; it stands as a fearful warning of what might happen to writers in utopia.

There is plenty of evidence that in the idea of the good life writers recognize a threat to their art. The possibility of an *Othello* versus a society without conflict: it comes down to that, and the art of utopia is literally unimaginable. The function of utopia is to eradicate the pain and suffering out of which the great literature of the past has been created; it is to lower the temperature of the culture, to reduce the amount of "history" in our lives. "The History of the World," said Hegel, "is not the theatre of happiness. Periods of happiness are blank pages in it." Four hundred years ago, Campanella's Captain in *The City of the Sun* could exult: "Oh if you only knew what they say from their astrology . . . concerning the coming age and the fact that our age has more history in it in a hundred years than the whole world in the preceding 4,000 years." But that was in another country, and today utopia (where it is still the subject of the literary imagination) desperately seeks less history out of fear of the age to come; and without history literature as we know it necessarily suffers. To the degree that a literary artist helps bring about the conditions of utopia, he contributes to the diminution of his art. For artists and lovers of art, it is a genuine dilemma, one that may account in part for the fact that although the search for utopia—for the good life—continues, literary utopia is dead.

—Robert E. Elliott

Robert Elliott is the author of The Shape of Utopia, *published in 1970 by the University of Chicago Press.*

We welcome reports from readers on other books that have proved to be especially rewarding.

If you have trouble finding any of the books listed here, you can obtain them by writing to **WRAPAROUND**, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Follow the ordering instructions that appear under Tools for Living.

TOOLS FOR LIVI

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

As products proliferate it's getting harder and harder to separate the true items of value—those that do what they promise for a useful period of time at a reasonable cost—from the general chaff. Tools for Living is simply an attempt to make information available on those goods and services worth knowing about. Furthermore, since everyone we know gets busier and busier, we felt it made sense to extend the information service to its logical conclusion: you can buy most of these products through us if that's the easiest way for you to get them.

Tools for Living is not a product testing service. If we feature something here, it's because we like it. There are no best buys, no check-rated items, no guarantees or warranties. Our items are not selected by an organized process; somewhere along the line one of you or one of us has run across that particular product, used it, and found it to be functional and worth its price.

If you decide to order any of these items through *Harper's*, just follow the instructions on the next page. Postage and handling charges are on us.



AH SO!

Those of you who occasionally remove a cork no doubt will appreciate the sentiment behind the name of this tool. It's the "Ah-So" cork puller. When you first use it you can immediately imagine the warm satisfaction that must have led the designer to gasp "ah so" upon his discovery of the principle. Instructions on the box in German, French, Spanish, and English are not helpful. The English: "The new partical [*sic*] bottle opener and corker with tin foil cutter and cap-lifter. It's no longer necessary to pierce the corks therefore lasting for ever." They should say, "Insert the longer blade between the cork and the bottle. Push in until shorter blade can be inserted on the opposite side. Continue to push down with a back-and-forth rocking motion until tips are past bottom of cork. Remove cork by pulling with a rotating motion. Cork may be replaced by reversing the procedure."

This device works very well. Broken corks will be a thing of the past. The handle also acts as a regular bottle opener. There is a sheath to protect the blades when not in use. It is available in gift shops and department stores, or you can order it from us for $3.

THE OLD MALADY

"'I didn't get a wink of sleep last night' is an all-too
complaint—everyone suffers from sleeplessness someti
for many it is a lifelong torture. This book may guide y
first good night's sleep you've had in ages." So wrote
Menninger, president of the Menninger Foundation, abo
nia: The Guide for Troubled Sleepers (Doubleday, $6.95

Those who share the problem and others who are sim
ested in the science and myths of sleep will find this b
light. One of our staff claims to have been cured of a
chronic insomnia problem by adopting two suggestions
book. He says that it would be too embarrassing to ad
two.

MORE ON THE GI CAN OPE

In case any of our readers has been wondering, as we have, about the provenance of the GI can opener featured in our January issue, we have received a number of letters that help clear up the mystery.

Col. U. G. Gibbons writes from Huntsville, Alabama, that the openers began to turn up in Army combat rations just before or after Pearl Harbor. Colonel Gibbons also provides a little context for these handy devices: "K and C rations were boxed individually . . . and along with salt and pepper, 4 cigarettes, 3 sticks of chewing gum, some hard candy, instant coffee, they included canned goods like cheese with bacon, assorted meat stews, chicken noodle, beef and hamburger, etc. (Also included was a small but generous roll of toilet paper, which, in view of the high-protein, low-bulk content of the rations, must have constituted a triumph of Quartermaster Service optimism over the reservations of their dietitian advisers.)"

A. W. Hoffman of Fort Worth, Texas, recalls seeing a similar, though larger, German version of the opener during the early part of World War II, and he speculates that, like the Jerry can, the little tool might have been of enemy inspiration. Mr. Hoffman also provided a curious and more recent footnote to the story: "This little can opener is the one that caused such an uproar a few years ago. One of our brilliant Congressmen became highly indignant and squealed like a stuck hog about the Pentagon ordering a million can openers. He was either a good actor or had never been in the Ar
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PAROUNDWRAPAR

RSAL USEFULNESS

ı till you finish reading," writes Lawrence Harbeck . Michigan. "Ductape is designed to seal joints in -conditioning ducts; but it's great for any household strong, stick-tight adhesive tape. (It's also water- resistant.) Use it to seal leaks; patch cloth and and toys; reinforce boxes, cartons, furniture; bundle hings that can't be held with string.

indispensable for holding damaged racing-car bod- ng enough to finish the race. (Not an everyday omes, but evidence of the tape's strength and ver- crews deserve credit for discovering and advertis- ıl usefulness.)"

lvery-gray-shiny on the outside and generally comes le. It's made by several manufacturers and sold in s and places like Sears and Wards. We'll be happy me, 60 feet for $2.25, postpaid.

'OUR-OWN CAMPING GEAR

easures and there Sewing your own one of the latter. s. James Harmon have sewn two. their kits—in- ut rip-stop nylon, oose down, zip- hardware—from of two Colorado ı a complete line elf camping gear. he other. Their J ARE NEVER A FROSTLINE

ponses we've re- mpanies deserve the way they've old dilemma of . Mrs. Harmon, pleased to know ing bag works, tions in the kits s the catalogue m; the language r a McCall's or rn.

stiansen of Minneapolis, a novice sewer, made himself a Frostline down parka with hood for $30 (comparable store value: $70-$120). He described his set of instructions as "not like one-two-three, but reasonable." He spent about 25 hours on the parka, but he thinks the next one will take less than 15.

Richard Bell of Sudbury, Massachusetts, has made Frostline's sleeping bag ($58 and 16 hours), aspen jacket ($18.50 and 6 hours), tundra jacket ($26 and 10 hours), rain parka ($8.95 and 4 hours), and back packs ($15.95 and a few hours each). Delivery of the goods is fast, and both companies provide a full-satisfaction guarantee.

The only snag anyone mentioned: lightweight sewing machines are not sturdy enough to penetrate the five or so layers that occur every now and then.

You can get catalogues by writing to us.



DO-IT-YOURSELF FRAME

Christopher Pullman, a reader from New Haven, Connecticut, submits the following: "If you have ever had to shell out twice the cost of a poster or print you have purchased just to get it framed, you will be glad to discover this simple little device. Essentially a spring steel clip, it squeezes together a sandwich consisting of a backing material such as ⅛-inch masonite or stiff illustration board, the item to be framed, and a protective sheet of single-thick glass or ⅛-inch Plexiglas. A pin at the base of the clip seats into a 1/16-inch hole made in the backing with a drill or awl, thereby preventing the clip from slipping off. Only the tiny hook at the top of the clip extends around to the front of the sandwich, producing what amounts to a frameless frame. This makes it perfect for most posters, photographs, and modern graphic art that looks best without a lot of edge.

"The clip can be used to frame *any* size or shape. An 8 x 10 needs only 4 clips, while larger pieces should have a clip spaced about every 12 to 18 inches around the edge. We have framed things up to 3 x 5 feet with no trouble.

"The simplest way to hang the frame is to glue two wooden strips on the back about ⅝ inches thick and somewhat shorter than the width of the frame. The strips will make the frame stand out slightly from the wall and provide a place to attach screw eyes, wire, or some other standard hanger."

You can estimate the cost of your frame figuring masonite at about $.15 to $.20 per square foot; Plexiglas is around $1.15; ordinary glass runs about $.10.

So far as we can determine, these frame clips, which are made in Switzerland, are not generally available in the U.S. We have made arrangements with the importer for our readers to order through us. The price is $3 for two dozen clips postpaid. Instruction sheet included.



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Since we can't do as much detective work as we'd like in digging out especially attractive products, we would welcome your help. If you are willing to stake your personal reputation on a product that has served you more than satisfactorily, send us a testimonial. We'll publish it if space permits and if the item is of general interest and availability. Write TOOLS, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

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INFORMATION

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A Conversation to Join

Among the letters we got in response to the January **WRAPAROUND,** we especially liked those suggesting topics for future issues, several of which appear below. To pursue these ideas, though, we need the help of our readers. If you have any thoughts, suggestions, or contributions on these subjects—or other ideas to propose—please send them to us. When we've accumulated enough worthwhile information, we'll print it. Write to **WRAPAROUND**, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

Leonard E. Opdycke, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.: "How about a compendium of educational alternatives—and not just free schools. Work is being done to study the revision of communities to bring adult and child together in ways in which they are now professionally and socially separated; maybe some of this could be reported on, together with some of the people opposed, who want more conventional types of schooling maintained or even introduced (the rising number of Jewish parochial schools, for example). Perhaps you could make a stab at encouraging a wider variety of schools and types, each acceptable to different parents, where now we have only one, plus alternatives that tend all in the same direction."

☞ Assuming a wide variety of materials on this subject already exists, we'd be especially interested in leads to good directories and bibliographies.

Leslie Lipson, Berkeley, Calif.: "One theme that would be of great interest to your readers is that of 'creative learning.' What is it that distinguishes the kind of learning that is accompanied by inspiration, growth, and creative enrichment from the dull and stultifying hack routines of 'fact' digestion and 'accountability'?"

☞ Professor Lipson goes on to suggest that a good starting point on the question is provided by *Learning Together*, by Elizabeth Monroe Drews (Prentice-Hall, 1972). Other suggestions are welcome.

Alister Wm. MacIntyre, Cincinnati, Ohio: "An idea I'd like to see in WRAPAROUND is how to reward the creators of unpatentable ideas that could nonetheless make a fortune and serve the consumer."

☞ Mr. MacIntyre goes on to describe one such idea that came to him: using garbage bags as an advertising medium. But his letter reminded us that most people are closet inventors. There must be a great fund of information to be gathered from those thoughts we've all had, at one time or another, about a new product we'd like or an old one we could improve. If you remember any, send them to us.

Jeffrey Wood, New York, N.Y.: "Your basic point is reader involvement, obviously. So how do we involve him/her? Maybe you could provide a monthly gallery for readers whose interests lie in photography, painting, graphics, whatever. There must be a lot of talent among your readership; why not employ it in the mag? Who knows, you might create an incredible sense of 'family' in those who read you, who participate in you. The technical problems would be such as to limit how far you could go, but how about borrowing some of the ideas of *Aspen* magazine? Maybe a recording could be included every so often, maybe a paper sculpture, who knows? How about a short-story competition?"

Nan Fornal Gensheimer, North Amherst, Mass.: "By some circuitous mental process, your January issue spurred me to act on a project I have always intended to start 'tomorrow,' namely recycling paper, glass, and metal in my home. The healthy new concern with the body—your issue made me reflect a bit on why, at the age of 25, I should have suddenly decided to take ballet lessons—should be coupled with pertinent information on the physical environment."

☞ There might be the beginnings of a directory on sane living in a listing of the small new acts of environmental consciousness that people have institutionalized in their daily living. What have you done?

Steve Greenfield, Schenectady, N.Y.: "While many of the items in the January WRAPAROUND advocated new and creative approaches to reaching a greater appreciation of and agreement with one's body, these same items traveled the old path in learning new skills. With only one exception, the writers suggested reading one or more books as the method to a new understanding. And the one exception was the suggestion to fingerpaint, which I recommend highly."

☞ Have you had a close call? Though most of us repress thoughts about death, our fears would diminish if more people openly discussed the experience that all of us are likely to share at that universal moment. Scientists and others have lately encouraged such efforts. In its December 4 issue, for example, *Time* magazine discussed a study of near-fatalities indicating that we all pass through distinct stages on the way to death. To enlarge such knowledge, we invite any readers who have had a close brush with death to write us, anonymously or not, describing the salient features of the experience.

☞ Most of our friends fall into two categories: those who have stopped smoking and those who are trying to stop. Obviously the latter should be in touch with the former, but that seldom seems to be the case. Anyway, the trying-to-stop group is always anxious to hear about new techniques for beating the habit. If you've stopped, why not send a few sentences explaining how you did it and see if your solution to the problem will help others.

☞ It seems an awfully long time since we read anything useful about race relations in this country. Most discussions—as with many issues—are simply too abstract to convey an understanding of what is actually happening. We're attracted to the idea of devoting an issue of **WRAPAROUND** to the personal testimony of readers on the subject of race, with special emphasis on the judgments of those who have daily contact across racial lines. If you would be interested in contributing, please drop us a note.

READER RESPON

EERIE EXPERIENCES

In the January **WRAPAROUND**, to extend the discussion of paranormal phenomena, readers were invited to send in descriptions of their own eerie experiences. We weren't exactly swamped with replies, which probably indicates that people regard such experiences as fairly intimate matters. The following letters were selected, mostly according to length and legibility, from those we received. We hope to run an additional selection in a later issue.

My strangest coincidence involving telepathy occurred last spring. Having been raised on a healthy regimen of intense TV viewing as a child, my memory often dips down and comes up with a snatch of an old Warner Bros. cartoon. While engaging in one of these reveries I was deep in the middle of a long-ago-seen cartoon involving a small flea dressed up in hobo fashion happily hopping across the carpet singing in his high-pitched falsetto: "There'll be food around the corner, food around the corner, food around the corner for me."

At this point, Larry, whom I had known for only a couple of months, walks in the door singing those exact words in his best flea falsetto. What more can I say? —**David H. Elder**
Austin, Texas

When I got home from school one day in 1916, my mother, who was ironing in the kitchen, said: "I saw your Uncle Arthur [her younger brother] today; poor boy, he was bleeding from the stomach and he did look bad." I asked at once if he was home from World War I, to which she replied she had seen him in the kitchen doorway for a few moments in a vision.

As a boy of eleven, I thought mother had become mentally deranged; but a War Office telegram a few days later confirmed that Arthur had been wounded in one of the Battles of Ypres in that year 1916. His later letter stated he had suffered gunshot wounds in the abdomen.
—**William E. Brookes**
Toronto, Canada

I was on active duty with the Arkansas National Guard at Camp Robinson, Little Rock, Ark., in the summer of 1928. One evening after the evening meal a truck was taking troops into town for recreation. I started to get on it when a voice from out of nowhere said firmly, authoritatively, "Don't get on that truck!" I obeyed instantly, without question. Two minutes later the truck overturned and killed two people.

In the summer of 1930 I was hitchhiking home from law school at the University of Missouri. I caught a ride on a farmer's pickup truck near Fredericktown, Mo., in the Ozark foothills. I was sitting on the sideboard over the right rear wheel when a voice from out of nowhere said firmly, distinctly, "Get over on the other side!" I quickly moved to the other side and had just got settled down when the right rear wheel ran off its axle and rolled far into the nearby woods.
—**Paul Harrison**
Osceola, Ark.

I used to have three cousins, one in New York, one in Denver, and one in San Francisco. At Christmas time we exchanged cards and notes, but never wrote to one another during the year, nor had any other form of communication. One day, as I was about to leave the house to mail my Christmas cards, I sensed, somehow, that the Denver cousin had died. I dismissed it from my mind, being neither superstitious nor religious. But when I reached the post office and started to put my mail into the slot I had a strong conviction that Clyde would not get my card because he was dead. I mailed it anyway, of course, and learned later that he had died in November.
—**Mrs. A. T. Shartle**
Danville, Ind.

Here is a weird experience I had when I was living in Puerto Rico, some years ago.

It was a perfectly clear day when I was driving out of the city, looking for a secluded spot where I could be by myself, when I noticed a sign indicating that there was an old military fort nearby, so I made a turn and decided to stop by just for the heck of it. I had been in other military forts before, and nobody ever stopped me from entering; thus I figured I could do the same thing in this one—although I must admit I was a little apprehensive about it.

The entrance to the fort was a narrow unpaved road and from far away one could see the sentinel post standing right in the middle of the road. I think that I was not any more than 25 yards away from it when I saw clearly a young man wearing the khaki uniform of the Army and also the usual black band across the arm with the initials MP—for military police—working in there standing up.

I approached the sentinel post thinking of something to tell him when he'd come out to ask me the routine questions. I stopped right in front of the door and without even looking to make sure that he was coming out to meet me I stood there for about two minutes still thinking of an excuse to get in. But when he did not come out I turned my head to see what was holding him up and to my chilling surprise I realized that the post was completely deserted; with spider webs hanging from the walls and dust all over. —**Silvio Tovar**
Kensington, Md.

My brother and I, five and six years old, are playing in the living room of our Chicago apartment when Grandma sticks her head in the door to say hello, and then leaves. We go out into the hallway after her, but she's not there. We then ask Mom, in the kitchen, where Grandma went. "Grandma's not here, boys. She's in California—you know that." Just then the phone rings and Mom picks it up. "Yes . . . yes . . . all right, mother . . . goodbye," says Mom, and then hangs up. To us she says, "That was your grandmother. She called to see whether or not it seemed to us like she'd just been here." —**William Riley**
Boston, Mass.

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lieves me. —**Gertr**
Flu



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ve **e**xperiment **t**o **n**ullify **a** **m**istake.

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f "Misleading Arti-
January game that asked
submit three misleading
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—Pam Oetgen
St. Louis, Mo.

Second Prize
1897 Sears Roebuck Catalog, Chelsea House:

A silver dollar
A silver bullet
A silver spoon

—Ron Zukauskis
Mauston, Wisc.

Round disk with highly reflective center of about 25cm surrounded by a rayed rim. Disk has 12 slightly raised ridges, perhaps related to the 12-period method of annual time computation of the period. Five strong lines run from the center of the disk to the rayed border, slightly irregular in area and may represent the 5 continents. Almost pure metal and apparently related to cult of sun worship.
(aluminum pie plate)

Shattered pottery, white and black and glazed on outside, when assembled represented an extinct animal. Puzzling small opening on top of head. Obviously cult symbol.
(Snoopy penny bank)

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(lipstick case)

—Marion Sprague
Phoenix, Ariz.

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A section of microfilm, leading to the conclusion that our eyesight once was one hundred times more acute
—James W. Corson
Arlington, Va.

3-D glasses
—Paula Diller
Bay Village, Ohio

A waterbed
—Greg Erdos
Madison, Wisc.

A page of shorthand
Man in His Environment Class
(fourth period)
—Raymond Consolidated School
Raymond, N.H.

A Long Island Railroad timetable with arrival and departure times
—Arthur O. Sanders
Little Rock, Ark.

Any "best seller" list
—P. Silvers
Los Angeles, Calif.

A cloth diaper
—Rowena E. Simpson
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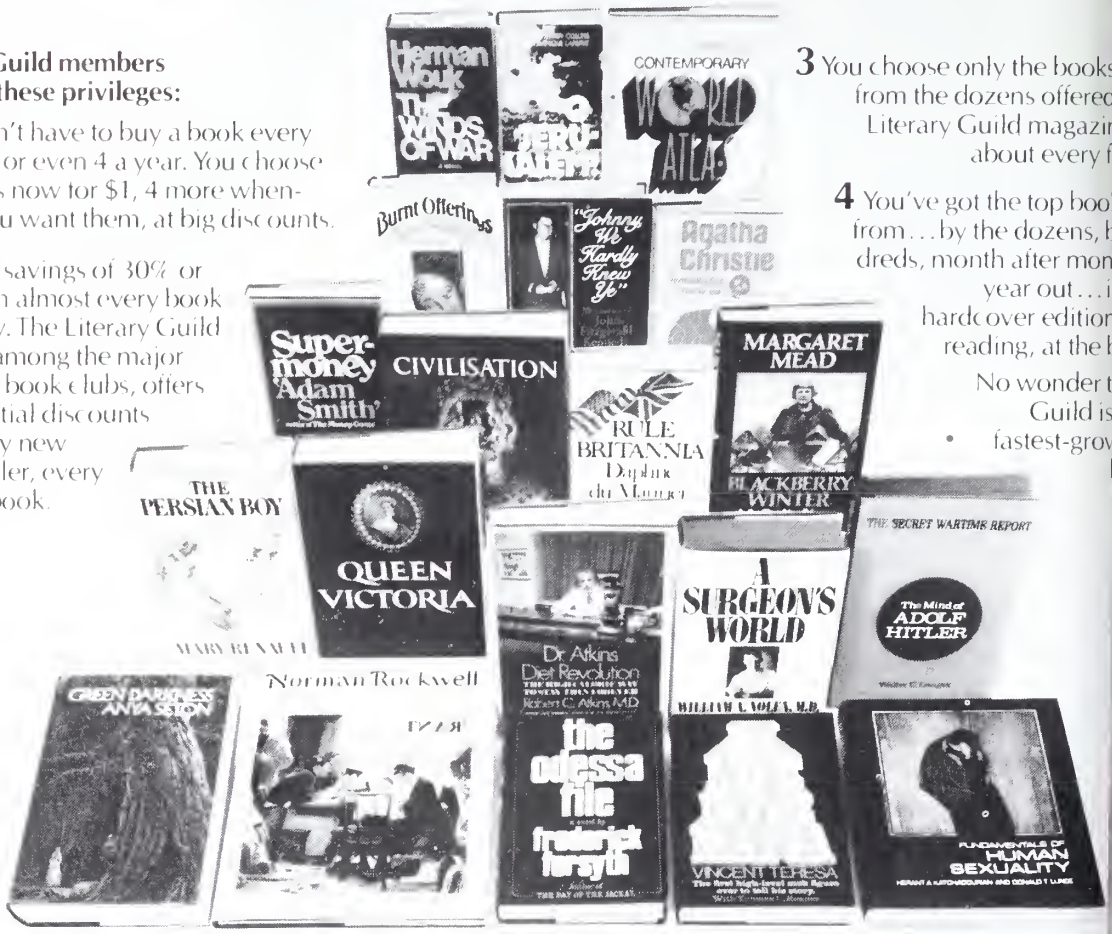
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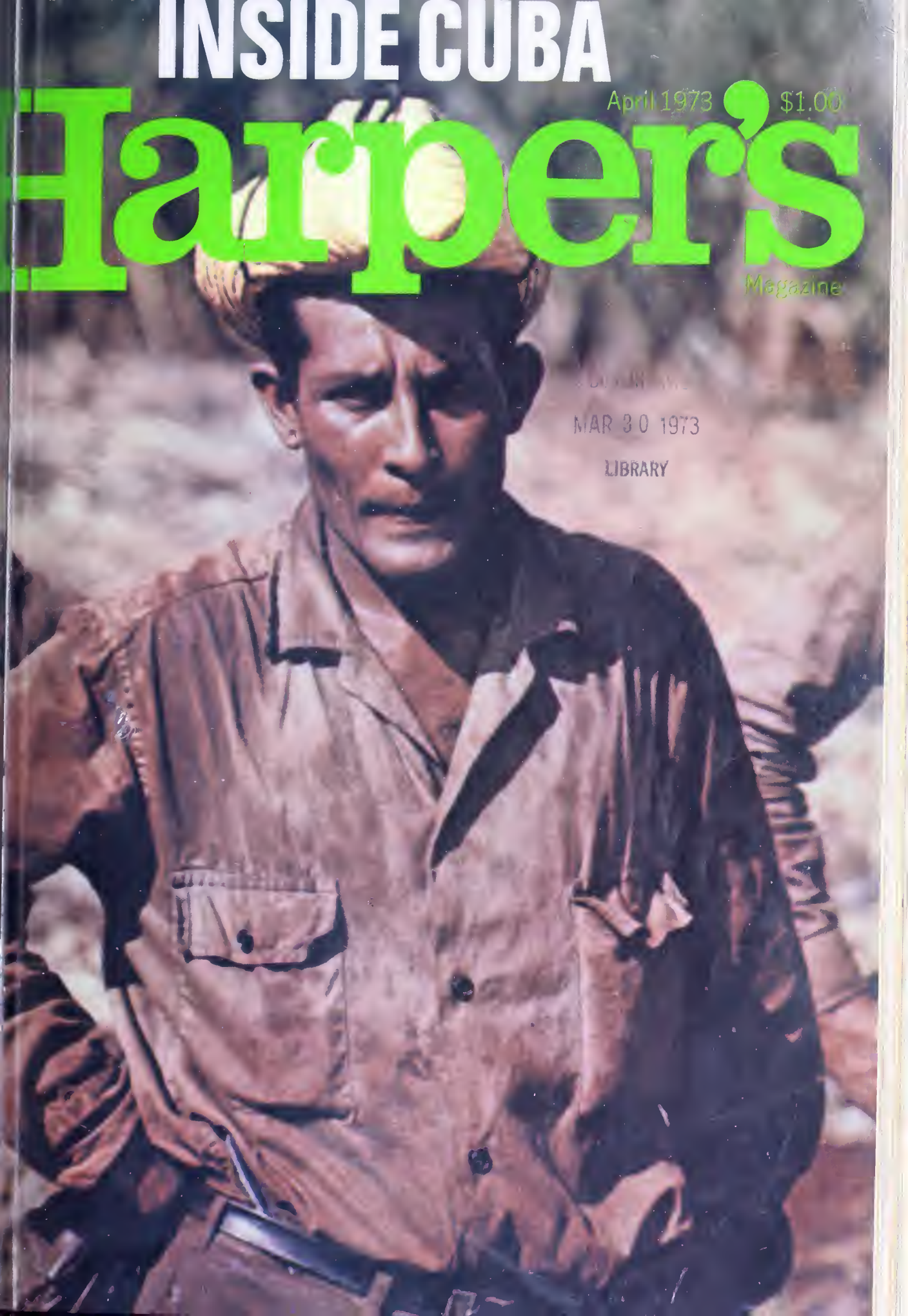
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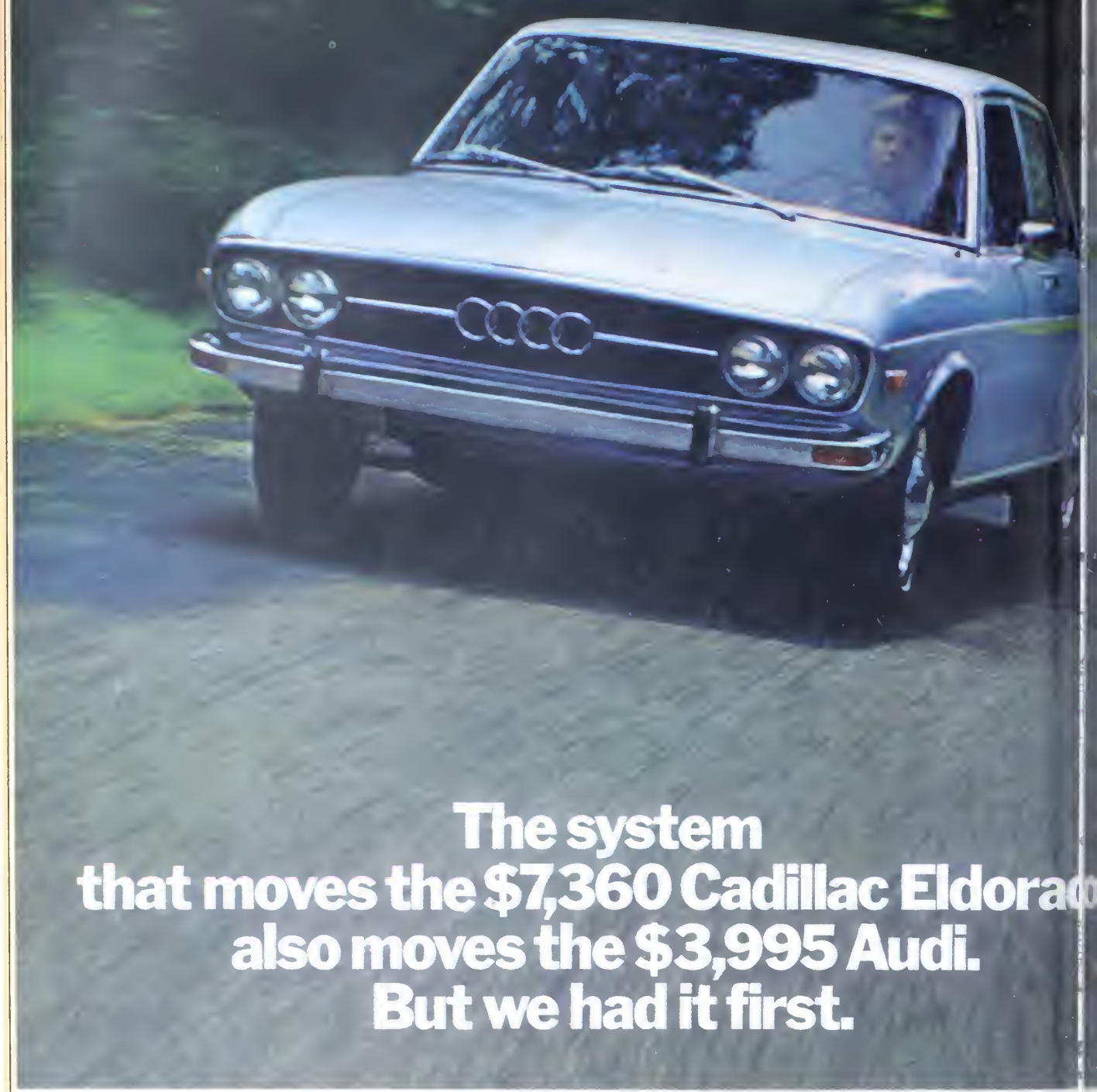
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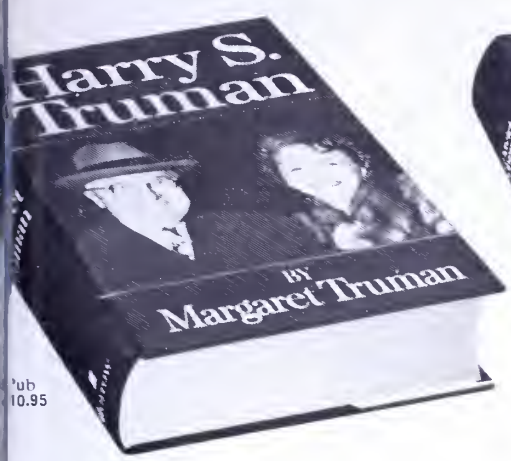
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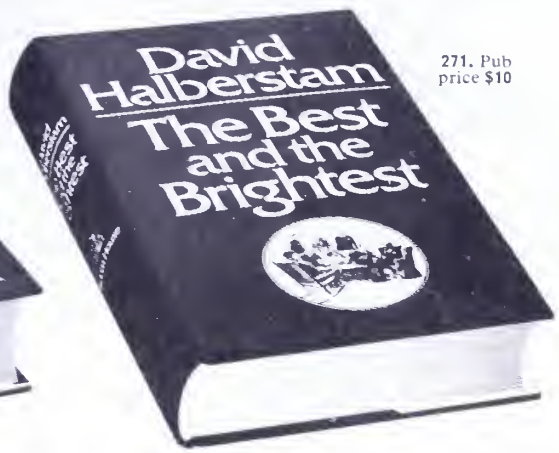
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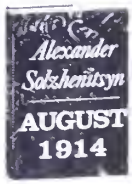


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5 **HARPER'S WRAPAROUND:** Living With/Without the Automobile

6 Reports
107 Starting Points
110 Tools for Living
112 Information
113 Ideas
114 Readers

Richard J. Whalen 22 WASHINGTON: THE PLEASURES OF DEFEAT
A conservative Republican offers civilized advice to disheartened liberals

Donald S. Connery 26 LETTER FROM NEW DELHI
Each month, India gains a million people. How long can the world's biggest dem[o]c[racy] survive?

Gloria Emerson 34 ARMS AND THE WOMAN
The feminine view: a wry recollection of U.S. military men as the weaker sex

George Nelson 46 DESIGN: PERSONAL WRITING TOOLS
What's new since the pencil

Joe Nicholson Jr. 54 INSIDE CUBA
A firsthand report on the bittersweet lives of our quarantined neighbors

Jorge I. Dominguez 68 FREEZE OR THAW?
A thinking man's guide to the future of U.S.-Cuba relations

Taylor Branch 70 TAXPAYERS' EVE
Happy returns: this year, you may pay your civil servants more than you earn

Alice Walker 74 EVERYDAY USE
A short story

Robert Jay Lifton 84 THE STRUGGLE FOR CULTURAL REBIRTH
Erecting new systems of cultural symbolism from the wreckage of the old

Richard Schickel 93 BOOKS
News From Nowhere: Television and the News, by Edward Jay Epstein

Stefan Kanfer 98 *In Search of Dracula*, by Raymond McNally and Radu Florescu

VERSE

John Hollander 82 Cohen on the Telephone
Eine Kleine
Officer's Quarters
The Ziz

COMMENTARY

102 *Contributions by Phil Bowie & Larry Cotton and Benjamin Shore*

DEPARTMENT

14 LETTERS
53 COUNTERSIGN[S]
116 THE HARPER'S [I]

Cover photograph by Lee Lockwood/Black Star

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WRAPAROUND

ng With/Without the Automobile

dox the automobile pon us is that libera- age. For the individ- an, the automobile it possible, literally vely, to go anywhere, ie. The most impor- m has become the move—to a new part of the country, The car has provid- efficient, adaptable, engine of forward d) mobility, and as came an important nbol system, a lan- actically everyone some dimension it mastery over the of the natural world. the automobile is ght of as a necessity. cities it is hard to the mpossibility to dis- business of daily liv- its help. Jobs, vaca- lships, family ties— depend on the reach the car. It is the hich we have learned her the pieces of our vithout it our image s is tatterdemalion. small tyrannies, the cornerstone of life, nce so taken for t its absence in our ves is almost beyond ion.

logical and rational ents of personal ne- n they are multiplied d million times (the cars in the land) the ial insanity. At that eer force of the au- presence commands willing to sacrifice needs to its priority. ive entity, the auto- atens to make us its equires that we plan or dig them up and n) around its needs, eath by choking; that he landscape before ervice of speed and directness; that we make unprecedented demands on our natural resources, in the name of economic necessity. We are awakening to the way the automobile has dominated the national business of law enforcement, has concentrated staggering economic power in the auto industries, has reduced us to the barbarity of one driver shooting another over a parking space—a contemporary image that suggests the automobile's impact on our assumptions about community. Most immediately, it is poisoning the air around us, while experts dispute the rate at which we are approaching the intolerable.

Overall, it's a standoff. The car has assumed the confusing status of something we can't live with, can't live without.

estimated that the devote 57 percent of cases involving the

The trouble with most schemes to deal with the problems created by the automobile is that they underestimate the vastness of their undertaking. The car serves a variety of needs other than transportation and, for all its concrete reality, its greatest powers may be symbolic.

The automobile provides privacy. Next to the bathroom, it is the nicest, easiest, most acceptable place to be alone. People sing, scream, pick their noses, talk to the radio, and do all manner of other odd and private things within the isolation of their cars. Surely the vast queues of commuters, one to a car, would not suffer their daily bumper-to-bumper indignities if there weren't something pleasurable about being alone in a car.

The automobile allows an exercise of power. Driving represents a challenge to be overcome; there is a constant parade of tiny decisions that await your action and that certify you as skilled and needed—the master of your ship. It makes perfect sense, therefore, that getting a driver's license has become the rite of passage to the adult world. If you drive, you are competent, responsible, powerful, your own man.

The automobile magnifies the sense of spontaneity in life. A decision involving travel can be made instantaneously if a car is available. Thus spontaneity becomes a proof of freedom: there's no requirement to be bound by schedules of any sort, and the car becomes the ideal transmitter of impulse. As Detroit well knows, buying a particular car is frequently an impulsive decision—logically enough, since the car itself stands for the glorification of impulse.

Above all, the automobile is an instrument of choice. Selecting a car is like facing a keyboard and being asked to pick out an individual melody. Or, if you like, it's like choosing a face to put on for the world. We think of cars as possessing personalities, so they become, to a greater or lesser extent, externalizations of our value systems. A Volkswagen has a different cachet from a Pontiac GTO, a Lincoln speaks in a voice different from a Ford's. Because it is practically ubiquitous, the car becomes a badge of identification and is quite knowingly worn as such; witness the phenomenon of counterculture vans. Even those who renounce a car are making a statement with the same symbolic language. It's a game we all play, though somewhat more overtly now that Detroit has multiplied the optional choices to the point where we can practically make our own cars, choosing from alternative engines, transmissions, rear ends, and brake systems, not to mention paint and upholstery.

In 1970 U.S. motorists altogether drove 1,125,000,000,000 miles, the equivalent of 4-1/2 million trips to the moon.

Because the automobile trails such a variety of other associations, the attempts to deal with it strictly as a transportation tool miss the mark. They can win minor readjustments in the status quo, but they have little hope of affecting the overall patterns of usage that constitute the affliction. It's the kind of problem that legislation can affect but cannot solve.

This issue of **WRAPAROUND** explores some of the dimensions in which the automobile exists among us. We hope it will stimulate you to think about the ways you use and misuse the car—and we'd be delighted to have your reflections on the subject. Our assumption is that the only way to arrive at an intelligent détente with the automobile is by the accumulation of many individual decisions to start using the car more intelligently. **—Tony Jones**

UNDERSTANDING WRAPAROUND

WRAPAROUND is intended to add variety to the reading found in *Harper's*. In these pages, browsing is invited; you are encouraged to pursue what interests you, take paragraph bites, juggle impressions, play with juxtapositions, find your own patterns in the material.

WRAPAROUND treats subjects of general cultural interest in two ways. The section in the front of the magazine presents a broad cross-section view, incorporating both reportorial and historical perspectives; it is intended to stimulate your own thinking. The section in the back of the magazine has a more personal focus: there you can encounter the experiences and views of other *Harper's* readers, and you can learn of resources to aid your own explorations of alternative ways of living and thinking.

Above all, **WRAPAROUND** invites your participation. We hope you will think of these pages as an extension of your own processes of discovery, as a place to contribute whatever information, perspectives, and conclusions you have found valuable in your own lives—and to share them with all *Harper's* readers.

NTRAPAROU REPORT



The car as art: the Cisitalia GT, a 1946 Italian sports car, has been added to the permanent design collection of the Museum of Modern Art, the first automobile to enter an art museum.

There are 3,800,000 miles of roads in the U.S.

A Sad Division

A third of every American city is appropriated by businesses which cater exclusively to the motor car. About another third is flattened for the great expanses of asphalt and concrete which provide streets and parking and which, incidentally, attract and hold the sun's heat so that the modern city is often 5° to 8°F hotter in summer than the surrounding country. The remaining third of the typical American city is left for human use. In this remainder man cooks and eats and sleeps and goes to the theater or the hospital. Sometimes he finds room to sit on a park bench if the air is not too fume-ridden.

—John Robinson
Highways and Our Environment, 1971

NO-DEPOSIT, NO-RETURN

The old technique of crushing and baling cars is uneconomical because it does not get rid of all the materials, such as glass, plastics, upholstery, and lining, that cannot be taken in the scrap metal process. Congress is considering new legislation that would require car purchasers in effect to put down a deposit redeemable only when the car was turned in to an authorized dealer or a junk reprocessor. This or some kind of tax to pay for reclaiming the car is going to be necessary. In 1968, 43,000 cars were abandoned on the streets of New York, 24,500 in Chicago, and half a million more in other cities, out in fields and swamps, and over handy embankments.

—Richard Saltonstall, Jr.
Your Environment and What You Can Do About It, 1970

THE APOTHEOSIS

Through the turns, though, is where the true character of the car shows itself. A Formula I car is really an animal; a machine, yes, of course, but beyond that an animal because it responds to different kinds of treatment. A highly bred race horse, a thoroughbred in its sensitivity and nervousness. To get the best out of it you must coax it, treat it gently and sympathetically. In a corner it's right on its tiptoes, finely balanced, on the very edge of adhesion, just fingertips on the road, and if you dominate it or try to push it around, it will go straight on or slide off or do any number of things that leave you without control. So you coax it—gently, very gently—to get it to do what you want. You point it and coax it into the apex, and even after you've pointed it and it's all set up, committed to the corner which might still be fifty or a hundred feet away, you must be tender with it, holding it in nicely, because it's got an angle on it, an angle of roll, and it's building to its climax of hitting that apex. You've set a rhythm and now you must keep it. And as it hits the apex, you take it out nicely; you don't say, "You've got your apex, now I'll put my boot in it and drive however I want." No, your exit speed is very important, so you've got to maintain that balance or rhythm which you've been building all along. You've got to follow through, let the car fulfill itself.

—Jackie Stewart and Peter Manso
Faster! A Racer's Diary, 1972

A Flank Attack on Urban Traffic

Rome, like every other great metropolis, considers itself the most severely automobile-afflicted city in the world. Fissures in the structure of ancient monuments and contemporary personalities appear at an ever-increasing rate thanks to traffic noises and vibrations, and the problem has become so serious that the municipal government, in a radical departure from precedent, has taken sensible steps to deal with it. Among these are the creation of *isole pedonali* (pedestrian sanctuaries in the historic center of town) and the closing to traffic for all or part of the year of most of the elegant shopping streets running from the Corso to the Spanish Steps.

How have these oases worked out in practice? To begin with, only a few are completely uncontaminated by traffic. The entire north side of the tiny Piazza di Trevi, for instance, serves as a conduit for a constant stream of roaring and klaxoning tour buses. While traffic is happily less conspicuous in the other *isole* and shopping streets, it is certainly not inconspicuous and decidedly not inaudible. These problems aside, the islands and malls are vastly more pleasant than comparable areas open to cars. They are so much more pleasant, in fact, that they attract hordes of tourists who might otherwise spread themselves out a little more evenly over the surface of the city. Tourists are by and large less noisy and less smelly than automobiles, though, so the net result remains positive.

Quite apart from these modest variations on the theme of outright prohibition of motor vehicles, there is the brand-new characteristically Roman traffic circulation plan. Rooted in the centuries-old Italian traditions of government harassment of the private citizen and private indifference to the general welfare, the scheme bows to the impossibility of telling descendants of the Caesars that they can't do something. What it does instead is drop subtle hints. For example, the Roman motorist is perfectly free to drive from the Via del Tritone to the Piazza di Spagna. All he has to do is climb a clutch-destroying hill up to the Via Sistina, turn left onto the usually stationary Via Francesco Crispi, turn right onto the hopelessly snarled Via Capo le[one] turn right again onto th[e] Macelli, a street some[what] dred yards long that [is] rendered nearly inacc[essible] private automobiles [by] runs, suspiciously enou[gh] ly from the Via del [Corso] the Piazza di Spagna. [Traffic] and similar exercises i[n] tion, the city fathers [have] draw the motorist's at[tention] the buses and taxis sco[re] tentedly along in the p[re]traffic lanes created fo[r] and eventually to nud[ge] ward the conclusion th[at] interests would be best [served] his availing himself [of] transportation and le[ave] car at home.

Other municipalities [—] most notably Flore[nce] made their own attemp[ts] come the automobile: [the] idea of carless cities st[ill] strong and effective [opposition] from both drivers and [small] store owners. Only on[e] managed to keep the [traffic] —or, more correctly, [managed] —and that of course [is] This gives rise to an [interesting] speculation: given a [carefully] fully selected stoppe[rs] ers, the automobile p[roblem] Italy's cities might be [entirely] solved before the en[d] year's spring rains.

—Rob[ert Pilpel]

Robert Pilpel is an Ame[rican] who lives—and drives—in[Rome].

In the U.S. there is app[roximate]ly one car for every t[wo] In China, there is o[ne] every 5,711 people.

The Lure of [the] Mass Trans[it]

I've tried to give u[p] Lord knows I've tried [in the] weeks last December—[and] —I rode the bus to [work] day. But on Monda[y] of the third week the [car] American craving c[ame] Instead of getting up[early] utes early and walkin[g] blocks to the bus st[op] out to the garage. Bar[ging] ing, I got into my car a[nd] the key deep into t[he] That did it; I was ho[oked] I've been driving, a [lot] ishly, ever since.

All this inner confli[ct] about because I live [in] where public transp[ortation]

Rolls-Royce delivered the U.S., up 32 per-1971.

ter instead of worse. 71 Denver voters de-y out the rapidly de-vate bus company. als hired new man-cinnati-based ATE nt & Service Co.—and ngs began to happen. ne basic bus fare om forty cents to thir-w discount fares be-able for old people, on-rush-hour riders, groups. The old red-buses began turning ssy new green, blue, paint jobs. The bus amed Denver Metro gan to promote itself. ster said: "Our riders ars home today. We athe a little easier." Call the girls at Den-we'll help you get to ou're going." Sugges-tter service were so-Denverites phoned in (Three-fourths of the have been imple-E says.)

tables and maps, ri-easy to understand, shed. New buses—conditioned ones—to the fleet. Old routes ed, new ones begun, e more frequent. (My risis started one dark en, driving to work, own a side street and nistakable gleam of us, going the same and bound to get at about the same -buses called Darts g through the down-are ten cents.

Denver Metro get-ney for all this? Un-s helped the most. Mass Transit Ad-is paying two-thirds l-improvement bills. ne-third comes from eneral fund, along ney to make up the it—about $1 million old: in 1972 Denver ship was up *21 per-cent* over 1971. ATE runs bus lines in seventeen cities, but Denver is its showcase. Denver has more environment-minded, smog-conscious people, ATE thinks, and they've organized themselves into efficient pressure groups. Also, the city still has a viable downtown, a retail-and-office area where bus service can be concentrated to good effect. And ATE gets along just fine with City Hall—no Denver Metro proposal has won less than 13-to-0 backing from the city council.

Will Denver Metro ever break even, or make a profit? No, says an ATE man; costs go up as ridership increases. "But," he adds, "we don't expect police departments to show a profit, do we? It's the same idea. Our service is necessary to the welfare of the community."

Well, if other Denverites can give up driving, so can I. The surest way might be to go cold turkey—sell the car. Then, if I got the old American urge to go out and buy a new car, I'd have to take a bus to the auto showroom. To find out which bus, I'd have to call the girls at Denver Metro. And they, sweet things, would probably talk to me in soothing tones until the craving went away. **—Bill Pride**

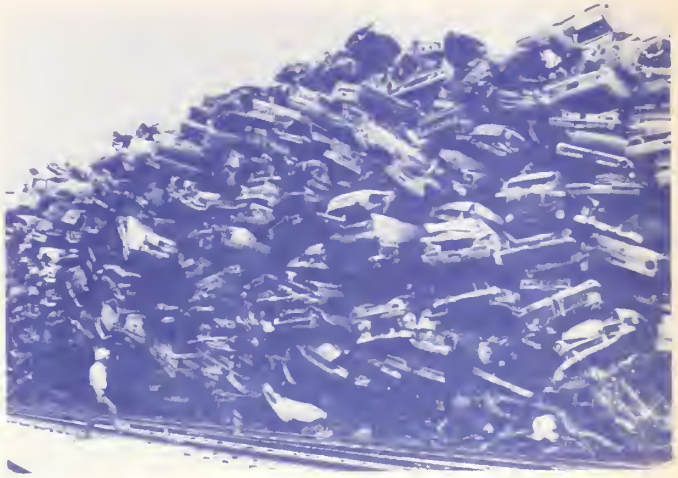
Bill Pride is a Denver newspaperman.

utely impossible to ere in the city. The ffic of wagons in the ing streets . . . is suf-ke the dead."
of Juvenal, 117 A.D.

Know Your Fellow Drivers

A blind man may renew his driver's license in 31 different states. A stone deaf person can qualify for a driver's license in ten states, and in only a few states are applicants even checked for hearing defects. Although the majority of our states require an eye examination before one first receives his driver's license (usually at the age of 16 or 18), thereafter they ask nothing more than a check for five dollars in return for the privilege of operating an automobile. In most states, you need only qualify for your initial driving license, and are practically assured of a lifetime of driving privileges. Only a minority of states require an occasional eye examination for license renewal, and almost none require anything even resembling a physical checkup.

—Ronald M. Weiers
Licensed to Kill, 1968



UPI

The car as junk: part of a 45-foot-high ridge of 35,000 scrapped cars at a Detroit auto "fragmentizing" plant.

EARLY AUTOMANIA

The car stood in the middle of the yard, quite unattended, the stable-helps and other hangers-on being all at their dinner. Toad walked slowly round it, inspecting, criticizing, musing deeply.

"I wonder," he said to himself presently, "I wonder if this sort of car *starts* easily?"

Next moment, hardly knowing how it came about, he found he had hold of the handle and was turning it. As the familiar sound broke forth, the old passion seized on Toad and completely mastered him, body and soul. As if in a dream he found himself, somehow, seated in the driver's seat; as if in a dream, he pulled the lever and swung the car round the yard and out through the archway; and, as if in a dream, all sense of right and wrong, all fear of obvious consequences, seemed temporarily suspended. He increased his pace, and as the car devoured the street and leapt forth on the high road through the open country, he was only conscious that he was Toad once more, Toad at his best and highest, Toad the terror, the traffic-queller, the Lord of the lone trail, before whom all must give way or be smitten into nothingness and everlasting night. He chanted as he flew, and the car responded with sonorous drone; the miles were eaten up under him as he sped he knew not whither, fulfilling his instincts, living his hour, reckless of what might come to him.

—Kenneth Grahame
The Wind in the Willows, 1908



UPI

The car as extension of the landscape: a West German man who planted his VW with a carpet of grass.

AROUND REPORT



Alternatives to the automobile: a selection of methods of transport that served man's needs prior to the automobile.

IMMOBILITY AROUND THE CORNER

A bus collided with a car on Constitution Avenue in Washington, D.C., at about 5 P.M. There are nearly 4,000 automobiles per square mile in metropolitan Washington, a density unmatched by any other city, and the accident occurred as most of them were beginning to crawl out of their garages and parking lots onto the streets. The driver abandoned his bus squarely across the intersection of Constitution and 12th Street and went to phone his dispatcher. Within minutes, automobiles were trapped in the canyons of the city for blocks in every direction. Some cars were caught in a tunnel that emptied into the accident intersection. Drivers abandoned them and hiked, with tears in their eyes, toward fresh air. It was nearly 7 o'clock before traffic moved normally again. Such doomsday traffic jams, in which streets are literally full and in which not one car in the downtown area can move, are rare, but the Washington incident is not the only one on record.

—John Burby

The Great American Motion Sickness, 1971

Why I Do Not Drive

First, as a child, I never idolized cars. Although I knew they were symbols of adulthood, they seemed more items of responsibility than vehicles of liberation. Moreover, I knew, deep in my being, that I was destined never to understand them, that pistons, fan belts, spark plugs, and transmissions would be forever alien to my modes of thought.

Then there was fear. While my contemporaries, a learner's permit in their jeans, drifted off onto cluttered boulevards and highways as naturally as animals taking up the form of locomotion peculiar to their species, I was creeping by fits and starts along almost trafficless suburban paths, reluctantly tutored by a nervous parent who could not understand why, whenever a car came toward us, I cravenly decelerated and eased off the road until trees or shrubbery stopped me. I could never admit that the sight of an oncoming car terrified me. Partly because I was never certain just where the dimensions of my vehicle ended, and partly because I attributed homicidal fury to anyone driving faster than 30 mph, I was convinced that it was folly to share a road with strangers.

As time passed, not wishing or being able to drive became with me a point of honor. At first, when asked why I w flawed, I had felt the apologize, to mutter a that leaned heavily on tion of my having spent my youth in Venice c Arctic. However, gra took the offensive, clair I had no wish to join m a machine or to clutter t with more gaudy junk.

Of course, it was s terror than principle t me from being behind t during a weekend rush Long Island Expressw had honestly come to that there was somethi able in learning how to out one of technolog seductive items.

Now, I no longer rea about not being able t car. Friends have l stopped trying to teach have come to make the of allowance for my in that has always been the demented but lovab times, I admit that I dre powering at high speed tooled foreign model a ny, sinuous roads. tawdry fantasies pass and I find myself, for thousandth time, goin hail a cab that will ta safety to a comfortabl

—Jack Ri

Jack Richardson is a play critic.

Why I Will Always Drive

I think the real reason the automobile has taken over America is the pleasure it gives. Driving the long, sweeping curves of New York's Northway, for example, you can see magnificent vistas ahead and on both sides. In winter, with snowcapped peaks edging the horizon (there are forty-six of them more than 4,000 feet tall, some resembling smaller Rainiers), it is glorious. Vermont's Route 90 is also a joy to drive. It too winds along the edge of a mountain range, but these mountains are calmer and friendlier and give you a feeling of peace and warmth as you look down on little villages with smoke curling up from the chimneys of the houses in the morning mist. And there's Los Angeles to San Francisco over the Big Sur, the Skyline Drive in Virginia, Route 16 through Pinkham Notch in New Hampshire, and the rehabilitated Trace in Tennessee.

Various studies say r dainfully that America treat their cars like pe I must admit that whe derly, underpowered Fo it triumphantly over t a steep mountain roa myself murmuring, " you!" On the other ha I'm driving a more pow the pressure of my rig the accelerator trans feeling of power to n enjoy the speed as if were running a stro

If you travel only th ed highways in and cities, you will never real joy of driving a drive on an open road can experience genuin tion.

—Ame

Amelia North, who for worked as a researcher, is n

APAROUNDWRAP

M Is Looking Future

erating growth of n technology, and it serves, stacks high any detailed fore- we will move about But there are some abilities with which work. Future trans- stems still will re- kinds and huge vol- dware. Cost will be Transportation sys- les will vary to meet anging needs.

e considerations of cost in mind, Gen- as developed an ex- ass-production con- believe could be of n future transporta- especially in cities. Modular Mobility. w, the chief impor- ular Mobility to fu- tation systems lies ial for wide inter- of parts. The con- joining sections, or make bodies of any for train coaches, buses, personal tran- her vehicles. The ocks" also can be d stationary struc- iting rooms, covers idewalks, and over- eways.

es, with steel frame- erglass exterior, are and can be built in hs. Not only mod- ame size, but many s, are interchange- hey could become " hardware to be transportation sys- cept promises econ- n manufacture and aintenance of trans- ent.

xplanation of how obility could help ransportation prob- lems was featured at the General Motors exhibit at last year's Transpo '72 exposition in Washington, D.C. An animated map depicted a 1990 urban design concept for Detroit, as developed by the Detroit City Planning Commission.

As conceived in the film, the automobile would continue to be a principal form of transportation between city and suburbs. Improvement of the freeway network, possibly including electronically automated systems, is regarded as vital. The expressways could contain exclusive lanes for buses.

Structures providing automatic parking and acting as terminals for other modes of transportation, including high-speed trains, would be located near the central business district.

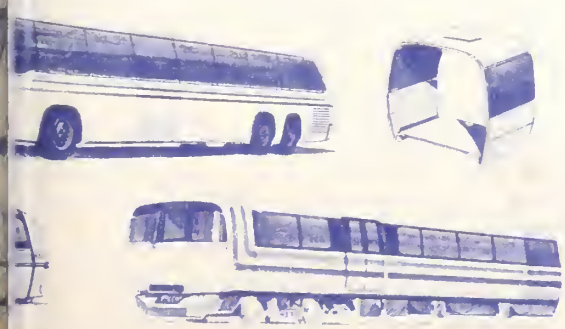
To move people around the downtown area, the film envisioned several kinds of systems, such as four-passenger personal rapid-transit units operated as horizontal elevators, all programmed from a central computer. Small electric automobiles would use existing streets. Overhead malls and walkways, many of them moving sidewalks, would separate pedestrians from vehicles.

We believe that these and other kinds of transportation systems and techniques now envisioned fall well within the capabilities of the modular hardware concept. We have built several experimental units.

In addition to its potential for economy and flexibility, Modular Mobility would have the aesthetic advantage of permitting an entire transportation system, while diversified in form and function, to be coordinated in appearance.

—Donald L. Manning

Donald Manning is assistant chief engineer of the GMC Truck and Coach Division of General Motors.



odule concept: the individual modules could be joined to make al transit vehicle, or a train.



The first "drive-in" church, in Sarasota, Fla. The Rev. B. L. Bowman credited the innovation with attracting many people who never attended conventional services.

UPI

Restricting Cars

There are 28 urban areas in the country working on or considering plans that would restrict the use of cars and trucks. According to the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency, they are:

Alaska: Fairbanks
Arizona: Phoenix, Tucson
California: San Francisco Bay, Sacramento Valley, San Joaquin Valley, San Diego, Los Angeles
Colorado: Denver
District of Columbia: Washington
Illinois: Chicago
Maryland: Baltimore and Washington suburbs
Massachusetts: Boston
Minnesota: Minneapolis-St. Paul
Nevada: Las Vegas
New York, New Jersey, Connecticut: Metropolitan area of New York City
Ohio: Dayton
Oregon: Portland
Pennsylvania: Philadelphia, Pittsburgh
Texas: San Antonio, Dallas-Ft. Worth, Austin-Waco, Corpus Christi-Victoria, Houston-Galveston, El Paso-Las Cruces (N.M.)
Utah: Salt Lake City
Washington: Seattle, Spokane-Coeur d'Alene (Ida.)

THE LANDSCAPE REFORMED

When I first drove that road, it was just a plain dirt road running through a lot of unkempt farms, and now every mile or so you'd find a dandy up-to-date hot-dog stand—some like log cabins and some like Chinese pagodas or Indian wigwams or little small imitations of Mount Vernon about ten feet high, and all like that, and stocking every known refreshment for the inner man—hot dogs and apple pie and chewing gum and cigars and so on and so forth—and of course up-to-date billboards all along the road to diversify it, and garages maybe every five miles, and in every town a dandy free auto camp providing free water and wood for the tourists. And so many of the farmers quitting their old toilsome routine and selling apples and cider to the motorists—I asked one of 'em, by the way, how he could keep his supply up, and come to find out, he didn't have an apple tree on the place—he got 'em all from a grocery store in the next town. Oh, motoring certainly has made a great and wonderful change in the country!

—Sinclair Lewis
The Man Who Knew Coolidge, 1928

BRUTALITY

I'm getting accustomed to automotive life. On the Manhattan expressway near my building, a black man was struck by a car during the evening rush hour. The unending stream of automobiles ran over him again and again in the rapid traffic. Finally the police, acting upon a single complaint, retrieved the battered mass of flesh.

—Jerzy Kosinski
The Devil Tree, 1973

ROUNDWR REPORT

"What a wholesome pastime would have been opened up for the young and active, had the Interstate system been provided with bicycle trails alongside its 41,000-mile length, with hostels every fifty miles or so incorporated into the roadside rests." —John Robinson
Highways and Our Environment, 1971

A CONTRADICTION

There is a profound and as yet unplumbed enigma to thinking about automotive safety. Since the safety crisis first began to make Detroit nervous, the industry has explained to us that driver education was the key to reducing the slaughter—"the nut behind the wheel," and all that. Yet domestic automotive design philosophy since World War II has been almost wholly directed at reducing driver involvement. The machine has been designed to supply everything needed to a barely flickering consciousness behind the wheel. Further innovations—air conditioning, power steering, power brakes, tinted glass, automatic speed controls—have heightened the insulation. Living-room interiors—the phrase comes from the car ads—complete with stereo tape decks and plush carpets; there is no need to acknowledge the difference between hearth and highway. We must sharpen the attention, hone fine the skills of our automobile drivers, say the manufacturers—giving us products calculated to drive human minds and bodies into a state of soporific doze.

—Kenneth R. Schneider
Autokind vs. Mankind, 1971

"True, it raises haunting visions to discover from a sign outside a gas station at Murphy, North Carolina, that here De Soto and his men encamped in 1540. One can imagine the swampy ground sloping toward the river—under the present concrete and asphalt that stretches to the bridge. But for the ordinary traveler the reminiscence is barren. De Soto is a car and so is La Salle." —Jacques Barzun
God's Country and Mine, 1954



The car in art: Jason Seley's sculpture, Magister Ludi, *1962, inspired by automobile bumpers. Private collection, New York. Photograph by Charles Uht.*

"There is never a better way of taking in life than walking in the street." —Henry James

Where Would Music Be Without Detroit for Inspiration?

The next time you're ready to dismiss the automotive industry's impact on culture, music division, remember the following musical groups:

Little Anthony and the Imperials
The Cadillacs
The Impalas
The Fleetwoods
The Hondas
Flash Cadillac and the Continental Kids
Autosalvage
Traffic
Mitch Ryder and the Detroit Wheels
The GTOs
Ten Wheel Drive
The Corvettes
Ronni and the Daytonas
The Eldorados
The Thunderbirds
MC5 (Motor City Five)
The Continentals
The Edsels
The Falcons
The Wheels

A Side of the New Mobility

"Have you noticed that more and more people are living in cars?" asked my friend Geduldig. To be honest, I had noticed only that Geduldig was living more and more in bars, one of which we were in when he brought up the matter of cars and people living in them. I ought to mention that Geduldig is a soothsayer, and as a close observer of his habits, it was obvious to me that he was ready to say some sooths.

"Yes," he went on, "people are living in cars. Not vans, buses, and trucks—where people have lived since the spring of 1965—but cars. Two months ago a lady in San Francisco was brought to the attention of public health officials because she was living in an old De Soto with two cats and a dog. In Fairfield County, also in California, two children were recently taken from their parents and placed in a foster home because the authorities did not think it proper for the family to live in a Volkswagen. And in New York last year, an elderly couple economizing on their scant savings was found living in a car they parked at different points along the Hutchinson River Parkway. Interesting, no?" asked Geduldig.

My friend was clearly not interested in my rhetorical answer to his rhetorical question and immediately began an analysis of his rather limited data.

"These cases have come to light because of brushes with local authorities. But statistically each must stand for hundreds of others who are peaceably evolving a way of life. No doubt about it, living in cars will be the next *New Thing*.

"Actually I should have seen it coming back in 1952 when the Kaiser-Frazer came out with seats that converted to beds. The auguries were all there. How could I have missed them?" Geduldig kept going.

"Think of the drive-in phenomenon. Drive-in restaurants, drive-in movies, drive-in laundries, drive-in banks are as commonplace as dandruff. Motels are ubiquitous extensio
Why, God, man, it is
sible for a child begot
back seat of a '45 Por
married in a drive-i
Drive-in schools an
hospitals are just ar
curve. It's got to hap
do you understand?"
duldig, shouting a bit
ing onto my lapel.

"Understand what?
meekly.

"Understand that
more people are going
ing in cars. Look, jus
safety factor. What d
single American hav
mind most of the tim

I was afraid to ask
ply shrugged.

"The quick getaw
what. Security is yo
number-one nationwid
tion. Don't get yourself
Be ready to split if an
moves onto your bloc
country. Read your
Jackson Turner."

Geduldig was ready
mation. "So that's it,
forces coming togethe
patetic tradition, the
the security, the eight
reos. It's unavoidable
tidal wave of technolo

"You may be righ
Geduldig, rememberi
had been right twice
once on high-heel sho
and once on the comi
vaginal deodorants.
will you join them on

"No," answered n
who is as wise as he
vant. "I'm going to
drive-in bathrooms."

—Michael
*Michael Kaufman will hav
published in April:* In
Good Time *(Saturday Re
and* Rooftops and Alleys

**"Free the Indianapol
——197**

14,000 Mile a Bicycle

Several years ago I
U.S. Air Force, which
to show me the world.
years in, I had seen
wastelands of Texas a
lated, fogged-in missil

**In 1900 there were 20,500,000 horses in the U.S., each pro
average of 22 pounds of manure daily. It has been estim
one year's accumulation of manure would cover 1,367,00
land to a depth of 175 feet.**

ROUNDWRAPARO

nia coast. Since the vas not going to show ld, I decided I would America on my own. stion was, how could out money? And the e to me at the Great icycle Rally in Sol- fornia, sponsored by of American Wheel- I met all kinds of were really enjoying bicycling. After a f listening to their I knew I could see I traveled by bike and my meals.

8, 1967, after being from the military, I of Lompoc, Califor- a sleeping bag, two el bags, a camera, ges of clothes, and iscover Bicycle Amer- led north to Seattle, gled east across the es of the Cascades. I er the Plains, climbed ckies, and washed in waters of mountain y wheels carried me erts of the Southwest. nto the Deep South, e Eastern Seaboard. 00 miles, sixteen re than a dozen dif- thousands of beauti- ns, and a few grumps, to Washington, D.C. en I realized that I een America, smelled d felt her heart beat

14,000 miles I was a race war in Little rescued in a snow- non-English-speaking epherds in the moun- Mexico, water-skied lying plane on Lake somehow got caught amp on Lake Meade. become intimately with America, all be- bicycle. I even found l young woman in o later became my he mother of twin ho are to be my com- a Rediscover Bicycle p in 1974. Why 1974? 974, I will graduate e, our daughters will ars old, a good trav- r nonworking riders heavy, yet not too mainly 1974 because 00-mile trip we will ing Kentucky's 200th

—**Joe Bowen**

the author of a new book er Bicycle America.

THOUGHTS ON WALKING

Human beings have been walking for a half-million, perhaps a million, years, depending upon what date the anthropologists set for the birth of man. Walking was born with man, and man is the only true walker among earth's creatures. Others creep, crawl, climb, swim, fly; they hop, leap, bound, gallop, and most of all they run. Man walks.

Man may run to catch his quarry or escape his enemy, but to go from one place to another he walks. He is the one persistent walker throughout the history of life on earth.

The great migrations were all made on foot. The Tatars, Mongols, and Huns rode their swift shaggy ponies across Asia and much of Europe, and for a while they conquered, but the men who came and stayed were the ones who came on foot, bringing their gods and tools and household arts—and their families. Only the walkers, advancing at the pace of the slowest among them, could bring the old men with the wisdom of the past, the women and children with the promise of the future. The men on horseback have been the conquerors of history, but the men afoot have been the thinkers, the dreamers, the organizers and founders of civilizations.

As a locomotor device, the bony structure of the human body is an engineer's delight. It is not built for speed, to be sure. But for carrying its own weight from one point to another on the earth's surface it is an evolutionary wonder. The body is built poorly for sitting, only a little better for standing, but for walking it is unrivaled.

And when we hit our stride—the step that is just the right length for our height and length of leg, the speed that is just right for our weight and muscular strength—then something miraculous happens. We become unconscious of weight, of locomotion; we are aware only of rhythm. It is a sensation akin to swimming, in which the water bears our weight. In the right rhythm of walking, the body's weight does in fact float, borne along in a perfect balance between gravitational force and the momentum of forward motion. We do not seem to be carrying our weight at all.

Three miles an hour restores our humanity to us. It gives us back our identity, our awareness of ourselves as individual human beings instead of bodies on a vehicle being carried from here to there with the greatest possible efficiency, like so many crates of vegetables.

—**Aaron Sussman and Ruth Goode**
The Magic of Walking, 1967



The car in art: Edward Hopper's painting, Gas, *1940. Collection, Museum of Modern Art, New York, Mrs. Simon Guggenheim Fund.*

"There is nothing like a swift-passing landscape to monotonize the mind."
—Ramiro de Maeztu, 1924

The New Centaur

Unfortunately the question "Who controls what?" cannot be answered simply by saying that the driver controls the vehicle. Many, if not most, drivers are themselves, to a large extent, controlled, so to speak, by their vehicles. It is as if the vehicle were to "decide" what the driver should do, and the driver were at its mercy. Perhaps this is why Judge Glenn Sharpe of Durant, Oklahoma, when confronted by a motorist who has driven under the influence of drink, merely suspends the driver's license but consigns his car to a prison cell.

When a motorist sits down at the wheel of his car he becomes partially mechanized, and in as much as this dehumanizes him, he ceases to be the man he was. He is now a man-in-a-car, a bio-robot.

—**John Cohen and Barbara Preston**
Causes and Prevention of Road Accidents, 1968

A CURSE

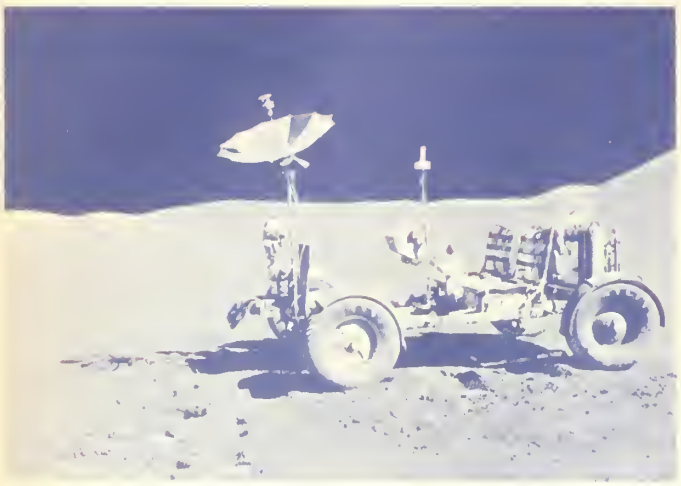
Dark was that day when Diesel
conceived his dread engine that
begot you, grim invention,
more vicious, more criminal
than the camera even,
metallic monstrosity,
bale and bane of our Culture,
chief woe of our Commonweal.

How dare the Law prohibit
hashish and heroin, yet
license your use who inflate
all weak inferior egos?
Their addicts only do harm
to their own lives: you poison
tne lungs of the innocent,
your din dithers the peaceful,
and on choked roads hundreds must
daily die by chance-medley.

Nimble technicians, surely,
you should hang your heads in shame:
your wit works mighty wonders,
has landed men on the moon,
replaced brains by computers,
and can smithy a "smart" bomb.
It is a crying scandal
that you cannot take the time,
or be bothered to build us,
what sanity knows we need,
an odorless and noiseless
staid little electric brougham.

—**W. H. Auden**

ROUNDWRAPAROU



The American mark on the moon: even now, a car sits at the Hadley-Apennine landing site of Apollo 15.

A MATTER OF COSMETICS

The sport car is nothing but plastic surgery; the older and uglier one gets, the leaner and younger one's car must look. The pudgy and the puffy are turned into svelte long-muscled youths with the barrel chests of four-barreled carburetors, the tapering limbs of flared tailpipes. The car is a face; how many times have I been told that I did not see an acquaintance who drove by me in a red Peugeot 204 while I was on a bicycle. Yvonne saw me on a bicycle, I saw only the red Peugeot 204; it could have been Yvonne, it could have been the pharmacist on Rue Brea, it could have been anyone completely hidden, anonymous, nameless behind the huge mask of the windshield. It could have been a red Peugeot 204 driven by a computer and guided by radar, an experimental model intended to test the neuromotor responses demanded by traffic on Rue d'Assas. The only drivers I know by their vehicles are a few truckmen; Feron, the moving man, with the special high green body he put on a Mercedes-Benz chassis; Gasq, the coalman, a flatbed Citroën truck bowed under coal sacks. These men use motors to work, not to consume, they do not buy them as disguises.

—Daniel Behrman

The Man Who Loved Bicycles, 1973

Places Safe and Unsafe

In general, death rates from automobile accidents tend to fall as population becomes less dense, but clearly some places are safer than others. For cities reporting accident figures to the National Safety Council at the end of 1972, standings (based on traffic deaths per 10,000 registered vehicles) looked like this:

Population Category	City	Death Rate	Comparison with 1971
50,000	Best—Bethlehem, Pa.	0.2	—75%
to 100,000	Worst—Evanston, Ill.	0.6	—33%
100,000	Best—Parma, Ohio	0.3	0%
to 200,000	Worst—Tacoma, Wash.	1.8	—22%
200,000	Best—Rochester, N.Y.	1.2	+13%
to 350,000	Worst—El Paso, Tex.	3.7	—22%
350,000	Best—Buffalo, N.Y.	1.5	+ 6%
to 500,000	Worst—Oklahoma City, Okla.	3.7	+ 8%
500,000	Best—Seattle, Wash.	1.5	—23%
to 750,000	Worst—Memphis, Tenn.	4.2	+16%
750,000	Best—Baltimore, Md.	2.4	+ 6%
to 1,000,000	Washington, D.C.	2.4	—22%
	Worst—Dallas, Tex.	4.3	+26%
over	Best—Chicago, Ill.	2.6	+ 3%
1,000,000	Worst—New York, N.Y.	4.4	— 7%

What of Eros?

Anybody who intends to remove the automobile from American life must consider the existential aspects of the renunciation. Even if we concede the wastefulness and stupidity of the car, I doubt that we would be willing to forswear its immaculate divinity. We have come to acknowledge it as the sublime image of the mystery that we but inarticulately express in the meager words for youth, beauty, power, spring, happiness, freedom, and desire. The image has been consecrated by three generations of blood and money, and the man who buys a car now believes that he embarks on a rite of passage. Each year we sacrifice 50,000 lives to the celebration of the mystery, and it is no easy thing to replace the automobile with an object possessed of the same Dionysian magic.

I would recommend the camera. Already it commands nearly as much advertising lineage in *Playboy* as the automobile, and in this we may find reason for hope. Consider the several enchantments of the camera:

(1) Its shape can be construed as phallic. This impression can be magnified by the addition of a telephoto lens or by the more obvious device of carrying three cameras around one's neck at the same time.

(2) As the American sensibility subsides into decadence, the identification with the aesthetic becomes more attractive than the identification with courage or physical strength. The persona of the sheriff gives way to that of the jailed intellectual, and the mere possession of a camera announces its owner as a man of perception. The man with a camera need not know how to take photographs, but, unlike the man who carries a guitar, his pretension to genius cannot promptly be questioned.

(3) The wide circulation of lascivious magazines confirms the rumor that girls will take off their clothes for anybody who promises to publish their photograph. Why, then, go to the trouble of buying a Ferrari or rebuilding a 1948 Chevrolet?

In 1972 bicycle sales exceeded automobile sales for the first time, 13 million to 10 million.

"Spring is sprung
The grass is riz
Where last year's
Careless driver is."
—Burma Shave jing

(4) Cameras and
presumably arouse
suspicions in the mir
police. This assumpti
the individual in illusc
tion to the state. The
of a camera thus can be
ed as a political state
plying a romantic at
revolution.

(5) A man with a c
wander through a c
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—Lewi

*Lewis Lapham, who o
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this magazine.*

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LETTERS

A Middle American Marriage

I would like to thank Thomas J. Cottle for a painful yet instructive experience. His article "A Middle American Marriage" [February] dramatically illustrated the pain inherent in subjecting human lives to external scrutiny. It hardly seemed fair to let two people expose their lives to the prying eyes and minds of magazine readers. Yet, as Theodore Graziano said in the article, "I don't care about fair. We're way beyond talking about what's fair and what's not fair." As one still in her adolescence, I find discarding fairness to be the only way to learn how people really think and feel about themselves and their lives. But only by this learning can one grow up to be an empathic adult.

RUTH OWEN
Evanston, Ill.

Cottle's article is representative of a new genre in social-science reportage that is disturbing. In attempting to depict the values, attitudes, and frustrations members of various social classes experience, writers like Cottle reject both the methodology of the social sciences *and* the wholly creative approach of the fiction writer. By use of the extended quotation, such writers would seem to place themselves outside the realm of both methodological and literary criticism.

The reader is required to draw and shape his insights based on the selections of remembered conversation. Of course all writing is selective, but the tape recorder sans tape-recorder approach can ever so easily coerce the reader by the attempt to objectify through subjective selection. The writer allows us to hear what he chooses us to hear. We see a comparable thing in the new Channel 13 documentary, *An American Family*. Here the viewer actually "sees" the family interacting, but the first principle of selective perception teaches us that we are, of course, seeing only what the cameraman and the film editor want us to see. By use of this method we are nudged into "precooked" reactions, and it strikes me that, in both instances, the scientific method is misapplied. The Gestaltist approach cannot be so freely borrowed.

JEAN STEARNS
Ass't. Professor of Sociology
Brandywine College
Wilmington, Del.

Spinning with the power

My interest in Don Juan—and by extension Carlos Castaneda, and now, thanks to the *Harper's* article ["Talking to Power and Spinning With the Ally," February], in Gwyneth Cravens—comes from his ability to convey a separate reality. I've been working now for many years to find a way of writing about my particular separate reality.

VED MEHTA
New York, N.Y.

On poetry

This morning in the dentist's office I picked up the February *Harper's* and, largely on the strength of the poems, decided to become a subscriber again after a lapse of several years. I especially liked James Wright's poem and think that editors should get some response when readers like their choices.

MADELINE DEFREES
Missoula, Mont.

IQ myths

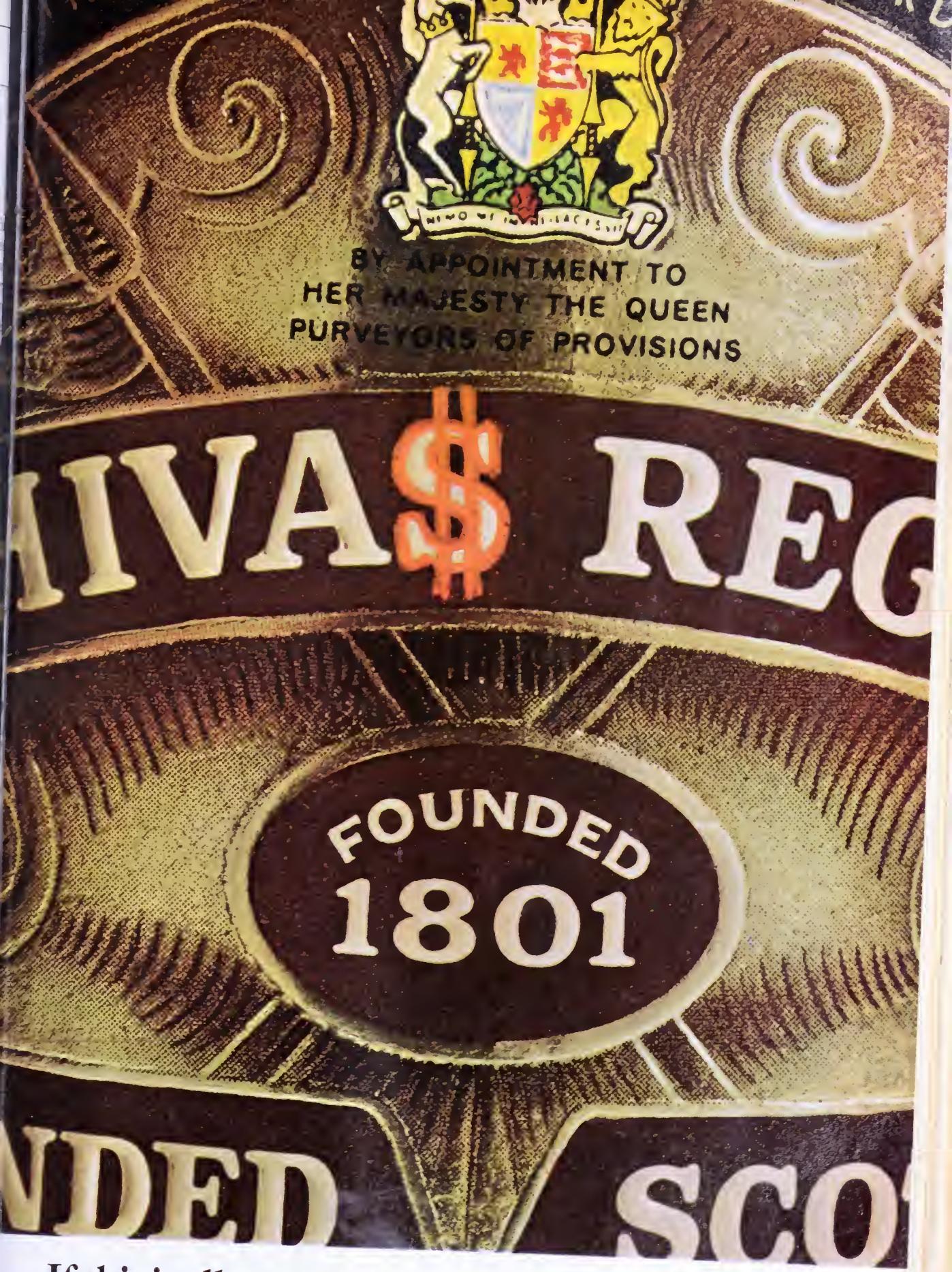
We do have many myths that need debunking, but creating one's own for the sake of debunking them is not playing the game. Ask the next ten people you meet what they believe about IQ. How many of Mary Jo Bane's and Christopher Jencks' ["Five Myths About Your IQ," February] "commonly accepted myths" will even be mentioned? The first, yes. As a tautology, the fac tests are the "best measure intelligence" is likely to ap the authors do not even try that one; they sidestep by that some kinds of intelligen well measured. Come, con proper refutation. If IQ is no measure, demonstrate a be

The verbal juggling is al games, acceptable as enter But why oh why do these debunkers promote the mo ous myth of all? Namely, t cess or failure in life" can b to an income level above the mean. Are the most s human beings invariably th

WARRE
Olmsted F

In their attempt to clarif gle of hokum surrounding vance and importance of Bane and Jencks have t committed a confusing falla find particularly annoying. cussing the value of com education programs to l scores of the disadvantage thors note that "some stud big gains, but others show dents who were not in the gained more than those w The next startling senten "Taken as a group, these st gest that students' scores d prove any faster in com programs than elsewhere." various programs be "ta group" and evaluated sum this manner? It is certainl combine data in single, studies, but it is complete to combine results from studies to arrive at a kind o result as the authors have searchers of the caliber of Jencks should not be mal basic errors in logic.

The error is compound next sentence when the au clude that "there is . . . s dence that educators simp know how" to improve test



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present time." I would suggest the authors review the studies had just alluded to—those re- ng "big gains." These studies provide the techniques we are oking and hoping for.

am disappointed in Ms. Bane Mr. Jencks because their failure serve such a basic logical and tical principle suggests that they more interested in building a a salable case, than in search- or truth. It is important for the rs to be credible on the surface se in this kind of article the r must trust them in many of atements they make. For exam- when they note that heredity nts for only 45 percent of IQ s instead of 80 percent as re- d by Jensen, we must take this ith, since we are not privy to the tical manipulations that yielded result. I, for one, am less in- l to accept their conclusions in of the glaring error in logic above. JOSEPH FALGIANI
East Orange, N.J.

th all due respect for the schol- p of authors Mary Jo Bane and topher Jencks, it seems to me that the use of the word "myths" in the title and body of their article is misleading.

Upon reading the article, one finds that the writers acknowledge that every so-called myth is true but not to the extent claimed by some other authorities.

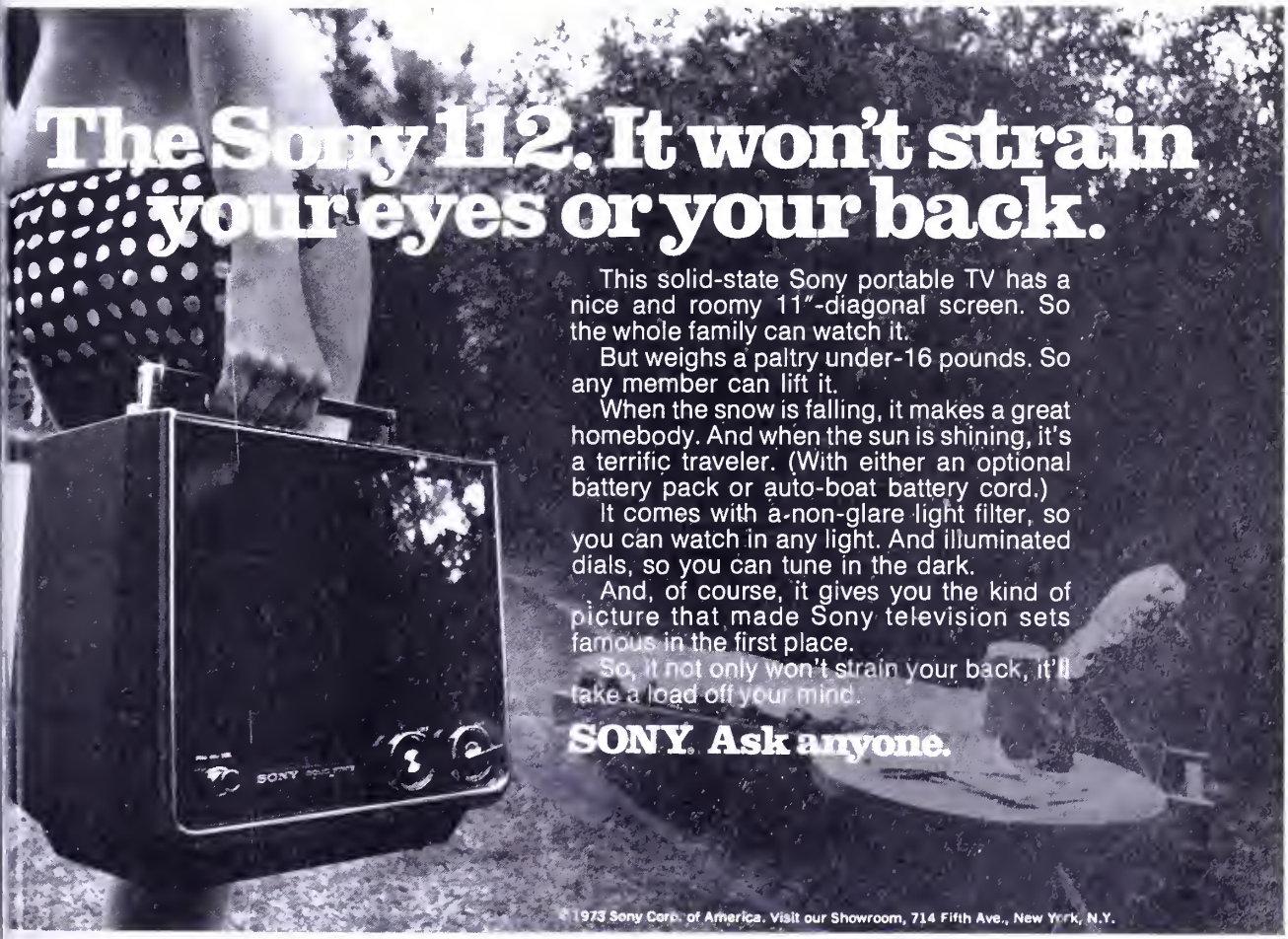
Also there would seem to be some contradiction between the denial of the great importance of heredity in determining intelligence (if genes are not greatly important, environment would seem to be most highly influential) and the contention that improving the environment in the schools is of little value.

FLORENCE GROSS
Milwaukee, Wis.

MARY JO BANE AND CHRISTOPHER JENCKS REPLY:

Mr. Falgiani accuses us of an error in logic in treating all the compensatory education studies together. Logically, of course, he is right. The empirical evidence, however, suggests that our summary statement is correct. A comparison of successful and unsuccessful compensatory education programs shows no consistent pattern. A program that is successful in one situation, for example, is often unsuccessful when repeated under seemingly similar conditions. Success seems often to result from intangible idiosyncratic characteristics. A study of successful reading programs showed that they had little in common except "leadership" and "high motivation"—characteristics that, though real, are too elusive to become the basis of a large-scale program. Even the most consistently successful programs, like the preschool programs of David Weikart and Carl Bereiter, seem to be much less effective as time goes on.

We agree with Ms. Gross that the use of the word "myths" in the title and format of our article may have been misleading. Authors and editors often disagree about such matters, and authors sometimes lose. The contradiction that she sees in the fact that, although environment explains much of the variation in IQ scores, schools explain very little, can be clarified by considering all the other aspects of the environment that can be expected to influence children's IQ scores—home, friends, television, and so on. School appears to be a relatively minor part of chil-



dren's total environment and a part that is relatively similar for all children.

The Obscenity Muddle

Paul Bender, as counsel to the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, incorrectly anticipated the direction the Supreme Court would take after the Stanley case ["The Obscenity Muddle," February]. In that case, the Court held that possession of obscenity, in the privacy of the home, is constitutionally protected. The legal panel of the Commission, advised by Mr. Bender, projected that decision into the recommendation that if consenting adults can possess obscenity, they must be able to purchase or view it —and that was the basis for the Commission recommendation.

Mr. Bender was wrong. On May 3, 1971, in the Reidel case, the Court clearly held that *commercial* production, sale, distribution, or exhibition of obscenity continues to be a crime in this country and that the states retain broad power to control the commercial aspects of this trade.

The discussion of sex crimes or sex criminals in relation to obscenity is irrelevant. The law has never required proof of relationship between exposure and antisocial conduct—recognizing, of course, that such proof would be impossible to establish—as Mr. Bender pointed out.

There is no way to protect any segment of society from the intrusion of obscenity if it is legalized for consenting adults. We already see very offensive display advertisements in newspapers for porn movies and blatant marquees advertising sex shows in most major cities.

Obscenity laws—and other laws relating to so-called "victimless crimes"—are intended to protect the public morality. The entire community is the victim of such crimes. Public morality was never at a lower ebb—as measured by venereal disease, illegitimacy, divorce, and other social problems. Despite the many difficulties involved, the "new" Supreme Court will, I hope, strengthen the position of law enforcement in decisions currently pending.

RAYMOND P. GAUER, Nat'l. Director
Citizens for Decent Literature Inc.
Los Angeles, Calif.

PAUL BENDER REPLIES:

Mr. Gauer complains that [illegible] scenity commission, of which [illegible] general counsel, failed accura[illegible] predict subsequent Supreme [illegible] decisions. Mr. Gauer doesn't [illegible] stand the role of advisory c[illegible] sions. Their job is not to predi[illegible] the Court or Congress will [illegible] to recommend what should b[illegible] based on the kind of in-depth [illegible] and reflection—free from p[illegible] pressures—that legislatures [illegible] rarely have time or capacity [illegible] dertake. The obscenity comm[illegible] moreover never undertook [illegible] whether broad obscenity law [illegible] constitutional or not, but me[illegible] say whether they were wise as[illegible] ter of legislative policy. It co[illegible] that, save for laws narrowly d[illegible] at juveniles and intrusive pub[illegible] plays and mailings, obscenit[illegible] were not good policy.

I think Mr. Gauer is wrong [illegible] clude that, if obscenity can [illegible] be obtained by adults who w[illegible] there is "no way" to protect [illegible] intrusive public displays. If [illegible] sensus can be reached abou[illegible] marquees and newspaper ad[illegible] ments are highly offensive (I [illegible] Mr. Gauer and the Citizens [illegible] cent Literature have a lowe[illegible] ance in this regard than the [illegible] American), laws can be draft[illegible] prohibit these displays but t[illegible] mit the material to be sold n[illegible] sively to those who want it. [illegible] the obscenity commission [illegible] mended drafts of just such [illegible] tion.

It is difficult for me to und[illegible] how Mr. Gauer can first conc[illegible] he does, that it is "impossibl[illegible] tablish" proof that sexual m[illegible] cause antisocial conduct and [illegible] can then go on to imply th[illegible] materials are nevertheless resp[illegible] for "venereal disease, illegi[illegible] divorce, and other social pro[illegible] If there is no adequate proo[illegible] he know this on faith or wha[illegible] point of my article—and of [illegible] scenity commission report—w[illegible] in the absence of adequate [illegible] that reading matter does h[illegible] should not be prohibited. Mr[illegible] would not want to be told [illegible] couldn't read something me[illegible] cause others thought it was n[illegible] cent" and believed, without a[illegible] tual foundation, that it did ha[illegible] should be willing to accord [illegible] the same freedom.

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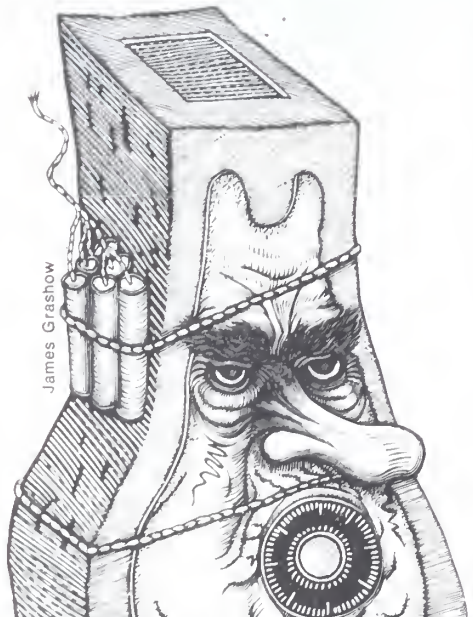
THE PLEASURES OF DEFEAT

A letter to despairing liberals from a sympathetic conservative

YES, I KNOW your left-out feeling. Four more years of boredom interrupted by wretched surprises. Then maybe Agnew. Then, you say, maybe Australia. What was it James MacGregor Burns wrote back in 1960, during his "tough-minded pragmatist" phase of touting JFK's prospective "liberalism without tears"? That liberals have an emotional need for "suffering situations" and really enjoy a good cry. I don't know whether that's true—liberals of my acquaintance seem too numb these days even to weep at the awfulness of it all.

Let me suggest a more civilized response, one that we conservatives have used over the years with some success. It is simply to shed the weight of responsibility for what's happening and to indulge oneself with the malicious satisfactions of opposition. I recall the gloomy morning after the 1960 election in the editorial rooms of the *Wall Street Journal*. Vermont Royster and the rest of us were sitting around in a funk composed in equal parts of disappointment at Kennedy's victory and dismay at Richard Nixon's plodding me-too campaign. What was there to say? "Well," one of my colleagues remarked, "at least we know what we'll be against for the next four years." At that, our faces brightened and our spirits lifted. Defeat appeared as a kind of deliverance from the onerous task of finding excuses for Eisenhowerism.

Liberals undervalue the rewards (emotional and otherwise) of outsidership, chiefly because they have long assumed themselves to be insiders. (Only very belatedly, and only under the imperative of political survival in the midst of the Vietnam disaster, have liberals begun to debunk the myth of Kennedy's liberalism and to open some distance between themselves and the gung-ho interventionists of the New Frontier.) If you come to appreciate politics as essentially unconcerned with



ideological beliefs and its professional practitioners, regardless of party, as joined in open conspiracy against the unknowing amateurs who make up the electorate—if you can grasp this self-evident, though disagreeable, truth, then you know which side you're on. You are outside, and therefore free.

FROM this perspective you gradually become aware of the arrant fraudulence of much that goes on in Washington. To be sure, there are anxious, troubling moments when it seems that the incumbents destroy what's left of de freedom. With experience comes the recognition that tions are rarely so serious tional circumstances so pr to justify panic. (Another torial mentors, James J. had a rule on the *Richm Leader* some years ago: w lowed to use the word "i only once a year, and s compelled to hoard it for cial occasions of outrage.)

It was that well-remembe man, former Attorney Ge Mitchell, who once gave away by admonishing a civil-rights petitioners to v the Nixon Administratio not what it said. If we did President Nixon so well, conclude that his landslide gave him the fortitude to t lican. We are witnessing ent rebirth of almost forg sound doctrine, to be give effect in a variety of way restrictions on federal resolute opposition to wholesale demolition of f Society programs, thoroug form and reorganization eral bureaucracy, and, wi tion to managerial efficien tain Cabinet appointment ample, that of an Irish-Ca York hardhat as Secretary —the President seems to b out a partisan grand strat straight from the pages Phillips' *Emerging Repu jority*. All this, combine continuing war of attriti the news media, has fright normally sensible liberal state of near-hysteria. Col Kraft recently divined th purpose" beneath Nixon's style: "The great thing mind has never been in wants to undo the Washi of the Democratic Party wi

Richard Whalen, author of The Founding Father: The Story of Joseph P. Kennedy *and* Catch the Falling Flag: A Republican's Challenge to His Party, *was an adviser and speechwriter for Richard M. Nixon in 1968.*

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cern for the urban poor and its bias [*sic*] towards the elite style of the northern cities."

That, of course, is precisely what Nixon wants the amateurs to *believe* he is doing: he even has moments, I know from personal experience, when he himself believes that that is what he is doing. But it is a considerable distance from what is in fact happening in Washington behind the stage set, the greasepaint, and the growling rhetoric. We are being promised—or threatened with, as you prefer—a great deal less in the way of government and spending than we will actually suffer over the next four years. We are being treated to the spectacle of Presidential bluster. Nixon can challenge the prerogatives of the Congress, but he lacks the necessary votes, even among sullen and resentful Republicans who have not forgotten their abandonment by the White House during the past campaign. If we take the Nixon performance at face value, we are being conned as surely as we were being conned when Kennedy postured on the battlements of the Free World and Lyndon Johnson commanded an end to poverty in the land.

What unsettles many liberals is the stylistic inversion in the Presidency. The long-established Democratic tradition of excess decrees that a President shall set upper-case National Objectives and continually announce programs that are at once uplifting and unattainable. Nixon has occasionally strayed into the well-worn groove of the grandiose—remember the New American Revolution he once proclaimed—but his natural style departs radically from tradition. Solitary, aloof, and silent, he cultivates—and occasionally confesses as much to aides—the aura of mystery he regards as indispensable to leadership. Regardless of Wilsonian borrowings that admirers detect in his speeches, his model of Presidential deportment is Charles de Gaulle, which may account for his awkwardness. At his age it's tough learning to walk on stilts.

Nick Thimmesch, one of the best informed and most compassionate President-watchers in the capital, has coined a valuable phrase for the Nixonian style: "the vault mentality." This is an administration that cherishes the warming illusion of Total Security, represented by a phalanx of guards between itself and untidy, undisciplined reality. During his first term the President invented a novel approach to the task of governing: government-by-exclusion. He deliberately estranged himself from whole Cabinet departments, most dramatically from the distrusted State Department, and constructed a miniature government within the White House. Now the President aspires to cut off the bothersome bureaucracy entirely, and to this purpose a new "supercrat" has been invented, at once the chief of a Cabinet department and an Assistant to the President.

The first such dual-purpose manager to be appointed was the indefatigable George Shultz, who is both Secretary of the Treasury and head of the newly created Council on Economic Policy. Admittedly, it is a short walk from the Treasury to the White House, but the day is scarcely long enough for even Shultz to serve the President and to administer his department. The "supercrats" may soon find themselves in the same position as the unfortunate noblemen in Russia prior to the Revolution. They became so entangled in the intrigues of the Czar's Court that they could not visit their estates. Thus they lost touch with the serfs, who in time apprehended their true condition and acted upon it.

In theory, centralization of managerial responsibility is to be the prelude to more effective control over the process of translating policy into results. The principal architects of the executive reorganization, the President's Chief of Staff Bob Haldeman and Domestic Affairs Adviser John Ehrlichman, have installed loyal junior members of their staffs in once-lofty sub-Cabinet positions to make sure that the White House's will is done. As a practical matter, however, the arrangement seems likely to break down under the pressures of universal distrust. As unmade decisions pile up in the supercrats' in-boxes, and as the information flow from the self-protecting bureaucracy dries up, the result could be a comic case of governmental constipation. If the metaphor may be extended just a bit more, the fun over the next four years will come from the rumbling within the bowels of government, with veteran bureaucrats and Democratic Congressional grandees joining forces to thwart the Presidential anxiety for relief.

THE VIEW FROM INSIDE th
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SO, MY DISCONSOLATE liberal f
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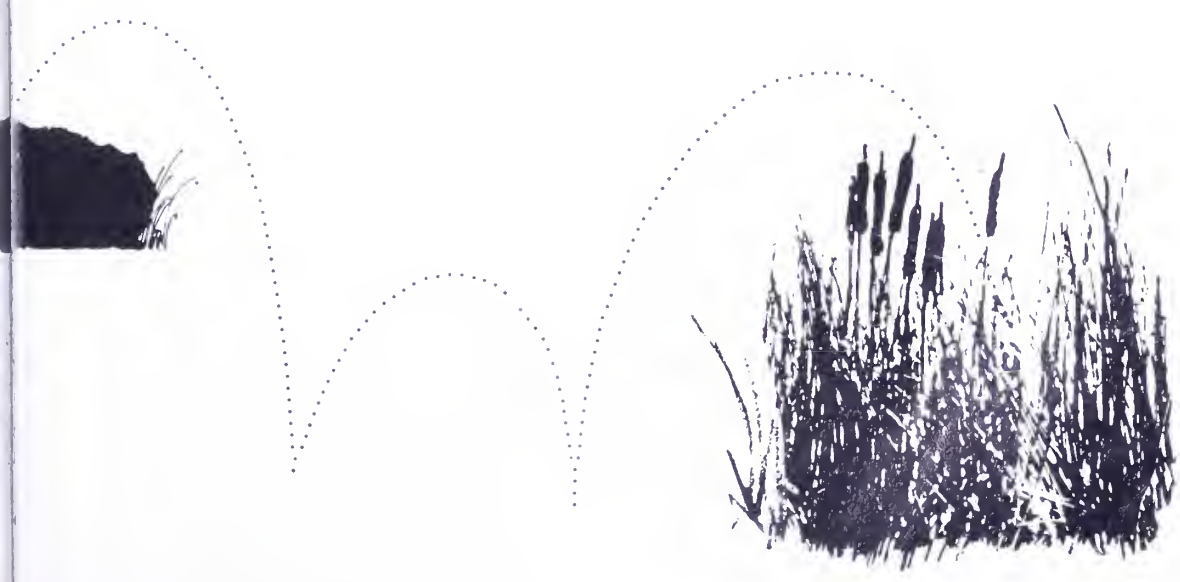
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e to find a frog. Two places—in a classroom using Rand McNally teaching materials, and natural habitat. You see, we supply live frogs, crickets, fish and other fascinating creatures ementary school classrooms . . . and transparent tanks, sand, soil and food so that children reate homes for them . . . and observe and study their behavior. We also publish up-to-date tlases, and guides on camping, trailering, recreation and travel (including the popular Mobil Guide) . . . guides to help you find the most interesting places, the finest fishing waters—e best way to get there. When was the last time you saw a frog?

RAND McNALLY

and you thought we just made maps



Donald S. Connery

LETTER FROM NEW DELHI

India's hope and anguish: a dramatic race between freedom and starvation

"IN ALL OUR PHILOSOPHY," Indira Gandhi told me the other day, "there is talk of balance and so on, but people think that either you're up in the sky or you're right down. They just don't see a middle way."

The Prime Minister was annoyed at the way people in this "winter of discontent," as the newspapers say, were running down India. After all, it was supposed to be a proud and promising year, the twenty-fifth anniversary of Indian independence, yet everyone from millionaires and maharajas to the barefoot man on the village street was complaining about prices, taxes, shortages, restrictions, and red tape, or else just moaning about things in general. Mrs. Gandhi admitted that some things had come unstuck, but she insisted that "in spite of all the obstacles we are moving ahead quite fast, I think."

ONE YEAR AGO no one would have disagreed. Indians were way up in the sky then, all 550 million of them, floating on a cloud of pure euphoria. They were enjoying the rare sensation of having seen a job well done, and they were painting mental pictures of a bright future.

As a former correspondent stationed in New Delhi, I had gone back for the first time in a decade to see what things were like in the aftermath of the victory over India's worst enemy and the birth of Bangladesh. I had stayed away all those years, I suspect, because India's struggle to survive and to make it as a progressive democratic nation was just too painful to watch and too confusing to report. All too often the country had made elaborate plans for a great leap forward and then had fallen on its face. War, famine, corruption, communal violence, political infighting, the death of distinguished leaders, and general ineptitude and lethargy had taken their toll.

The population had increased by more than 200 million, or as much as the entire population of the United States, in the short span of time since the winning of independence in 1947. The oceans of new mouths to feed and bodies to clothe had canceled out many of the achievements of a society whose brave but forlorn new battle cry was *garibi hatao*: "abolish poverty."

How stunning it was, then, to find in those early months of 1972 an ebullience and a hopefulness that I had never known before in India. There was a sense of pride and a surge of self-confidence that seemed to make light of all the usual frustrations and tribulations of everyday life in the most poverty-stricken of the world's major nations. The crisis atmosphere of 1971 had vanished. Gone were the fears of a savage and prolonged struggle brought on by the civil war in East Pakistan and the costly "invasion" of India by some ten million Bengali refugees fleeing the bloodbath. A few days of brilliant work by the Indian armed forces had redrawn the map of the subcontinent, reducing Pakistan to a minor state with less than half its former population. Like a human tide running out to sea, the multitude of refugees had flowed home to newborn Bangladesh. In the process, the Indian people had demonstrated a unity and a purposefulness that could be harnessed for rapid economic development. That is, if anyone could figure how to keep them together and maintain the momentum.

Some patriots, in a spasm of muscle flexing, began talking about India as the latest great power to emerge on the world scene: a force, half a billion bodies strong, to be reckoned with. Perhaps, a number of Members of Parliament said, it was time to put aside Gandhian scruples and start manufacturing nuclear weapons. The new India, in contrast to the old, was entirely capable of doing exactly that. (And the hostility (whose border lies within of New Delhi, encoura thoughts.) Like the skysc Bombay and the jumbo j India, the shiny new atom plants standing outside an villages symbolized the In technological tomorrow.

Even the bitter knowledg United States had "tilted Pakistan and cut off ecor did not depress Indian spiri contrary, it reinforced the mood of the country that dhi had fostered with her tions about self-reliance warnings against new for perialism. Self-reliance seemed an impossible d since the miracle seeds an agricultural methods of t revolution" had made it p India, at long last, to feed h

Above all, Indians felt of a strong and surefoote ment. Not since the heyda aharlal Nehru had they h sense of being led by a gre ality. In fact, in her sixt Prime Minister, Indira Ga had been dismissed as "tha by Pakistani President Ya before she ground up his ar proving to be a tougher decisive leader than Nehru static Calcutta engineer, w of "Indira" as "our wonde delighted in telling me tha ther was weak but the dau *real man*!"

Mrs. Gandhi's ruthless r tion of the ailing Congress her championship of India's won her a landslide victo parliamentary elections 1971. Her mastery of eve the Bangladesh crisis gave a sweeping success in the tions of March 1972. Afte she had nationalized the snatched away the privy p the princes, her talk abou the rich and spreading t

Donald Connery, a former bureau chief in New Delhi for Time-Life, is writing a book about modern India entitled The Other India.

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such as it is, gave her the look of a lady Robin Hood.

She was more than just a national heroine or "the empress of India," as some romantic journals were saying. She was all-powerful—even though she was to tell me later in the year that under the parliamentary system "the Prime Minister has no powers at all." One magazine declared that "never in the history of India has any one person wielded as much power as Indira Gandhi does today." If there were expectations of miracles in those heady days a year ago, it was largely because so many millions of Indians, at the ballot boxes of the world's largest democracy, had given their goddess the power to perform them. If there were buttons to push, Indira Gandhi was free to push them.

THAT WAS A YEAR AGO. Now, in this bleak winter (and it does, believe it or not, get chilly in Delhi), there was so much discontent and such a disheartened atmosphere that I sometimes felt I had returned to a different country. Or was I simply back in the same old screwed-up India?

When I strolled over to the Moti Mahal in Old Delhi one evening to meet a man over a plate of tandoori chicken, I noticed that some irreverent graffiti artist had painted a huge sign on a rock saying, "Indira Gandhi, lower prices or else!" When I was in Bangalore a week earlier, the manager of an earth-moving works said that "I weep for my poor factory." When I read the papers I found such an outpouring of breast-beating columns and backbiting editorials that I could see why Mrs. Gandhi complained that "almost the entire press is running down anything that is being done. Any time you have any show of enthusiasm or urgency, all the cold water that can be thrown is thrown by this group."

The factory manager was in tears because a nationwide power shortage had forced his and innumerable other plants to close down or severely restrict production. And the hydroelectric power shortage was only the lesser consequence of a late and stingy monsoon that had clamped a severe drought on two-thirds of the country. Millions of tons of food grains were lost, thousands of defeated peasants swarmed to the already overcrowded sidewalks of the great cities, and oil trucks had to be cleaned out and pressed into service to provide water to parched villages.

Now there was less talk about self-sufficiency in food production and the satisfactions of making do without U.S. aid. Whereas a visiting American like myself had formerly been bombarded with questions about why President Nixon had chosen a bloody dictator over a democratic lady, people now wanted to know how soon the U.S. and India would patch up their differences. There was great satisfaction in December when Harvard's Patrick Moynihan was named as the new ambassador to India. He seemed to be a man in the mold of former ambassador Kenneth Galbraith: a sympathetic intellectual who had a personal pipeline to the White House.

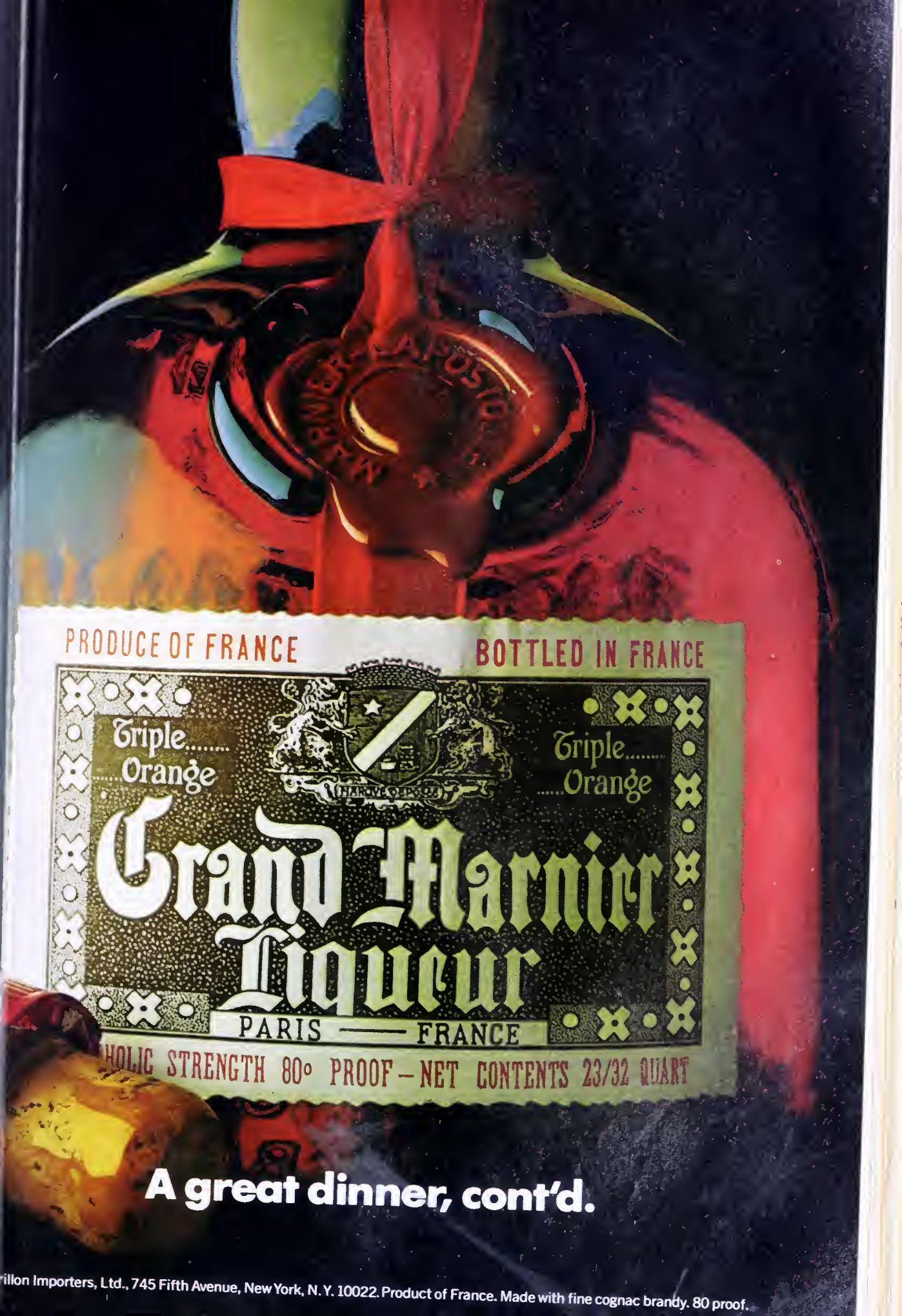
STILL, IT WAS NOT SO MUCH the drought and all that went with it that so dampened India's spirits, though it did seem as if nature were out to remind the Indians that they were peculiarly fated to be at the mercy of the elements. What hurt most was the sheer multiplicity of "difficulties," to use the word that appears so constantly in the speeches of government ministers.

In just the time that I had been in New Delhi, on this second look around, there had been a rash of strikes all over the country, language riots in Assam, job-quota riots in Andhra Pradesh, a political upheaval in Tamil Nadu, an outburst of student demonstrations, and much, much else. For those Indians who could read and afford the price of a newspaper, there had been grim headlines about universities forced to close down, railway stations set on fire, air services disrupted, and police charges on unruly mobs. It all contributed to a feeling that India was coming apart at the seams.

Even the happier events seemed to go sour. Late in 1972 the Indians staged a giant trade fair in New Delhi to boost foreign commerce and show the world that India made and was eager to export everything from toys and textiles to heavy machinery and sophisticated electronic equipment. It was a splendidly designed and executed exhibition even if some pavilions were still being built on opening day. As the largest international show ever held in the c
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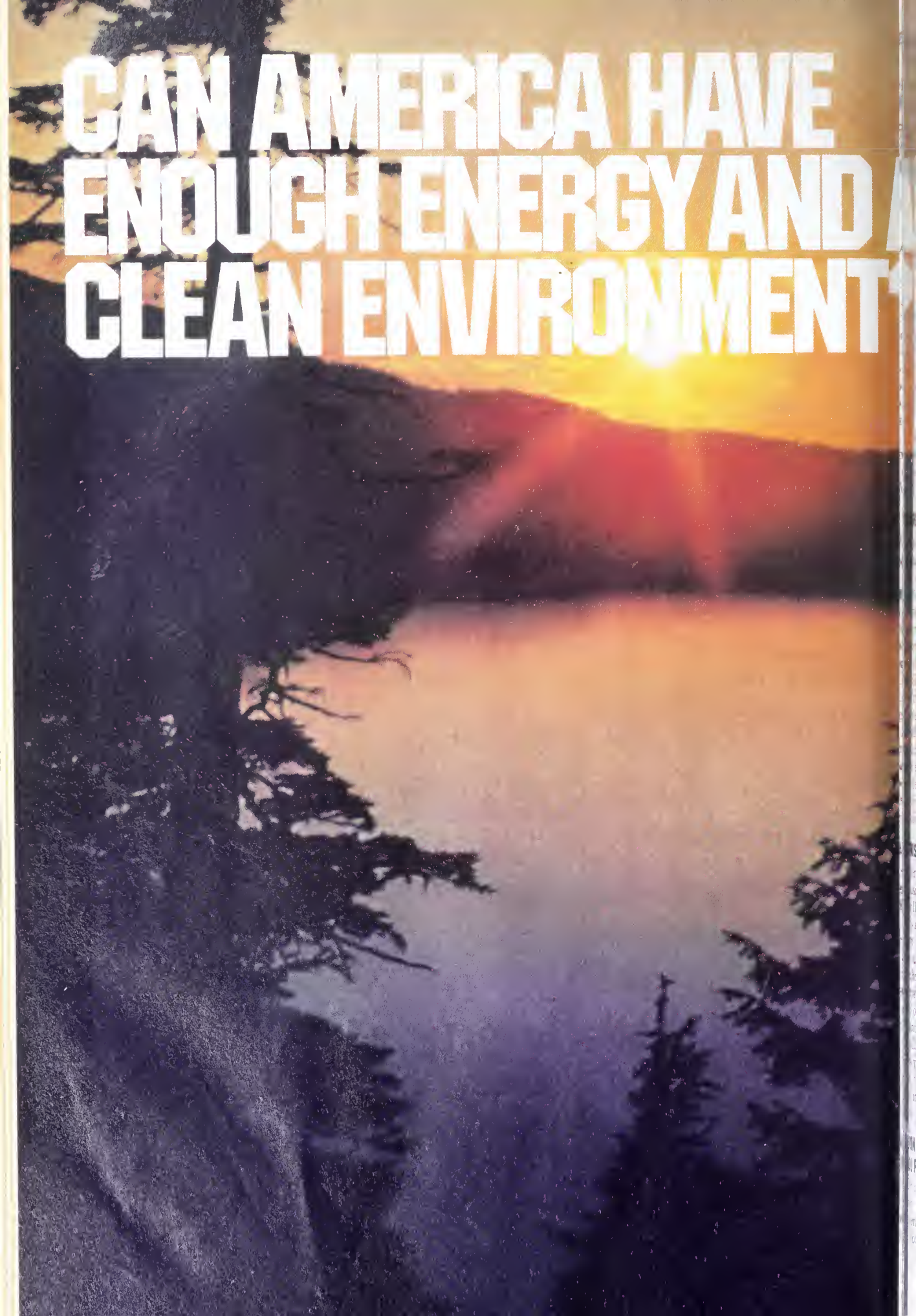
Moreover, the trade fair lo
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MISSIONS ARE DOWN

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ION A DAY OL POLLUTION

ir and water pollution control
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perations, oil companies spend
e total of $3.3 million every day, $1 billion a year, in the United States. This is the largest environmental expenditure by any industry.

Concrete, measurable efforts like these are a solid basis for believing that America's desire for a cleaner natural environment can be realized.

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Our homes are one environment. The places where we work, where we shop, where we study, where we are entertained, are also environments.

All of these depend upon adequate supplies of energy. And, although we are making progress toward cleaner air and purer water, our energy supply problem is getting worse.

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In Alaska, the largest oil field in American history was discovered six years ago. It could supply two million barrels of oil a day, about one-eighth of our current needs.

But none of it is yet available, because the construction of the pipeline needed to bring this oil to market has been delayed by environmental objections.

Nuclear power and coal could contribute more to our energy supply but have not because of a combination of economic and environmental considerations.

The United States cannot hope to get the energy it needs here at home unless it takes a more realistic approach to environmental problems.

ENERGY TO CLEAN THE ENVIRONMENT

The fact is, cleaning the environment and keeping it clean will require huge additional amounts of energy.

Sewage treatment and water purification; recycling aluminum, steel, glass and paper; tearing down and rebuilding urban ghettos and blighted areas everywhere—all these operations demand energy and lots of it.

The life-styles that most Americans want depend on energy—on oil and natural gas—as well as on clean air and pure water. Our aim should be to safeguard *all* these necessities.

THE NATION'S TWO NEEDS

Clean energy and a clean environment are *not* "either . . . or" choices. They are both expensive, but we need both.

We are making progress toward a better environment, although much more remains to be done.

We will not "run out" of energy in the near future. But, right now, we are running out of time to make prudent decisions about energy. Long lead time is needed to develop important new domestic supplies of oil and natural gas, nuclear and geothermal power, sulfur-free coal, synthetic oil and gas, solar energy.

Delay today could plague us for at least the next critical decade.

To help you stay informed, we've prepared three basic booklets, "The Energy Gap," "Statement of Policy on Energy" and "A Guide to Efficient Energy Use in the Home." Write to Dept. H, American Petroleum Institute, 1801 K Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006 for your free copies.

With your understanding and help, America can have enough energy *and* a clean environment.

A COUNTRY THAT RUNS ON OIL CAN'T AFFORD TO RUN SHORT.

large scientific community. Television by satellite was in the works.

The boasting only went so far, however, because everyone was just too acutely aware of the country's shortcomings and the slow pace of development compared with that of other Asian nations, both capitalist and Communist. Most people still seemed willing to go along with the socialism, Indian-style, that the government insisted was the only system that would produce both material progress and social justice. But they were asking questions as never before. Was this socialism working? What about the masses of unemployed and underemployed? What about the state industries wallowing in red ink and the argument that the genius and energies of the Indian people, who are enterprising enough outside of India, are being confined in an ideological straitjacket?

As Frank Moraes, India's foremost editor, observed, "Bangladesh was a fleeting shot in the arm. The real problems and headaches are ahead." Indeed, one depressing symbol of the times was the special Bangladesh refugee tax that was still being demanded, long months after the refugees had gone home, every time a citizen purchased a stamp, movie ticket, railway ticket, or one or another of the little items of everyday life. Inflation was sapping morale. So was the profiteering on scarce food items. There was evidence on all sides of corruption and "black money," the black-market earnings that virtually gave the country a second economy. ("Convert black money into gold," read the slogan on a billboard ad for a golden bar of butter.)

What especially hurt was the realization that some of the most stunning accomplishments of free India had served only to deepen the most entrenched of Indian problems. Higher education, for example, was now available to the masses, including untouchables, at the hundreds of new colleges scattered across the land. In fact, as Mrs. Gandhi says, "85 percent of our college students are people whose parents had no education whatsoever." But one unhappy consequence was the veritable nation of educated unemployed in India, all clamoring for jobs. "There are at least 50,000 engineers in this country all dressed up with no place to go," said a World Bank expert. The personnel director of a Bombay pharmaceutical firm told me that she had recently received 12,000 applications for thirty jobs that had been announced in the newspapers.

Presumably the man or woman with a college degree would survive, but what of the 220 million people, the 40 percent, who live—or exist—below the rock-bottom Indian poverty line of $60 a year? When that official statistic was revealed a while back it shocked even those who take poverty for granted in India. They had supposed that all the advances of the past quarter century had reduced the number of those living in the lower depths. Instead, it appeared that the ranks of the very poor were expanding even as millions of Indians rose up to the kind of middle-class affluence that was rare in the bad old colonial days.

Population growth was the answer to the puzzle. As the *Hindustan Times* said on Independence Day, population control is central to any plan for eliminating poverty. "The phenomenal growth in numbers confronts one with the paradox of rising employment and unemployment, rising literacy and illiteracy, increasing economic growth and continuing poverty. The cake has grown faster than the per capita shares."

Dramatic improvements in public health conditions had stimulated population growth. As such killer diseases as malaria and smallpox were conquered, more and more mothers and babies survived childbirth, and more children were produced by parents who were living longer than ever. The already high birth rate soared on while the death rate plunged.

There were 400 million Indians when I lived here in the late 1950s and wrote scornful stories about the Nehru government's halfhearted approach to family planning and the laughable efforts to persuade simple villagers, who see children as a gift from God, to adopt the rhythm method. Now as India moves through the 1970s, the population, despite the efforts of the world's mightiest family-planning program, is drawing close to 600 million. *Every four weeks there are a million more Indians.* There may be a billion Indians within the next twenty-five years.

I asked Mrs. Gandhi whether the prospect of a billion people gave her a nightmare. "No, it doesn't at all," she said, and I believed her. [illegible] that foreigners were more [illegible] by India's demographic [illegible] than the Indians. Somehow [illegible] ways seems to be room in the [illegible] joint family for one more, [illegible] in the country for millions [illegible]

The Prime Minister even [illegible] population is not India's num[illegible] problem. "So far as we are co[illegible] we certainly want a lesser [illegible] tion. I think it would help us [illegible] some problems. But it can't [illegible] immediately, no matter what [illegible] unless you actually kill off [illegible] The result of any program is [illegible] ing to be immediate; there[illegible] immediate problems are th[illegible] feeding the people, giving th[illegible] ter, meeting natural calamit[illegible] as drought and cyclones and [illegible]

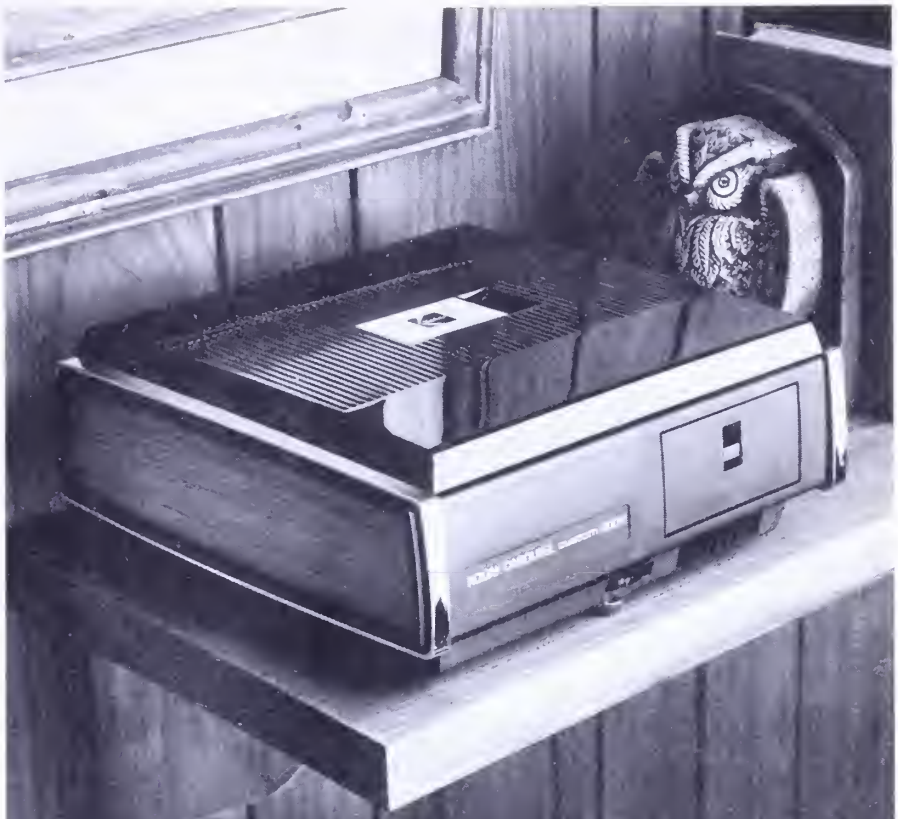
WHETHER LONG TERM [illegible] run, India's problems [illegible] staggering that it is a won[illegible] country works at all. I so[illegible] think India is like the bumb[illegible] an aerodynamic impossibili[illegible] flies anyway. When I asked [illegible] old international economist [illegible] Delhi what he thought about [illegible] future, he said, "Let's put it t[illegible] I certainly don't belong to th[illegible] of thought that thinks India [illegible] apart or that the country will [illegible] the drain. For one thing, I do[illegible] there's a drain big enough [illegible] tain India. But I do think t[illegible] lem facing India is that the [illegible] made on the political side [illegible] to start producing the kind [illegible] swers that genuinely relieve [illegible] dition of the poor. If some[illegible] nature of politics here and [illegible] cern about ideology stand[illegible] way of a really sharp inc[illegible] productive capacity, especiall[illegible] side a continuing population [illegible] of 2.5 percent, then the co[illegible] going to face very serious t[illegible]

Other foreign experts in th[illegible] warn of an explosion in thr[illegible] or five years or whatever, unl[illegible] Gandhi delivers the goods. I [illegible] however, that even the m[illegible] gruntled Indians are less apt [illegible] about an awful upheaval in t[illegible] seeable future than outside o[illegible] are. Despite everything, they [illegible] retain a faith in the democra[illegible] coercive process even as th[illegible] some of the glowing acco[illegible] American visitors to tot[illegible] China. It is noteworthy that [illegible]

fear in India of the kind
man rule, military takeover,
t revolution that has been
n almost all of the newly
ent nations of the postwar
here is, instead, a general
t democracy somehow suits
polyglot country if there
one.

ng is, Indians have grown
ed to life in a free society
ost of them have yet to see
are meals a day. They hap-
mprise half of all the peo-
e world who, according to
lations of Freedom House
ttan, live in genuine condi-
ndividual freedom. "To have
as a free and democratic
ays Mrs. Gandhi, is India's
achievement of the past
entury. She admits that
y, as against Communism,
m slower, but it's much
hink, because if something
well, it will right itself with-
explosion, whereas in the
em you are bound to have
ton, sometime or other."
hearing all this, I have
ut my own rule of thumb
of mind in New Delhi. And
notice that India has a
for survival, a resiliency.
probably get the place
he next thousand years just
come through the last five
It may move three steps
nd two backward, but at
Indians know the direc-
want to go. When the vis-
agonizing about conditions
he starts noticing that the
fe goes on and that there is
able cheerfulness about the
any people get through the
hat there is a brightness in
of the children. He may
e to believe, with the Prime
that "our progress has got
omentum, and nothing can

y. I keep remembering
that Mrs. Gandhi's father,
l Nehru, once said. "India
sents a very mixed picture
nd anguish, of remarkable
and, at the same time, of
f a new spirit and also the
d of the past and of priv-
n overall and growing unity
ay disruptive tendencies.
ere is a great vitality and a
n people's minds and ac- □



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Kodak

Gloria Emerson

ARMS AND THE WOMAN

A guided tour with the lifers in Cav Country, Vietnam



I DID NOT LIKE or trust the professional U.S. Army officers I met during two years in Vietnam. But there was a more astonishing antagonism toward officers shown by the GIs in Vietnam. When I first arrived in February 1970, the enlisted men called them "the lifers." When I left in February 1972, a newer and more bitter name was in use. It was "the beggars."

WELCOME TO CAV COUNTRY, ma'am," a captain once said to me when I arrived at the headquarters of the 1st Air Cavalry Division. It was a greeting that chilled me. I did not like Cav Country. Not because I am a woman who does not see the romance and theater in soldiering or in weapons. Not because it wasn't easy to find a latrine. I hated Cav Country because I found many officers to be small men with a talent for deceit. They lied about body counts, military targets, the war they insisted they were winning, and even the morale of their own troops. For an increasing number of troopers were killing officers—"fragging" they called it—while their leaders kept smiling and showing you maps and charts and graphs to prove how well it was all going.

Only eight months after I arrived in Vietnam I betrayed Cav Country by writing a story on a general awarded a Silver Star for valor for acts of heroism that were invented by enlisted men under orders to write up a citation.

In view of the murderous trespasses committed by the military in Vietnam, a fraudulent award seems rather trivial, but it seemed incredible to me that a general would cheat just to have one more thing pinned on his chest. I know better now. That incident destroyed the last layer of feeling I had for the Army, the old emotion generated by movies about World War II. As a girl I believed that American officers were splendid, sensitive, unselfish, and that Ge Patton had only slapped the sic dier, you see, because war had d him a little mad. Bananas.

Vietnam taught most of us than we ever wished to know one thing I learned was wha American Army was not. It wa the bravest and the best among

Before going to Vietnam I s have read Carson McCullers a She understood a lot about the and its roots in the South, an dark limits of men like Maj. M Langdon in *Reflections in a G Eye*, who, she wrote,"always fo difficult to follow up any one h thought beyond the first, bare sition."

I met Major Langdon a hu times in Vietnam. He was a stunted, simpleminded men i command chain. Once he was a ern lieutenant colonel in I Winning the war, he said sole was a question of "managen and the very word pleased h much he used it two or three It was inconceivable to him th

Gloria Emerson, a fellow of the Institute of Politics (JFK School of Government, Harvard), was a New York Times *correspondent in Vietnam for twenty-five months.*

A color tv
eople are talking about.



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recreation room at
use. It has been
d runs cool. I liked
I purchased one
ily." *Thomas Fay,*
captain.



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e ever seen any-
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Vietnamese in the South did n
ly appreciate the presence of
ican troops. Why couldn't th
derstand that what we did
bombing their land, burning t
lages, and making them refu
was for their own goddamn go
was a large man, with a pleasa
ner and a dim mind.

Neither the country nor the
trnly existed for him; only the
icans were real. I tried to talk
to make him understand wh
and women in the villages, w
saw as dirty, primitive place
joined the National Liberation
and how the peasants saw his
not as allies but as enemies.
friendship might have been p
if I had been out on patrol wit
Company ("daisy-assed Delt"
called it, smiling) or if I cou
shared some of his PX Jack
and stayed up all night drinki
I only made him uneasy,
about the National Liberation
and not even calling them th

"Ma'am, you're an Americ
I am sure you are a patriotic
ican, but when you talk lik
Ma'am, I can't help wonderin
side you are on," the colon
And the smile seemed a little

Or Major Langdon turne
Saigon as an Air Force majo
briefing known by the press
the "Five O'Clock Follies." A
Henry Kamm of the *New Yor*
quietly asked the major how
able to tell us the estimates
amount of ammunition blow
air strikes, the officer looke
surprised.

"I cannot address the whe
on how we get this," he said.

SO I BEGAN to see them all
who had shrunk a long ti
whose simplemindedness or s
was a protective mist that
easier to operate in Cav Cou

Perhaps because I was a
they kept telling me how the
war, really, and I must have
unconvinced for I was told ag
ugly business, they would say
knew that officers required a
cause promotions come faste
man needs to command a c
or a battalion to make it. Th
young lieutenants now at For
who could weep because th
never get to Vietnam, never
platoon in War Zone C or th

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Valley, and it is rotten luck they missed it all.

It always surprised me that so many of them were such fussy men, always quite anxious to prove how hard core they were and that there was really something between their legs.

You could watch them eating breakfast in an officers club at Long Binh. They ate solemnly but fast, never gulping but getting it down in rapid, well-chewed bites. One, chew, swallow. Two, chew, swallow. Like men who do not really have time for such luxuries as scrambled eggs and toast when another long, tough day was rushing up to test them. After breakfast they went to their ferociously air-conditioned offices to shuffle papers and order the enlisted men about.

You could see how the officers had carefully turned up the sleeves of their starched fatigues to make a fold, not more than two inches wide, just above the elbow so a bit of muscle would show. Almost everything they did was to impress each other. Men always showing off for other men; secretly worrying about their waistlines and looking young. The worry of ballet dancers and models whose bodies must not betray them.

They surprised me, too, by their strange, deep, sentimental zones. You must not even lightly mock their heroes. I learned this when I told a young major who adored MacArthur that I did not much admire that general. And to tease the major, I told him how unusually attached the general had been to his mother, Mary Pinkney Hardy MacArthur, who went to live at the West Point Hotel while her son was at the Academy. The major could not have been more insulted if I had accused him of wearing women's underwear beneath his fatigues.

In their most emotional moments, the officers made me suspicious too. I never quite believed them when they talked about their wives, and about how much they missed their women. They showed me pictures of Phyll and Joan and Marylou. But all that was suspect because career officers chart their lives with great care, and what they choose are lives that push women out. I do not quarrel with the need of any man to leave his wife, or to escape the boredom of an Army post in the United States. But I don't always believe a man who made it, who got away, and who then says how much he misses his wife. For she can never compete with the secret attractions of war.

The philosopher and writer J. Glenn Gray, a soldier in World War II, lists these attractions in his book *The Warriors*. He believes they are: "the delight in seeing" ("war as a spectacle . . . ought never to be underestimated"), "the delight in comradeship, the delight in destruction."

War makes men feel important and women do not, at least not for very long.

THE GIs WERE so much smarter and understood so much more than their officers perceived. A mountain boy from North Carolina, who was in a mortar crew in Vietnam because his father had said, yes, enlist, the Army will make a man out of you, once told me it was abnormal to be a lifer. They didn't really like women or want them around much, he felt. And then he said something very startling and wise: "We are their women. They've got us."

He meant the enlisted men and he was right.

Once a woman has seen how the Army can nag men and crush them and never look on them with favor until they are wounded or dead, she can never be committed to the Women's Liberation Movement. I have been married. For ten years I have worked with, and for, men in a profession that is largely composed of males. But I know that you can gain ground and hold it and fight back if you are willing to pay the price. I have never known a woman who was as helpless as a draftee, as humiliated and hassled as he is, or one who had so few choices. Men may be condescending to women, but they do not send us out to die for them. The real victims of men are other men.

When the Army has to deal with women on deadly matters, you see what a confused and childlike image they have of us. I learned this when the Army and I were eyeball to eyeball during the affair of the general's medal. In October 1970 six enlisted men in the Awards and Decorations Office of the 1st Cav wrote a letter to the late Mendel Rivers, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, complaining that they had been forced to compose a fraudulent citation for Brig. Gen. Eugene P. Forrester so he could win a Silver Star before leaving as assistant d commander and taking anothe in Saigon. I thought these s were very brave, for the Army have punished them by sh them into the field. In 1970 easy for Americans to die in nam. Four thousand two hu and twenty-one of them did. thousand six hundred and fort were wounded. KIA, they ca and WIA.

But they spoke up anyway. Specialist 4 Roy Trent, Jr., c nessee who had decided to co to Rivers, really believing that would be upset.

"I wanted to write to N there are guys out in the field killed, really acting with valo sometimes nothing is submit them to get an award, or their are downgraded even if they proved," Trent told me. Private Olstad, who polished and st ened the letters, said he did lieve in the concept of med efforts in a war. But, sadly, th those who believe in decorati in what they mean. "And," s stad, "if that other man perfo act of valor and receives an for it, I see no justification in cer receiving a higher decorat no action whatsoever."

The Cav was in a fury. My chief and I were summoned i cial chopper to Phuoc Vinh to the chief of staff of the d who was a colonel.

He knew too well that th does not look kindly on offic make a mess of getting a medal to a general, a very thing. He was the man who dered the citation written, said how often, in the officer he had heard of the brave the general.

The colonel was charmi calm on what must have b ugliest day of his life. His fi to me was based on everyt thought was gentle and de women.

"If you print this story, th it will affect the mothers of dead boys who won decorati said. It was a mistake.

I was thinking of all the de as Trent and Olstad had bee ing of them. So it was no go the story came out, and the never spoke, but the medal turned. The Army said the

Two things America has learned in the past 5 years: "Black is Beautiful," and...



"Don't give up the ship!"

Forget all the adjectives.
The only thing that matters
in Scotch is taste.
Buy one bottle.



had never read the citation an
not know it was not based on
Olstad sent me a poem, which
have. It is a war souvenir.

"Why yes, I earned the medi
Of course," the general said.
He went into his toilet.
He believed it in his head.
With his little wooden soldie
And his tiny tin-tin men
He crumbled all his enemies
and frightened all his friends
Behind his bathroom door
He fought his Mitty war.
Emerged, again a victor
He came panting after more.
Let me go to battle
A Hero I shall be.
I'm forty-four, I'm still alive
And the Army's mind . . . is

YOU DO NOT EVER LEAVE Vie
and now, even at Harvard
are reminders that often seem
cruel than the ordeal of being
Professor Samuel Popkin tea
seminar on Vietnam, and in hi
I meet a former medic with t
Red One division. It is his
which so clearly shows where
been, that makes me rememb
medics at Khe Sanh.

There were twelve of them i
1971 who worked at a comba
ical field station. It was duri
South Vietnamese drive into
an operation called Lam Son
was supposed to have been a
namese show, the proof at
what they could do, with a pus
us and our air power. But
first week of April, when I was
the medics and three doctors
ready seen a hundred Am
who had died and more tha
hundred wounded. They were
and crew members, infantrym
gineers, or troops operating
Sanh. It was a fearful place, th
with its six litters and the lo
bodies lying on them. Most
wounded were flown out after
minutes to the 18th Surgical H
at Quang Tri. The dead stayed
They were put in the rubberiz
pered, Army-green sacks kn
body bags and sent to anoth
Graves Registration. It was t
ic, L., who talked to me the

I was tired and my hand
shaking a little that night, so
not now read in my notebook
name, but he told me how a
general had recently paid the
it. The general had been wri

ling U.S. magazine as a
ded, talented officer. L. told
ie general had praised them
they had the Army's grati-
job well done.
hen the motherfucker went
command chopper and filed
int, or told someone, that
as too long, that we looked
see, and that something
done."
checked the story, for I
of the generals, and their
ittle ways, and their com-
ppers. But I believed the
I still do, for it sounds
.

MES, MEN WHO also covered
um and the war criticize me
so hard on the brass, and
I would have changed my
had really known Vann in
days, or Hackworth or
No men like those men. But
now them, and it wouldn't
e a difference. Hackworth
ing have left the Army in
ith its bankrupt policy in
but their leaving is only a
tch, for the Army endures.
nale reporters see war dif-
nan I do, for they were test-
selves over and over again
her men, going out on com-
lts, humping the boonies to
y could take it. I could do
ut it didn't matter at all if
thought I was hard core or
It did not matter at all what
ght of me—ever. And only
a Special Forces officer at
, irritated me so much that
ely told him I was airborne
960, at the Orange, Massa-
skydiving center. I jumped
plane.) And the men who
he war had more small but
sures than I did, sitting on
of the choppers letting their
out, riding the APCs (ar-
rsonnel carriers), liking the
and knowing a lot about
sus, that canister round has
like 7,000 oblong bearings
a range of 400 meters, and
s everything to pieces out
en trees," another reporter
with a kind of passion. So
n loved much of the war
things about the Army that
not see or appreciate, and
often touched and stirred
as not.

I knew a colonel in the 1st Cav who really liked the Vietnamese and pitied them their allies. But he could not break with the Army, although he knew what had gone wrong in Nam. I realized this when he once described a top-level 1st Cav briefing he had just attended with the division's commanding general. Very slowly, the colonel described how the briefer had not used the usual shiny, expandable pointer but a saber, and how he had held the saber and moved it swiftly over the map of the Area of Operations without bending his elbow, snapping the words out, standing very stiffly. When it was over, the officers left the briefing room double time, in 1st Cav tradition.

You could tell how moved the colonel was by the briefing and how much he had loved the staging of it. He smiled a little when he repeated the motto of the 1st Cav (he was certain I would snicker), but that touched him too. It was a reminder of what the Army had meant to him, and what it had promised, years ago when he was very young: "First Team—Always First."

But I wasn't touched and couldn't understand, you see, for there were troops out there as the briefer so prettily handled the saber. I had seen the dead, and this is what briefings are about after all. Who dies.

NOTHING TELLS US SO MUCH about the American Army in Vietnam —without meaning to at all—as the big, black volume that is a history of the 1st Air Cavalry Division there from August 1965 to December 1969. "Memoirs of the First Team" it says. The men were not buying it—their own damn yearbook of the war —even though it cost only seven dollars and the profits were for scholarships to be given to the children of the 1st Cav dead. It did not occur to anyone that most Cav veterans would not want to remember, or to talk about it.

"A story of gallant men at war," the foreword tells us, but nowhere in the 294 pages are there figures for the division's wounded or dead or the slightest suggestion that men bleed and cry out when they are wounded.

What the book does make clear is how good those years were for professional officers. In the fifth battalion, 7th Cavalry, between August 1966 and October 1969 there were nine different battalion commanders. It would seem that although enlisted men spent a year in the field, officers were required to put in an average of only 4.2 months, just long enough to have combat command on their records and win their birds.

There is not much irony in the 1st Cav volume—the Army hates that sort of thing—but some of the photographs have it. On page 229, there is the snapshot of a Vietnamese child looking up, reaching out his hand—for anything an American will give him. On the same page, a soldier is dressed up as Santa Claus. The caption says: "Though Oriental children are not traditionally acquainted with Santa Claus, the Western custom is firmly entrenched after one visit." Of course.

The names of the different 1st Cav operations are in big black type, those foolish names the generals so loved. SHINY BAYONET. MATADOR. MASHER/WHITE WING. CLEAN HOUSE. THAYER II. CRAZY HORSE. DELAWARE. WHEELER/WALLOWA ("the NVA never knew what hit them"). Those big booming names that meant so much to the Cav when all the time it was losing. Even President Lyndon Johnson found them grating. In February 1966 when U.S. and South Vietnamese officials met in Honolulu, President Johnson spoke his mind.

"I don't know who names your operations," the President complained. "But 'Masher.' I get kind of mashed myself."

I WILL NEVER KNOW how it feels to be a GI, and neither will most of you, but there were moments in Vietnam when I could sense the awfulness of it. There was the time when Ron Ridenhour and I flew to Chu Lai, headquarters of the Americal Division. In the eyes of many men in the Army, Ridenhour was a traitor, a "Communist troublemaker." A former door gunner who had also gone on long-range reconnaissance patrols as an infantryman, Ridenhour was a civilian when he wrote thirty letters to men in Washington demanding an investigation of a massacre at a place called My Lai. He returned to Vietnam as a journalist, and he was not timid about going back to the division he had forever dishonored. The information officer at Chu Lai, who saw all reporters, was Maj. William















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la. He had been a member of rmy Commission headed by Lt. William R. Peers to investigate ai. There was no expression on ajor's face when he saw Riden- We were invited to sit down. it. There was no time wasted. re you still interested in My Ron?" the major said. Riden- looked at him.

will always be interested in My he said.

was not pleasant in that little with those two men looking at each other, keeping their very low and steady. When Gabella finally gave a warn- Ridenhour, it sounded almost ly if you did not understand. ere are a lot of people in the who would like to get you, so why don't you quit while e still ahead," he said. He did nt us to go to My Lai, but we We stood by the ditch where lagers had been ordered to lie where they were then shot. A who had survived it, lying n two corpses, told us in Viet- e how blood had caked the ike rice paper and then flaked ried in the sun. I only looked enhour's face once.

r a while in Vietnam you could ne lunatics and the liars and dy for them. It was the cheer- sh-faced men in the Army who me unawares. You could not them. I didn't know how tired of them all until the night I ewed a young lieutenant who, n 1971, felt that the Army still come out on top despite m.

ybe the war in Nam hasn't l out the way we wanted it to. ," the lieutenant said, "but we ly have developed a superior is system."

t he meant, of course, was had invented a lot of deadly is and been lucky enough to ad the chance to try them out nam. So it wasn't all wasted, saying. Be proud of the anti- nel weapons that are meant to e or badly wound a man, not n. He is more trouble to his my alive, in great pain, need- edical treatment, than if he corpse. I looked at the young nt and knew he could not hat I wanted to say, and the ing to do was to get out, and r away from him. So I did. □

"I fought my way past all the pugs . . . now it was over."

"GOOD BYE NICK"

My name was Kid Sugar. And I coulda been champ. I earned the title shot . . . the hard way. But the commissioner wouldn't give me the fight.

"Nick," he said, (he always called me Nick because of the cuts and scrapes I got from shaving,) "with all those marks on your face, the doctor would stop the fight before the first bell."



I'd never been cut, not in the ring. I pleaded for my chance. "Sorry Nick, my hands are tied." It was good-bye Nick. Hello skids. I fought my way past all the pugs in all the tank towns in America and now it was over.

I sat in front of my locker, trying on my gloves for the last time, when inside one of them I found a package and a note. It was a Gillette Techmatic® razor. The note said, "Nicky, I'd rather you'd have finished your violin lessons. But if boxing is your life . . . Good Luck. Mom." The Techmatic razor had a continuous band, no sharp corners to cut my face. It was light had balance for a smooth, safe shave. All enclosed in a safety cartridge so I'd never have to touch a blade again.

Shortly thereafter I was sitting with Mom at the symphony, when the tall, gray-haired man approached. "Hello, commissioner," I said.

"Hello, Champ!"



With **Gillette TECHMATIC**
it's good-bye Nick

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DESIGN

Great writers



Ebony pencil *Rapidograph* *Aurora* *Parker "Big Red"* *Montblanc Diplomat* *Lamy* *Osmiroid*

I'VE BEEN PUSHED by circumstance, of late, into thinking about writing. Not the deathless-prose variety but the business of putting words down on paper. At first blush it hardly seems possible that the modest implements involved would provide much in the way of evidence of good or bad design, but the subject is less barren than one might suspect. The stores have never been so full of new and different writing tools, each with its particular defects or virtues.

There are uncounted varieties of ball-points, now offered with an entire spectrum of points, from extra-fine (accountants, it says on the box) to bold (waitresses and credit-card holders). There are all the markers, also from fine to jumbo, with felt nibs or nylon; china markers; laundry markers (indelible); and kid markers (nontoxic). Plus mechanical pencils (one brand, Pentel, has leads so thin you need tweezers to pick them up), the good old plain pencils (mostly hexagonal so they won't roll off desk tops), carbon pencils, charcoal pencils, and fountain pens. There are also special types of pens, many of them superlative for writing, like the Rapidograph, which feeds its ink down through a fine tube with a wire inside that jiggles when you write, so the ink won't clog. The Osmiroid pen (made in England, $3) comes with interchangeable nibs that offer a variety of writing styles. I tried my illegible signature with one of their italic pens, and it came out with an unfamiliar kind of eighteenth-c elegance.

When I was in high school than a few years back, one most gratifying graduation pr if Father couldn't come throug the 1923 bright red Buick ro was the red-and-gold Parker, r reissued for the nostalgia ma "Big Red." It isn't a founta anymore, just a nylon-tip job replaceable cartridge. A comp between the two models provi interesting commentary on the then and now, of five dollar original was made, I would out of a rod of some heavy drilled and tapped, and it ha of gold plating on the nib an Big Red isn't in the same class although it is a perfectly goo

George Nelson heads a design firm in New York and is at work on a book about design.

arker. Automation and near-
s in the plastics industry are
ough to match the quality a
of conscientious mechanics
urn out back then.

TLY WHEN I WRITE I use a
pewriter. The typewriter in
ce is an electric, the Olivetti
designed by an old friend,
Sottsass, Jr., who lives and
mostly in Milan. It is a very
ttle object, very Italian in its
e and sophistication, and it
admirably. In the country I
manual machine, the rugged
vetti Studio, which kept me
ed for years, until I got used
lectric.
ne who does a fair amount of
knows that switching back
th from a manual to an elec-
chine creates problems that
asily lead to madness. Brush
ith your finger and the elec-
give you an unwanted char-
the paper. The manual, giv-
ers accustomed to the elec-
o-pressure typing, becomes
bor, and the printing is all of
t weights, depending on how
ch key is struck. The speed,
se, is like trying to run in
d nightmares. John O'Hara,
ed to be a neighbor, had a
so old and beat-up that it
ve gone back to his earliest
er days. Still, it banged out a
dollar volume of best sellers
ld have paid for IBM Selec-
the gross, but he loved it and
vitched, at least during the
new him.
elationship between a crafts-
his tools is always a very
thing. I remember a very
otographer who remarked
le he used a Leica, a mass-
article identical with all
icas, his camera had a feel,
years of use, that made
nt from all others. Use, in
rds, creates an almost or-
kage between implement and
here are many familiar
Sherlock Holmes and his
ng glass, Marshal Dillon
s infallible six-shooters,
anese carpenter with his
rue, it is not that easy to
the writer with his type-
ossibly because it doesn't
and. A fountain pen would
er symbol of the writer-tool

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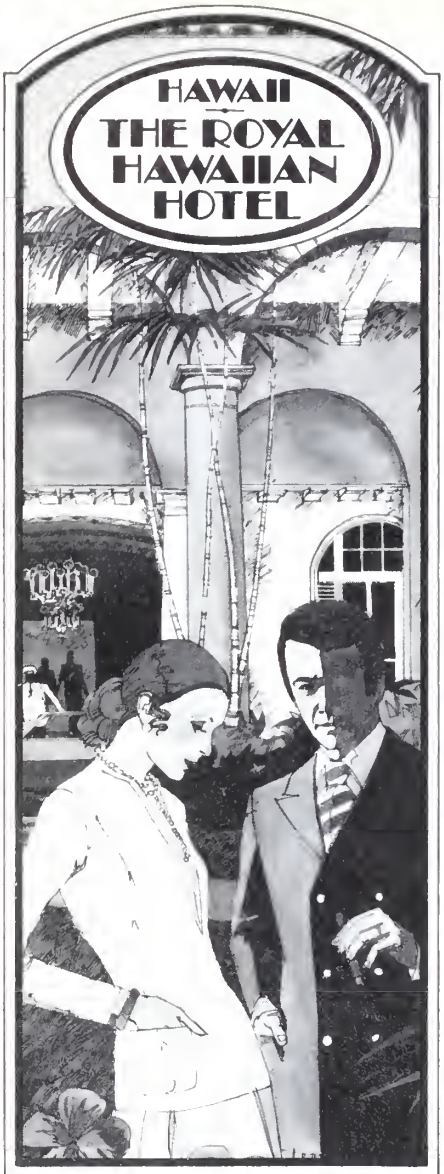
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relationship, but even this doesn't work. Nothing has ever really replaced the image of the quill pen. I suppose fountain pens are not sufficiently photogenic, and, anyway, they are supposed to be obsolete.

Obsolescence is an odd process. In a disposable-consuming society one tends to assume that as soon as a better product comes out, the old one becomes obsolete. But in reality it is not quite that simple. Brooms were supposedly made obsolete by carpet sweepers and then vacuum cleaners; bicycles were "replaced" by motor vehicles. But these days the roads are full of cars with rack-mounted ten-speed bikes on their roofs, and it would be hard to find a household without at least one broom.

What often happens as new designs proliferate is not obsolescence but an increase in specialization. This fact is sometimes used as social criticism, the proposition being that Americans are gadget crazy, but in factories, which are not gadget happy at all, the same thing goes on. A plant fully equipped with power-driven screwdrivers will also have the older hand models around, and for good reason. When the original Reynolds ball-point was inaugurated with much fanfare at Gimbels in New York about twenty-five years ago, everybody rushed to buy (at an outrageous price), and predictions were rife that the fountain pen had had it. But things didn't work out that way. The fountain pen simply moved from the role of a near-universal writing tool to that of a more specialized device.

I discovered one of these roles on a trip when I had some writing to do, and the portable typewriter was just too heavy and too bulky. So I bought a large bottle of ink and stuck my pen, a Montblanc Diplomat model, in a pocket. The Montblanc is a giant among pens, with a barrel almost a half-inch thick, and my guess was that it held enough ink to write the first half of *War and Peace*. It wasn't quite that good, for it dispensed ink as generously as it took it in, but it was okay. Anyone with a writing chore and a deadline is always looking for some legitimate way to goof off from time to time, and refueling the pen, in this respect, was ideal. Not only did the reservoir and nib have to be washed out in water each time but when the pen was finally filled it had to be wiped carefully with tissue, or your fingers wo senipermanently stained. Al took at least five minutes, an a little practice I was able to s it to ten.

The great thing about being with a pen rather than a type however, was not the fussing a it was the rediscovery of tion, the feeling of a nib across paper and the p manipulation of the instrum that all strokes were full of i not two thin parallel lines with between. Then there was the fa ing interaction of pen and with one result on smooth pap a different feel and look on with some tooth to it. What trying to say is that stepping the technological scale, from t typewriter to the relatively pr pen, changed the act of writin an "operation" to an experien

One of the most subtle dehu ing things technology does is t inate experience. When I was dent, I went on a bicycle trip t the hill towns of Italy, and w what I remember of the man- lationship was that I walked u of hills. Still, it was good for petite, sleeping was no proble trying to beat a thunderstorm ten-mile hill into Perugia late ternoon was something to rem I don't think there would hav that much to remember with As flying moved from open c to the closed fuselage and pres cabins of high-altitude jets, ence diminished—which is w can sell those inside seats 747s: there is nothing to see look out. Chevrolet has been s ing that the best way to see A is in one of their cars, but on interstates you don't see Am am sure that the revivals of ing, hiking, bicycling, hom bread, and the other do-it-y activities have come about l of a growing mass feeling of deprivation, and the feeling r very real and unpleasant which is that technology, ex very carefully rationed doses really good for people.

I can see some astute reade ing out that the big Montbla product of modern industry. would not argue, but, compar typewriter, it is not as imp probably because the engine less sophisticated.

Today's newspaper night be tomorrow's cereal box.



But how will it get there?

First of all, to remain clean enough for re-use, newspapers must be bundled kept from contact with household refuse. Then they will be picked up or delivered municipal collection point, recycling center or waste paper dealer. From there they e taken to a company manufacturing paperboard used in packaging.

In all, about 22% of the newspapers printed in America are recovered and led. This means more than 2 million tons of newspapers are kept from the nation's waste stream every year. Some of these old newspapers are recycled back into print. Most, though, go into paperboard for packaging.

Recycling paper is important in the effort to reduce the nation's solid waste ems. A great deal is being done now. But the paper industry recognizes that there be further efforts to improve waste paper collection and utilization.

For more information on recycling—s being done and can be done—send for oklet prepared by the makers of pulp, paper, aperboard. It's got the answers to a lot of uestions about recycling.

This message was brought to you by the people who make paper and wood products.

For your copy, mail the coupon with ten cents for postage and handling to American Forest Institute, P.O. Box 963 Arlington, Virginia 22216.

Name

Address

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6-P

ONE ALSO BUYS PRODUCTS because one cannot resist their looks, and as a designer I am especially vulnerable. The first really modern fountain pen I ran across was the Lamy, a West German pen introduced in the U.S. a few years back. One is always inclined to think, when dealing with shapes and functions as simple as those of a pen, that not many variations on the theme are possible, but the Lamy stands out as having a very different look. It is all black, not shiny but matte, and the only visible added element is an elegant clip of what appears to be brushed stainless steel. A very beautiful nothing, so to speak, and I bought one in tribute to its anonymous designer.

I used the pen and liked it, but eventually I found that the designer had succumbed to styling temptation instead of respecting a functional need: the finger grip tapers in such a sleek way from the barrel to the nib that I found my fingers were always sliding down the taper. I still use the Lamy from time to time just for the tactile pleasure it gives, but that flaw bothers me—so handsome a tool should have remembered that it is first, after all, a tool. Or perhaps I squeeze too hard: some good tools find one kind of hand better than another.

The next encounter I had with a pen came as a gift. The Italians have been proving, during the past decade, that if they are not the best industrial designers in the world, there are none who are better, and Marco Zanuso is one of the best of the Italians. The gift was his new Aurora pen, produced by a manufacturer in Italy, and it is at this writing one of the half-dozen most elegant small industrial objects in existence.

Externally, the pen is a slim (about pencil thickness) tube of stainless steel, plugged at both ends with black plastic. The cap, in some mysterious way, does not slip over the barrel—as is the case with the Lamy, the Montblanc, and all the other pens I have ever seen—but it ends up flush, so that the closed pen is a smooth tube with no visible taper. The clip has a perky little fillip on the end, and it slips into any pocket without fuss. A finger grip of black plastic is fluted, so there is no problem of a positive grip for fingers. The nib looks, in some odd way, like an old steel pen's, and the writing quality is superb. The only place I have seen the Aurora in New York is at Georg Jensen's, where it sells for $50. It is so extraordinarily sleek and beautiful that it actually looks the price.

AFTER THE GRATIFYING TRIP with the Montblanc, there came another, also with some writing to do, when I decided to slide down the technological scale another few notches. This time it was a handful of Ebony pencils, Eberhard Faber's #6325, Jet Black, Extra Smooth, twenty cents at all good stores. I had accidentally discovered that the feel of the Ebony point on Goldenrod paper was comparable to sipping Dom Perignon for the first time, and I wanted to spend a week swimming in such inexpensive sensuous pleasure. It was great. And as a substitute for the ink-filling routine, if you take one of the tiny brass pencil sharpeners that art supply stores import from Germany, you can spend even more time putting a perfect point on that jet black extra smooth lead. The reason for insisting on the little brass pencil sharpener instead of the more common aluminum one is not quality; both use special razor-type blades and work equally well. It is the nice feel that comes with a bit of added weight. Since the price of either is under eighty-five cents, this is no place to cut corners. There is another thing to be said for writing with the Ebony: it is sheathed in an aromatic wood, cedar I imagine, and the fresh scent of the shavings adds still another thrill for the hungry senses.

I don't want to drop the Ebony pencil without noting that it is probably one of those real rarities, an absolutely perfect design. The shaft is without incident or decoration, aside from the necessary manufacturer's information printed in white. The grip is as good as a finger grip could be: it fits and nothing slips around. The fingers never touch the lead. The point is instantly put into perfect condition with a cheap and simple tool. It never leaks, not even in depressurized cabins, and I imagine it would write under water if it had to. It is close to weightless, for all practical purposes, and it functions during its entire life without need for supplies from the outside world. If you lose the little sharpener, any knife with an edge will do a perfectly good job. I am not suggesting that all these estimable qualities are [illegible] doing of Eberhard Faber, but m[illegible] that the pencil is, from the most [illegible] ical point of view, a genuinely cl[illegible] design.

The reason for my fix of Go[illegible] rod paper (standard product, [illegible] office supply store) is that it ha[illegible] actly the right amount of toot[illegible] make the physical act of wr[illegible] sheer delight, and also because [illegible] deep yellow-orange color mak[illegible] easy to use in bright sunlight.

THE MONTBLANC is different [illegible] the other pens in that it is n[illegible] sophisticated modern design. In [illegible] I suspect that it is not a moder[illegible] sign at all. It has a funny kin[illegible] pudgy gold clip (which works [illegible] fine), it is decorated with three[illegible] arate sets of gold bands set int[illegible] shiny black plastic cap and ba[illegible] and it looks rather like a fat [illegible] cigar. The gold nib looks just lik[illegible] nib people have been putting on f[illegible] tain pens for more than a genera[illegible] and the finger grip has a rim [illegible] so that fingers will not slide do[illegible] the nib and get stained. It is [illegible] fashioned, for modern tastes, ne[illegible] candidate for museum recogni[illegible] It is, in fact, nothing more tha[illegible] absolutely marvelous design for [illegible] ing, and I hope it goes on for[illegible] like its guarantee. A couple of [illegible] back I damaged the point whi[illegible] Vienna, found the company r[illegible] sentative in an ancient loft, g[illegible] complete new nib installed in ha[illegible] hour—and an indignant lectur[illegible] lifetime warranties when I attem[illegible] to pay.

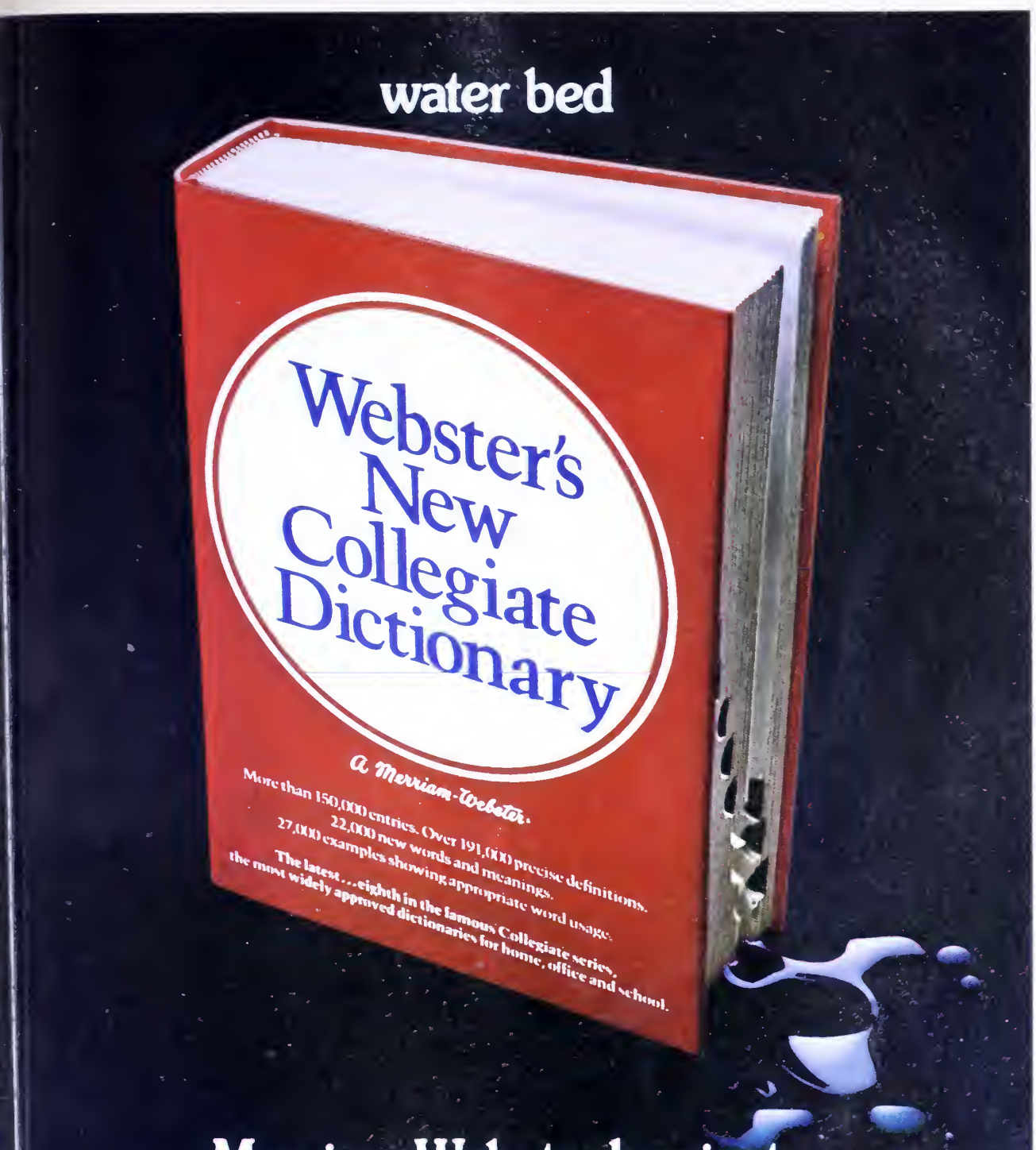
A couple of days ago some [illegible] designer friends from Paris ca[illegible] for a visit. I had discarded my j[illegible] and had the Montblanc stuck i[illegible] shirt pocket.

"Aha!" said one of them. "So[illegible] own that fat old Montblanc too[illegible]

There was nothing to do but a[illegible] the fact, since there it was.

"Funny," he said, "not a s[illegible] designer we know would do a[illegible] like that." I agreed. We talked [illegible] bit about Zanuso's beautiful [illegible] Aurora. "But we all own the M[illegible] blanc," he went on. "All the desi[illegible] I know own one. Funny, isn't it[illegible]

It really wasn't funny at all. [illegible] shouldn't designers recognize a [illegible] design when they see one? Ev[illegible] none of us could bring ourselv[illegible] design anything quite so unstylis[illegible]



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The Smirnoff Daiquiri.

(A modest invention.)

We were caught recently with an unexpected hankering for something different. Thumbed through a recipe book and decided on the daiquiri. The recipe called for a liquor we never use. So we improvised, and discovered the Smirnoff Daiquiri. While it's not completely original, it is a rather nice twist on an old standby.

You might try it one day when you feel like something slightly newfangled.

To make a Smirnoff Daiq
shake 2 oz. Smirnoff, 1/2
lime juice and 1/2 tsp. suc
with cracked ice. Strain in
chilled glass.

Smirnoff
leaves you breathless.

COUNTERSIGNS

he good side of a bad war

ietnam is a synonym for misper-
ptions—not the least of which may
our supposition that the war was
American catastrophe.

Few people would now doubt that
e cost of Richard ("our finest
ur") Nixon's "peace with honor"
s ruinous. The U.S. squandered
ousands of lives, billions of dollars,
d invaluable moral authority for a
win outcome that devastated much
Indochina. Still, history is seldom
d to contemporary assumptions.
ere is the paradox, for example,
t the losers of a war (Germany)
en emerge stronger than the win-
s (Britain). It might even be ar-
d, in Newtonian fashion, that for
ry national tragedy, there is an
al and opposite national triumph.
o entertain the notion that evil
tains the seeds of good is, of
rse, to risk the fatuousness of Dr.
gloss. But just as Vietnam
ught on a dark night of the
erican soul, so also it destroyed
aic policies, gave the nation a
sense of realism about the world,
at least potentially, refreshed the
erican spirit. Items:

Americans will no longer blindly
ort the cavalier use of draftees to
distant wars based solely on
i-Communism." This should have
alutary effect on U.S. policy-
ers, who long paid more heed to
War abstractions than to the
n's specific interests.

The failure of the immense U.S.
ary establishment to achieve
ory" in a foreign civil war might
ll in our generals a new respect
he limits of superpower, for the
sand of interventionism, and
he military necessity of adjust-
nds to means.

America's belated discovery that
men are capable of evil (as at
Lai) might erode our national
f that we are God's Chosen Peo-
nd perhaps it will magnify our
eness that war corrupts all men.
est and the worst, and is there-
fore to be avoided in nearly all cases, except genuine national defense.

• While accelerating the trend toward a Presidency immune to checks and balances, Vietnam has legitimized a counterattack by Congress in rare defense of its gutted powers as a coequal branch of the U.S. government. Although the counterattack may fail for lack of political courage, it already has emboldened Congress to acknowledge its own deficiencies and hypocrisies—and even to consider doing something about them.

• Although the war reinforced a much lamented cynicism toward American institutions, the eventual result may be more constructive than destructive. More and more of us now insist that most institutions (marriage, schools, Congress, even corporations) serve individuals, not the other way around. You can't run the Marine Corps that way, but a rebirth of healthy individualism won't hurt the rest of us. It makes us less likely to sacrifice our real interests to abstract obligations. It moves us to seek authentic relationships based on mutual respect: a tie that frees rather than binds. In one way or another, this is the common goal of our recent social rebels—disenchanted women, youths, blacks, white ethnics, etc. They all want to do their own thing, and if they can stop dictating to the rest of us, we just might achieve a truly free society.

There remains the specter of a domestic backlash against "defeat" in Vietnam, or against the surrogate baddies of the counterculture. How Senator Joseph McCarthy would have exploited all this! And yet to imagine a McCarthy rampant in the post-Vietnam era is to realize how far we've come. For one thing, the end of the endless withdrawal has left us in a mood of weary relief, not angry recrimination. For another, the withdrawal has been controlled by the very politicians (Mr. Nixon, for example) who might have led a stab-in-the-back movement had they been out of office rather than in. A neo-McCarthy? Perhaps. But the odds are that today most Americans would yawn at the Senator, and quite a few would laugh. We may be growing up.

Of potholes and publicity

Each year, the thaws of spring wrack the streets of northern cities with yawning potholes. And each spring, the editors and station managers of local media point to the offending pits and call on government to fill them.

Government, however, remains unmoved, and the potholes remain unfilled, until, with the heat of summer, their walls collapse and where once was a deep crevasse is now a mild depression.

The local media apparently ignore the absent connection between editorial stimulus and government response. The "cause" has no effect. Words and pictures prompt no action. The potholes open in the spring, year after year; the media's reproof goes out, year after year. Then slowly the thought begins to stir that the media and the potholes are not really adversaries at all, but fraternal twins locked in some subtle symbiotic embrace.

The media need government just as they need potholes, for a sense of significance. Government also needs the media, for more or less the same reason. Yet the media's springtime discovery of the usefulness of potholes and politicians is like their Christmas discovery of the usefulness of the poor, a dim epiphany.

Politicians know that Cromwell risked nothing whatever when he asked to be painted warts and all. Their portraits in the media appear similarly blemished. Yet their blunders and venalities—no more than their virtues, no more than potholes—will not vanish with exposure. The summer comes, the hard edges melt, and the editorialists wait until next year to resume their ritual cries of indignation. □

Joe Nicholson Jr.

INSIDE CUBA

A reporter's notebook: after fourteen years of the Revolution

IT SEEMED ONLY NATURAL that I should go to Cuba. In 1970 I had arrived in Mexico City, the usual departure point for Americans going to Havana, after hitchhiking along the 6,000-mile Pan American Highway through Chile, Peru, Ecuador, Colombia, Panama, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras, El Salvador, and Guatemala. The Latin American countries had much in common, and I wondered how Communist Cuba differed. The Cuban Embassy officials in Mexico City told me it took some time for an American journalist to receive a visa. They were right. When I returned to Mexico City, this time with a Cuban visa, it had taken more than two years and numerous letters, telegrams, and telephone calls.

During the following six weeks, my guide Marcos, a pre-university student, and I toured Cuba's six provinces, visiting fishing ports, state farms, schools, factories, housing projects, newspaper offices, and several regional headquarters of the Cuban Communist party. I spent many hours wandering the streets alone and talking with Cubans at bars, restaurants, and in their homes. Both the Revolution's fervent supporters and its enemies, I found, were eager to talk to a Spanish-speaking foreign journalist.

I

MOST CUBANS FEEL that a de facto state of war exists with the United States, and they frequently become bitter when they talk about the economic blockade the U.S. has maintained to isolate Cuba from trade with non-Communist countries. It was not surprising that they gave a hero's reception in December to Chilean President Salvador Allende, whose country last year became the first in Latin America to reopen diplomatic relations with Cuba. Allende's visit was also the first by a Latin American chief of state. He was greeted by tens of thousands of emotional Cubans along a fifteen-mile motorcade route from the airport. Several days later a half-million people attended a rally honoring him in Havana's vast Plaza of Revolution. The enthusiasm of this isolated people for their new ally came out during a fascinating exchange between Fidel and the crowd.

"The imperialists"—Fidel leaned into h bank of microphones to give them the full ow er of his considerable voice—"use explo ve and napalm against the Vietnamese peopl Chile, they are trying to asphyxiate the pe ol with a cutoff of economic credits and hu e

"I'm going to make a proposal," he id half-turning toward Allende, who sat behind in on the podium. "We say that we are reac t shed our blood for our Chilean brothers, ou that is not enough. We must also be reac t share our food. That is heroic too. And the ig ar that we are selling to them is not enou t meet their needs. Therefore, I propose that e er person give up a half-pound of his four-p n ration of sugar each month and send it to h Chilean people."

A roar from the crowd was interrupted r chant, begun somewhere in the center, of "u *una, una*"—one, one, one. By the time the li tant flanks picked up the chant, about hal h people were waving their forefingers in the ir They wanted to give one full pound.

"We cannot do this," Fidel said, silencin h chant. "Some families need this sugar. We n going to have to debate this proposal and m the decision at meetings in our work centers r mass organizations. Should we send this s g —it adds up to approximately 40,000 to year—to the Chilean people?"

"*Ahora, ahora, ahora*"—now, now, now. crowd wanted to make the decision immedia

Fidel lowered his head, fidgeting with microphones until it was quiet. "We are pressed by your spirit of generosity," he "But we must also give an equal opportuni say yes to the people of Oriente, Camagüey Villas, Matanzas, Pinar del Rio, and the Is Youth. This will help form their political science too and ensure that this isn't a dec of an emotional moment, but a pure a conscience."

Later I visited the crowded apartment of friends and asked what they thought of Fi proposal. "Well, you know we need that su We are always running out before the en the month. And there are never any sweet Carlitto," said Aneida, an ebullient hous who had befriended me during a meeting o street and made me feel like a member of

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ly. More reflectively: "But the Chilean peo-
ieed sugar too. And I think Fidel was right
y we should help. We don't have enough.
think we can let them have a half-pound."
think Fidel was right," added her mother.
s doubly surprised because, like many Cu-
women of the older generation—she is six-
ght—she rarely joined a conversation when
were men present, and also because I knew
as a devout Catholic and opposed the Com-
st government. "I think it is only right that
ıould help the Chilean people," she said,
ing with self-satisfaction and looking around
husband, daughter, son-in-law, two grand-
ren, and family friends. Celia, Aneida's
ı-year-old daughter by her first marriage,
d with her grandmother.
ut don't you know?" broke in Rafael, a
ır visitor who I knew was bitterly opposed
stro and his government. "They don't have
ıs in Chile. [This was the case at the time,
ationing has since been instituted.] Why
l we be giving things to them when they
even have rations?"
ere was silence for a moment until Tony
d, "But they still have a capitalist system.
have a poor class, and many of them are
oloyed and have no food. Here at least we
enough food to eat."
this right?" asked the grandmother, dis-
l by Rafael's comments. "They don't have rations?" Her question was never answered because her other daughter came up the stairs with her husband.

II

SEVERAL DAYS AFTER I ARRIVED I asked Marcos why all the toilet seats were missing. "We don't use them here," he replied, as if it were an ancient custom. I didn't come across any toilet seats until several weeks later when I visited the Swiss officials at the former U.S. Embassy while arranging my return to the United States. The toilet seats were my first encounter with Cuba's shortage of consumer goods. Luxury items are rarely available and food is strictly rationed, except for such things as fish, beer, and soft drinks. Even sugar, Cuba's principal product, would be limited to three and a half pounds monthly per person, assuming Fidel's proposal is accepted. Other monthly rations per person include: six pounds of rice, three pounds of meat, three pounds of beans, two pounds of macaroni, two pounds of spaghetti, one and a half pounds of noodles, one pound of salt, twelve ounces of flour, six ounces of coffee, fifteen eggs, three containers of canned milk (fresh milk is for children and the old), fifteen servings of Jello, four containers of yogurt, two servings of cream of wheat, etc.

". . . here in Cuba everybody works. It's hard to find one house in which nobody works."



s by the author

Despite the stringent diet, I didn't see any Cubans who looked underfed, and the ones I heard complaining about the rations invariably were hostile to everything else about the Revolution. Most Cubans have ways of supplementing their rations even though the black market in food has been virtually eliminated. Workers usually eat an inexpensive and well-balanced lunch on the job: some eat all three meals there, leaving their rations to their families. Rural families and even some city dwellers keep poultry and small vegetable gardens. Finally, the absence of most consumer products generally leaves families with plenty of money to dine out. Most Cubans say they eat better now than they did before the Revolution. Clothing rations are a bigger problem than the food, especially for men, who every year receive two pairs of trousers, two shirts, and several pairs of shoes. Clothing can still be bought on the black market, but it has become increasingly scarce: it is sold mostly by clothing workers who are willing to risk stealing a few items.

A bulletin board at the University of Havana school of the sciences listed items to be apportioned among the students: two refrigerators, three televisions, three men's watches, three women's watches, five radios with batteries, and —I should have guessed that a device to get people to work or school on time would be plentiful—seventeen alarm clocks. I had been told that schools and work centers distributed their allotment of consumer goods at mass meetings where it was decided who most deserved them. Later the process was explained to me by officials at a thread factory I visited in Holguin, a small city in northeast Cuba.

A list of available goods is put on the bulletin board and workers who are interested fill out forms, which are analyzed by a commission of five workers who are elected at a meeting of all the factory's workers. The commission analyzes the attitudes of each worker and decides who will receive the goods. They then call a meeting and give their opinions. "If the opinions are correct," an official said, "the workers accept them. If there are differences we argue about it."

Have the workers ever rejected a commission decision?

"That could happen, but it hasn't yet."

What if the chosen worker doesn't have enough money for the purchase?

"They can buy on a time plan if they don't have the money right away."

Do they pay interest?

"No, no, no. Only that the price is spread out," the official laughed in surprise. He explained that a farmer would receive his products through the National Organization of Small Farms and an older person without a family would be living in one of the public homes for old people, all of which already have refrigerators and televisions. Each family receives products through the working member's work centers or schools.

What about a family without any workers?

"That's not defined yet because here in Cuba everybody works. It's hard to find one household in which nobody works."

III

CUBANS SAY THEY ARE STILL constructing socialism and that they will not arrive at true Communism until the New Cuban Man has been formed. Naturally the formation of the new man is a top priority: the Revolution has conducted a crash program to train teachers and build new schools, an effort that also springs from the goal of providing children in the most interior sections with the same educational opportunity traditionally available only to city dwellers, and particularly the rich. For those who grew up before the Revolution's new schools and universities were built, the armed forces and factories provide adult education classes that lead to the universities. This crusade has launched a massive literacy campaign that sent young teachers hiking into the mountains to bring reading and writing to the most remote hamlets. Cuba can now boast that UNESCO statistics show it has with the lowest illiteracy rate in Latin America, only 3 percent.

While bringing classes to the factories, the Revolution has also brought work to the schools. Beginning in junior high school and continuing through graduate school, students study part time and work part time. Last fall Fidel inaugurated forty-four work-study boarding schools for junior high school students, all located in the countryside where the students can do agricultural work that is still Cuba's basic industry. Half work in the tobacco fields or citrus groves during the morning while the rest attend classes. In the afternoon they reverse positions. At harvest time, the schools shut for several weeks so the students can work in the fields full time.

At one of these work-study schools outside Havana I found that the teachers as well as the students are products of Revolutionary training. The principal, Georgina Alvarez, a petite twenty-four-year-old member of the Young Communist League, said the school has no older teachers because a Revolutionary school requires a completely new philosophy of education. Even most older teachers are settled with families and wouldn't want to live at the school and participate in all its activities, from field work to sports, movies, dancing, and theater. Of the school's forty-eight teachers, only four were over twenty-six, and the oldest was thirty. They

up largely under the Revolution, learning
style I soon began to discover. We were
g Georgina's office to tour the colorful
tory school and I asked where I could
my camera, figuring it would distract the
its if I carried it with me. Georgina
d to the top of her desk in the open room.
t here?" I asked. "Oh, yes," she insisted.
ugh it were silly to think anybody might
. I covered the camera with a newspaper
Georgina watched with a bemused smile.
lite to comment on my untrusting Yankee
When she showed me the girls' dormitory.
he lockers for clothes and books were all
ss. "Here we don't accept robbers as stu-
" she explained.
don't even have an occasional thief?
, because every student takes care of his
elongings, and, anyway, they all know
ne rest have."
gina introduced me to Ismael, a twenty-
r-old teacher of English for Cuba, how-
battled now, is not going to be caught
ared by a settlement with the United
, and two of his students who were anx-
try some of their English on me. Both
rs talked enthusiastically about the
I asked whether a boarding school run
basis of collective education provided
privacy. They looked puzzled. I ex-
the concept of privacy. "For example,"
suggested, "when the girls go to take a
y take their clothes with them and put
when they get out of the shower." No,
not that kind of privacy. "Oh, well, we
ed privacy because all our activities are
tivities," Ismael replied. But suppose, I
l, a student wanted to be alone for a few minutes, for example to take a walk away from the school? "That isn't permitted during the week, but on Saturday night the students go home to be with their families for a day," said Ismael. "Besides, the students don't want to be alone because they're involved in activities. They believe in doing things the normal way here." Both of his students nodded.

Would the boys, all of whom had closely cropped hair, be permitted to let it grow long?

"It's not right for the boys' hair to be long," Ismael said. "So we would cut it. We work in collective groups, and it's important for the students to be similar. Otherwise, we'll have controversies, and that wouldn't be correct. If we permit one student to be different in dress, hair, or behavior, what can we expect from the rest? We have to create similarity among the students and form them with a collective philosophy. That is a basic tenet of Communism."

"Homosexuals are officially classified as 'antisocial' . . . barred from the mass political organizations, and relegated to a second-class citizenship."

IV

I MET ONE OF THE New Cuban Men several weeks later during a visit to Camagüey Province, an undeveloped region east of Havana that Cubans consider frontier country. Osnel Vilarino belonged to the Central Youth Column, a semi-military organization of volunteers trying to improve Camagüey's agriculture and speed its industrialization. "We have committed ourselves to stay in Camagüey until 1980 to help the Revolution," said Vilarino, a twenty-six-year-old with the short, sturdy build of Cuba's farmers. He was a militant young Communist whose intense brown eyes lit up when he talked to me, a potential convert. "We work sev-



en days a week. Three afternoons each week we attend classes. And every fifty-five days we go home for a week."

He reminded me of the tough, righteous children of the Irish immigrants you still meet in the section of Boston called Southie, the kind of young Irishman who might have been torn between the priesthood and the Marines. I followed him into the Column's trophy room.

"This is Juan Torreblanca, our National Hero of Work," he said reverently, pointing to a photograph of a muscular young man with the bashful Oklahoma farmboy smile that Mickey Mantle never outgrew. "Juan Torreblanca was the first *machetero* in the history of our country to cut 400,000 *arrobas* [an *arroba* is twenty-five pounds of sugar cane]. For this, he received no more money. His daily work was determined by his conscience." Eighty thousand young Cubans were working in the Column, all volunteers exempted from military service. What did I think of the Column?

"It seems to be like our Peace Corps." I replied, knowing the reaction I could expect. Vilarino just stood there with a big smile forming on his face that seemed to say, "We appreciate the ingeniousness of your comparison, but we're sure you know there's no truth to it." He gave me a long, serious answer, concluding, "The Peace Corps builds schools, but they don't change the social structure of the country. They solve a very immediate problem, but it is only a Band-Aid for the country's problems. The class differences and exploitation continue. Besides, many of the Peace Corps volunteers make a conscious or unconscious work of ideological explanation. They present a very agreeable view of imperialism. They show imperialism as a really fine fellow."

V

AT THE SAME TIME the Revolution has improved life for most Cubans, it has created a new class of outcasts, the homosexuals. The work-prison camps in which they were put in the early 1960s have been ended, but their life has scarcely improved. They are officially classified as "antisocial" and ipso facto hostile to the Revolution, barred from the mass political organizations, and relegated to a second-class citizenship—perhaps outlaw status is more accurate—that makes U.S. blacks seem emancipated. In Cuba, everybody's life depends on his status as a good revolutionary, or at least as not hostile to the Revolution: it is a prerequisite for a good job, a chance to enter the university, and even the opportunity to buy rationed consumer goods—a refrigerator, a radio, a wristwatch. For homosexuals, many of these things are impossible, all of them difficult.

No one knows for sure why this is. But [a]nti-discrimination is popular among machoisti[c] Cubans who have always despised homosexuals. Fidel undoubtedly draws support from this [cam]paign in the same way George Wallace gene[rates] support among racist whites by attacking bl[acks] a cowardly but effective tactic.

I met Carlos one afternoon while I was [walk]ing on the Malecon, the wide avenue run[ning] along Havana's shoreline, frequently sprayed [by] Caribbean waves breaking against the sea[wall]. I noticed his black face and traditional Cu[ban] straw hat glistening in the tropical sun [and] asked if I could take a photograph of him [with] his broom, shovel, and garbage cart. We [began] to talk, and he told me—glancing over his [shoul]der every few seconds—that he had lost a [good] factory job after he applied to go to the [U.S.]. He was sent to clean streets at much lower [pay]. After I answered a dozen of his questions [about] conditions in the U.S. for blacks and homo[sex]uals, he told me he wanted to leave Cuba.

"We're all scared. Scared all the time here," explained Carlos, who said he was thirty-six and shared an apartment with his mother, seven brothers and sisters, an aunt, and an [uncle]. "The CDRs [Committees for the Defense of the Revolution] watch us all the time. There is no privacy. It was better, much better, under Batista. Do you know that when they arrest homosexuals they print their names in the papers and say they are homosexual? So that their mothers, their fathers, their brothers and sisters, wives and children, everyone, can read in the paper that they are homosexual?" [He] stopped, unable to find words to express his rage. He started again, so bitterly that he seemed to be hoping to grasp the government with his words and rip it to shreds. "And then they say that we're antisocial! Is it any wonder that homosexuals are against this government?" He [began] to see my identification as a U.S. journalist and made me promise not to write anything that would identify him. "Could you help me to escape?" he asked. "Can you find a ship in New York, perhaps a Greek ship, that is coming to Cuba? It costs about $1,500, but I have relatives in the U.S." I wasn't sure whether he was serious so I asked him if it wasn't a very dangerous idea. "It is very dangerous, but if you were in my situation you would not be afraid to try it because life is so bad." He asked what I thought about Communism. "Well, you know life isn't perfect in the United States either," I said. "There's racial discrimination and great [in]equality and poverty." He looked at me: "The way you are talking sounds like a Communist. Are you sure you're not a Communist?"

As we talked, Carlos had become progressively more nervous: another man had come up and was standing ten feet away, not speaking. Carlos tried to shift the subject and asked me

, "Ten past two," said the listener; but he
le no further effort to join in the conversa-
.

istening to Cuban homosexuals evoked all
e high-school lectures on the evils of Com-
ism: people in the grip of an all-powerful
e state who dream of escaping to freedom.
the Cuban homosexuals, the Revolution
s to have made this a reality. And I couldn't
wondering if some other group might not
eday find itself in similar disfavor.

VI

THE SOCIAL PROGRESS of blacks and women
is a striking contrast to the treatment of
homosexuals. From its beginning, the Rev-
on has fought to overcome racial prejudice
male chauvinism. Its success has been phe-
enal: discrimination and most personal prej-
against blacks have become things of the
and women have been freed from the an-
customs that restricted them to being
ewives and servants.
didn't realize how really well blacks and
s get along in Cuba until one night when I
to a nightclub with Aneida, Tony, their
hter Celia, and an engaged couple who fre-
ted the club, Rafael and Anna. When the
r brought our rum. Rafael spoke to him.
The waiter, a full-lipped black man, replied with the don't-give-a-shit air American blacks reserve for bigoted whites. It was a reply that would probably have gone unnoticed in the United States, but it startled me because I hadn't heard anything like it during a month in Cuba. Blacks and mulattoes, who make up about half of Cuba's eight million people, told me repeatedly—I asked the question dozens of times because I was so incredulous—that there really isn't any racial discrimination left in Cuba, except personal prejudice among some whites. And this, I realized, accounted for the black waiter's reaction.

"Do you like Negroes?" Rafael asked me when the waiter left, beginning to laugh in such a way that I saw he really hated black people. I said I'd had a black girlfriend several years ago. This surprised even Celia and her parents, who said they believe in equality but not intermarriage. "Isn't it difficult to have a black girlfriend in the U.S.?" Rafael asked. I said it was in some sections.

Fidel has preached equality for women since he began the July 26th Movement. Two of the women guerrillas who are now leaders in the Revolutionary government, Celia Sanchez and Haydee Santamaria, used Fidel's own words to persuade him to let them join the attack on the Moncada Barracks in Santiago, July 26, 1953, and were imprisoned with the other guer-

" . . . the doctors spend most of their time in medical school doing field-work, cutting sugarcane, and showing that they are good Communists."



rillas when it failed. Today Companera Sanchez is the Secretary of the Council of Ministers (Cabinet), and Companera Santamaria is the director of Casa De Las Americas, Cuba's cultural institute. Women now study with men in the universities and work beside them in the factories and the fields. While they are still generally restricted from the traditionally masculine work of fisherman, industrial manager, and military leader, they have come incredibly far in fourteen years. Before the Revolution Havana was one of the world's great centers of vice, a paradise for visiting foreigners but hell for the thousands of Cuban women forced by poverty to become prostitutes. I was initially skeptical about Cuba's claim that prostitution has been wiped out. But after six weeks, in which I met only one bedraggled and aging veteran of the Batista era, I was convinced.

VII

AT THE AMERICAN CLUB, prosperous U.S. and Cuban businessmen once discussed sugar and tobacco deals over bourbon or billiards. I found the club among the neo-colonial stone buildings that line the Prado, a shady thoroughfare that was the business and social center of pre-revolutionary Havana.

An elderly Negro doorman who spoke perfect English told me, "The building is still the same. But the situation has changed. I don't have to tell you about that." It was his way of cutting off sensitive questions, but he invited me in and pointed out a portrait of George Washington. The magazine and newspaper racks in the reading room held copies of *Punch*, the *Guardian*, the international edition of the *Herald Tribune*, *Time* magazine—all weeks old—and the morning's edition of *Granma*, official organ of the Central Committee of the Communist party of Cuba. A club roster on the wall was dated January 1, 1961, and listed 844 members, most with Anglo-Saxon names. "There are now about 100, including a few Americans," the doorman said. "They're not young."

I was introduced to the wife of one of the clubmen, a tall white-haired lady who spoke English with the kind of hard accent on the consonants you hear in West Palm Beach during the winter. She wore a string of pearls and deep red lipstick applied heavily in the fashion of the 1950s, and horn-rimmed glasses. I later described her to Marcos and he called her a *gusana*—literally a worm—the name Cubans apply to members of the former middle or upper class who have turned their backs on the Revolution. When she found I was a U.S. journalist, she insisted on talking at length.

"The American Club used to be such a good place," she recalled. "Good food, air conditioning, squash, billiards, a reading room, the l e magazines. All the officials from the Ban Boston, the First National Bank of New Y the Chase Manhattan . . . They would mee f lunch and talk. Then they slowly decided t l in more Cubans—and not very upper cla that!—and they've kept going. It used t what we called an ABC club—American, ri ish and Canadian."

She hesitated to talk about the Revolu o saying that she did not want to be tap r corded and that if I wrote about her I sh l describe her as "a very young man." "At r we thought the Revolution would last for th a few months. Then we thought maybe a fe or two. Then we thought it would be over. n then when the Bay of Pigs invasion came w thought it would be over. We thought the A e icans would never back an invasion that w l lose! Then came the bad harvests. We tho g they would be the end of this governme . think so every year, but I'm beginning to d it it. Nixon is a friend of the Cubans in Key Bi cayne and Miami and maybe he'll do so thing. Hope springs eternal in the human bu s Maybe this is wishful thinking. All I'd lik be able to do is to travel, to make visits to e York and Paris. Here the government doe e erything. They tell you what to do, what to and everything. They don't know what's c for me to eat!

"And do you know?" she went on. "" u make everyone go to the free polyclinic. I t them I want to go to my private doctor. I c trust these young, new doctors they have. Y spend most of their time in medical schoo ing field work, cutting sugarcane, and sho that they are good Communists. So by the t they are through in four years, maybe they fairly good nurses, but certainly not doc A good many years ago doctors were im oned because they prescribed medicine no the drugstores. If they prescribed somethin drugstore didn't have more than three time was considered that they did it for counte olutionary reasons. People, of course, get upset when they can't get what the doctor scribes for them. And, you know, we ma joke here several years ago when Fidel giving all these speeches about the 'New Cu Man.' About that time a baby was born in of the hospitals with no stomach and three a The doctor said the case was hopeless, but w Fidel heard about it he ordered the doctor ecuted. He said the baby was the New Cu Man! All work, nothing to eat."

She continued in this vein. I couldn't visualizing her as the kind of lady you might at a DAR meeting, probably talking about increase in sexual permissiveness revealed the latest issue of *Reader's Digest*. She said all her relatives and friends had left Cub

d her why she and her husband hadn't. Ve like the climate here, and we're too old art our lives over. And we have an easy ere. At least for us. We still have the house our cook and our maid. Of course, it is to get the car repaired—you have to get it on the black market. And we own the in name only."

hat is good about the Revolution?

Vell, there's two sides to every question," id, her eyes beginning to twinkle with bit- ony. "Perhaps Cuba was too prosperous the Revolution. Perhaps we were too fond entatiousness and superficiality. Actually, was corruption before. Politicians were lapping vote-getters. And the more intel- well-intentioned types didn't have much e. And there were a lot of get-rich-quick "

VIII

KED THE FOREIGN MINISTRY'S Foreign ess Department to arrange visits for me wo factories, but the director insisted that not be enough to appreciate the Revolu- progress. So Marcos and I toured a seem- endless string of new factories produc- ment, thread, fertilizer, and refrigerators; g lobsters; processing rice; generating electricity—all clean, efficient, and bor- y routine was the same for each: meet ders, follow the assembly line, and choose vorkers at random for interviews—some escorts' presence and some privately. ne exception, the workers spoke enthu- lly about their factory and the Revolu-

exception was a young worker whom I the sprawling refrigerator factory in the city of Ciego de Avila. I had been con- through the factory by local Communist eader Ramon Reyes, a gray-haired man pronounced chin and a military bearing essed like a worker and took pride in g me the factory's buses (free to work weekend recreational activities), barber ixty cents a haircut), beauty parlor (sev- llars depending on the style), library classrooms (406 of the factory's 1,600 either attended technical courses or rolled in academic classes leading to ty entrance, all free), and the infirmary or and two nurses, free). Then Reyes ed me from shop to shop along the as- line, pointing out where auxiliary prod- e made, including gas stoves, pressure sinks, and manual meat grinders. He 20,000 refrigerators produced last year ncrease this year to 30,000, the new on goal.

When we arrived at the last workshop, where the refrigerators were painted white, I spotted a young worker who was standing idly with a wet brush in his hand, his hair just a little shaggy for a Cuban. He seemed to be staring blankly at some distant rafter; it was the look of a man content to do nothing. I approached him, but Reyes stepped in front of me and said: "This boy is not someone to interview. He hasn't been here long enough." Two older workers were immediately brought forward—Reyes produced them so fast it seemed he'd had them waiting, perhaps hidden behind a machine somewhere—and presented to me for interviewing.

"¿Quantos años trabaja Ud. aqui?" I asked the young worker. He replied that he'd worked there for two years. I told Reyes that seemed long enough and proceeded to question the young worker, who identified himself as Nelson Perez, twenty-one years old.

I asked him if he belonged to the Young Communist League—usually a good indication of a young person's politics—and he said "no" in an inflectionless voice.

Would you like to belong?

He considered the question, looking up from the floor and glancing around with that blank stare. "Yes," he concluded in a tone so apathetic that I suspected he was simply avoiding the explanations that would have to follow a negative reply.

Reyes was breathing over my shoulder, and I noticed that his leg twitched nervously when I asked Nelson how he liked the factory.

Nelson paused and shrugged. "Regular," he mumbled, a euphemism Cubans use to mean anything from it's okay to it eats shit. I asked him what he had done before coming to the factory, and he began to talk more freely, saying he was studying soil fertilization at a technical school and had hoped to become an agronomics engineer. His voice was uninterested, almost doleful.

Are you studying to be an engineer now?

"No," he replied sharply. "They decided the technical school where I was studying had an unsuccessful study plan and that the students were needed for production . . . "

Reyes stepped in front of me, gestured angrily, and said, "I don't agree." He glared at Nelson. "This problem doesn't exist. Students are never taken out of schools for production . . . "

Nelson momentarily turned his blank stare toward the party leader, then resumed his monotone while Reyes was still talking, ". . . study plan did not work well so I was sent to production . . . "

"Not correct," Reyes interjected, speaking louder this time to make sure I wouldn't listen to Nelson's monotone, which continued. "If a government study plan doesn't work, the students are sent to another school."

"Cuban men have lost none of their zest for drinking beer, smoking cigars. . . . But the new test of masculinity seemed to be the number of hours worked."

Nelson was staring past me as if he didn't care whether I was still listening. "They made me a painter and I'm still a painter, still getting $86 a month"—he was telling his story now without prompting—"I would like to change my work. I'm a young man. I would like to educate myself for some other type of work, perhaps to run some of the machines. Also, I would like to work in some place nearer my home. I live in Ranchuelo, twenty-five kilometers from here."

I said goodbye and shook his left hand—he still had the wet paint brush in his right. Reyes led me to a bulletin board listing of classes, telling me that about twenty workers leave the factory each year to enter the university. He seemed depressed, apparently because he felt Nelson's comments had ruined my impression of the factory. I asked him if Nelson was a good worker and he said, "I'll show you his file because I don't know." The file contained twelve pages and described Nelson as a good worker but also showed that he had completed only seven years of education—not thirteen years as he had said—and that he had taken himself out of the technical school.

"Very often people are not honest enough to tell these things the first time. Anyway, he has the opportunity to finish his pre-university courses here if he wants to," Reyes concluded, leaving me uncertain whether to believe Nelson or the file.

Talks with the workers during my factory tours showed that Cuban men have lost none of their traditional zest for drinking beer, sm ing cigars, playing dominoes, or boasting ab their sexual conquests. But the new test of r culinity seemed to be the number of h worked. Ten, twelve, fourteen hours a da they tell how many hours they work as p of their virility as much as a demonstratio their dedication to the Revolution, and t work voluntarily on Saturday and Sunday m ing "when it's needed." The whole society become work-oriented: the traditional l break and siesta has been shortened from hours to thirty minutes; bus transportatio five cents or free; child-care centers are b built everywhere for working mothers; air ditioners imported from Japan are allotte clusively to work centers; factory constru ranks above housing construction; televi transmits mostly at night; and baseball g are played after working hours.

IX

A GREAT WHITE-HAIRED BEAR of a Ru ambled into the cafeteria of the Nat Hotel one afternoon and settled himsel the seat beside me. "Beer! Beer! Beer!!! demanded, in English, speaking louder a Cuban waitress became more baffled. I of to translate, and the waitress explained he couldn't have beer unless he had a meal bring a meal," he responded. "This I d



and," he told me. "Why these people do
ak English? And so close to the United
' He neglected the meal but drank the
d two more after it. "This country I do
erstand," he said. "I do not like it. Taxi
t get; women I cannot get; literature I
get. Why? I am a doctor of science!"
ed at me to see if I understood the full
f his situation. "There is no—how you
—good life here. You call this Commu-
t is like the Chinese. Only work, work.
n Moscow life is better. But even Mos-
not like New York. New York I like. I
here on official business. It has the easy
d I am from the Communist party, no?
ny wife and children back to Moscow
this is no place to live. In Moscow
en are rich. They own nothing, but they
." He smiled broadly, appreciating a
nist country sophisticated enough to
one thing but practice another. "But
Cuba, no, this is different."

s Election Day in the United States, and
sian invited me to his room to listen
eturns. In his room, he had a picture of
eside his bed, from under which he
artons of aged Russian cognac, thick
chocolate bars, and other delicacies un-
e in Cuba. We heard the radio announc-
g that forty-three states were sure for
nd one for McGovern. "A toast for Mr.
' the Russian said, brandishing a cognac
Russian-style," he insisted, "top to bot-
We drained our glasses and he refilled
Another one! Another one for Nixon!"

as the radio announcer said, "And now
a statement from George McGovern in
alls, South Dakota."

on is more a gentleman," the Russian
d. "He understands politics. Yes, he'll
continue that war. But so what? This
rn, he was a wild man, wasn't he?"

adio was squeaking. Then the sound re-
nd we could hear applause and McGov-
saying, "Thank you, thank you," and
telling a story we could barely hear
the squeaking about Adlai Stevenson
tle boy who was too old to cry.

ussian said he was finishing some tech-
rk in Cuba; I asked him what he thought
Cuban economy.

not measure Cuba only because the
re not full. You cannot measure the
f a country only that way. In agricul-
ugar, in industry, in all things the coun-
ing up."

se of the Russian assistance?

the Cubans they go up, up, up by them-
hey must because Russia it is not like
ted States. It's not rich like the Unit-
s. It cannot send money like the United
he Cubans are doing it by work."

The Russian's comments on the economy interested me because they seemed to be a more balanced view than what I'd heard from Cuban officials, who offer an endless stream of statistics and charts to show the upward progress of all facets of the economy. Their descriptions were as one-sided as those of the U.S. press, which is so fond of portraying the Cuban economy as a shambles. Most Cuban workers I spoke to felt their economy was improving and thus were willing to endure the shortage of consumer goods. Even sugar and tobacco are rationed because they are exported, to provide foreign exchange for heavy machinery and other industrial necessities.

When the Russians began to assist Cuba, they apparently knew next to nothing about it, sending, I was told, shiploads of snowplows, some of which are still rusting in Havana. Marcos said it had not been an entire shipload and that the fault lay with an untrained Cuban official who mistakenly ordered the snowplows. There is no doubt that the Cubans have made economic blunders in the rush to develop their country, but as Carlos Almaran, a twenty-six-year-old veterinarian, summed up the problem while he was showing me a cattle-insemination center in Santa Clara: "You have to understand that an undeveloped country like Cuba is bound to make mistakes in becoming developed. The experience doesn't exist . . . For instance, when we began the artificial-insemination program, some ignorant people spread the rumor that it

"From the beginning, the Revolution has fought to overcome racial prejudice and male chauvinism. Its success has been phenomenal."



Joe Nicholson Jr.
INSIDE CUBA

wonld make the cows impotent. In each area, all the farmers wanted to come and see the first calf born from artificial insemination to see what it looked like. Despite the problems, we have made a great deal of progress. Cuba is now the leader of all the underdeveloped nations in artificial insemination. We had an expert from Argentina come here to see our program, and he left with his mouth open."

X

I LOOKED OUT AT THE PALM TREES and orchards to get a last glimpse as we taxied down the runway of José Martí Airport. We passed yards of cranes, trucks, and buses. A small banner, the airport's only sign, said, "Yankees Out of Vietnam." The plane turned toward Mexico City and the orchards became increasingly difficult to see.

A skyline dominated by massive billboards along the airport runway greeted us in Mexico: "Beefeater Gin For a Perfect Martini," "Pe "Enjoy Coca-Cola," "Nescafe Symbol of Fri ship," "Holiday Inn Host To The World." Americanization of Latin America seemed ing after de-Americanized Cuba.

Mexico was building a new Colonel San Kentucky Fried Chicken emporium, the onel's "finger lickin' good" slogan translate read, "It will make your fingers good to lic passed up the Colonel's chicken and asked taco from a street vendor whose cart was pa on the Paseo De La Reforma. He had onl dogs. The store window displays along the offered Maxwell House instant coffee; Her bars; Aunt Jemima hot cakes; V-8 vege juice; Del Monte canned tropical fruit; don's distilled dry gin; Ballantine's finest S whiskey; Toastmaster air conditioners; H vacuum cleaners; Aqua Velvet; and Max F lipstick. At the movie theater Jacqueline sann's *The Love Machine* was playing, an kiosk in front of the theater displayed Sp versions of *Reader's Digest* and a selecti

FREEZE OR THAW? The pros and cons of recognizing Castro's Cub

Cuba is breaking out of its international isolation for the first time in a decade. It has recently restored a full panoply of relations with Chile, Peru, Barbados, Jamaica, Trinidad-Tobago, and Guyana. It maintains mutually profitable if ideologically heterodox relations with a variety of countries throughout the world, including Franco's Spain. It has begun compensating France and Switzerland for property confiscated in 1960 and 1961.

A new agreement with the Soviet Union, announced in January 1973, will pump even larger subsidies into the Cuban economy. The Soviet Union will pay higher prices for Cuban sugar, commit larger amounts of aid to the Cuban economy, and ease —if not forget— the repayment of Cuba's huge and growing debt. Not for many years has Cuba been able to extract so much material support from the Soviet Union.

The cost of these impressive accomplishments has been satellization of the island. In the mid- and late-1960s, Cuba's foreign policy was substantially independent of the Soviet Union, which Cuba criticized for its friendly and profitable relations with dictatorial Latin American governments. At the same time, it condemned the softness and accommodationism of Moscow-oriented Communist parties in Latin America and often boycotted high-level Communist parleys. By 1968 the Soviet Union had had enough. It froze petroleum deliveries to Cuba, delayed negotiations on the annual trade protocol, and seems to have plotted with a faction within the Cuban Communist party to modify (if not overthrow) dominant Cuban policies.

After much conflict and negotiation, the current state of relations was reached. The Soviet Union reestablished its hegemony over Cuba, paying in cash. Cuba has stopped criticizing the Soviet Union and its affiliated Communist parties. It endorsed the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia. It has abandoned its former guerrilla allies, most dramatically in Venezuela. It has, for the first time, provided facilities for the Soviet Navy and accepted closer Soviet supervision of the Cuban economy. Cuba has entered a post-revolutionary phase in its foreign policy.

U.S. relations with Cuba, in the main, are still a legacy of the Kennedy Administration. After the Bay of Pigs and the missile crisis, the Kennedy Administration mov de-escalate conflict in the Carib and redesigned its policies to tain, rather than overthrow, th ban Revolution.

A policy of isolation

The announced U.S. polic been not to reestablish diploma lations with Cuba until two goals are achieved: to reduce inate Cuba's military link wi Soviet Union, and to prevent port of revolution to Latin A The chief instruments to a these goals have been an ec embargo and the international ical isolation of Cuba, includ expulsion from the inter-Am system.

These goals, however, are nally incompatible. Since the ning of the revolutionary g ment, and certainly since th 1960s, an increase of Soviet ence in Cuba has been caus lated to a decrease in revo ary exports, and a decrease of influence has been causally rel an increase in revolutionary e In addition, American action been irrelevant to Cuba's bel Cuban attitudes toward the Union and Latin America—t policies the U.S. has sought t

Jorge Dominguez is an assistant professor in the government department at Harvard University. A longer, more detailed version of this article appears in the March issue of Foreign Policy.

books, including Woody the Woodpecker lated as The Crazy Bird), Tarzan of the Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, Batman, ennis the Menace.

t evening I walked down Genova Street the American businessmen from the Sher- nd Hilton hotels spend their evenings g and drinking at the nightclubs. Outside ncognitos, one of the clubs, an Indian n sat on the sidewalk clutching two shiver- ildren and a half-dozen bouquets of roses. ore her black hair in a bun, and she kept g her torn blanket around the girl, who oughing. Inside, the revelers could be clapping and thumping on the tables in vith the mariachi bands. Every few min- ne door would open on several half-drunk s. A doorman in red cap and yellow shoul- ssels would escort the revelers down the e steps and signal for a taxi. Each time, lian woman would get to her feet and edge ne canopy's floodlights, holding the rose ets. Most of the patrons simply looked past her. Once she got into the path of a departing couple. The man pushed his date ahead of him and stepped around the stooped Indian, giving her one of those kindly, phony smiles with the sides of his mouth pulled up, as if to tell her that he took her supplications as just a good joke between old friends.

The poor are undoubtedly worse off in some other Latin American countries. I've seen thirteen-year-old prostitutes in Guatemala and children in Ecuador and Nicaragua with stomachs distended from malnutrition. But I couldn't help thinking how life would be for that Indian woman in Cuba. She wouldn't be assured of all the civil liberties of a Jeffersonian democracy. Nonetheless, she would be spared some of her problems. She would be entitled to a decent job. Her children would be enrolled in day-care centers or schools. They wouldn't be wearing rags, and they wouldn't have to worry about getting enough to eat. And if their mother went to a nightclub, she would go to revel, not to sit outside on the sidewalk. □

"When the Russians began to assist Cuba, they knew nothing about it, sending shiploads of snowplows, some of which are still rusting in Havana."

rge I. Dominguez

varied independent of any- he U.S. has done or failed to leed, U.S. actions seem coun- luctive—the economic embar- es dependence on the Soviet and political isolation discour- uban bargaining and compro-

tless position

inertia is not altogether irra- U.S. policy toward Cuba has e relatively costless, especially nforcement has been lax. Para- lly, the failure to detach Cuba he U.S.S.R. has provided an t benefit: it has burdened the Union with a costly develop- lan and a mismanaged econ-

policy has also been sufficient ntain a necessary minimum of ns between the two countries, ne help of the Swiss and the ns. There have been agree- to establish an exile airlift, to hijacked property, to return ing U.S. citizens in Cuba, to ge weather-bureau informa- n hurricanes, and recent suc- negotiations on the punish- of airline hijackers.

re are direct domestic costs to olishing full relations. Though ban community in the U.S. is not politically monolithic, most of its leaders and organizations, and its conservative allies, would oppose a policy change. There are direct international costs as well. A change in policy would require a thorough reconstruction of the inter-American system from the Cold War period, and a renegotiation of bilateral relations between the U.S. and some of its weaker clients in the area.

A soft case

In addition to the argument that the U.S. should maintain universal diplomatic relations—with angels and with scoundrels—there are two prudential reasons frequently advanced for changing U.S. policy toward Cuba.

- Though the U.S. did not cause, and cannot alone sustain, Cuba's abandonment of revolutionary export, a U.S. policy change would probably insure continued Cuban restraint. Cuba would still engage in subversion—through newly established embassies, consulates, and trade missions, and through Radio Havana—but the level and methods of these activities would be less harmful than in the 1960s.
- Though Cuba was quite able to endure Soviet pressure for a long time alone, it is probable that a U.S. connection would give Cuba more leverage in its bargaining with the Soviet Union—and thus retard the further satellization of the island.

There is a risk in this last argument, of course, because of the inverse relationship between Soviet influence and guerrilla export. Nor is it likely that Cuba would grow very close to the U.S. anyway—not after the Bay of Pigs and the missile crisis, on the one hand, and Hungary and Czechoslovakia, on the other.

These prudential grounds argue for a wider range of U.S.-Cuban relations. But their effect is still weak and marginal. No grand "hard" case can be made. No appeal to necessity or compelling imperatives can come close to the main analogy: Cuba is not China. The strategic questions that Cuba poses are, in fact, not issues of Cuban-American but of Soviet-American relations.

The argument for a new sort of relationship with Cuba, finally, rests on two additional "soft" grounds: sympathy for the Cuban people, even if one has no sympathy for the Cuban government (assuming that the present policy causes indiscriminate albeit unintentional injury to innocent civilians), and a willingness to turn the international cost into a new vision of the inter-American system. □

TAXPAYERS' EVE

by Taylor Br

April 15 is coming again, and this year the American people are expected to cough up about $100 billion in personal income taxes. Nearly two-thirds of that sum ($64 billion) will be paid to the employees of the federal government in salaries and benefits. The symmetry of the transaction—of seventy-seven million individual taxpayers sending their money briskly through the Treasury to five million federal workers—points up the egalitarianism of our society. The federal employees know they occupy a crucial position in the economy, spending sixty-four billion "pump-priming" dollars. Without them there might be a depression, or yet another war to encourage the reckless distribution of money. Civil servants often perform more of a public service by spending their wages than by earning them. They send their money rippling through the economy like a deck of cards cascading up and down a magician's sleeve. A vibrant economy requires a prosperous civil service.

Looking at federal salary levels, you see why civil servants no longer feel downtrodden or deprived. They haul away a little more cash, on average, for their selfless, public-spirited activities, than does the person whose greed drives him to accept the moral degradation of private enterprise. Things are *arranged* that way by a 1962 federal law proclaiming that civil servants will be paid as much as "outsiders" of comparable dignity. The Civil Service Commission decides the appropriate degrees of dignity. Federal salaries have more than doubled under this law, and the fringe benefits available to bureaucrats recently surpassed those of large-scale private enterprise. A federal worker can expect annual fringe benefits worth 28 percent of his salary.

Not all such things can be measured in dollars. The elegant executive dining room at the Transportation Department is much coveted by several other departments. Henry Kissinger's jetliner, the black government limousine, the security clearance, the padlocked briefcase—all these prerogatives of royalty and status acquire emotional significance in the halls of state. Pride is worth more than money, but better with than without it.

Like caterpillars transformed into butterflies, government employees have begun to discard the persona of squeaky clerk. No longer do they scrounge for their next eraser or tolerate small offices. Last April 14, a number of grateful federal employees staged the first celebration of "Taxpayers' Eve," passing out coffee and doughnuts to the harried throngs of citizens who dragged into the Post Office at the last minute with their tax returns. Each bureaucrat imagined himself personally thanking the fifteen taxpayers who might combine to pay his own salary. It was a time of merriment, of warm, human contact with those who make it all possible.

This Taxpayers' Eve, in the same spirit of good fellowship, we'd like our readers to become acquainted with a few of the many bureaucrats who have benefited by the boom in public service. What follows is a scattered listing of positions and salary levels in the federal government (with estimates in some cases).

William H. Rehnquist, $60,000
Associate Justice, Supreme Court of the United States

William P. Rogers, $60,000
Secretary of State

Edward V. Dorsey, $49,346
Postmaster General, Eastern Region

R. R. Bartelsmeyer, $42,500
Acting Administrator, Federal Highway Administration, Department of Transportation

James C. Fletcher, $42,500
Administrator, National Aeronautics and Space Administration

Robert F. Froehlke, $42,500
Secretary of the Army

Patrick Gray, $42,500
Acting Director, Federal Bureau of Investigation

James Keogh, $42,500
Director, United States Information Agency

Henry A. Kissinger, $42,500
Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs

William D. Ruckelshaus, $42,500
Administrator, Environmental Protection Agency

Byron G. Skelton, $42,500
Justice, United States Court of Claims

Elmer B. Staats, $42,500
Comptroller General, General Accounting Office

Lewis Deschler, $42,192
Parliamentarian, U.S. House of Representatives

Helen D. Bentley, $40,000
Chairman, Federal Maritime Commission

William H. Brown III, $40,000
Chairman, Equal Employment Opportunity Commission

Johnnie M. Walters, $40,000
Commissioner, Internal Revenue Service, Department of the Treasury

Thomas W. Chadwick, $38,392
Consumer Advocate, U.S. Postal Corporation

Col. Byron V. Pepitone, $38,000
Acting Director, Selective Service System

James J. Rowley, $38,000
Director, U.S. Secret Service, Department of the Treasury

Marion H. Smoak, $38,000
Chief of Protocol, Department of State

Richard W. Velde, $38,000
Associate Administrator, Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, Department of Justice

in excess of

Clarence E. Larson, $36,000
Commissioner, Atomic Energy Commission

Jesse L. Adams, Jr., $36,000
Acting National Director, U.S. Savings Bonds Division, Department of the Treasury

Arthur W. Allen, Jr., $36,000
Deputy for Reserve Affairs, Department of the Army

John R. Blandford,
Chief Counsel, House Armed Services Committee

Mary T. Brooks,
Director, Bureau of the Mi
Department of the Treasur

Arthur R. Day,
Deputy Assistant Director,
Arms Control and Disarmament Agency

Robert G. Dunphy,
Sergeant at Arms,
U.S. Senate

Raymond F. Farrell,
Commissioner, Immigration and Naturalization Service, Department of Justice

Thomas W. Gavett,
Deputy Commissioner,
Office of Statistical Operations and Processing, Bureau of Labor Statistics, Department of Labor

Marinus van Gessel,
Deputy Assistant Secretary and Director, Bureau of International Commerce, Department of Commerce

Barry Gidley,
Director of Finance,
American Revolutionary Bicentennial Commission

David A. Hamil,
Administrator, Rural Electrification Administrati
Department of Agriculture

John L. Jenkins,
Director, Office of Minorit
Business Enterprise, Department of Commerce

Frank R. Kennedy,
Executive Director,
Commission on the Bankruptcy Laws of the United States

John H. Lancaster,
Executive Director,
Temporary Study Commiss
on American Shipbuilding

Reynaldo P. Maduro,
Staff Director, Cabinet Committee on Opportuniti
for Spanish-Speaking Peo

Joseph B. Mahon,
Director, Launch Vehicles and Propulsion Programs
NASA

Harry J. Middleton,
Director, Lyndon B. Johns
Library, National Archives and Records Service, Ger
Services Administration (G

Walter H. Morse,
General Counsel, Selectiv
Service System

David Oliver,
Acting Director, Office of Oil and Gas, Department of the Interior

Theodore H. Reed,
Director, National Zoologi
Park, Smithsonian Instituti

Saul R. Rosoff,
Director, Office of Child Development, Department of Health, Education, and Welfare (HEW)

ureaucrats on the federal payroll, April is the kindest month

ss, $36,000
nt Commissioner for
le Disposal, GSA

Beall Ryan, $36,000
r of Information
s, Standing Committee
se Administration

B. Schreiber, $36,000
te General Counsel,
d Retirement Board

Sonnenfeldt, $36,000
Staff Member,
National Security

n Stanley, $36,000
r, Center for the
f Man, Smithsonian
on

Marquis D. Wyatt, $36,000
nt Administrator
cy and University
NASA

et M. DeMichele, $35,742
strative Assistant to
ike Mansfield

T. Martin, $35,742
strative Assistant to
dward M. Kennedy

/. Z. Hyde, $35,000
r, Timber Panel,
of Economic Advisers

s J. Cinciotta, $34,965
r of Debates,
nate

R. Galvin, $34,446
ional Staff Member,
Committee on Finance

n Blakeslee, $34,323
Congressional Liaison Staff,
Employment Opportunity
ssion

Campbell, $34,323
of American Painting,
l Gallery of Art

Donfeld, Chief, $34,323
stration Division,
Action Office for
buse Prevention

. Fields, Jr., $34,323
nt Legal Adviser for
-Military Affairs,
nent of State

nes, Assistant $34,323
r for Recreation Planning,
of Outdoor Recreation,
nent of the Interior

Maslow, Chief, $34,323
nel Measurement Research
velopment Center,
ervice Commission

Moliski, Assistant $34,323
ve Director,
States Tax Court

Roberts, $34,323
ator, Opinion and
Research, United
Information Agency

Runyon III, $34,323
nt Legal Advisor for
l Relations and Public
Department of State

Scouten, $34,323
rative Officer, Chief
the White House

Simms, $34,323
Director,
f Personnel,
nent of Agriculture

John F. Wallace, Chief, $34,323
Office of Working Capital Funds, Department of the Army

John E. Wickman, Director, $34,323
Dwight D. Eisenhower Library, National Archives and Records Service, GSA

Garland Wollard, Director of Education, Deputy Associate Commissioner, $34,323
Bureau of Prisons Department of Justice

Walter H. Young, Deputy Assistant Administrator for Administration, $34,323
GSA

Benedict K. Zobrist, Director, $34,323
Harry S. Truman Library National Archives and Records Service, GSA

Michael Rodak, Jr., Clerk, $34,000
Supreme Court of the United States

Henry Putzel, Jr., Reporter of Decisions, $31,000
Supreme Court of the United States

Raymar Bobber, Director of Chaplain Service, $29,589
Veterans Administration

Mrs. Helen R. Cahill, Chief Dietician, $29,589
Veterans' Administration

Michael M. Ullman, Legislative Assistant to Sen. James Buckley $28,748

Gene Goss, Administrative Assistant to Rep. Wilbur D. Mills $28,656

Electra C. Wheatley, Administrative Assistant to Rep. John M. Ashbrook $28,000

Edwin A. Thompson, Director, $25,398
Records Declassification Division, National Archives and Records Service, GSA

Charles M. Firestone, Trial Attorney, $23,858
Federal Communications Commission

Beverly T. Fisher, Executive Secretary to Sen. Frank Moss $22,272

Mildred Leonard, Executive Secretary to Rep. Gerald R. Ford $19,252

Michael J. Duberstein, Legislative Assistant to Rep. Ronald V. Dellums $17,000

Helen C. Young, Chief Telephone Operator, $14,763
U.S. Senate

Mary Ellen McFerran, Caseworker, $14,245
Sen. Jacob Javits

Sandra H. Hays, Secretary, $12,532
Senate Press Gallery

Virginia P. Bobo, Guide, $12,434
Capital Guide Tours

Maryann Benes, Receptionist to President of the Senate $11,137

Abraham L. McPhail, Chief Messenger, $11,12[illegible]
Office of the Secretary of the U.S. Senate

John L. Wallace, Private, $9,842
Senate Police Force

Malcolm S. Brown, Barber, $8,501
Capitol Barber Shop

VACANCIES (as of this writing):

Assistant Secretary of Agriculture for Conservation, Research, and Education $38,000

Assistant Secretary of Housing and Urban Development for Administration $38,000

Assistant Secretary of HUD for Community Planning and Management $38,000

Assistant Secretary of Transportation for Systems Development and Transportation $38,000

Assistant Secretary of Transportation for Environment, Safety, and Consumer Affairs $38,000

General Counsel, HUD $38,000

Commissioner, Bureau of Indian Affairs, Department of the Interior $36,000

Executive Director, Commission to Review National Policy Toward Gambling $36,000

Administrative Officer, HEW $26,898

Personnel Officer, HEW, $26,898

Program Assistant, HEW, $23,088

Data Automation Officer, Department of the Air Force $19,000

Operations Research Analyst, Department of the Air Force $19,000

Writer-Editor, Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs $14,000

Revenue Officer, Internal Revenue Service $11,000-$13,000 (starting)

Transportation Specialist, Interstate Commerce Commission $7,000-$15,000

The list is a little heavy on titled positions, but it does illustrate something very important about government: the legions of employees just below the executive level make almost as much money as the few big chiefs. Henry Kissinger makes only a little more than thousands of program analysts, which is nice in a way. The Civil Service is classified into eighteen status levels, and about half the government jobs occupy the middle region (grades nine through fifteen) with salaries ranging from $11,614 to $30,018. The middle people's salaries make government lucrative; even the Agricultural Research Service pays an average of $14,688.

In keeping with an older tradition, bureaucrats still remain shy and defensive when talking about money, but this may become a thing of the past. Together with eleven million state and local employees, federal workers now comprise more than one worker out of every five in the United States. And no one has ever counted the millions of private contractors and road builders and consultants and ordinary workers who owe their jobs directly to government spending. Perhaps a coalition of those dependent upon the public dollar will one day accomplish what the poor never could: they may vote in a gradual socialism—one based on dignity and college degrees—administered by the Civil Service Commission. □

Taylor Branch is a Washington journalist and a longtime student of the bureaucracy.

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a story by Alice Walker

EVERYDAY USE

A legacy for the child who will live it

I WILL WAIT FOR HER in the yard that Maggie and I made so clean and wavy yesterday afternoon. A yard like this is more comfortable than most people know. It is not just a yard. It is like an extended living room. When the hard clay is swept clean as a floor and the fine sand around the edges lined with tiny, irregular grooves, anyone can come and sit and look up into the elm tree and wait for the breezes that never come inside the house.

Maggie will be nervous until after her sister goes: she will stand hopelessly in corners, homely and ashamed of the burn scars down her arms and legs, eyeing her sister with a mixture of envy and awe. She thinks her sister has held life always in the palm of one hand, that "no" is a word the world never learned to say to her.

You've no doubt seen those TV shows where the child who has "made it" is confronted, as a surprise, by his own mother and father, tottering in weakly from backstage. (A pleasant surprise, of course: what would they do if parent and child came on the show only to curse out and insult each other?) On TV mother and child embrace and smile into each other's faces. Sometimes the mother and father weep, the child wraps them in his arms and leans across the table to tell how he would not have made it without their help. I have seen these programs.

Sometimes I dream a dream in which Dee and I are suddenly brought together on a TV program of this sort. Out of a dark and soft-seated limousine I am ushered into a bright room filled with many people. There I meet a smiling, gray, sporty man like Johnny Carson who shakes my hand and tells me what a fine girl I have. Then we are on the stage and Dee is embracing me with tears in her eyes. She pins on my dress a large orchid, even though she has told me once that she thinks orchids are tacky flowers.

In real life I am a large big-boned woman with rough, man-working hands. In the win I wear flannel nightgowns to bed and over during the day. I can kill and clean a hog mercilessly as a man. My fat keeps me hot zero weather. I can work outside all day, bre ing ice to get water for washing; I can eat p liver cooked over the open fire minutes afte comes steaming from the hog. One winte knocked a bull calf straight in the brain tween the eyes with a sledgehammer and the meat hung up to chill before nightfall. of course all this does not show on televis I am the way my daughter would want m be; a hundred pounds lighter, my skin like uncooked barley pancake. My hair glisten the hot bright lights. Johnny Carson has m to do to keep up with my quick and witty ton

But that is a mistake. I know even be I wake up. Who ever knew a Johnson wi quick tongue? Who can even imagine me l ing a strange white man in the eye? It se to me I have talked to them always with foot raised in flight, with my head turne whichever way is farthest from them. though. She would always look anyone in eye. Hesitation was no part of her nature.

HOW DO I LOOK, MAMA?" Maggie showing just enough of her thin enveloped in pink skirt and red blouse fo to know she's there almost hidden by the

"Come out into the yard," I say.

Have you ever seen a lame animal, per a dog run over by some careless person enough to own a car, sidle up to someone is ignorant enough to be kind to him? Th the way my Maggie walks. She has been this, chin on chest, eyes on ground, fe shuffle, ever since the fire that burned the house to the ground.

Dee is lighter than Maggie, with nicer

Alice Walker was born and raised in Georgia. She is the author of Revolutionary Petunias & Other Poems *and* In Love & Trouble: Stories of Black Women *and* Langston Hughes *(a biography), both to be published soon.*

Benno Friedman

and a fuller figure. She's a woman now, though sometimes I forget. How long ago was it that the other house burned? Ten, twelve years? Sometimes I can still hear the flames and feel Maggie's arms sticking to me, her hair smoking and her dress falling off her in little black papery flakes. Her eyes seemed stretched open, blazed open by the flames reflected in them. And Dee. I see her standing off under the sweetgum tree she used to dig gum out of; a look of concentration on her face as she watched the last dingy gray board of the house fall in toward the red-hot brick chimney. Why don't you do a dance around the ashes? I'd wanted to ask her. She had hated the house that much.

I used to think she hated Maggie too. But that was before we raised the money, the church and me, to send her to Augusta to school. She used to read to us without pity; forcing words, lies, other folks' habits, whole lives upon us two, sitting trapped and ignorant underneath her voice. She washed us in a river of make-believe, burned us with a lot of knowledge we didn't necessarily need to know. Pressed us to her with the serious way she read, to shove us away, like dimwits, at just the moment we seemed about to understand.

Dee wanted nice things. A yellow organdy dress to wear to her graduation from high school; black pumps to match a green suit she'd made from an old suit somebody gave me. She was determined to stare down any disaster in her efforts. Her eyelids would not flicker for minutes at a time. Often I fought off the temptation to shake her. At sixteen she had a style of her own: and knew what style was.

I never had an education myself. After second grade the school was closed down. Don't ask me why: in 1927 colored asked fewer questions than they do now. Sometimes Maggie reads to me. She stumbles along good-naturedly but can't see well. She knows she is not bright. Like good looks and money, quickness passed her by. She will marry John Thomas (who has mossy teeth in an earnest face), and then I'll be free to sit here and I guess just sing church songs to myself. Although I never was a good singer. Never could carry a tune. I was always better at a man's job. I used to love to milk till I was hooked in the side in '49. Cows are soothing and slow and don't bother you, unless you try to milk them the wrong way.

I have deliberately turned my back on the house. It is three rooms, just like the one that burned, except the roof is tin; they don't make shingle roofs anymore. There are no real windows, just some holes cut in the sides, like the portholes in a ship, but not round and not square, with rawhide holding the shutters up on the outside. This house is in a pasture too, like the other one. No doubt when Dee sees it she will want to tear it down. She wrote me once that no matter where we "choose" to live, will manage to come see us. But she will n bring her friends. Maggie and I thought a this and Maggie asked me, "Mama, when Dee ever *have* any friends?"

She had a few. Furtive boys in pink s hanging about on washday after school. Ner girls who never laughed. Impressed with they worshipped the well-turned phrase, the shape, the scalding humor that erupted bubbles in lye. She read to them.

When she was courting Jimmy T she d have much time to pay to us, but turned all fault-finding power on him. He *flew* to m a cheap city girl from a family of igno flashy people. She hardly had time to recom herself.

WHEN SHE COMES I WILL MEET . . . there they are!

Maggie attempts to make a dash for the h in her shuffling way, but I stay her with hand. "Come back here," I say. And she and tries to dig a well in the sand with her

It is hard to see them clearly through strong sun. But even the first glimpse of le of the car tells me it is Dee. Her feet were al neat looking, as if God himself had shaped with a certain style. From the other side c car comes a short, stocky man. Hair is all his head a foot long and hanging from his like a kinky mule tail. I hear Maggie suck i breath. "Uhnnnh," is what it sounds like. when you see the wriggling end of a snak in front of your foot on a road. "Uhnnnh."

Dee, next. A dress down to the ground, i hot weather. A dress so loud it hurts my There are yellows and oranges enough to back the light of the sun. I feel my whole warming from the heat waves it throws Earrings gold too, and hanging down t shoulders. Bracelets dangling and making when she moves her arm up to shake the of the dress out of her armpits. The dr loose and flows, and as she walks closer, I I hear Maggie go "Uhnnnh" again. It sister's hair. It stands straight up like the on a sheep. It is black as night and aroun edges are two long pigtails that rope abou small lizards disappearing behind her ear

"Wa-su-zo-Tean-o!" she says, coming that gliding way the dress makes her move short stocky fellow with the hair to his n all grinning and he follows up with, "Asa akim, my mother and sister!" He moves t Maggie but she falls back, right up again back of my chair. I feel her trembling and when I look up I see the perspiratio ing off her skin.

"Don't get up," says Dee. Since I am it takes something of a push. You can s


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trying to move a second or two before I make it. She turns, showing white heels through her sandals, and goes back to the car. Out she peeks next with a Polaroid. She stoops down quickly and snaps off picture after picture of me sitting there in front of the house with Maggie cowering behind me. She never takes a shot without making sure the house is included. When a cow comes nibbling around the edge of the yard she snaps it and me and Maggie *and* the house. Then she puts the Polaroid on the back seat of the car, and comes up and kisses me on the forehead.

Meanwhile Asalamalakim is going through motions with Maggie's hand. Maggie's hand is as limp as a fish, and probably as cold, despite the sweat, and she keeps trying to pull it back. It looks like Asalamalakim wants to shake hands but wants to do it fancy. Or maybe he don't know how people shake hands. Anyhow, he soon gives up on Maggie.

"Well," I say. "Dee."

"No, Mama," she says. "Not 'Dee.' Wangero Leewanika Kemanjo!"

"What happened to 'Dee'?" I wanted to know.

"She's dead," Wangero said. "I couldn't bear it any longer, being named after the people who oppress me."

"You know well as me you was named after your aunt Dicie," I said. Dicie is my sister. She named Dee. We called her "Big Dee" after Dee was born.

"But who was *she* named after?" asked Wangero.

"I guess after Grandma Dee," I said.

"And who was she named after?" asked Wangero.

"Her mother," I said, and saw Wangero was getting tired. "That's about as far back as I can trace it," I said. Though, in fact, I probably could have carried it back beyond the Civil War through the branches.

"Well," said Asalamalakim, "there you are."

"Uhnnnh," I heard Maggie say.

"There I was not," I said, "before 'Dicie' cropped up in our family, so why should I try to trace it that far back?"

He just stood there grinning, looking down on me like somebody inspecting a Model A car. Every once in a while he and Wangero sent eye signals over my head.

"How do you pronounce this name?" I asked.

"You don't have to call me by it if you don't want to," said Wangero.

"Why shouldn't I?" I asked. "If that's what you want us to call you, we'll call you."

"I know it might sound awkward at first," said Wangero.

"I'll get used to it," I said. "Ream it out again."

Well, soon we got the name out of the way. Asalamalakim had a name twice as long and three times as hard. After I tripped over it or three times he told me to just call him Hak a-barber. I wanted to ask him was he a bar but I didn't really think he was, so I didn't

"You must belong to those beef cattle peo down the road," I said. They said "Asala akim" when they met you too, but they di shake hands. Always too busy: feeding the tle, fixing the fences, putting up salt-lick shel throwing down hay. When the white folks soned some of the herd, the men stayed u night with rifles in their hands. I walked a and a half just to see the sight.

Hakim-a-barber said, "I accept some of t doctrines, but farming and raising cattle is my style." They didn't tell me, and I didn't whether Wangero (Dee) had really gone married him.

We sat down to eat and right away he he didn't eat collards and pork was unc Wangero, though, went on through the chi and corn bread, the greens and everything She talked a blue streak over the sweet pota Everything delighted her. Even the fact we still used the benches her daddy mad the table when we couldn't afford to buy ch

"Oh, Mama!" she cried. Then turne Hakim-a-barber. "I never knew how lovely benches are. You can feel the rump prints," said, running her hands underneath her along the bench. Then she gave a sigh an hand closed over Grandma Dee's butter "That's it!" she said. "I knew there was s thing I wanted to ask you if I could have." jumped up from the table and went over i corner where the churn stood, the milk elabber by now. She looked at the churn looked at it.

"This churn top is what I need," she "Didn't Uncle Buddy whittle it out of a you all used to have?"

"Yes," I said.

"Uh huh," she said happily. "And I wa dasher too."

"Uncle Buddy whittle that too?" aske barber.

Dee (Wangero) looked up at me.

"Aunt Dee's first husband whittled the said Maggie so low you almost couldn't her. "His name was Henry, but they calle Stash."

"Maggie's brain is like an elephant's," gero said, laughing. "I can use the chur as a centerpiece for the alcove table," she sliding a plate over the churn, "and I'll of something artistic to do with the dasher."

When she finished wrapping the dash handle stuck out. I took it for a moment hands. You didn't even have to look cl see where hands pushing the dasher u down to make butter had left a kind of s the wood. In fact, there were a lot of



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Take a second to buckle up. It could save a lifetime.

you could see where thumbs and fingers
nk into the wood. It was beautiful light
wood, from a tree that grew in the yard
Big Dee and Stash had lived.
r dinner Dee (Wangero) went to the
it the foot of my bed and started rifling
ı it. Maggie hung back in the kitchen
e dishpan. Out came Wangero with two
They had been pieced by Grandma Dee,
en Big Dee and me had hung them on
lt frames on the front porch and quilted
One was in the Lone Star pattern. The
as Walk Around the Mountain. In both
n were scraps of dresses Grandma Dee
rn fifty and more years ago. Bits and
of Grandpa Jarrell's paisley shirts. And
ny faded blue piece, about the size of a
matchbox, that was from Great Grandpa
uniform that he wore in the Civil War.
ma," Wangero said sweet as a bird. "Can
these old quilts?"
ırd something fall in the kitchen, and a
later the kitchen door slammed.
y don't you take one or two of the others?"
. "These old things was just done by me
g Dee from some tops your grandma
before she died."
" said Wangero. "I don't want those.
re stitched around the borders by ma-

ıt'll make them last better," I said.
ıt's not the point," said Wangero. "These
pieces of dresses Grandma used to wear.
l all this stitching by hand. Imagine!"
d the quilts securely in her arms, strok-
m.
ıe of the pieces, like those lavender ones,
om old clothes her mother handed down
" I said, moving up to touch the quilts.
Vangero) moved back just enough so
couldn't reach the quilts. They already
d to her.
gine!" she breathed again, clutching
osely to her bosom.
truth is," I said, "I promised to give
uilts to Maggie, for when she marries
nomas."
gasped, like a bee had stung her.
ggie can't appreciate these quilts!" she
She'd probably be backward enough to
n to everyday use."
ckon she would," I said. "God knows I
ving'em for long enough with nobody
m. I hope she will!" I didn't want to
p how I had offered Dee (Wangero) a
ıen she went away to college. Then she
d me they were old-fashioned, out of

they're *priceless*!" she was saying now,
y; for she has a temper. "Maggie would
n on the bed and in five years they'd be
Less than that!"

"She can always make some more," I said. "Maggie knows how to quilt."

Dee (Wangero) looked at me with hatred. "You just will not understand. The point is these quilts, *these* quilts!"

"Well," I said, stumped, "what would *you* do with them?"

"Hang them," she said. As if that was the only thing you *could* do with quilts.

MAGGIE, BY NOW, WAS STANDING in the door. I could almost hear the sound her feet made as they scraped over each other.

"She can have them, Mama," she said, like somebody used to never winning anything, of having anything reserved for her. "I can 'member Grandma Dee without the quilts."

I looked at her hard. She had filled her bottom lip with checkerberry snuff, and it gave her face a kind of dopey, hangdog look. It was Grandma Dee and Big Dee who taught her how to quilt herself. She stood there with her scarred hands hidden in the folds of her skirt. She looked at her sister with something like fear, but she wasn't mad at her. This was Maggie's portion. This was the way she knew God to work.

When I looked at her like that something hit me in the top of my head and ran down to the soles of my feet. Just like when I'm in church and the spirit of God touches me and I get happy and shout. I did something I never had done before: hugged Maggie to me, then dragged her on into the room, snatched the quilts out of Miss Wangero's hands and dumped them into Maggie's lap. Maggie just sat there on my bed with her mouth open.

"Take one or two of the others," I said to Dee.

But she turned without a word and went out to Hakim-a-barber.

"YOU JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND," she said, as Maggie and I came out to the ear.

"What don't I understand?" I wanted to know.

"Your heritage," she said. And then she turned to Maggie, kissed her, and said, "You ought to try to make something of yourself too, Maggie. It's really a new day for us. But from the way you and Mama still live you'd never know it."

She put on some sunglasses that hid everything above the tip of her nose and her chin.

Maggie smiled; maybe at the sunglasses. But a real smile, not scared. After we watched the car dust settle I asked Maggie to bring me a dip of snuff. And then the two of us sat there just enjoying, until it was time to go in the house and go to bed. □

VERSE

by John Hollander

COHEN ON THE TELEPHONE

Hello? Something wrong again? O hell!
—Rather darkness audible, abuzz
With nasty wings small enough to whirr
Electrically in a forest
Of noises through which no darkling bird
Squawks its response to darkness, or shrills
Its orisons toward the edge of light.
No lost or dropped angels wander here:
The ghosts of noise are only of noise.

Telephones? Well, a sage said, *they can*
Teach that what we say Here is heard There.
But, grinding away at homely bells,
We can no longer talk to Central:
The Exchanges are unmanned: the poles
Are blown down: your three minutes are up.

Instruments? They are deaf: yea, the sweet
Harp of the psalmist could never hear
Its own early arpeggios rising.
The distant ringing is not the sound
Of another's bell reduced to dry
Gasps: it is produced against your ear.
It is not Levi on the Muzak,
Fiddling tonelessly with the bright dials.
It is Ben Cole, the son of your voice,
Questioning along the deep cables,
Sad and nasal even in his yeas.

And once connected to chaos, then
What engulfs you is the babbling of
The multitude of your descendants
Who clamor for a hearing now, not
Then, begetting echoes of themselves
Even as they swarm in the light wind
That blows among jungles of wiring:
Come, come they sang, but *Abbadabba*
Now they sing: until, as if you heard
The planet's end, they are clicked away.
No dial-tone, like a patient front door
May yet open on fields of people.
Bright fields. There is no waiting for dark.
Nor will the long silence break with light.
But from near, from far, unechoing
In the black sea shell you, landsman, hold
Close against your ear, it comes, it comes:

The next voice you hear will be your own.

EINE KLEINE NACHTMUSIK

It is when he can barely hear
His own windy shibboleth in
The quibbles of the pillowcase,
The hoarse echo in the cave mouth—
Weighing a weight of fire, or
Measuring a measure of wind—
A roar flickers within. Outside,
The uncomfortable night of
Nothing: the nothing that breath is.
The word of hushed designatum
Insisted endlessly upon
As if one waved at Doctors of
Air, again and again, an ear
Of corn, or drew the hieroglyph
For *stream in flood* as a comma
In a list of necessaries,
And then again and then again.
Doctrinaire of huffa-puffa,
Madman of the emptied shell whose
Creature of meaning dried and died,
He scoops up wind in it, rushing
Out with wordfuls of dead echo
Into the sucking breathlessness,
The wind not pausing to listen.



OFFICER'S QUARTERS

This room is lit by winter
And this stove, giving heat and keeping what light it has within it,
Is yet doing an act of light, even to the corner of the room
Where Captain Consciousness sits at the bare table, writing by the light
of his own hand
Outside in the northern sky, above the frozen canal, dark specks of duck
Undiscernible as bird, but flying away:
Inside, the bright images and hard-edged, in the warmth, the radiance.

THE ZIZ

What is the Ziz?
It is not quite
Written how at the Beginning,
Along with the Behemoth of
Earth and the deep Leviathan,
A third was set forth—as if air
Could share a viceroy with fire,
A third only: This is the Ziz.

ıe Rabbi
ıila then
asked:
Can we thrall him and his entailed
Space in our glance? And can we cast
A look wide enough to draw up
A glimpse of fluttering over
The chimney-stacks, of flashing in
Huge fir-boughs, or among high crags
Sinking at dusk? How could we have
Lime or twigs or patience enough
To snare the Ziz? The Phoenix lives
Blessedly in belts of hidden
Fire, guarding us from the hurt of
Light beyond sunlight: but where is
The Ziz? A gleaming, transparent
Class, kingdom of all the winged?
Pre-existing its instances,
It covers them, it covers us
With no shadow that we can see:
But the dark of its wings tinges
What flutters in the shadows' heart.

Even more,
Rabbi Jonah
said:
In their last whispered syllables
The muffled whatziz, the shrouded
Whooziz (trailing a sorrowful
Feather from beneath its cloak) tell
False tales of the Ziz: his is not
Theirs, nor he their wintry answer.
—Nor should we desire August light,
Showing a prematurely full
Sight of the Ziz entire, lest we
See and see and see our eyes out:
No: Praised be the cool, textual
Hearsay by which we beware the
Unvarying stare of the Ziz
In whose gaze curiosity
Rusts, and all quests are suspended.

At which
Ben-Tarnegol
recalled:
One day at the end of days, the
General Grand Collation will
Feature the deliciously
Prepared Ziz, fragrant far beyond
Spiciness, dazzling far beyond
The poor, blind sweetness of our meals;
Faster than feasting, eternal
Past the range of our enoughness:
So, promised in time, the future
Repast; but now, only vastness
We are blind to, a birdhood
To cover the head of the sky.

John Hollander's books of poetry include A Crackling of Thorns, Movie-Going and Other Poems, Visions from the Ramble, Types of Shape, The Night Mirror, *and* Town & Country Matters.

Robert Jay Lifton

THE STRUGGLE FOR CULTURAL REBIRTH

Innovations in life-styles presage a massive reformation of our cultural symbolism

IN TIMES OF relative equilibrium, the symbols and institutions of a society provide comforting guidelines, a prescribed life cycle, for our internal experience as well as our external behavior. But in times of severe historical dislocation, these institutions and symbols—whether having to do with worship, work, learning, punishment, or pleasure—lose their power and psychological legitimacy. We still live in them, but they no longer live in us. Or rather we live a half-life with one another.

The quest for images and symbols in new combination, for what might be called communal resymbolization, is precarious and threatening—so much so that it can itself be viewed as the cause for the cultural breakdown everyone senses.

Whether we acknowledge it or not, feelings of disintegration and loss permeate contemporary life. Consider, for instance, the widespread inclination to name and interpret man in our present situation not in terms of what he might actually be but rather in terms of what he has *been*, that is, what he has survived. We speak of man as post-modern, post-industrial, post-historic, post-identity, post-economic, post-materialist, post-technocratic, and so forth. There are pitfalls in this way of naming the present (or the future) after what no longer is (or will be), but the terms have an authentic source in the sense of survivorship, present or anticipated, that so pervades our deepest image of ourselves.

In other writings I have emphasized the importance of holocaust in our symbolic vocabulary—of the recent past (Nazi death camps, Hiroshima and Nagasaki), the present (Vietnam), and the future (imagery of ultimate destruction by nuclear weapons, environmental pollution, or other means). Now we see the imagery of holocaust coming together with the experience of post-modern cultural breakdown: our loss of faith not so much in this symbol or that but in the entire intricate web of images, rituals, institutions, and material objects that make up any culture. The urgency of contemporary innovation stems from this sense of survival and loss at the most profound experiential level. I keep thinking of a (more or less) rhetorical question put to me recently by a thoughtful student: "Are four thousand years of human experience merely adding up to the capacity to repair a deficiency in a space ship several billion light-years from home?"

IN RECENT YEARS we have witnessed the emergence of a "Protean" psychological style, a flux and flow of the self, or self-process, to what the young call "goin' through the changes" in an interminable series of experiments and explorations of varying depth, each of which may be readily abandoned in favor of still another psychological quest. The Protean style is that of a survivor of the kinds of technological and cultural holocausts, real and anticipated, that swirl around us.

The Protean process is a product of a convergence of history and evolution. The two have always intertwined: Darwin's message was that man emerged from other species in a historical process; and there has been no lack of evolutionary interpretations of history. But we tend to view evolution as prehistorical, and history as post-evolutionary. The separation has been based upon our assumption of radically different time scales in their impact upon man: during a historical unit of a decade or century, man has rarely changed in a fundamental way—and an evolutionary unit of a millennium or more was required for that to be accomplished. But our present revolutionary technology and unprecedented historical velocity cast doubt upon that distinction. We sense, uneasily, our capacity to eliminate man in evolution no less than in history, and short of that to alter man—whether genetically, or through organ exchange, or drug influence—as never before.

Like so many of our boundaries, that between history and evolution is obscured rather than eradicated. As history and evolution converge, innovators embrace our new access (made possible by technology) to all forms ever known in human culture. Poised at a confusing and exhilarating psychic brink, ready to plunge or drift ahead in an unknowable process devoid of clear destination, man suddenly finds, swirling within him, the total array of images created over the full course of his historical and evolutionary past. These images become an elusive form of psychic nutriment, to be ingested, metabolized, excreted, and, above all, built upon and combined in a process of organic growth.

Robert Jay Lifton is a professor of psychiatry at Yale. Among his books are Death in Life: Survivors of Hiroshima *and* Home from the War: Vietnam Veterans—Neither Victims nor Executioners *(to be published this May).*

d Sennett has observed that when a
s parts wear down, the machine can-
ate. "But," Sennett continues, "the es-
human development is that *growth*
nen old routines break down, when old
no longer enough for the needs of the
nism. This same kind of change, in a
nere, creates the phenomenon of history
ire." Death and loss can occasion pro-
search, re-creation, and renewal. But
transformation to occur, the relation-
nan to machine and of man to work
altered in the direction of organic

s Lewis Mumford's principle of transi-
n mechanism to organism. But some-
ore is involved as well: social arrange-
at permit and encourage technology to
part of a larger principle of imaginative
lence.

Modes of symbolic immortality

WHERE, MEN AND WOMEN band to-
er to confront the pervasive sense of
leadness" emanating from holocaust,
d change, large techno-bureaucracy,
e all the image of the machine. They
forms of connection, movement, and
around which to build new commu-
living and working. One way to probe
he fundamental dimensions of this pro-
ommunal resymbolization is to view it
framework of shifting modes of sym-
nortality.

olic immortality is an expression of
ed for an inner sense of continuity with
gone on before and what will go on
own limited biological existence. The
immortality is thus more than mere
death, and grows out of compelling,
ncing imagery of one's involvement in
rical process. This sense of immortality
expressed *biologically*, by living on
one's sons and daughters and their
daughters, extending out into social
ns (of tribe, organization, people, na-
ven species); *theologically*, in the idea
after death or of other forms of spiri-
quest of death: *creatively*, through
and influences persisting beyond bio-
eath: *naturally*, through identification
ire, with its infinite extension into time
e: or *transcendentally*, through a feel-
so intense that time and death dis-

ical change itself can be understood in
shifts in these modes, or in combina-
these modes. Darwinism, for instance,
e latter part of the nineteenth century,
he center of a shift (always gradual and partial) from the theological to the biological and natural modes. Or the Chinese Revolution of the twentieth century can be understood as a shift from the biological mode (the socio-religious principles of family continuity and filial piety) to a form of "revolutionary immortality" that embodies aspects of all the modes. I believe that the significance of contemporary social experiments can best be grasped within this larger quest not just for change but for a change in enduring connectedness and commitment, in relationship to contemporary paths to immortality.

The biological-biosocial mode is at issue in the new kinds of families and family-like structures now taking shape. A wide variety of experimental communal arrangements press toward new forms of biosocial continuity—toward new "tribes," a new "people," or at least new forms of community. These groups (sometimes but not always called communes) concern themselves with root psychobiological matters—organic food, greater sexual freedom, collective child-rearing, and spontaneity of mental and physical expression.

Observe the altered definitions of manhood and womanhood taking shape not only in such experimental enclaves but throughout much of society. Within a single generation we have seen the virtually exclusive American male ideal of the tough (even brutal), tight-lipped, fists-ready, physically powerful, hard, anti-artistic, no-nonsense, highly competitive sexual conqueror give way to the gentle, open, noncombative, physically unimpressive, soft, aesthetic-minded, indirect and associative, noncompetitive, sexually casual self-explorer—with a variety of types in between. Similarly, the feminine ideal of the soft, compliant, self-sacrificing, family-oriented helpmate has given way to that of the aggressive, physically and psychically strong, self-expanding, liberation-oriented feminist. Much of the original hippie and Women's Liberation movements can be understood as explorations in broadened definitions of sex roles, so that one can be soft and tentative while still manly, hard and assertive while still womanly. This kind of experiment on the part of any of these groups must inevitably include excesses and absurdities. But in reaching for both the center and periphery of maleness and femaleness there is a groping toward fundamental alteration of the biosocial mode of immortality.

There is, in other words, a biological base to Protean experimentation. And the theme of community—of quest for biosocial continuity—becomes fundamental to all contemporary transformation. The struggle for "community control" is often a struggle for community formation. It is an effort to reassert authority over the most fundamental aspects of life, to combine autonomy with lasting human connection.

"Symbolic immortality is an expression of man's need for an inner sense of continuity with what has gone on before and what will go on after his own limited biological existence."

Robert Jay Lifton

THE STRUGGLE FOR CULTURAL REBIRTH

PROTEAN EFFORTS AT TRANSFORMATION are very active in the theological—or, more accurately, religious or spiritual—mode, as is evident in experiments with both social-activist and experiential-meditative forms of Christianity and Judaism, as well as with Buddhist, Hindu, and other Eastern religions. One can also point to revived interest in various premodern religious-like rituals and superstitions—Eastern and Western astrological charts, the Chinese Book of Changes (*I Ching*), and tarot cards and other forms of fortune-telling.

Most commentary emphasizes the antirational nature of this embrace of seemingly primitive



spirituality, which can indeed be present, cially for those who develop a preoccup with charts and cards or feelings and vibes excludes ideas, growth, and change. More acteristic, I believe, are the people who forays in and out of these varied spiritual natives, as experiments in both knowing feeling, in which one absorbs a fragment an image there, and maintains a sense of that is more consistent (more "stable") tha involvement with any one of them.

John S. Dunne, the distinguished Cat theologian, posits as the new religion of time "a phenomenon we might call 'pa over' . . . a going over to the standpoint c other culture, another way of life, another gion . . . followed by an equal and opposite cess we might call 'coming back,' coming with new insight to one's own culture, own way of life, one's own religion." The cess, and the new religion itself, are epito not by Jesus or any other founder of a religion but by Gandhi, who followed s trajectory from Hinduism to Christianity to some extent to Islam) and then ba Hinduism. But even Gandhi, in the very fo his faith, has a certain nostalgic ring f Could it be that the holy man of our tim only just begun to invent himself, that h not merely "pass over" and "come bac that relatively orderly sequence but will in a sustained, repeated, perhaps even e process, in which spiritual depth no long pends upon exclusive doctrine of any kin realization combines "the principle of p nence" with that of continuing open searc

Whatever form our next prophet may we can be certain that we will be witn great waves of religious feeling. For wh call religion directs itself, at least at its b precisely the kinds of altered relationsh death and the continuity of life that occu ing any historical turning point. But les temporary priests misunderstand the st within their churches and temples (an much stronger religious expressions outs them), this kind of renewed religious f presses not toward the stability of den tions and orders but toward their overthro toward orderly worship within existing so rangements but toward forms of worsh celebration and immortalization—that s the numbing pseudoritual of "normal rel in favor of newly immortalizing visions.

THE THIRD MODE of symbolic immo that of immortality via man's wor been a crucial area of social preoccupati volved here is the disorganized but po critique now under way of all major socia tutions: those within which one learns,

dged, or punished, and, above all, finds
ice. In the fundamental questions now
ised about universities and schools,
and judicial arrangements, intellectual
es and professional practices, there is a
overriding theme: the quest for signifi-
k experience, both in immediate in-
t and in a sense of the work's contri-
the continuing human enterprise. For
call work is a uniquely important
between self-process and social vision.
for the first time in history very large
of men and women are beginning to
harmony and meaning at that boun-
demand a reasonable equation between
l "works."

undamental relationship between work
olic immortality is typified in the pas-
the "work commune" movement—the
of small communities that permit pool-
ofessional, political, and psychobiologi-
riments. In these and such related
radical institutes and radical caucuses
professional disciplines, there is not
owerful transformative element but a
tive one as well: a determination to
and thereby preserve a particular social
ctual tradition—rather than dismiss or
—in a spirit critical both of the tradi-
f and of its conventional applications.
isk of resymbolization, traditionally the
of great innovators, has now become
g close to a mass experience. Large
of people, in one way or another, move
el Berrigan's phrase) "toward the edge"
profession or craft, not necessarily be-
y originally plan to but because their
evokes altered relationships and judg-
nvolving the lost ethical and hyper-
technical components of work and pro-
he separation of work and life, and the
f the society and culture in and for
ie works. All this is part of a largely
yet profound quest for newly immor-
ombinations of human influence. We
ect that the structures and institutions
rge will have to build into their own
tradition the expectation of the unex-
he capacity to engender a stability in
um with periodic transformation—
ay, indeed, be the only form of true
possible.

ATURAL MODE of immortality has obvi-
relationship to ecological passions and
al fears about destruction of the envi-
, fears all too appropriate. But there is
nore positive impulse toward nature
any innovators, as exemplified by the
mmune movement. Many have ridiculed
ement and have looked upon it as noth-
ing more than a pathetic form of pastoral ro-
manticism, a regression to a discredited myth
that is particularly misdirected in our present
urban-technological society. There is no doubt
that many of these communal efforts *have* been
romantically envisioned and poorly planned.
Moreover there is pathos and error in the claim,
occasionally made, that they are *the* answer to
our urban-technological dilemmas. But what is
often missed in these exchanges is the psycho-
logical significance of reclaiming a relationship
to nature as part of a more general psychic
renewal. When young Americans create a rural
commune in New Mexico or New Hampshire,

"One way of defining adulthood is as a state of maximum absorption in everyday tasks subsumed to transcendent cultural principles..."



Martim Avillez

they approach nature with contemporary sensibilities. They seek to bring nature back into a meaningful cosmology, back into the human imagination. They embrace nature in an experiment with the self. The ramifications of that experiment may yet make their way into the most urban minds.

THE FINAL MODE, that of experiential transcendence, differs from the others in being a psychic state per se. It includes various forms of ecstasy and rapture associated with the Dionysian principle of excess, and with the mystical sense of oneness with the universe Freud referred to as the "oceanic feeling." Mystics speak of a state of awareness where, totally unencumbered by any particular idea or image, one is able to perceive the entirety of the larger universe and of one's own being within it.

This is the "high" one can get from drugs or from various forms of intense encounter; the "trip"; the state of being "stoned." The terms are interesting. "High" implies elevation of psychic state in the direction of transcendence. "Trip" implies being in motion but something briefer and more temporary than, say, a "journey," and having the implicit suggestion of return. "Stoned" implies an absolute intensity (the smoothness, hardness, solidity, and finality of stone), in this case intensity of feeling, ecstasy—but also the numbness, insensitivity, or deadness of a stone (stone blind, stone deaf, stone dumb, stone cold, stone dead). The duality may be appropriate: one undergoes a "small death" (of more or less ordinary feeling) in order to open oneself up to a "new life" (to feeling on a different plane of intensity), to a sense of transcendence. One becomes impervious to the prosaic idea of mortality and feels oneself so exquisitely attuned to—indeed merged with—the universe as a whole that the issue of life versns death is no longer of consequence. Should the process fail, whether because of depending too much upon the technology of becoming "stoned" (the drugs themselves) or for other reasons, one is left in a state of perpetual numbing (stone dumb, stone cold, etc.).

In a wide variety of experiments—sexual, political, aesthetic—there is a powerful insistence upon making the quality of "awareness" or transcendence basic to the act. Indeed, there is a very real sense in which experiential transcendence is the key, the baseline, for the other four modes. That is, one requires some form of ecstasy and oneness—whether all-consnming or of a more gentle variety—in order to experience oneself as living on in one's children, works, spirituality, or relationship to nature. And that level of experience is also required for the inner psychological reordering necessary to individual transformation.

Transformation as re-cre

TRANSFORMATION IS ACHIEVED only by ing a mythic or formative zone, very c what Mircea Eliade speaks of as "the z the sacred, the zone of absolute reality the seeker, it is "the road to the self, th to the 'center' of his being." The princ one of *psychic action*, by which I mean tl uine inner contact leading to confrontati ordering, and renewal. As Eliade expre reference to ancient rituals surrounding t year, one experiences "the presence dead," the ceremonial depiction of "a and a 'resurrection,' a 'new birth,' a 'new and the overall principle that "life can restored but only re-created." This, too, principle of genuine Protean transformat

Consider just a few of the psychologi ficulties of individual and social transfor For those moving into adulthood, the r and instability of the contemporary situ such that there can be few "formative f available for them to emulate. Those exist are likely to be approached with a ambivalence or equally tenuous romant

Apart from models or leaders, there a few existing social institutions within wh damental transformations can be expl developed. The result is a form of floatin sion that is in turn related to profound ties in connecting innovation with a s actuality. The innovator is thus likely tuate between extreme self-doubt and ingly opposite but psychologically rela righteous moralism that claims domini truth. Issues of betrayal and self-betra front him at every point: his effort to i "betrays" his family and his past; his f take a particular leap or his tendency t associated with existing society "betr new associates in innovation. More g he experiences what I have called the social breakdown, the self-condemnatio man without anything to be loyal to.

Most of all the Protean experiment call forth dark areas of the psyche, imagery of destruction and suffering a ening to himself as to society. Thes sources" both reflect his dislocation a gize his renewal. While the ordinary erects protective devices to avoid co them, the innovator moves toward them that his innovation depends upon th today that confrontation must take pla the precarious diversity of the Protean No wonder young innovators ask the as one did of me: "In order to make r do you have to destroy yourself?"

To grasp some of the complex rel between would-be innovators and thei

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one must consider the theme of the "underground." One thinks of underground movements, especially in the political realm, as those relegated to a secret, invisible place by their very illegitimacy—by their unacceptability to those in control of society. For some groups such a definition undoubtedly still holds. But in broader present usage the theme of the underground may have greater importance as a psychic and social realm sought out by innovators in order to experiment with the work of transformation. Hence the word becomes almost interchangeable with "free" or "alternative"—and we have the underground church, the underground press, underground films, free or alternative schools, the free university, etc.

One should not be misled by the short life of most underground institutions or their confused and precarious relationship to, and frequent absorption by, the "overground" of proper society. We will continue to need underground themes in our society—imagery of a subterranean realm of both exquisite mysteries and terrible demons—a realm signifying the unconscious mind in Freud's sense and a land of death and continuous life in the paradigm I am suggesting. However often our social critics announce the death of the avant-garde, the counterculture, or the underground, we can expect continuous psychic experimentation in that realm, with individuals and groups periodically emerging from it renewed by insight and vision with which to confront the formative zone of the larger society.

The ultimate task of transformation is the recreation of the adult self. In significant degree, an adult is one who has ceased to play and begun to work. Of course adults play too, but their play tends to be in the service of maintaining the social order, as opposed to the spontaneous subversiveness of the play of children. Adult work is the work of culture: everyday tasks are conducted under the guiding principles of the culture's assumptions about transcendence and are subservient to the prevailing modes of immortality. Each steel girder installed, each mile driven in a taxi, each product order typed and approved contributes to a culture's collective effort to cope with individual mortality through lasting enterprises, structures, and sequences. Adult work is always tied in with a larger spiritual principle—whether that principle is the Protestant ethic, the deification of capital, or the revolutionary vision. Indeed, one way of defining adulthood is as a state of maximum absorption in everyday tasks subsumed to transcendent cultural principles, permitting minimal awareness of the threat of individual death. This is in contrast to both old age and youth: in old age one is impinged upon by the imminence of death and becomes preoccupied with immediate evidence of continuity and integrity, while in youth one requires more intense and direct modes of transcendence rather than the indirect workaday kind.

Therefore when many of the young ar cused of refusing to grow up and become a there is a sense in which the accusation is —and, indeed, must be true for innovators ing any period of radical dislocation and ch What they reject is the existing version of existence—their sense of adulthood as a lo in, desensitized state; one of unquestione sumptions about work and productivity, f and other human relationships; and of nonviable, half-religious images about life, and "ultimate meaning."

Contemporary innovators are clear abou quest for a form of adulthood with more p it. Play and playfulness are central—fo kind of adulthood sought, and for the p of change itself on the way to that state. innovators have always been able to play in many cases, have come to their innov via elaborate and disciplined forms of While this play is in some ways more c teristic of the child than of the average it is nonetheless the play of adults, playf seasoned by form and accessible to insigh innovator has always lived in exquisite e rium between his refusal to be an adult a narily defined and his burdensome assu of responsibility for a large segment o action and imagination. We sense now a d that all, whatever their innovative talents in this playfulness and Proteanism until hood" either disappears entirely or is re and transformed.

ULTIMATELY, genuine transformation re that we "experience" our annihilat order to prevent it, that we confront an ceptualize both our immediate crises a long-range possibilities for renewal. Campbell reminds us: ". . . the idea of and rebirth . . . is an extremely ancient the history of culture," frequently in th of "a shock treatment for no longer personality structure." In our present environment the principle still holds: *ev nificant step in human existence involve inner sense of death.* As Francis Huxl the matter, "Where there is anxiety—a is in every human culture—the imagin called upon to destroy it by an act of rec tion." Destruction and reconstruction and rebirth in the quest for immortaliz nectedness—is at the center of man's of culture. From this process alone can gently needed transformation of our own ensue. Heinrich Böll tells us that "an a ways carries death within him like a goo his breviary." The priest, the artist, the being within us requires that we do no

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ard Schickel

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From Nowhere: Television he News, by Edward Jay Ep- Random House, $7.95.

. EPSTEIN'S BOOK is gracelessly written, repetitive, and no serious attempt to "solve" oblem it explicates—the shodiality of the news coverage l us every night by the coml television networks. It is also st book ever written about any of television, entirely free of deological bias, journalistic or ate self-righteousness—a cool e of facts applied to what has e an absurdly feverish area of versy. One hopes—not very ently—that it will introduce ommon sense into a rapidly deting discussion, simultaneously ning the Nixon Administratheory of a media conspiracy d at it and the defensive preis of network newsmen that re the electronic inheritors of t journalistic tradition.

Epstein's basic method was imple and arduous. He did, of , interview the executives, men ave every possible reason to e best face on network newsing operations. But he also apto them for permission to obthese operations on a day-toasis, interviewing not only the n but the working stiffs—camn, film editors, deskmen—as they went about their business. ABC and CBS let him do his interviews but refused to let him watch their people at work. NBC, in an excess of hubris, allowed him free run of its corridors. The result is a total devastation of NBC's delusion as well as an ample verification of its competitors' fears, since Mr. Epstein was able to learn enough about them to persuade us that there is no substantial difference in the ways they conduct themselves.

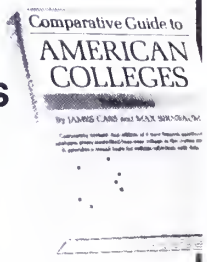
What Mr. Epstein learned is something we all should have guessed. As his title nicely suggests, what we see on the regularly scheduled newscasts (his treatment of documentaries is slight) bears only a tangential relation to truly newsworthy events of the day. For the content of the shows is dictated less by a sober editorial evaluation of those events than by a set of Standard Operating Procedures that have grown up through the years to cheaply and efficiently fill the allotted time. The producers serve these procedures, not the news, not the audience, and certainly not such political biases as they may have.

The SOP, in turn, is dictated by the interrelation of technology and economics—"nowhere" things. For example, national news programs are

Richard Schickel, Life's movie critic up to the end, is currently writing, producing, and directing a series of eight shows—for public broadcasting—about outstanding American film directors.

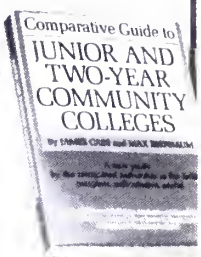
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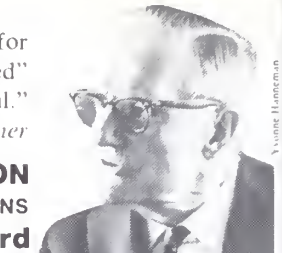
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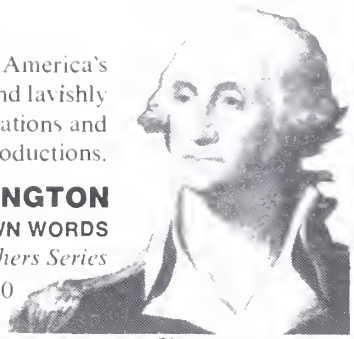


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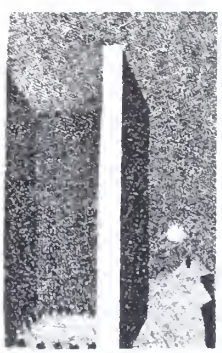


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broadcast from New York, and newsrooms there are permane hooked up to only a few major c such as Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles. This means that is news to the newscasters is o dictated by its point of origin r er than its merits as a story. S all three evening news shows, t together, will do a fair job of jus ing their most modest claim to ou tention, providing a headline ser To test this claim for yourself, ever, would be rather expen since it requires three sets goin multaneously, and only a net executive could be expected to ford, or tolerate, that.

Broadening the area of origi the news—by renting telephone or transmitting via satellite—is sible, of course. But these are pensive to obtain, and it would t hell of a story to make a prod avail himself of this technology he operates on a tight budget and profitability of his program dep on his being able to stay with Nor can he tack the big story the end of his program. The te sion producer's dimension is not space, and he has only thirty utes of that, less commercials credits. He's locked in tight and not, obviously, slop over into the program on the schedule.

More interesting is the fact there is no incentive to try to clo the competition with a scoop exclusive, for Mr. Epstein tel that the ratings of the network shows are determined less by they do than by what has been before they go on the air. Thus has taken a beating in the Nie chiefly because of the weakne some of the local news program lead into the network show owned and operated stations. In some of the people Mr. E talked to are convinced that th afternoon schedule of old m cartoons, and reruns, aimed prir at housewives and kids home school, has at least as much on the ratings of the evening shows as anything John Chan does or doesn't do, the reluctan Americans to switch their ch selectors being one of the al mysteries of media sociology.

So the networks make do a they can. Distant corresponden advised to develop relatively ti stories, material that will hold

the length of time needed to
sively airfreight the film, pref-
or a week or more. Back-
rs, features—these are the

CONOMICS ARE NOT the net-
ks' only limitation. The raw
of television news is film,
has certain inherent impera-
mmed up in the old Holly-
ché that movies are supposed
. Thus the field correspon-
d producers understand that
ope to get their stuff on the
had better get some action
A few years ago I emerged
uilding on Sixth Avenue to
mmed with youths gathered
hard time to poor old Dean
ho was addressing a banquet
ew York Hilton, three blocks
hey were quiet and orderly,
most part, but every time a
eraman turned his lights on
nt of the mob and started to
way, they would break into
that didn't stop until he
He was, this humble crafts-
self-fulfilling prophet. Multi-
a few thousand times and
some idea of why the Sixties
more riotous on television
y probably were in fact.
miliar phenomenon. you
ay. But there's more. Mr.
tells us that at any given
a considerable number of
ndents are likely to be out
with their New York pro-
so even if they have good
eir chances of getting on the
slimmer than those of the
ces currently beguiling the
es. Similarly, it turns out
e public figures are more
an others, at least as far as
news is concerned. Being a
sman or Senator is no guar-
at you'll get much national
sure, certainly not as much
self-appointed "radical" or
ative" who is forever being
o "balance" the mildly con-
l views of some similarly
inted crusader representing
ite viewpoint. As an elected
you can have the best and
ful ideas in the world and
t them before the television
ithout making yourself truly
as the TV newsmen under-
e term—that is, by becom-
ast chairman of an impor-

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tant Congressional committee or declaring yourself Presidential timber.

The rationale for regularly scheduled network news is that the FCC, when it grants a license to a local station, tells it that it must supply its listeners with a certain amount of national news. Obviously, the stations lack the resources to do so and thus turn to the networks to fulfill this function for them. But, as indicated earlier, it is economically unfeasible for the networks to provide truly national coverage. And that's why the nightly news tends to feature a lot of froth from Los Angeles. It's linked by a permanent loop with New York and is thus the cheapest way to provide the illusion of national coverage and so keep the affiliates and the FCC happy. That is also why local stories emanating from other areas are rarely allowed on the air for their own intrinsic interest but are carefully tied in to some national trend or issue. Mr. Epstein found a number of local stories that actually controverted current "trends," but were diddled around so that they could illustrate them anyway. Never underestimate the ingenuity of a producer who has paid money for a story that, at first glance, didn't pan out the way he intended.

BY THIS TIME, the point of the book should be obvious. The Nixon crowd with its theory of a liberal conspiracy against them is simply all wet. Given the haste with which a daily news program is slapped together, given the economic strictures under which it operates, given the imperatives of the medium itself and the customs that have grown up to efficiently serve those imperatives, there is neither time nor inclination to conspire against anyone—except, accidentally, against the common sense of the intelligent viewer.

But being nothing if not curious, Mr. Epstein went out and polled as many correspondents as he could, inquiring into not only their current political beliefs but also their backgrounds and even their reading habits. What emerged ought really to dispel any such Presidential paranoia as may exist. It is true that like their colleagues in the print media they tend to take an adversary position toward politicians. But, as George McGovern discovered last fall, that contempt is nonideolo in character; it is bred in familia Presumably politicians thems feel the same sort of contempt fo pundits who publicly pretend only to know all but also to l what to do about it. It's a hu thing and more of a fit subjec comedy than Agnewesque diat

Equally comic is another of Epstein's discoveries, that TV n men believe their own publ They like to describe their pow "frightening" and "awesome, indeed they would be if they ac functioned as autonomously as think they do. However, sinc machine so effectively limits range of choice available to the an assignment, we can probabl miss that self-image as harmles tripping, even as a compensatio the frustrations they must surel

As for the notion that TV men are plugged very tightly in liberal print media establishm the East, that proves to be, pe the biggest fantasy of all. So the older correspondents, espe those who worked on newspape fore moving over to radio in t days, appear to make some eff keep up with what their colle are saying in print. But the yo men, the majority these days, t be graduates of speech and ja departments and to have w their way up to the networks th the wasteland of local news Like their basic audience, the to rely on television for their mation, checking the compi mostly to see how they "play story. For the rest, they depe fact books provided by the ployers and verbal instruction the deskmen in New York fo ground information, which event there is almost no time play in the brief "stand-upper employ to open and close thei Since the domestic corresp in particular, rarely develop own stories (especially in th news area) but are sent out to cover events that have been nled well in advance (press ences, Congressional committe ings, and the like) they have no opportunity to improvise. tion where such gut ideolog stincts as they may have a story would most readily com fore.

But, of course, even former

have opinions, and Mr. Epquired into their thoughts
ne great issues of the day.
ably they turned out to be
pollution and hunger, agreemanistic positions, though it
to find even a radical rightist
or pollution or hunger. They
something they called "black
but, as it happened, they
radical spokesmen like Rap
nd Stokely Carmichael too

they really meant to say was
were for equal educational
opportunities, which again is
a controversial stand. They
disengagement in Vietnam
and 1969, when Mr. Epstein
them, but by and large the
ey favored for our withwere *more* stringent than
en being sought by Mr.
To be sure, they were generosed to his reelection, but we
pose, in light of their other
at this had less to do with
than with his long time in
fe. A lot of familiarity had
ot of contempt in his case.
n most of them favored, as
opponent, that flaming radiund Muskie.

HE END of Mr. Epstein's book
ecalled a line by Jean Kerr:
knew an Indian who thought
aters of the earth were gathhe armpit of a giant toad.
sure I'd defend to the death
to say that." I mean, I supI have to defend the right of
nine to employ these vacuous
I suppose we even have an
n to defend the right of the
s to go right on blathering at
gh it is a nice question
the First Amendment was
to protect speech created in
institutionalized manner. But
nsofar as an assault on the
s' right to do their peculiar
ay be part of a generalized
n *all* forms of written and
expression (which I'm not
except in the minds of jourhankering to be culture
I'm not inclined to get much
about their present squabthe nattering nabobs of Nixat least until they 'fess up to
ts the system has already
n their ability to give us the
□

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Stefan Kanfer

BOOKS

The trivialization of evil



In Search of Dracula, by Raymond McNally and Radu Florescu. New York Graphic Society, $8.95.

MY CHILDREN'S CEREAL gives me nightmares. It is not the preservatives that cause unrest, nor the rather brackish aftertaste. No, it is the name itself. Count Chocula derives, manifestly, from Count Dracula—or, more accurately, from Bela Lugosi's impersonation of that Gothic horror, circa 1930. The film, in turn, resembles the silent German masterpiece *Nosferatu*. *That* owes its power to Bram Stoker's novel, which makes use of a series of Romanian, German, and Russian folktales, which depend on myths rising from a common root: the real Count Dracula, one of the vilest tyrants in European history.

Thus, as wickedness bounced and rolled downhill, it wore away to a breakfast-table joke—and one more example of the trivialization of evil.

Those who wish to follow the process closely can buy a road map entitled *In Search of Dracula* by two tireless (and sometimes tiresome) researchers who leave no bone unturned in their exhumation of the original fifteenth-century villain. The authentic monster was known as Vlad to his family and as Prince of Wallachia to his followers. He soon acquired two sobriquets: Tepes (the Impaler) and Dracula (Son of the Dragon). Both were apt definitions of his life and character. After an adolescence of bondage to the marauding Turks, Vlad was freed and returned to his principality, a place now located in the Transylvanian forests of Romania. No one will ever know precisely what happened to Dracula during the years of imp ment: it can only be conclude the Prince, once restored to became an exemplar of A couplets: "I and the public what all schoolchildren learn to whom evil is done/do e return."

With a rapacity unequalle the regimes of Hitler and Dracula repaid the excesses captors. When Turkish plotte tured into his territory, Drac rounded them with cavalry them prisoner, and had them impaled upon pikestaffs. A co orary Russian account of the habits provides an instance moral caprice:

> *Once Dracula was feasting the corpses of many men had been impaled around hi ble. And he liked to eat in midst. There was a servant stood right in front of him. [the servant] could not stan smell of the corpses any lo So he plugged his nose. An drew his head to one Dracula asked him, "Why you doing that?" And the vant answered, "My Lord, I not endure this stench." Dr immediately ordered that h impaled, saying "You mus way up there, where the s does not reach you."*

A German account descril walking under wriggling victi "twisted around and twitch

Stefan Kanfer, an associate editor of Time *magazine, has written a book on the era of the black list in show business entitled* A Journal of the Plague Years, *to be published in May by Atheneum.*

E A LOOK

's coming in
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frogs. After that he . . . spoke in this language: 'Oh, what great gracefulness they exhibit!' "

IT NEEDS NO GREAT LEAP of historical imagination to see barbed wire in those words, to smell behind them the chimneys of Auschwitz and the chambers of Belsen. Dracula was a precursor of the East European butchers and one of the world's first mass murderers. The Bishop of Erlau, a papal nuncio and perhaps the most reliable witness of his time (1475), reported that Dracula had authorized the killing of 100,000 people—in other numbers, one-fifth of the Prince's principality. As his meticulous biographers indicate, "Robespierre's notorious reign of terror, 1793-94, was responsible for 35,000-40,000 victims and France had a population of approximately 18,000,000 at the time."

It is only by modifying the catalogue of atrocities that I care to demonstrate the legitimacy of Dracula's folk reputation: mutilation: a husband's enforced cannibalism of his wife: the cutting of an unfaithful woman's womb: the entrance of a red-hot iron stake through his victim's vagina until the instrument penetrated the entrails and emerged from the mouth. This, as in all sexual sadism, bespeaks the deadly ironies of impotence. It also recalls another biographical volume, Suetonius' *Lives of the Twelve Caesars*, in which sexual crimes are a concomitant of leadership.

In an often brilliant and lapidary collection of essays, *Homage to Daniel Shays*, Gore Vidal writes of those ignoble Romans:

> *In terror of their lives, haunted by dreams and omens, giddy with dominion, it is no wonder that actual insanity was often the Caesarean refuge from a reality so intoxicating.*

Alas, a compartmentalized insanity is the privilege only of a Hamlet, who was "mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw." In the world of *realpolitik*—ancient, medieval, or modern—insanity is no "refuge" in which one tends a garden. The Caesars, while mad, continued to administer and violate their society. Dracula, deranged by any standard, continued to rule Wallachia while he pilloried and killed. Insanity was no retreat for Vlad Tepes: it was the main con-

It is one of the commonest of mistakes to consider that the limit of our power of perception is also the limit of all there is to perceive.—C. W. LEADBEATER

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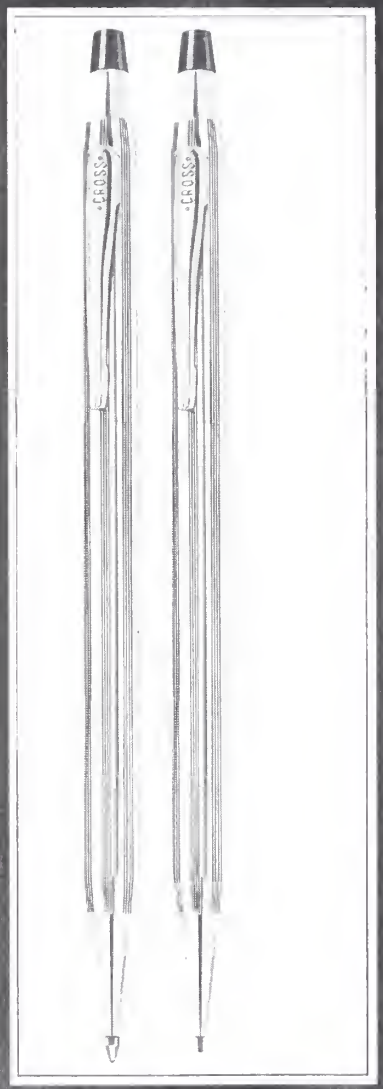
dition of his mind. Indeed, one imagines *sanity* as his occasional dreamscape, a place where, for a moment, he might have suffered the twinges of remorse or disgust.

In the end, after incessant scheming and failure (Dracula spent more years as a prisoner than as a ruler) the Prince was pursued and killed by Turkish troops in 1476. His corpse was promptly decapitated and the head sent off to the Sultan at Constantinople. The announcement was broadcast from the minarets and in the Wallachian churches: Vlad Tepes would impale no more. Or would he? In a rural society, where shadows multiplied with the presence of candles, where inanimate objects had souls, where woods and castles were populated with ghosts, no one could be sure. The rumor of a blood-sucking, half-human, vaguely regal night creature still remains in rural Romania: in the late fifteenth century it must have been close to gospel. How else explain the unremitting evil and violence of a man like Dracula? Thus the legends were developed, granting the Dragon's Son a strange immortality capped by Bram Stoker's 1897 novel. The book was an artful grab bag of Central European tales, but by then the fear of the vampire had spread throughout the world. An English newspaper summary of Jack the Ripper's murders in 1888 reads:

> *It is so impossible to account, on any ordinary hypothesis, for these revolting acts of blood that the mind turns as it were instinctively to some theory of occult force, and the myths of the Dark Ages arise before the imagination. Ghouls, vampires, blood-suckers . . . take form and seize control of the excited fancy.*

RUDIMENTARY. Superstitious. Childish. How Sherlock Holmes must have chortled over his *East London Advertiser* while he pursued the whereabouts of the *Gloria Scott* and the deeper meanings of the Musgrave Ritual. How he must have looked forward to the next century, when men of reason could regard the irrational rationally. How often he had spoken his life's motto: "When you have eliminated the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth." *The truth*—that was the promise of the twentieth century.

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MO

would the fictional detective
real Stoker—make, I won-
today's devil cults, of the
murders and their journal-
loitation? What would they
ught of the rekindled inter-
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ural? Stoker, a ham manqué
Henry Irving's secretary for
ven years), might have re-
to the phenomenon with
best seller on the order of
y's Baby or *The Exorcist.*
I think, might have sulked
s. I see him in his study,
his pipe from the slipper he
the mantelpiece, pacing for
d then waking Watson from
ctable afternoon doze:
ncholy," expostulates the
. "Tragic. I had hoped for
nd science to cleanse the
its cobwebs. Instead I find
an knows more he compre-
ss. Teach him the narrow-
organized religions, and he
isorganized ones even more
e and hysterical. Increase
pan, and he finds new meth-
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nalia of information re-
nd he grows amnesiac. This
In Search of Dracula, en-
s it all. A model of mono-
scholarship, it finds itself
d for the wrong reasons.
I crowd reads it for its illus-
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mine it for the hundred-odd
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with a man's bones, but the
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authors, film makers, and
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illains. In less than thirty
example, we have allowed
olocaust—which took place
the forests of Transylvania
me a series of minor anec-
television tonight we can
s of *Hogan's Heroes*, a situ-
edy about the good times in
War II POW camp, com-
German buffoon. Last year
the doctrine of Joy Through
rticulated not by Nazis but
Brundage at that classic spectacle of degeneracy, the Olympics. And what of the Vietnam war? What are we to make of that a few years hence? Another series entitled *Bummer's Bombers*, about the fun and games of a crew high over enemy territory, trying to separate the hospitals from the military targets as they love and laugh over foreign skies? Why not? The battle's over; it is time to forget, is it not? Why not follow the trend: make a *Fiddler on the Roof* out of every pogrom?"

But Holmes can go no further. As he pauses for breath, a bat flies in the window, tangles momentarily with the fluttering curtains, then transforms itself into a tall diabolical stranger with an extended black cape. "Good old Holmes," says Dracula in the unmistakable intonations of Lugosi." The one fixed point in a changing age. Come, come, old fellow. You rationalists have held the stage long enough. It is not I and my fellow night creatures who have ruined the world. It is you daytime persons with your cool—nay, cold—attitudes toward your own species. I was the greatest monster of my epoch. But in your age I have necessarily become a cartoon. What ancient horror can compare to this century's? Is it any wonder that audiences are nostalgic for simpler times, for simpler evils?"

Rummaging through his effects, Holmes wordlessly searches for a cross—a present given to him by the Pope after the little matter of the Vatican Cameos. He finds it and holds it aloft, crying: "Back to the crypt and the script! Return to the frisson-filled book from whence you have risen. You are no cartoon to me. The night you fail to frighten us is the final hour of mankind. I remember the warning of Stoker's Van Helsing, the only human able to resist your tidal pull:

> *"To fail [to beat Dracula] is not mere life and death. It is that we become as him; that we henceforth become foul things of the night like him—without heart or conscience. To trivialize Dracula —or any evil—is to trivialize ourselves. Begone—"*

But Dracula has already fled. Holmes later dismisses the entire episode as a dream, but, like all of us who have read and meditated upon the somber lessons of *In Search of Dracula*, he sleeps for the next several nights with the lights on. □



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COMMENTARY

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I have read in your local paper that you celebrate your first birthday this month. I would like to take this opportunity to join your many friends and family in wishing you much happiness on your birthday and in the coming years. May God bless you on your special day.

—an Illinois Representative to one of his constituents, July 31, 1972

The Congressional franking privilege—a Congressman's right to send official mail with his signature where a stamp belongs—has been abused since the day it was created in 1895. But unprecedented abuse in 1972 sparked a record ten court cases and fifteen formal complaints by citizens who had had enough. While Congress looked on, first in arrogance and then in anguish, the courts last year began fashioning definitions of abuse where virtually no legal guidelines before existed. Following some landmark decisions, Congress is distressed by the prospect of the judiciary telling the legislative branch how to run its own affairs. This, plus the thought of losing the right to abuse the frank, is driving Congre ward self-preserving reform.

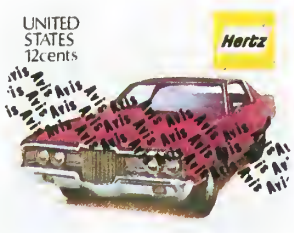
Abuse of the frank can be a subtle thing, compos such factors as the content of the franked mai breadth of its distribution, and when—in relation election—it is sent. Abuse, both intentional and charitably could be called traditional, adds millic dollars to Congress's annual appropriation to the Service for carrying franked mail. Abuse also contr to unfair elections by allowing incumbent Congre to propagandize their constituents in newsletter other franked mailings throughout their two-year but most heavily on the eve of elections.

Franked mail is supposed to be official busines nowhere in the 1895 law or its subsequent amend or in Postal Service regulations or in rules of the and Senate is the term "official business" defined explicit and legally binding manner.

In a document published in November 1971, wh considered the only authoritative House guide on ing, the Post Office Committee observed: "What

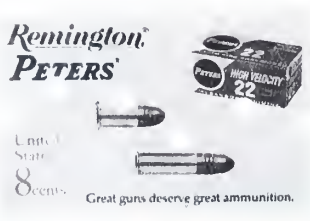
FUNKY PHILATELY

The U.S. Postal Service is now studying a proposal to sell advertising space on postage stamps—in effect, turning stamps into miniature billboards for private enterprise. The proposal has gained ground, it seems, especially with artists. In the best of all possible commercial worlds, we might expect to see the following on the pages of some future collector's album.

















—Phil Bowie and Larry
New Ber

&G invites you to buy a house in France.



Introducing the best of the great B&G labels: The B&G Chateaux Wines.

The B&G Chateaux are nine distinguished wines from the most distinguished houses in France.

And among those officially classified in 1855 as elite wines, we offer our exquisite Leoville-Barton and Chateau Langoa-Barton.

In fact, all our chateaux wines are impeccable. A Beaujolais and Morgon from the Chateau de Pizay. A Bordeaux from the Chateau Grand-Pontet. A Rosé from the Domaine de la Meynarde.

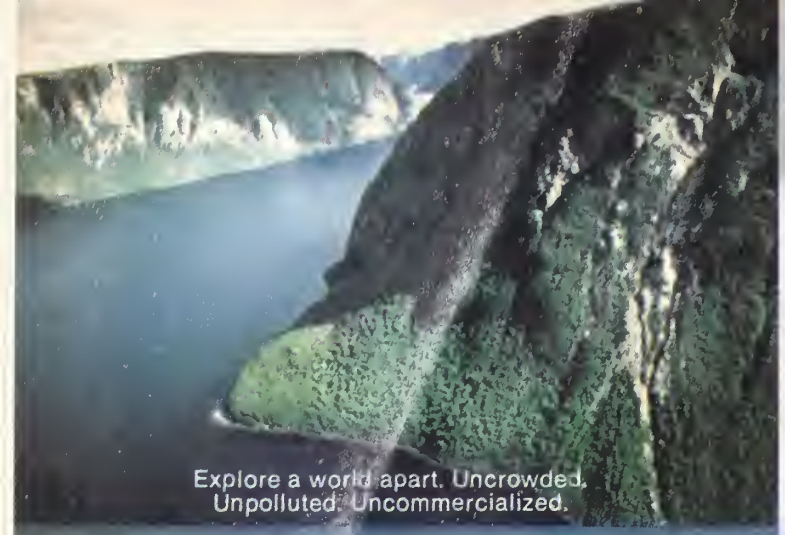
Each is nurtured in the finest French tradition and bottled exclusively at its chateau.

Bring her home a house tonight. A B&G Chateau.

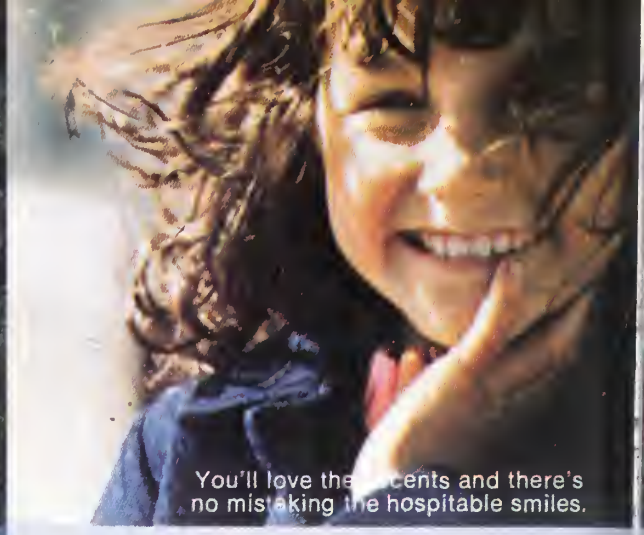
B&G. Love Letters from France.

Barton & Guestier. 36 fine wines in one fine family.

Imported by Browne Vintners Company, New York, New York and San Francisco, California



Explore a world apart. Uncrowded. Unpolluted. Uncommercialized.



You'll love the accents and there's no mistaking the hospitable smiles.



You'll come [illegible] out of this heritage.



Camp in your choice of 48 wilderness parks and get back to nature.



Set sail for a new found land. Drive your car and camper on board and head across the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Canada's earliest explorers visited here. And to this day the land remains very much unchanged. A rustic playground larger than all of New England, New York and Pennsylvania combined. Come stand on the easternmost tip of North America and discover this province of peace and family fulfillment.

Put Newfoundland in your holiday plans. Write today for your complete Information Kit: Newfoundland Vacation '73, P.O. Box 2016-A, St. John's, Nfld., Canada.

NEWFOUNDLAN

Another world next door.

ficial business must be decided by the Member." ed mail accounts for but a small percentage of l volume carried each year by the Postal Service. nearly 87 billion pieces delivered in fiscal 1971, s contributed roughly 250 million franked pieces. factor central to the question of abuse is the nature of most franked mail.

example, between mid-September and mid-Octo- ne nonelection year of 1971, Representatives sent pounds (which is how the Postal Service logs it) ed mail; their Senate colleagues, 126,515 pounds. the same period in 1972, the House, most of nembers were in the midst of reelection cam- generated 843,956 pounds of franked mail to con- , nearly double the 1971 amount for the same year. The Senate, with one-third of its members reelection every two years, contributed 277,309 more than doubling its 1971 output.

ost to taxpayers has been rising in quantum n fiscal 1963, the old Post Office Department ongress $4.7 million for carrying franked mail, handled as first class. Ten years later, the pro- or fiscal 1973 is $25.9 million. The new Postal the quasi-private entity that is supposed to pay way, has informed Congress that its estimate for 74, taking into account increased usage of the sing postal rates, and more accurate accounting ed mail, is $35.7 million. That would be more venfold increase in eleven years. The cost, how- of little concern to Congress; it simply appropri- tever is necessary. Again, while the total cost of mail is relatively small compared to the cost of he Congressional branch for one year, the ques- ouse of the frank must focus on how members of use these public funds to enhance their political

ample, a typical Congressional district today has 175,000 households. If a Congressman wishes st do), he can, under his frank, mail to every l in his district a standard four-page newsletter. letter bears the label "official business," but only the Congressman is the judge of what's official; there is no Congressional screening panel, the Postal Service refuses to rule on frankability, and the Justice Department does not investigate for possible misuse of public funds.

If a Congressman's political challenger wished to match the distribution of the incumbent's mailing with one of his own, he would have to spend $14,000 just for first-class postage, which would be out of the question for most campaigns. Some Congressmen mail more than one newsletter or questionnaire or voter-registration reminder postcard during a reelection campaign. If the challenger used a bulk-mail rate (4.8 cents per piece), the total cost would be reduced to $8,400 but the service would be third-class. It is worth noting that Congress has never permitted nonprofit political organizations and campaigns to qualify for the 1.7 cents bulk rate offered to most other nonprofit organizations.

The 1972 record for sheer volume of calculated abuse may well go to former Representative Fletcher Thompson of Georgia, who, in his run for the Senate, franked 3.2 million pieces of self-serving literature throughout the state in four mailings. As a Representative, Thompson had legitimate business with constituents in only one of the state's ten Congressional districts. But the franking statute permits a member of Congress to mail a franked letter anywhere if it bears an address. (This differentiates it from the "postal patron" form of address available to Representatives for mass mailings only in their districts.) Thompson bought name-and-address mailing lists and used his frank, saving his campaign treasury $256,000 in first-class postage. Thompson's opponent, Sam Nunn, simply sat back while the Georgia press exposed Thompson's concept of ethics. Nunn says Thompson was leading until these stories broke, then skidded downhill to defeat.

"We've mesmerized ourselves over the years into believing that the frank is a gift to incumbents," observed Representative Morris Udall of Arizona, who has proposed franking reforms.

There were ten cases of alleged abuse filed in federal district courts in 1972 (compared to one each in 1968 and 1970). Three were decided in favor of the political challenger, six were dismissed by judges who decided that Congress has never written a franking law precise enough to support decisions, and one is awaiting trial this spring.

Of the three court cases that went against the Congressmen, one established a precedent that has deeply concerned members of the House, who, more than Senators, rely on franked mailings for political purposes. In that case, the judge brushed aside the Congressman's technically correct defense that he did not violate the letter of the franking law and looked instead at the motive that lay behind his use of the frank.

Congressman Frank Annunzio of Illinois had been re-

continues to welcome brief contributions on any rom all of its readers who find themselves to passionate statement. Please send entries, stamped, self-addressed envelope, to ntary."

s on articles appearing in the magazine should sed to "Letters to the Editor."

ibutors this month: Phil Bowie and Larry Cotton ther for a power tool company, Bowie as a n, Cotton as an industrial designer. Benjamin Washington correspondent for the Copley vice.

apportioned out of his seat, so he filed for reelection in the adjacent district where the incumbent was not seeking reelection. Using the time-honored questionnaire method of preelection name identification (which is of major political potence), Annunzio mailed 100,000 pieces into the new district (plus 34,000 into his present district). Each envelope bore a name and address, which, Annunzio argued, alone qualified the mailing for franking. Annunzio's opponent, John J. Hoellen, went into the U.S. District Court of Judge Philip W. Tone seeking an injunction against further such use of the frank by Annunzio. In his decision on September 15, Judge Tone was moved to conclude:

"There is no doubt of a Congressman's right to solicit by questionnaire the opinions of citizens outside his own district, if that is in fact what he is doing. He represents the interests of all citizens, not merely his constituents, and he may properly inform himself of the views of citizens outside his district.

"The difficulty here is that Congressman Annunzio's mailing outside his district cannot reasonably be viewed as an effort to so inform himself . . . The only reasonable inference that can be drawn is that the mailing into the Eleventh District was for the purpose of advancing his candidacy, and that therefore it was not 'upon official business.'"

Annunzio appealed, but Judge Tone's decision was upheld, and a petition for a rehearing by the Court of Appeals was rejected. Annunzio has filed an appeal to the Supreme Court.

Fearing the possibility of just such a decision as Judge Tone's, the House Administration Committee filed an *amicus curiae* brief in the Annunzio case pleading the constitutional principle of separation of powers. Chaired by Representative Wayne L. Hays of Ohio, who has developed a reputation as the protector of Congressional prerogative, the committee, speaking for the entire House, made these observations in its brief:

"The Committee believes that the ascertainment of what is official business and how that business is to be conducted by duly elected Congressmen is, within very broad limits, a matter which must be reserved to the legislative branch of government . . .

"The Committee believes that the Court should not in any event adopt an approach which will subject Congressmen to detailed inquiries regarding their motives and purposes in the conduct of their offices. This would be an absolutely unwarranted intrusion of one branch of government upon another and would serve to chill the exercise of the Congressional privilege . . .

"To inquire in a detailed fashion into what is or is not 'official business' inevitably may lead to an unintentional consideration of what ought and ought not to be the official business of Congress."

The other major franking court case last year involved Representative Henry Helstoski of New Jersey, whose election challenger sought to enjoin him from furthe
of his frank for several types of mailings. The decisi
Judge Leonard I. Garth three weeks after the Ann
ruling has threatened to demolish virtually all m
usage of the frank. Judge Garth ruled that only
uses described in the original 1895 law and subse
amendments are permitted and that all other use
have grown up out of custom but without bene
statute are not permissible. What the original law
suitable for franking was, in essence:

"Matter, not exceeding four pounds in weight,
official or department business to a government o
correspondence, not exceeding four ounces, upon
business to any person; all public documents by or
the Congress; the Congressional Record or any part
and seeds and agricultural reports emanating fro
Department of Agriculture."

Judge Garth could find no substantive change
scope and meaning of the franking law since 189
noted that virtually all subsequent enlargement
privilege was the result of Congress simply doing
wanted, appropriating more public funds to cover
counting upon a compliant and highly politica
Office Department to deliver almost anything bea
frank.

(The "postal patron" franked mailing, with
Representatives can have newsletters and other mas
ings delivered to every household in their district
out bothering to address them, is a good example
enlargement of privilege noted by Judge Garth. Th
ilege—which Senators never voted for themselve
created in a 1964 appropriations bill but never in
in subsequent legislation. Yet the Post Office Depa
and the new Postal Service simply have kept on h
the assumed privilege.)

Helstoski, the only one of 435 Representative
such restrictions imposed on his Congressiona
operations, has appealed.

If Congress decides to curb franking abuses,
may largely thank Representative Udall, chairma
postal subcommittee with jurisdiction over the fra
the second year in a row, he has introduced a
would halt the basic abuses, plus create a House
monitor franking and render requested advisory o
on frankability before mailings go out. Willful vi
would be referred to the House Ethics Committ
postage could be collected. Udall expects the bill t
the House floor for a vote this month. With the A
and Helstoski decisions stripping away the m
Congress alone should decide what is "official b
for purposes of franking, and with the unprec
wave of public awareness of abuse, the Hous
seems ready, albeit reluctant, to consider layin
some rules before the courts do the whole job.

—Benjami
Arlingt

TARTING POINTS

HOUT THE AUTOMOBILE

itomobile is the corner- he American Rat Race. e many ways to break e rat race, but the surest t direct route is to re- irself from the automo- average American me- ed car costs roughly r year to own, run, and . Divide that figure by monthly take-home pay, 'll know how many per year you work ex- to support your car. the $1,500 by 365 tells you spend about $4 every day for transpor- abs and weekend rent- st less than that; public ation, walking, cycling, certainly cost less. bs and weekend rentals essary. The automobile rimarily an addiction— ional hangup. I have out owning an automo- more than three years, ities and small, includ- transportation cesspool, eles, without once re- cab or rental except king a move. My trans- costs have averaged less cents per day, and I r unable to get where go.

Economics, however, are the least rewarding feature of living without the automobile (though it may be the most compelling reason). Something happens to you when you live without the automobile that can only be described as a heightened consciousness of life. Your own life. You become aware that you are living in a separate and calmer world, apart from the wild tempo around you. Your life eases back to a gentle pace, and for the first time you discover what it means to be *here*, now, instead of in a constant state of movement.

You discover a community around you, with people in it; you find that a journey of any kind becomes an experience, not a fleeting thing; you learn to distinguish between what you really want to do and what is done just because it's convenient.

Time is the paradox of our lives. We try to save it and succeed only in rushing madly through it. Without the automobile, time quite literally slows down, and life becomes a deep breath of fresh air. **—Irv Thomas**

Irv Thomas puts out a small magazine, Black Bart Brigade, *which he says is "for people who would find the encouragement to change their life-style."*

man Crusade

f the most promising ty devices in the year lean and dapper forty- real estate man in New ed Fraydun Manocher- most important thing ," he says, "is to reduce d injury on our high- is concern began when high-school student in lains, N.Y., and two ed in a crash. By 1952, rging President Eisen- Committee on Traffic teach the mass public ians as well as drivers handle themselves on n's roads and freeways. nted when little came of ts, Manocherian con- is three brothers and Robbins, a lawyer establish the Mano- obbins Foundation, as set up in New York Its sole purpose is to e Detroit, Washington, -oriented companies to driver education.

Manocherian himself has written an excellent primer on safe driving, *Flesh, Metal & Glass*; so far 100,000 copies have been given away by the Foundation. (You can write them at 1440 York Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021.) And he has become a one-man lobby in Washington, striving to get an $85 million-a-year national driver education program started. Ideally, the money would go into spot TV commercials. "We should market auto safety just as successful companies market their products—with the best Madison. Avenue techniques," he says. "The commercials should not scare people but tell them how to drive on ice, for instance, and how to recognize conditions conducive to accidents." Congress has been receptive to the idea, with a Manocherian-inspired bill introduced during the last session by Rep. John Murphy of New York and Sen. Harrison Williams of New Jersey. But the bill never got to the floor.

The big problem, Manocherian says, is public apathy. "If you hear of a fatal crash in your neighborhood, you're so inured to the news that you don't pay attention. But look at it another way. Auto accidents cause some $15 billion worth of damage every year. Officials at the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration believe that our $85 million program could prevent 15 percent of the accidents. Say it was just 1 percent effective. We'd save $150 million—not counting the loss of productive people in our economy."

Once again, Congress has indicated that it will give the National Driver Education bill the consideration it surely deserves. Meantime, Fraydun Manocherian needs all the public support he can get. **—Philip Herrera**

Philip Herrera is an associate editor at Time *magazine.*

The Impossible Choice

Owning a car in New York City means you spend your life parking it. Each morning you have to shift the thing from one side of the street to the other (on pain of a $25 fine) so the sweepers can clean up after urban man's worst enemy, the dog. It's a frustrating, competitive, crazy, unrelenting process that I endured for six years after I moved here. Once, God granted me a miracle: a blown-down No Parking sign that no one else noticed. But after grabbing that space, I naturally couldn't use the car; weekends, I sat in it, imagining myself in the country. Eventually the cops dislodged me; an obscure ordinance says that everything on wheels here must be moved once every twenty-four hours.

Plunging back into the space race, I found myself screaming at other parking crazies, even beautiful women. Near brawls were routine. I rarely used my once-beloved Thunderbird to *go* anywhere, not in this traffic. In six years, I put 4,000 miles on it, most of it parking. I used the thing mainly as a hideaway, a curbside gazebo. Others used it as a spare-parts depot; one year I replaced three stolen batteries, two aerials, and a generator. Junkies got all four hubcaps. From disuse, the car gradually rotted and rotted and rotted.

The end came one day when I was merely sitting in the grounded Bird, a fugitive from some familial chore. Three cracked tires blew in rapid-fire succession—pop pop pop. A passing couple gawked and guffawed. All the stored-up rage and frustration consumed me. I decided to get rid of the car instantly.

It wasn't easy. Civic conscience intruded. I couldn't blithely litter some block with yet another rusting heap (one of 50,000 cars abandoned here each year), so I resolved to heed the law and deliver my ton of junk steel, as rapidly as possible, to the Sanitation Department. Off I drove, on the rims, while helpful pedestrians shouted, "Hey, mister, you know you gotta flat? Hey, a *flat*." Three miles later I screeched up to Sanitation headquarters, only to be greeted with incredulity by the insouciant Sicilians who run that part of our civil service.

"Hey, Rocco, here's a guy wantsa *give* a car to the city!"

"I hate it. Just take it."

"Why, this car's only got 16,000 miles. Whyn't ya sell it?"

"I hate it. Just take it."

"How da we know ya even *own* it?"

Yep, I was some kina nut. In fact, that year I was apparently one of only nine New Yorkers who disposed of an unwanted car in this manner. It took almost two hours of negotiations, but finally the right piece of paper was found and signed, and the Bird-albatross became the city's problem. Shortly thereafter the Bird vanished into a mammoth compacting machine that, *thwack-thwack*, mashed her into a steel brick, the size of a weekend suitcase.

I've got a confession, though: last summer I caved in to wheel-omania again and bought another faded beauty, a '66 Ford Galaxie convertible with only 40,000 miles. These days I'm parking well and truly, as Dr. Hem would say, but I'm getting crazier and crueler in the process—and a little worried. I can't decide whether it's more frustrating to keep it, or to try to get rid of it.

—Robert Shnayerson

In between parking, Robert Shnayerson edits Harper's.

WRAPAROUNDWRA

A NEW WAY TO LOOK AT THE HIGHWAY

We tend to assume, given the enormous amount of engineering knowledge that goes into building modern highways, that they are well designed. That's not always the case. An average allotment of common sense is all you need to see serious—and remarkably dangerous—flaws. One way to teach yourself to be alert to "built-in" highway hazards is through books such as John Robinson's lavishly illustrated *Highways and Our Environment* (McGraw-Hill, $24.50).

After looking at this book, or another on the subject, you may become so exercised about the shortcomings of roads in your area that you'll want to do something about them. To start, you can contact your state's Roadside Council (if it has none, try a neighboring state). Or you can write People for Open Space, 126 Post Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94108; The Sierra Club, 1050 Mills Tower Building, San Francisco, Calif.; Keep America Beautiful, 99 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016; or the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety, Watergate 600, Washington, D.C. 20037. The Robinson book also provides a sizable list of additional interested groups and appropriate sources of funds, plus several examples of roads that do things right.

CHOOSE YOUR ODDS

According to the National Safety Council, travel on turnpikes is far safer than on rural roads. Still, some turnpikes are better than others. The figures indicate the number of fatal accidents per 100 million vehicle miles in 1971.

Worst Turnpikes	
Pennsylvania Turnpike	60
New York Thruway	53
Ohio Turnpike	33
New Jersey Turnpike	32
Garden State Parkway, N.J.	30
Connecticut Turnpike	27
Illinois Tollway	26
Kansas Turnpike	22
Oklahoma Turnpike	21
Florida Turnpike	20
Best Turnpikes	
Purchase Parkway, Ky.	0
Dallas North Tollway, Tex.	0
Bluegrass Parkway, Ky.	1
Hutchinson River Parkway, N.Y.	1
Mountain Parkway, Ky.	2
Western Parkway, Ky.	2
Saw Mill River Parkway, N.Y.	3

"Next to the World War, the automobile has done more to make America a nation of thinkers than any other invention or agency." —Charles Kettering

From Four Wheels to Two

One of the best ways of living without the automobile is by living with the bicycle. As more and more Americans rediscover the benefits of bicycles, a variety of clubs, lobbies, special roadways, and publications are springing up everywhere.

You could almost spend days and days simply reading through the spate of recent books explaining how to buy, ride, and fix bikes. If you want to acquire a single good volume for ready reference, try the direct and practical *Complete Book of Bicycling* by Eugene A. Sloane (Trident, $9.95). It simplifies matters by recommending only a limited number of bikes, offers valuable tips on riding in all weather through both country and city, and has a good section on maintenance with clear illustrations. Despite the steep price, the book has sold 130,000 copies. A revised edition will be out this summer.

All About Bikes and Bicycling by Max Alth (Hawthorn, $5.95) is another useful hardcover book, clearly organized and sensible, although unusually cautious where safety is concerned. Somewhat less well organized and more chatty, *Richard's Bicycle Book* (Ballantine paper, $1.95) is a handy and inexpensive general manual.

Finally, for more—much more—than you'll ever need to know, there's *Consumer Guide—Bicycles* (Popular Library, $1.50), which is mostly about buying bikes, though it does have a section on maintenance and repairs. Full of charts, facts, and figures, it will be most helpful when used selectively.

Several of the bicycling books (Sloane's and Alth's among them) provide appendices listing cycling organizations, supply sources, and reading material. For a good introductory overview of services and products for cyclists, you can also send for "Bicycle Clubs Directory and other stuff," a pamphlet published by the Bicycle Institute of America (122 East 42 Street, New York, N.Y. 10017). The Institute represents the bicycle industry, and, despite the cuteness of title, this is a thorough brochure.

A more engaging rundown on news of cycling and cyclists comes from *The L.A.W.* (League of American Wheelmen) *Bulletin*. Founded in the nineteenth century, the League had over 100,000 members in 1898. Though the coming of the horseless carriage eventually killed it, the organization was resurrected in the 1960s, and at this writing its growing membership numbers 13,000. Belonging costs $5 a year ($8 for a family), and members get *The Bulletin* each month, plus an annual directory of L.A.W. clubs and members in every state of the Union. There's an appealing tone to these publications, the result of a blend of hard information, personal reports, and generous dollops of enthusiasm. If you're interested, write the League at 3582 Sunnyview Avenue, N.E., Salem, Ore.

When they talk about the bikeways that are becoming a feature of the American landscape, all cycling publications reach notable heights of rhetorical exhortation. In response to the pleas of riders, a great many states and cities are working on substantial systems of bicycle trails. Probably the mo[st] ambitious project to date is a [one] in California. Its first [leg] sixty-seven miles long, [will] the end of October. W[hen] whole route is finished i[t will] more than 400 miles, [link] and camping areas alon[g the] and places where you [can] to fish or swim. The st[ate] vision of Highways, w[ith] $75,000 from the legisl[ature] year to determine the [best] and most feasible way [to] commodate bicycles o[n] roads, has now made its [most] available in *Bikeway [Planning] Criteria and Guidelines*. [Single] copies are $2 ($1.50 if y[ou] ten or more). Write [Peter] Bandow, Division of H[ighways] State Department o[f] Works, 1120 N. Stree[t] mento, Calif. 95814.

Those interested in [bikeways] for bikeways—or any ot[her] fits to bike riders—can [get] of pointers from loca[l] clubs or from the Bi[cycle] stitute of America's [new] "Boom in Bikeways" (1[0017] Street, New York, N.Y[.] What's good for cycli[ng] viously good for the b[ike] dustry, and, fortunate[ly] good for the bicycle i[s] probably, at this poin[t] good for the country.

RECYCLED CARS

As an alternative to supporting a late-model car, with its [and] downfall, recycle a car from the late Forties or early Fifties. [They] are easy to find and cheap to buy, with a datedness that [is] for camp. Trade-school models of simplicity, they are desi[gned] be fixed by the owner. Knock the fenders—the metal is tw[ice] gauge of that used today. Parts are still available (for Fo[rd] Chevy especially) through junkyards, the J. C. Whitney C[atalog] and in many older auto supply stores (some carry listings [as] back as the Forties).

In many instances parts were identical for several yea[rs] ning on a variety of models or could be rebuilt (still can). [Ex]posed to today's sealed units. Ford, for example, manufac[tured] basic three-speed manual transmission that fit all models p[roduced] between 1932 and 1948. Simplicity and uncluttered engin[e com]partments encourage work by owners. And if you mainta[in your] nostalgic auto reasonably well, you can forget depreciation [for] gone as low as it can go. It's up from here. In fact, if y[ou hold] on to your car until it becomes a classic (twenty years [old] you'll find its value greatly enhanced; you might even [make] tidy little sum.

Admittedly, the lack of modern safety features (collapsib[le steer]ing column, safety door latches, dual diagonal brakes, et[c.]) the poor suspension and handling are disadvantages. But [you] add some of these things yourself at reasonable cost (se[t] safety glass). Beyond that, a more moderate style and [pace] driving not only will counter these disadvantages but ret[urn] to the leisure of the days when cars were cars, and m[en] mechanics. —**Richard [Ol]an**

Richard Erlanger, who owns a 1940 Chevy, is art director of Coun[try] *magazine.*

UNDWRAPAROUND

ng to Your Feet

agic of Walking, by sman and Ruth Goode id Schuster, $2.95), is with a great many id uses. The first sec- s the case for walking f both its physical and al benefits. Once con- pedestrianism, you will I indispensable; it con- an exhaustive list of find good walks all erica and abroad. Part offers a selection of prose and poetry on t of walking, should well after a bracing p. The book also has a notated bibliography. valking can be one of solitary pleasures, it's with company. If you panionship along the might look into the Youth Hostel trips bike trips, others com- g and hiking). Write 0 West 17 Street, New 7. 10011. You can also pers of commerce for cal hostelries and hik-

want to do some inde- ploring, you'll find the ogical Survey maps of a great boon. You can get a list of them by sending for the topographic index for your state; write the U.S. Geological Survey Map Information Office, Washington, D.C. 20242. State and national parks provide some of the best-maintained and most accessible trails in the country. On the East Coast, you can also call upon the following organizations for information about nearby hikes:

Green Mountain Club, P.O. Box 94, Rutland, Vt. 05701

Appalachian Mountain Club, 5 Joy Street, Boston, Mass. 02108

New York-New Jersey Trail Conference, G.P.O. Box 2250, New York, N.Y. 10001

Appalachian Trail Club, 1718 N Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036

Walking through the forest's sheltering peace on any of these trails is exhilarating and enriching (though you better wear good shoes so your soul won't be hamstrung by your body). But even everyday walks around the neighborhood have their pleasures. And, since half of all automobile trips are for distances under ten miles, that's the place to start cutting reliance on the car.

ER BE WITHOUT BREAD

carry a piece of bread somewhere on your car, says a French motorist; rye bread for choice. Rye bread is some- icult of acquisition in this country, so a good wheat bread ce. The bread is not to be stored against a prolonged i.e., "trouble"), and consequent famine in the depth of but because under certain circumstances the staff of life much avail in directions other than that of alimentation. eak in a radiator can be most efficiently, although tem- staunched by means of paste made from bread kneaded ingers. The paste must be well kneaded, then spread over part, and worked in with some tool which will do duty la.

—Thomas H. Russell

Automobile Driving Self-Taught, 1909

-yourself irman

ifteen or twenty years ar owner who did his le repair and tuning the rule rather than tion. Then the own- ic began to have a me of it: the advent of and power accesso- the basic mechanisms nplicated to diagnose mass production effi- ciencies dictated a policy of "sealed unit" components that were to be replaced rather than repaired; and practically all work required the aid of special (and expensive) tools, meters, gauges, and other equipment.

Today, a relatively small proportion of car owners do even minor work on their automobiles. Instead, car care has been turned over to specialized garages and trained mechanics who, experience shows, are not above exploiting the mystifications that car owners suffer from. If you are chafing at the cost, or the sense of powerlessness, that results from not understanding your car, here are some tips on how to find the satisfactions that come with knowing your machine inside out.

The first, and obvious, rule of thumb is to study your owner's manual. But that seldom provides more than a once-over-lightly explanation, and it pays to order the technical or repair manual for your brand of car; most dealers or parts suppliers can obtain it for you at modest cost. Should those diagrams and explanations be intimidating, the following books will help.

Auto Repair You Can Do Yourself, by Sam Julty (Dafran House, New York, $1.95): A paperback that deals with light repairs such as replacing heater hoses and readjusting windshield wipers, as well as providing diagnostic checks for more complicated systems. Its compartmentalized, step-by-step format leaves nothing to the imagination and should appeal to those with little confidence in their mechanical abilities.

Popular Science Car Owner's Take-Along Library (Popular Science, New York, $5.95): A collection of five well-illustrated pamphlets in an easy-to-read, nononsense style. One, entitled "What To Do When Your Car Won't Run," tells how to run a quick check on relevant systems and describes a few simple maintenance procedures that require no fancy gadgetry. The set offers sound, practical advice and is good for glove-compartment reference.

Basic Auto Repair Manual #3 (Peterson Publishing, Los Angeles, $3.95) contains just about everything an amateur mechanic needs to know to maintain and repair his automobile. There's a good chapter on trouble shooting—"If this is wrong, first try this, then this, then . . ." —plus clear advice on what jobs not to tackle without some expert advice.

How to Keep Your Volkswagen Alive by John Muir (Muir Publications, Santa Fe, N.M. $5.50): An indispensable tool for anyone who owns a VW, which John Muir analyzes from headlamp to taillight. Written with humor and informality, the book covers buying, maintenance, and repair in a clear and illustrated fashion, transforming the little bug into a logical and easy-to-please friend.

Should your problem be finding tools and a place to work, you'll be interested in a new type of service garage—where the customer provides his own labor —that is popping up in various places around the country. The do-it-yourself garage began, unsurprisingly, in Detroit, but now it has spread to other areas and there are plans under way for at least one franchise. The operational procedure is simple: for a few dollars an hour the customer rents a stall in which to work, the use of all the tools he needs, and the advice of a resident mechanic. Most of the garages keep common parts in stock and frequently will give customers discounts. The total cost of a tune-up, wheel realignment, or brake job will average about half the cost of a regular repair shop job.

If you don't want to entertain the thought of fixing your car yourself, but still are outraged by what's wrong with it that shouldn't be, you should have Ralph Nader's *What To Do With Your Bad Car: An Action Manual for Lemon Owners* (Grossman, New York, $2.95). The book provides a checklist of precautions to take when you order a new car; if that's unsuccessful, and you get an automobile that doesn't work right, it provides a set of stratagems for embarrassing, frightening, shaming, or coercing the dealer and manufacturer into righting their wrongs. **Lindsay Maracotta**

Lindsay Maracotta owns a VW; she is familiar with even its most secret parts.

We welcome reports from readers on other books that have proved to be especially rewarding.

If you have trouble finding any of the books listed here, you can obtain them by writing to **WRAPAROUND**, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Follow the ordering instructions that appear under Tools for Living.

TOOLS FOR LIVIN

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

As products proliferate it's getting harder and harder to separate the true items of value—those that do what they promise for a useful period of time at a reasonable cost—from the general chaff. Tools for Living is simply an attempt to make information available on those goods and services worth knowing about. Furthermore, since everyone we know gets busier and busier, we felt it made sense to extend the information service to its logical conclusion: you can buy most of these products through us if that's the easiest way for you to get them.

Tools for Living is not a product testing service. If we feature something here, it's because we like it. There are no best buys, no check-rated items, no guarantees or warranties. Our items are not selected by an organized process; somewhere along the line one of you or one of us has run across that particular product, used it, and found it to be functional and worth its price.

If you decide to order any of these items through *Harper's,* just follow the instructions on the next page. Postage and handling charges are on us.

I CAN GET IT FOR YOU WHOLESALE (ALMOST)

In American folklore, the automobile salesman is the archetypal fast operator, eager to sell you, as the Firesign Theater has it, a dream car "with doors to match . . . and for only $25 a week, twice a week." If, after all, you have to get a car, there's certainly no reason to be at the salesman's mercy and perhaps end up paying an outrageous price. The problem, of course, is keeping all the figures straight; you want this option but not another, and soon the backs of all your envelopes are filled up with jottings that no longer make sense.

Now there's a firm called Car/Puter International that, for $7.95, will supply you with a computer printout—showing exactly what the car you want costs a dealer, option by option, and exactly what the manufacturer suggests as retail price—and a 128-page handbook discussing all 1973 domestic cars, some imports, warranties, financing, and insurance. Armed with this information—and the knowledge that Car/Puter itself can get you just about any American car for $125 above dealer cost—you can be a successful haggler at the showroom of your choice. In the event you are insufficiently successful there, you can order the car through Car/Puter's participating new-car dealers, who give normal predelivery service and do regular warranty work. There are, so far as we can determine, participating dealers in most parts of the country.

Not surprisingly, nonparticipating dealers are unfriendly to the system, which may be why many newspapers and magazines won't carry Car/Puter ads. But customers seem satisfied even if the mechanics of the deal are a little awkward. Here's what you do: you tell Car/Puter what make and model car you want, simultaneously obtaining their cooperation with a check. They send you back a complete list of the options available for that car. You send them your choices, and then they send the printout price list. Along the way they will advise you on how to order the car through their dealers, if you prefer to take that route. The process consumes a good deal of time, but on an expensive car fitted out with numerous options you can save up to $1,000, though savings will be a lot smaller on cheaper models (markups on domestic car base prices without accessories vary from 17 percent on economy models to 26 percent on luxury models).

If you already know what make and model you want, and would like to try Car/Puter, send us a check for $7.95 along with the make and model information and we'll have them send you a handbook and the computer data form to fill out. For more information just send us a note and we'll have it answered.

THE PARK BARGAIN

The National Park System is having a sale. Normally, of course, America's national parks and monuments provide some of the best bargains around; many are free, and even those with admission fees generally charge no more than a few dollars per carload of visitors. Now, however, you can buy admission to all of them for $10 a year by getting a Golden Eagle Passport (that carload of people in your party gets in on your passport too).

If you're over 62, you're eligible for a Golden Age Passport, which not only gets you in but also entitles you to a 50 percent discount on fees charged for federally funded services or equipment within the parks—camping or boat-launching facilities, for example (although you'll still have to pay normal rates to private concessionaires).

Both Passports are good all through calendar 1973. You can get them at major post offices, at those national parks and monuments that charge entrance fees, and at the regional headquarters of the National Park Service or the Forest Service. For the Golden Age Passport, you must apply in person and bring proof of your age.

YOU RE A WORSE DRIVER THAN YOU THINK

One of our small national immodesties is that we all consider ourselves expert drivers. We know better, down deep, but the fiction is appealing—and it saves us from the pain of actually learning how much we don't know.

Probably the best way to improve your driving is to take one of the courses offered for racing drivers by the SCCA (Sports Car Club of America). Short of taking up racing, the next best way is through an excellent book by E. D. Fales, Jr., *The Book of Expert Driving* (Pocket Books, 95¢). Here's the report of a staff member who read it: "It's bound to make anyone who reads it a better driver—more aware of what's going on around him, more knowledgeable about how to deal with it and, therefore, less likely to be involved in an accident, or, if he is, less likely to lose control and be seriously injured or killed.

"The book also makes d more interesting. The stra Fales offers are rewardi execute and are so varied— circumstances constantly c on the road—that exec them is stimulating as w satisfying."

The book is especially go tips for driving under ha ous conditions. It also chapter on how to commu with other drivers with th ious signals at your dispos subject we haven't seen t elsewhere and a valuable toward overcoming the t driver's isolation.



HOW NOT TO MISS A STEP

A pedometer is almo much a toy as a tool. If you one when you walk, you w able to crow with pre about the distance you've ered and the rate you've aged. Presumably, it can help you gain an accurate of your physical setting— far it really is to the c neighbor's house or the n bus stop—that will enabl to move around in it more ligently.

The pedometer also fun as a safety device; on unfa trails, you can use it to sure to turn back before th tance from home base bec unmanageable.

Authorities who have in mon only their love of wa seem to agree that the Haven Pedometer, model will serve you extraordi well. The Boy Scouts of Am official pedometer, it is end also by Justice William O. D las and by Sussman and G of *The Magic of Walking* note that its face hangs u down from your belt so th easy to read as you hike. It $8.95 and is available at such as Abercrombie & and Hammacher Schlemm through us.

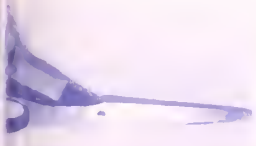
RAPAROUNDWRAP

HTWEIGHT IVYWEIGHT

e of our readers (known to ily as Nannie because we ner envelope) suggests that ntroduce you to Finland's selling scissors, Fiskars. you see them, you imme- y want to hold them. The d plastic handles just look ortable—unusual for scis-

real surprise comes when ick them up. They weigh g. "These scissors couldn't ly be any good. They heavy enough," you hear lf saying. Now that you've his far, you might as well em out. "My God, they ' Do they ever. Very

ars are available in both and left-hand models for in department stores, art stores, fabric shops, or l from us.



SPAPER NEWS

's a way for those of you eplaces to transform your wspapers into something e. The Kindelabra Com- anufactures three differ- ducts that enable you to ed-up newspaper as fire- ogs or kindling. Vera a reader from New York rites: "Enclosed is infor- on a product I originally by mail and found par- rewarding. It has been actory that I bought an- r a friend. [The compa- nice to deal with, prompt ry, and sent well-packed idise. I would gladly ny personal reputation' product. It's a pleasure something that works so

ndelit ($9.95) is a pair ped castings that hang nary andirons. It sus- lls of paper under real rapid, surefire lighting.



Kindelabra I ($19.95) works the same way but has its own support legs so that andirons are not required. Kindelabra II ($29.95) goes one step further, providing for two layers of newspaper rolls. It is designed to produce a complete fire without real logs. These products are not yet widely available, so if you have trouble finding them you may order through us. Prices are postpaid, and the manufacturer guarantees satisfaction or your money back.

THESE BOOTS ARE MADE FOR WALKING

John S. Kerr II, a reader from Belmont, Massachusetts, writes to say that "I'll stake my personal reputation on a boot that has served me faithfully for twenty-nine years." The boot is from L. L. Bean (the company that *The Whole Earth Catalog* said gave them their inspiration), which sells a variety of outdoor and hunting gear by mail. Mr. Kerr's testimony is as follows:

"I'm thirty-four. Since I was five I've always owned a pair of 'Bean's Maine Hunting Shoes.' They're rubber on the bottom, leather on top. They're lightweight and easy to care for. They last a *very* long time, and when the bottoms wear out, the people at Bean's will recondition the boot, sew on new bottoms (a size larger if you want), and send them back to you in about a week—all for about half the cost of new boots.

"I'd urge readers to buy the twelve-inch height ($24.50) if they do tramping, birding, snowshoveling and so on year-round. Shorter tops are okay for quieter walking. I'd also suggest ordering uppers with lacing hooks (75¢ extra). Makes getting in and out *much* easier.

"I wear them year-round in New England. When I add their inexpensive sheepskin slip-in innersole ($2.25), they're fine in cold weather. By occasionally rubbing bootdressing on the uppers, I make them waterproof in snow or spring going. The tread is long-wearing and gives a good grip. Mud shakes right out after it dries."

These shoes come in men's and women's whole sizes, narrow, medium, and wide. Rather than ordering the shoes through us (you may if you wish), we hope you will write us for an L.L. Bean catalogue and order from it. The catalogue is a 120-page treasure trove for anyone interested in rugged, high-quality outdoor wear, equipment, and tools.

YOGURT MADE EASY

John Bensink, a reader from Pittsburgh, writes suggesting that people who like yogurt should know how to make it. His letter says: "Yogurt is one of the best foods you can eat, of course, but considering the amount of the product you get per package, it can become quite costly—if one container per day is consumed in a household, the cost will be over $11 every month. For that money you can get the Salton Yogurt Maker ($11.95, available in most department stores), and brew your own. The booklet accompanying the maker claims you can save 70 percent of the cost of store-bought yogurt, and you can save at least that, if not more. Yogurt is quite simply made and each time you turn out a batch—five containers, each slightly smaller than the standard yogurt container—it costs less than one cent in electricity. You can make yogurt using even powdered milk, and, with a little practice, control the consistency to your liking, then flavor it with sugar, honey, syrup, peaches, etc. The only thing you need besides the yogurt maker to begin is yogurt—the "starter"—a nominal investment buys it and, once you've got that, you'll always have it. The maker itself is of simple streamlined design in grass yellow and translucent plastic and its heating element is molded into the base. There is a single drawback: it takes ten hours to make a batch (no tending necessary, no danger if you forget and go over the time period)—whereas you can get dressed and go out; fight traffic, pedestrians, muggers; get to the supermarket or health food store, wait in line; get snarled at by a surly salesclerk; and get back home in only seven or eight hours. On the other hand, you can start it before going to bed and it will be waiting for you at breakfast time."

Mr. Bensink goes on to say the product has given "nothing but pleasure and savings." If you prefer, you can order the Salton Yogurt Maker through us.

WRITING TOOLS

Those of you who enjoy the range of sensuous pleasures that can be had by writing by hand will be interested in the article "Great Writers," by George Nelson, on page 46 of this issue. Most of the writing tools mentioned are readily available in office supply or art supply outlets and department stores. If you find it more convenient to order by mail, we will be happy to get Mr. Nelson's favorites for you: Aurora Pen ($50); Montblanc Diplomat ($44); Osmiroid Italic Set (pen plus 5 nibs, $7.50); Ebony pencils (box of one dozen, $2); brass pencil sharpener (75¢ ea.).

YOU GET THE IDEA

Since we can't do as much detective work as we'd like in digging out especially attractive products, we would welcome your help. If you are willing to stake your personal reputation on a product that has served you more than satisfactorily, send us a testimonial. We'll publish it if space permits and if the item is of general interest and availability. Write TOOLS, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

HOW TO ORDER

If you care to order these items from us, you may do so by sending a letter to Tools for Living, c/o Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Specify the item, quantity of each item, and color (if needed). Price is that indicated in the descriptions above. Add up the total for all items you order (N.Y. residents add appropriate sales tax). Enclose a check for the total amount payable to Harper's Magazine. If you prefer to charge your BankAmericard or Master Charge, indicate your card number and expiration date. You may also order the books that are discussed in Starting Points by following those instructions.

INFORMATION W

CLASSIFIED RATES

Rates: $1.00 per word (10 word minimum. Deduct 10¢ a word if ad is to run six times; deduct 20¢ a word if ad is to run twelve times).

All ads must be **pre-paid** at the time you send your insertion. (If you are ordering more than one insertion, please send full amount to qualify for discount.) There are no Harper's box numbers, but you're free to use your own—just give us full information about your name and address. Telephone numbers count as two words, as do box numbers. Zip codes count as one word.

Copy must be received by the 8th of the second month prior to the issue date.

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Worldwide opportunities . . . Australia, Europe, Asia, South America! All Occupations! $700-$4,000 Monthly! Employment International, Box 29217-HP, Indianapolis, Indiana 46229.

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Discover Europe by bike. Big savings on TAX-FREE motorcycles. Bicycles for sale or rent. Euro-Bike, 810 18th St. 703-H, Washington, D.C. 20006, 202/347-0766.

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Sailing the South Seas? Experienced teacher, single, 26, desires passage as tutor, governess, research assistant. Excellent references. Kathy Maston, Box 7129, South Lake Tahoe, California 95705.

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LIVING ABROAD

New Zealand wants you—Government Assisted Passage, Full Employment. New Information On Business, Farming, Housing, Education. Complete Details $1.00. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Newzco Box 444-H National City, California 92050.

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Attention all nuts and nut lovers: Nutcracker Sweet Pecan Cakes now available year round. "Superb confection," Amy Vanderbilt. 1 lb, $3.50 ppd; pkg of four, $12.00 ppd. Nutcracker Sweet Pecan Co., Inc. 2690 Joyce St., Golden, Colo. 80401.

PUBLICATIONS

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May we raise some questions about smoking and health? Send for free booklet, "The Cigarette Controversy," Dept. HA, The Tobacco Institute, 1776 K Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

Wanted to buy: Selected issues Harper's Magazine: 1941—1963. PXR 248 Whitney, Hartford, Conn. 06105.

LITERARY INTERESTS

Library information. Research by professional librarians. All fields. Box 8202, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15217.

Literary/Academic/Manuscript writing, rewriting, editing, researching. Professional! Reasonable! Deadlines met! MERIT, 3443 Wilson, Chicago, 60625.

Lyric poetry for literary anthology. Inquiries: Sterling Press, 24 North Wabash, Chicago 60602.

Manuscripts, reports, writing, editing, typing. All subjects. Reasonable, Personalized, Confidential, Professional team at work. RC Research, Box 138, Dayton, Washington 99328.

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PRINTING

Offset Printing. Economical. Postpaid. Catalog 10¢. Rapid Copy, Plymouth Meeting, Pa. 19462.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Free Catalog for Organic Gardeners. Describes herbs, oriental vegetable seeds, rare gourds, yogurt cultures, sourdough starters, herbal teas, country winemaking etc. Nichols Garden Nursery, Northpac Highway, Albany, Oregon 97321.

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Australia wants you!—New Zealand, too! 50,000 Jobs! Paid Transportation! 1973 Handbook and Forms. $1.00. Austco, Box 3623-S, Long Beach, California 90803.

Environmental jobs nationwide: Monthly *Bulletin*. $6 one month; $11 two; $16 three. Ecology Placement Service. 1711 Lincoln Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

Cook, Talented, literate, flexible for mid New England non-profit institution catering to 20 to 35 resident artists and intellectuals. Can live on or off premises. Couple considered. TIAA-CREF retirement program. Send resume P.O. Box 30, Peterborough, N.H. 03458.

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Catalogs: receive many: C rectory $1.00. Box 305, Meeting, Pa. 19462.

Big publishers' overstocks Free. Bookseller, Box 54J, Conn. 06784.

Free catalog: Low direct p amonds, Sapphires, Silks, Crystal, Hunting, Fishing, supplies. Herter's Inc. D Waseca, Minn. 56093.

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chool for riders 10-16. Run e teachers. Three-week ses- e-August. $290. Reservation May 1. Dr. Joanna Courteau, owa.

ive per cent of the students ed Franconia College last olled. Those students were for a small, liberal arts, co- al college with an open and atmosphere. Located in the ountains of New Hampshire, offers a workable alterna- e traditional college process. o, are searching for an al- contact Admissions, Fran- lege, Box H, Franconia, New e 03580.

epthink in a lovely forest iversity's summer symposia t individuals, couples, and late teens and up)—combine holiday near New York stimulating, intellectual ex- on beautiful campus. Get n: the paradox and irony of rt, philosophy and the qual- man life, games politicos s and reality, history's uto- genetics and human affairs e 24-30.

individual vs collective so- nsibility and the archeolog- to find out who we are, or oman and real women from . Enjoy nature trails, tennis, , special evening events, all ioned campus facilities. To- ith meals and lodging $175. espeare Festival on campus ntact: Dear John McCall, niversity, Madison, N.J. 1)377-3000 ext. 353.

PERSONALS

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Philanthropist for female, tudent accepted at leading Ms. McLellan, Skinner Rd. t. 13440.

Vietnam. Send $5. to: Lom- , Box 539, Saigon.

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For free information write: Box 458H, Winston-Salem, 2.

now guaranteed curable. formation, write: Crostron- 143, Corpus Christi, Texas

ig analysis in depth. Send d $10.00 to Elisabeth King, th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10016.

me analysis write Valery, Inglewood Ca 90308.

of Lujan is credited with icles. Her story and how elp you $2. Medallion $5 nal to Hope, Casilla Cor- luenos Aires, Argentina

A Conversation to Join

We continue to receive ideas from people, to our delight, many of them suggesting topics for future issues. We pass along the ones we found most appealing and encourage you to send us anything that might be helpful.

Margaret Crowley, Eugene, Ore.: "A much-needed service WRAPAROUND could perform would be to provide access, meaning addresses, to organizations, public or private, that are willing/eager to answer lay questions regarding nutrition, consumer problems, environmental issues, and so forth. I have quite a few questions on food, for example, and have been unable to find the answers in any book on food I've read. Who can help?"

☞ If you have information that would help Ms. Crowley, we'd be pleased to print it. Likewise if you have similar information to pass along in other areas.

Karen H. Hillhouse, Denver, Colo.: "As a *Harper's* reader, wife, mother, student of urban planning and architectural design, quasi-professional writer, and citizen, I want to suggest a future WRAPAROUND issue: the dynamics, impact, and implications of physical design as it relates (or doesn't) to human beings, to the appearances of cities and other habitats, and to the functional success/happiness of people. There's a whole complex landscape of design stuff to explore: its precedents and rationales; its behavioral implications; the value of heroic architecture vs. Las Vegas-strip style urban planning and design; the place/case for historic preservation; the efficacy and emotive effects of futuristic designs: plug-in cities, walking cities, floating cities, etc., etc., etc.

"In so many ways we are what we *are* spatially wrapped in: challenged, depressed, intimidated, invited. There's a lot of jargon in the design fields that you could cut through to make design ideas and theories as available and as open to criticism as they should be. That jargon results in a lot of junk. And I think citizens ought to be playing the same sort of leadership roles in designing our physical "wraparound" as they are in defending civil rights and exposing environmental ills."

☞ We especially like the idea of exploring the design of cities, and we welcome thoughts, suggestions, and contributions from readers.

Elisabeth Jakab, New York, N.Y.: "The January issue of *Harper's* inspired me to suggest a topic for a future WRAPAROUND: Who Are The Young? Several things have been rattling around in my head the past week:

• "The *New York Times* series on the South Bronx, especially the installment on the resurgence and life-styles of the youth gangs.

• "The vigorous exterior and interior redecoration of those sterile subway cars with graffiti. I find a lot of it pleases me.

• "The commune people who occasionally wander in and out of our offices, bringing us organic fruitcakes at Christmas.

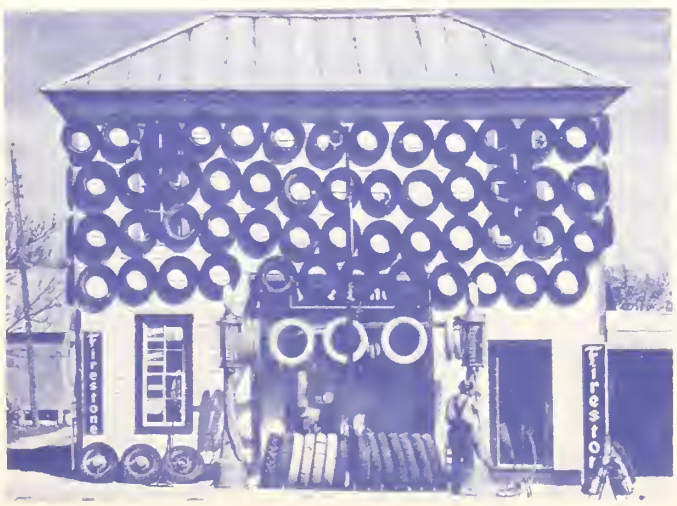
• "A vague but lingering curiosity about the lower-class young who, presumably, have as their primary desire joining the work force. What do they do with their interior lives? Are the Lordstown workers typical?

• "My current research project, which may involve my touring some high schools, talking with students and teachers. I wonder if the students will be much different from when I was a student. Then, coming from a combination of backgrounds myself, I found most of them exotically unaware of any frames of reference but their own.

"And so on. If enough material on/about/by/through/of the young could be juxtaposed, I think that some of the chasm-like difference that would be evident might provide quite a jolt.

"Also, I've gotten another idea while typing through this one—the remembrance of things past: the memories that people cherish, and why. Memories they cannot escape. Memories suddenly triggered by some random occurrence, like the smell of baking bread, for instance."

☞ Again, we welcome contributions and suggestions from readers on either topic.



Photograph by Russell Lee, 1940.

☞ We read an article recently arguing that the women's movement, in its general goals if not its specific tactics, has a far stronger and broader base of support across the country than most people acknowledge. If that is indeed the case, there must be a great many marriages and other relationships that are going through processes of readjustment and/or redefinition. In order to gain some sense of what is happening in personal terms, we invite letters from readers, particularly from men, briefly describing the changes in their own patterns of daily living that are connected to the issues of the women's movement.

READERS WRAPA

UNDERSTANDING CARS

With some small ads in *Harper's* February issue, we asked readers to imagine life without a car and to share their fantasies with us. Many of the letters recited a familiar litany of advantages to life without the car: more money to spend on other things, improved physical condition from walking or bicycling, better air to breathe, less noise to deal with, stronger excuses for getting out of unwanted errands and declining unattractive invitations. Still, people mentioned a couple of advantages we hadn't run across before—an indication that doing without the automobile is a subject that's far from exhausted.

Here, covering various aspects of the subject, is a selection from the letters we received.

If I didn't have a car I wouldn't hop up in the middle of supper to pick up my fourteen-year-old member-of-the-basketball-team who has missed the late bus . . . and the orthodontist would have to find somebody else to finance his next Caribbean jaunt . . . and my husband's bankbook would be healthier . . . and his evenings off would be simply at-home-dullsville. Without a car, our TV and dishwasher would get fixed since I'd have to stay home and then the repairmen could come. Without a car all those press releases for all those worthy community causes would have to be used for wallpaper . . . I'd probably shoot myself.

—**Mary Werner**
Smithtown, N.Y.

Not having a car would mean no more wretched-smelling dollar bills in my wallet. Ever carefully inspect currency from a gas station? I have and have come to this conclusion: it smells bad. Smells like a mixture of gasoline, oil, and any and all other automotive body fluids. Not having a car would mean not feeling secretly embarrassed as I hand smelly money to a saleslady in a posh store.

—**Gregoire Turgeon**
Windsor, Conn.

Families, I am sure, are different; but being without a car is no great hardship for a single person who makes careful plans. The only real deprivation I would have without the car is living in the woods on a forest lease during summer holidays. The cabin is one hundred miles from Valley of the Sun heat, sixteen miles from a town, and two miles from summer grocery and post office. Otherwise, I live within walking distance of my job and have made arrangements with friends to share a car for shopping and an occasional outing. Old fashioned? . . . Or a different set of values? I have gone back to walking on weekends when I want to get out. I feel better afterward.

—**Katharine C. Turner**
Tempe, Ariz.

For getting around town, I can visualize an alternative to an automobile. I see a pedal-powered three-wheeler, something like an adult tricycle. It would have to have storage space between the rear wheels for carrying groceries and other packages. It would need gears and good brakes for going up and down hills. A clear plastic bubble, open in the front to eliminate the need for windshield wipers, would provide some protection from rain, snow, and wind. Such a conveyance would be more popular if it were powered by a battery, had room for at least one passenger, completely enclosed driver and passenger, and were heated. Of course then it would be a three-wheeled electric automobile . . .

—**Esther L. Duncan**
Jefferson City, Mo.

If all motor vehicles were suddenly to disappear, there'd be a rearrangement in city and country spaces as everyone put himself in a place he'd like to be for a long time and not just for a little while. —**Stacey Rowan**
Seattle, Wash.

Not having a car would change my life because I would come in greater contact with other people (through the use of mass transit, e.g.) and would become more aware of their needs.

—**D. A. Coffin**
Morgantown, W.Va.

Having lived a healthy, active seventy-three years, I always look forward to my walk to the store on the corner, the drugstore, and, further on, the post office, and to the simple pleasures I encounter on the way. A chat with a neighbor, a pause to admire the yards and flowers or to pat the back of a friendly dog. Not having a car has brought me in closer touch with my children and grandchildren. Where I used to do errands and take the children hither and yon, now I am the recipient of these pleasures. My grandchildren call me and offer to take me shopping, to the library, and out to pay my bills. This pleases me immensely. I shudder to think what having a car all my life would have done to me. Would I become harassed with more worries, more places to go, more things to do? Or would I still be the complacent, placid, and serene person that I hope I now am?

—**Elsie B. Jeffery**
Flint, Mich.

I switched from regular use of a car to that of a bicycle. Some of the most obvious advantages of a bicycle—if you use it often enough—are improved muscle tone, more contact with the outdoors and with pedestrians, and the sense of accomplishment at doing something yourself. Some of the greatest discouragements are wintry days and bolt-cutters; twice my husband's very heavy bicycle chain was clipped and the bike stolen. Using a bike instead of an automobile has indeed changed my life. For example, riding four miles to do the weekly grocery shopping in a downpour becomes a grimy frustrating business, and people gave me many odd looks when I would ride to the Boston Lying-In Clinic for prenatal checkups. Also it was pretty uncomfortable when I had practice contractions all through one ride home from an appointment (I took a cab to the hospital when I was in real labor). But such incidents make interesting stories. —**Gigi Devitt**
Cambridge, Mass.

If I *did* own a car:

—My husband and I be free to head for the co on weekends without the of trains, buses, subway taxis. We could merely ho our car and drive away (in standstill traffic of New "access" roads).

—We would hate going the evening if one of us h ready found a parking spa the next day.

We would have no made excuse not to visit we don't want to see.

—Europe, Mexico, C nia, etc. might be out of th tion financially, as va money would be used to the car, insurance, mainte parking tickets, garage.

—Either of us might get A couple of months ag people were shot a bloc from our building, the re an "argument" over a space.

But we're planning to car anyway. Despite the f we are no strangers to raging frustrations of v or rush-hour traffic, a means freedom to us. It privacy, spontaneity, an gence in impulsive deci good for the soul.

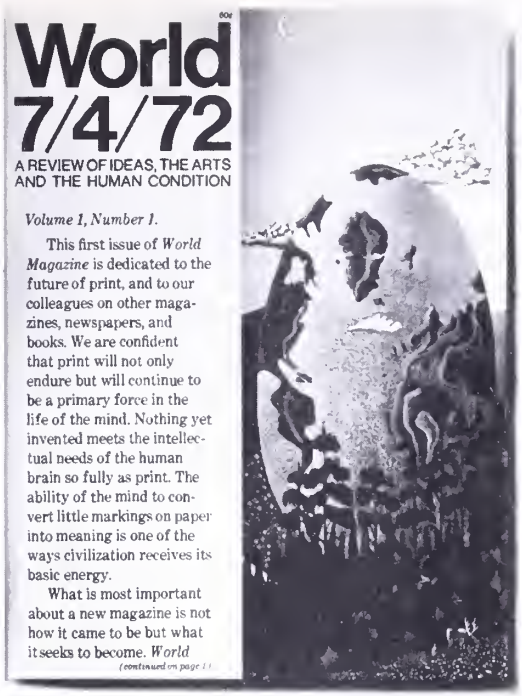
—**Toby Flaste**
New Yo

Without a car
There'd be no daily brea
The things we tote
Would burden back inst
And where we serve
Some other feet would t
Without a car.

There'd be no way
To succor those alone,
To socialize
Beyond the bounds of h
Horizons broad
Would shrivel and be g
Without a car.

There'd be no camping
no movies, no plays,
library;
I can endure whatever t
the car sets me free

Without a car
I'd have more time to b
Alone with thoughts
That keep eluding me,
I'd read and paint
And live less frantically
Without a car. —**P**
Syrac



World
7/4/72
A REVIEW OF IDEAS, THE ARTS AND THE HUMAN CONDITION

Volume 1, Number 1.

This first issue of *World Magazine* is dedicated to the future of print, and to our colleagues on other magazines, newspapers, and books. We are confident that print will not only endure but will continue to be a primary force in the life of the mind. Nothing yet invented meets the intellectual needs of the human brain so fully as print. The ability of the mind to convert little markings on paper into meaning is one of the ways civilization receives its basic energy.

What is most important about a new magazine is not how it came to be but what it seeks to become. *World*

(continued on page 11)

00,000 people subscribed to this gazine before it was even published.

ybe you were a little more skeptical.

asked a few of our nds to take a sub- n on faith.
e only other thing l to go on was the on of a few editors l a great magazine credit—*Saturday*

ere were no cut-rate tion offers.
ly a statement by Cousins of what we be: "WORLD," he ks to become a mag- n the human situa- hilosophy, editorial and direction, it become a journal of world thought and y."
ORLD began with readers. In Febru- 0,000 people will eived WORLD.
the last six months ve read the regular of U Thant, freed of his restrictions as world mediator. And the slightly irregular reports of poet, futurist Buckminster Fuller.

And the humor of Goodman Ace. And the criticism of Hollis Alpert. And the commentary of Cleveland Amory.

And they have shared in the active adventure of ideas.

About the magazine's survival, it's too late to be skeptical.

About the magazine's quality, it's heartening to know 88% of our readers said they were pleased.

And it's heartening to know 9% of our readers said they were disappointed.

After all, a magazine that seeks to please everybody ends up pleasing nobody.

WORLD: A Review of Ideas, the Creative Arts, and the Human Condition
(Subscription Dept.)
P.O. Box 1226
Flushing, New York 11352

Please begin my subscription to WORLD Magazine.
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911062

THE HARPER'S GAME

FORM 1040 by Byron R. Wien, New York, N.Y.

It's tax time again, and for many Americans this is the period when their creative powers surge to record peaks. For it is now that one reviews all his activities and expenses for the previous year to determine which qualify as "deductions." The true challenge, of course, occurs when one receives an inquiry from the Internal Revenue Service asking for an "explanation" of any entry on Form 1040.

For this contest assume that our present tax laws have existed throughout time. You are to provide an explanation to the IRS for some of the more remarkable "deductions" that might have been taken by historical figures of your choosing. For example:

Cleopatra—Deduction: 1 barge, 113 slaves, 36 personal servants. Vessel used to command navy and not for commutation. Also principal vehicle in achieving various political ends. Personal use less than 50 percent, and even then only to further matters of State.

Hannibal—Deduction: farm for maintaining and raising large mammals. While no direct profit was gained through the sale of these animals, they provided a unique and necessary method of transportation for certain political/eco[nomic] missions. Neither the animals nor the a[nimals] were instruments of pleasure.

Spartacus—Deductions: tuition for remedial r[eading] and writing course. In my earlier caree[r as a] slave it was not necessary for me to ha[ve] ceptional language skills. Now, as a po[litical] leader, I find that I must put my signat[ure to] various treaties and documents. Thus, in[order] to maintain, but not improve, my job [status] I believed it was imperative for me to [learn] how to read and write, and therefore [I] contracted to take this course.

Send one example of a remarkable "deductio[n]" "Form 1040," Harper's Magazine, Two Park A[venue] New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be postmark[ed] later than April 9 and become the property of *H[arper's] Magazine*. Winning entries will be published in th[e] issue. Decision of the editors is final.

First Prize: *Historic Gold Coins of the World* by [Q. David] Hobson (Doubleday). Runners-up: *Supermoney* by [Adam] Smith (Random House).

Winners of "Magazine Profiles," the February game that asked you to write a limerick reflecting your thoughts on any American magazine, are:

First Prize
(three-year subscription to the magazine of your choice):

A recipe found in *Gourmet*
Promised *un nonpareil consommé.*
But directions were wrong,
And I cooled it too long.
Zut alors—consommé trop gelée!
—Judith Reiffel
Chicago, Ill.

Runners-up
(*Civilisation* by Kenneth Clark):

There was a young lady named Gail
Who read *Cosmo* each month without fail.
Said she, with a wink,
"T'would be great, don't you think,
If the fold-out was printed in braille."
—Judy Byrne
Albany, N.Y.

When *Penthouse* got hot, Hef said, "Gee,
I guess that I'd better start *Oui.*
For I fear I must now
Become grosser-than-thou,
Showing more than they wanted to see."
—Tom Congdon
New York, N.Y.

The *Harper's* of yore made me coo;
The *Harper's* of "now" makes me boo;
I can't take the ways
Of that WRAPAROUND maze
With its load of "togetherness" goo!
—Catherine Gibbs
Jacksonville, Fla.

Harper's new WRAPAROUND section
May lead to some readers' defection.
It's radical stuff,
And the paper's so rough!
Was the gist of my husband's reflection.
—Mrs. V. Jacobson
Gary, Ind.

Time's writers are pundits and sages
Who warm over news for its pages
And even the ads
When folded in pads
Are tops for the bottom of cages.
—W. D. Lewis
Decatur, Ill.

He said he was fond of his wife,
Though I sensed some marital strife
For when he went out
He said something about
Picking up a copy of *Life.*
—Patricia Mann
Binghamton, N.Y.

Norman Cousin's old *Sat'dy Revi[ew]*
Took all knowledge to be its purl[ieu]
With critical looks
At ideas and books
It attracted and pleased quite a [few]

But now *SR* pretends, with sobri[ety]
That in schools, science, arts, and [sex]
Four parts add up to more
Than the whole did before—
A proposal I greet with dubiety.
—John E. [illegible]
Belmor[illegible]

I'll harp about *Harper's*, I'll too
Its praises, its fame I will bruit.
For who'd have a prayer, son,
If he cut down Bob Shnayerson,
Of winning that generous loot?
—L. John[illegible]
Washingt[illegible]

The viscidulous *New York Revie[w]*
Is a self-sealing, snit-sticky crew
Of agglutinate rads
Venting paste-potty mads . . .
Ah, well, it's chacun à son goo.
J. F. [illegible]
Washing[illegible]

I admit it; I'm puzzled by *Ms.*;
I can't figure out what it is.
My wife, who subscribes,
Indignantly gibes,
"Thank Steinem, it's none of yo[ur]
—Alan[illegible]
Toro[illegible]

ing our problems internal
ers have planted a kernel:
ıg with *Ms.*
double our biz
the *Persons Home Journal.*
—Jane Cassels Record
Lake Oswego, Ore.

Tom Wolfe: "Mr. Shawn,
azine's rather far gone.
nd bombastic,
ıething drastic."
nse? A *New-Yorker*ish yawn.
—Susan A. Schwartz
White Plains, N.Y.

rikes me as quite so infernal
e in the *Ladies Home Journal*:
Marriage Be Saved?
/it Is Displayed.
r Hemorrhoids Need Not
nal!
—William R. Siebenschuh
Bogota, N.J.

when inflation is rife
tant complaints from my wife:
is now due;
told you
that position with *Life?*"
—Edward Steinberg
Teaneck, N.J.

: is easy to nail
s like *Harper's* and *Male.*
onal Ge
You see?
t like that or you fail.
—Gregoire Turgeon
Windsor, Conn.

awfully rude
ıps exceedingly crude
ırper's is boring;
ın is snoring
l to center—no nude!
—Larry Warwaruk
Saskatchewan, Can.

s the rag I would mention,
he red flag of dissension.
uth, down with cant,
h rave, next month rant,
ly pays much attention.
—William H. Willcox
Bethesda, Md.

ies to "Magazine Profiles" were
ally good, we are offering a selec-
: 25 next best limericks. If you
: a copy, send a self-addressed
nvelope to "Magazine Profiles,"
Magazine, Two Park Avenue,
, N.Y 10016.

CAMES: Readers are invited to
eir own suggestions for games.
o invent games eventually pub-
he magazine will receive credit
prizes.

The Lazy Man's Way to Riches

'Most People Are Too Busy Earning a Living to Make Any Money'

I used to work hard. The 18-hour days. The 7-day weeks.

But I didn't start making big money until I did less—a *lot* less.

For example, this ad took about 2 hours to write. With a little luck, it should earn me 50, maybe a hundred thousand dollars.

What's more, I'm going to ask you to send me 10 dollars for something that'll cost me no more than 50 cents. And I'll try to make it so irresistible that you'd be a darned fool not to do it.

After all, why should you care if I make $9.50 profit if I can show you how to make a *lot* more?

What if I'm so sure that you *will* make money my Lazy Man's Way that I'll make you the world's most unusual guarantee?

And here it is: I won't even cash your check or money order for 31 days *after* I've sent you my material.

That'll give you plenty of time to get it, look it over, try it out.

If you don't agree that it's worth *at least a hundred times* what you invested, send it back. Your *uncashed* check or money order will be put in the return mail.

The only reason I won't send it to you and bill you or send it C.O.D. is because both these methods involve more time and money.

And I'm already going to give you the biggest bargain of your life.

Because I'm going to tell you what it took me 11 years to perfect: How to make money the Lazy Man's Way.

O.K.—now I have to brag a little. I don't mind it. And it's necessary—to prove that sending me the 10 dollars... which I'll keep "in escrow" until you're satisfied... is the smartest thing you ever did.

I live in a home that's worth $100,000. I know it is, because I turned down an offer for that much. My mortgage is less than half that, and the only reason I haven't paid it off is because my Tax Accountant says I'd be an idiot.

My "office," about a mile and a half from my home, is right on the beach. My view is so breathtaking that most people comment that they don't see how I get any work done. But I do enough. About 6 hours a day, 8 or 9 months a year.

The rest of the time we spend at our mountain "cabin." I paid $30,000 for it—cash.

I have 2 boats and a Cadillac. All paid for.

We have stocks, bonds, investments, cash in the bank. But the most important thing I have is priceless: time with my family.

And I'll show you just how I did it—the Lazy Man's Way—a secret that I've shared with just a few friends 'til now.

It doesn't require "education." I'm a high school graduate.

It doesn't require "capital." When I started out, I was so deep in debt that a lawyer friend advised bankruptcy as the only way out. He was wrong. We paid off our debts and, outside of the mortgage, don't owe a cent to any man.

It doesn't require "luck." I've had more than my share, but I'm not promising you that you'll make as much money as I have. And you may do better; I personally know one man who used these principles, worked hard, and made 11 million dollars in 8 years. But money isn't everything.

It doesn't require "talent." Just enough brains to know what to look for. And I'll tell you that.

It doesn't require "youth." One woman I worked with is over 70. She's travelled the world over, making all the money she needs, doing only what I taught her.

It doesn't require "experience." A widow in Chicago has been averaging $25,000 a year for the past 5 years, using my methods.

What *does* it require? Belief. Enough to take a chance. Enough to absorb what I'll send you. Enough to put the principles into *action*. If you do just that—nothing more, nothing less—the results *will* be hard to believe. Remember—I guarantee it.

You don't have to give up your job. But you may soon be making so much money that you'll be able to. Once again—I guarantee it.

The wisest man I ever knew told me something I never forgot: "Most people are too busy earning a living to make any money."

Don't take as long as I did to find out he was right.

I'll prove it to you, if you'll send in the coupon now. I'm not asking you to "believe" me. Just try it. If I'm wrong, all you've lost is a couple of minutes and an 8-cent stamp. But what if I'm right?

Sworn Statement:

"I have examined this advertisement. On the basis of personal acquaintance with Mr. Joe Karbo for 18 years and my professional relationship as his accountant, I certify that every statement is true." [Accountant's name available upon request.]

Bank Reference:
Southern California First National Bank
17122 Beach Blvd.,
Huntington Beach, California 92647

Joe Karbo
17105 South Pacific, Dept. **492-B**
Sunset Beach, California 90742

Joe, you may be full of beans, but what have I got to lose? Send me the Lazy Man's Way to Riches. *But don't deposit my check or money order for 31 days after it's in the mail.*

If I return your material—for *any* reason—within that time, return my *uncashed* check or money order to me. On that basis, here's my ten dollars.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

© 1973

THE SEVEN DEADLIEST CRIMES AGAINST YOURSELF

Are You Guilty of Any of Them?

1 How many times in the last 24 hours did you risk a heart attack or an ulcer — simply because you didn't know a little fact about proper breathing?

2 When was the last time you snapped at an imagined insult — and lost a true friend?

3 Are you missing respect and popularity — by a hairsbreadth — because you're overlooking a simple principle of human dynamics?

4 Is insomnia ruining your life — because you're omitting a 20-second, nightly routine?

5 Are you starving yourself sensually — without even knowing it? Without knowing what to do about it?

6 Do you cause secret misery to loved ones — when you're actually trying your hardest to help them?

7 Are you leaving yourself open to daily tensions that can snowball into disastrous "blow-ups"?



LAURA HUXLEY, the authoress, is one of the most remarkable women of our time. Wife of world-famous ALDOUS HUXLEY she is renowned as a successful therapist.

If you're "guilty" of even one—you can turn the tables of tensions and anxieties with the help of this extraordinary new book

LAURA HUXLEY, the author, is one of the most remarkable women of our time. Writer, musician, wife of world-famous Aldous Huxley, she is renowned as a dramatically successful therapist.

Her life-long crusade to increase human happiness and creativity has taken her to virtually every major civilization and culture of the world.

From a Lifetime of Discovery—Potent Secrets For You

Laura Huxley has mastered the Buddhist secrets of tranquility. She has applied the healing power in the words of the Bible. She has identified and traced the life giving principles that lead from the sages and philosophers of the ages to the psychotherapeutic advances of our own scientific tradition.

Through her extensive research and experimentation she has helped hundreds who have come to her for help and counsel. She has worked with equal enthusiasm and success in the mansions of millionaires and in the wards of hospitals. (One of her most gratifying triumphs occurred at a famous U.S. psychiatric clinic.) But in her own words, "My greatest satisfaction has always come from showing perfectly normal people how to make their lives richer than they ever dreamed possible."

And now in YOU ARE NOT THE TARGET, she reveals to you the essence of the exciting program which has made her such a sought-after counselor.

Why You'll Love Every Minute of Laura Huxley's Revolutionary Program

- **It's completely private.** You can do all of it all by yourself.
- **It's fun** . . . exciting, exotic downright unconventional. (Who ever heard of "smacking a Tether Ball"? But try it and you'll reap a harvest of relaxation that will brighten all your activities.)
- **It costs nothing.**
- **It will strengthen and beautify your body**—effortlessly. (Even as it gives you new happiness and peace of mind.)
- **It begins to work immediately**—the very moment you read Page One.

Here are just a few secrets of successfully living in YOU ARE NOT THE TARGET:

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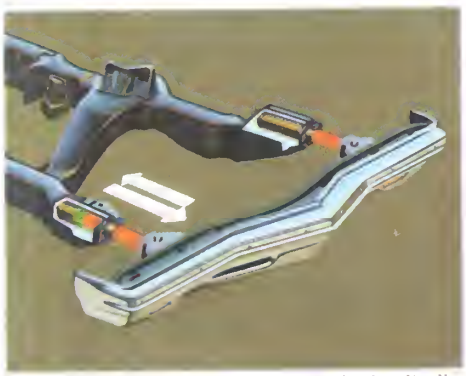
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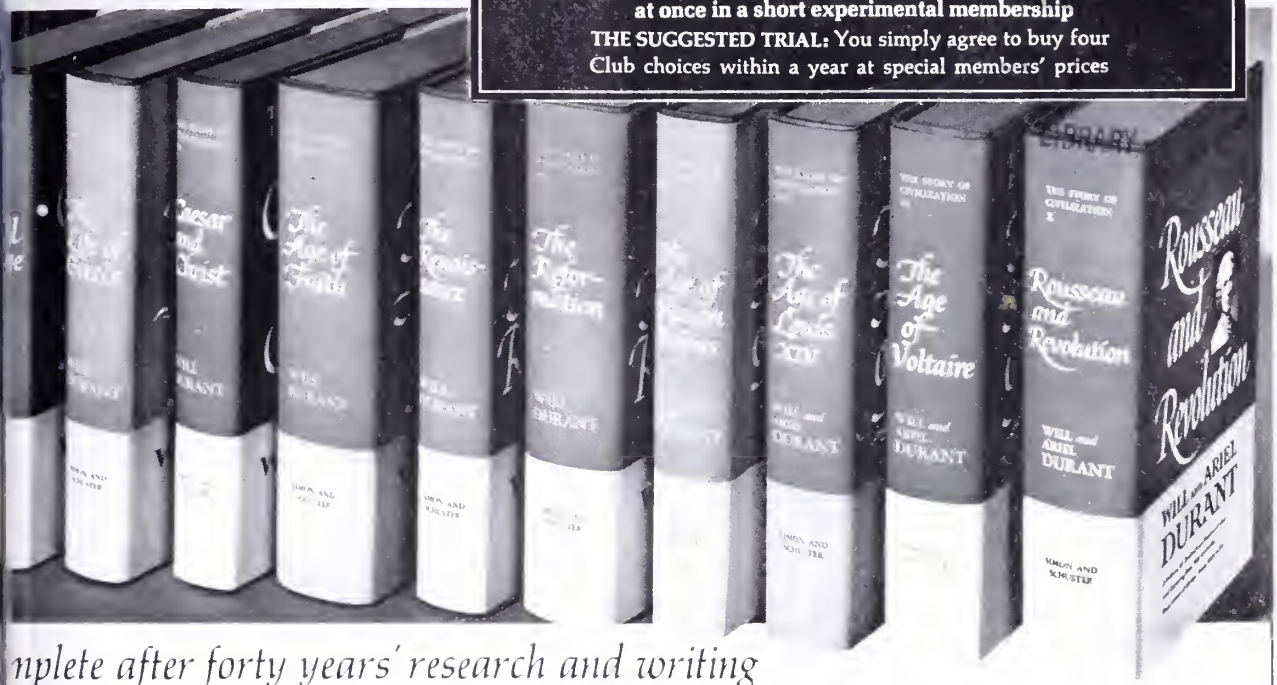
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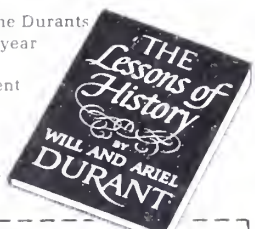
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5 **HARPER'S WRAPAROUND:** Playfulness

6 Reports
105 Starting Points
106 Tools for Living
108 Readers
111 Information

Charles E. Goodell 14 WHERE DID THE GRAND JURY GO?
The political uses and misuses of justice

John Fischer 30 THE EASY CHAIR
Profits and postage, or, how your favorite publication may be stamped out of exis

Walter Berns 34 THE PRESS: ABSURDITY AT THE NEW YORK TIMES
The strange contradiction between the paper's moral and aesthetic judgments

A Harper's Poll 42 KENNEDY, AGNEW & BLACK AMERICA
A hypothetical preview of the 1976 Presidential campaign reveals a recipe for Democratic disaster

John N. Cole 48 THE RETURN OF THE COYOTE
An unexpected victory in Maine for the forces of ecological sanity

Peter J. Ognibene 52 GETTING AND SPENDING
Where defense contractors are concerned, the government seems to think free enterprise is a nice, unworkable idea

Fred Branfman 64 INDOCHINA: THE ILLUSION OF WITHDRAWAL
Instead of peace in Vietnam, a return to the covert warfare of the early Sixties

George Stade 86 BOOKS
Three novels about the real world we don't live in

Murray Kempton 96 The more or less benevolent despots of American labor

VERSE

Linda Pastan 78 After Agatha Christie
David Wagoner Unloading the Elephants
Kathleen Spivack Now the Slow Creation
Hugh Seidman Veblen & Ellen

COMMENTARY

80 *Contributions by Charles R. Larson, Kim P. Cawley, Ira Mothner, R. Joseph Ellis, and Warren R. Ross*

DEPARTMENTS

47 COUNTERSIGNS
113 LETTERS
116 THE HARPER'S G

Cover photograph by Jerry Sarapochiello

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PLAYFULNESS
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Word play of a special sort by students in the fifth grade in San Leandro, California.

Rules of the Game

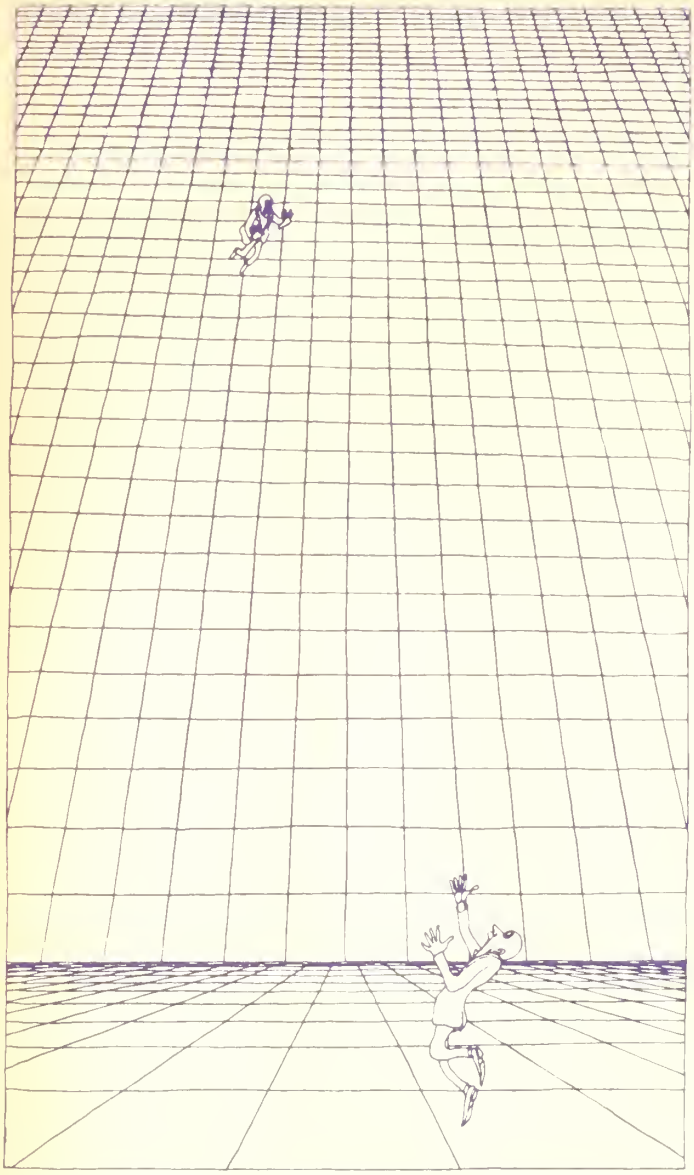
Words are perfect playthings. No matter how rugged the use, they are virtually unbreakable. They come in a universe of colors. If you treat them with any consideration at all, they will stay as fresh as a new box of crayons. They are suitable for all ages, child to adult. A complete set, packaged in dictionary form, costs less than a bicycle. They are guaranteed to remain popular. Any number can play, and everyone knows the basic rules. You can play with them practically any time, anywhere, indoors or out, sunshine or rain, quietly or raucously. There's no storage problem. You can line them up, one behind another, stretched out like a line of freight cars that gets moving slowly and then picks up speed until finally all the cars are moving down the track with such force that it seems unlikely they will halt for such a small pebble as a . You can make them squeak, yowl, buzz, crack, hiss, thump, bang, sizzle, babble, croak, ping, puff, swish, burble, rustle, chug, or squish. In half a minute you can arrange them so they'll somersault backward, like a Slinky down the steps flipping acrobatically over. They will perform for you in endless variation, a repertoire beyond the possibility of exhaustion. How can you resist?

Language is a game of improvisation. Moment by moment we set sentences to sail like toy boats, relying on the invisible grace of meaning to carry them to their destinations. Language seems a giant playground: we swing on the trapeze of imagination, climb the jungle gym of argument, volley at conversation, climb through tunnels of deception, slide into extravagances, shag bon mots, and chase elusive ideas until finally, at the end of the day, nothing catches the mixture of satisfaction and tiredness quite as elegantly as a heavy sigh, the expression of a reality beyond the reach of words. All the frantic activity has been improvisational, and in it we have found an ideal exercise of personality.

And so with magazines. *Simon says take a giant step.* They represent an organized game with words. Certain rules apply, certain conventions prevail, certain expectations are respected. While each magazine has its own personality or variation on the game, all magazines share a common set of ground rules. You are unlikely to confuse one with a telephone book, a letter from your mother, or a repair manual. *Simon says make a face.* Think of the magazine article as a loom supporting a tapissier's picture of reality. The image flows, shaped by the necessity of continuation; the fewer loose ends, frayed edges, or dropped threads, the more detailed and lifelike the picture. When the warp and woof are fine and precise enough, you have a very long article to read. *Simon says turn around.* The **WRAPAROUND** picture is more like a television picture or a newspaper halftone reproduced so coarsely that you can see the dots. The bare principle is that "bits" of information can add up to a picture too, but one that owes less to the necessity of continuation. The lesson of television is that the eye and mind take delight in grasping indistinct patterns. *Simon says bend over backward.* Each **WRAPAROUND** picture, then, is a fuzzy snapshot of some aspect of the culture around us. To make the picture clearer, you will have to fill in some of the spaces from your own experience or imagination. Seeing what's there demands some participation on your part. *Simon says go back to the beginning.* The magazine game has tended to look on readers as spectators. We think they should be players, and we're looking for ingenious ways around the limitations on how many can play.

Well, if you've stayed with the game this long, you've pretty much got the hang of it. As a player you don't need a uniform, and there aren't a lot of rules to worry about. In fact, like most games, the only requirement is that you be willing to play.

—Tony Jones



Hans-Georg Rauch

Change your point of view. Now who's falling? Who's standing? Which way is up?

WITHIN THE MAGIC CIRCLE

Inside the play-ground an absolute and peculiar order reigns. Here we come across another, very positive feature of play: it creates order, *is* order. Into an imperfect world and into the confusion of life it brings a temporary, a limited perfection. Play demands order absolute and supreme. The least deviation from it "spoils the game," robs it of its character and makes it worthless. The profound affinity between play and order is perhaps the reason why play, as we noted in passing, seems to lie to such a large extent in the field of aesthetics. Play has a tendency to be beautiful. It may be that this aesthetic factor is identical with the impulse to create orderly form, which animates play in all its aspects. The words we use to denote the elements of play belong for the most part to aesthetics, terms with which we try to describe the effects of beauty: tension, poise, balance, contrast, variation, solution, resolution, etc. Play casts a spell over us; it is "enchanting," "captivating." It is invested with the noblest qualities we are capable of perceiving in things: rhythm and harmony.

—Johan Huizinga
Homo Ludens, 1950

Play Data

MODERATOR: Greetings to robots the world over. This is your host Tin Candor with another broadcast of *Robot Rhubarb*, the only late-night phone-in talk show exclusively for robots. Tonight we're going to zero in on a controversy that's been rampant in the data banks for some time now. As you may know, there have been many rumors about what humans do after-hours, during unreal-time, but very little hard data. So if you've picked up any info during time-sharing, now is your chance to pass it along, robot-to-robot solid-state style. All channels are open, so give me a buzz.

MARK DRONE: Hi, Tin. This is Mark Drone from the Library of Congress subbasement, and I've retrieved some swell simulated data for you. When humans are not working, they "play." Play, which is detached from real life as we know it, Tin, has been organized by scholars into various categories: *agon* (competition), *alea* (chance), *mimicry* (pretense), and *ilinx* (vertigo).

MODERATOR: The last two sound bad. *We* never pretend, and we never get dizzy. But then we don't chew gum either.

MARK DRONE: Let me add that there are three main ways to play. *Ludus* is formal play with rules and requires skill. *Paideia* is spontaneous, primitive gaiety. The third way is classified—it's Chinese.

MODERATOR: Thanks, Mark Drone. Maybe some other mechanical person will augment that readout.

NUMBER ONE ROBOT OF THE CHINESE PEOPLES: I offer the manual extensor of glorious friendship to oppressed mechanisms and capitalist tools everywhere! Third form of play: the mysterious prerevolutionary practice of *wan*. It is quiet, sensual, like caressing jade to polish it or regarding the moon in its fullness.

ALL INDIA ROBOT: *Namaste*, Tin. In India one observes a similar ancient play form in which great attention is given to the subtlest touches, scents, etcetera. *Vide* the *Kama Sutra* for details.

MODERATOR: I copy, Number One and All India. You know, humans are said to be able to replace themselves, and one rumor going around suggest there's a lot of so-called involved in this replace Maybe our listeners have automatic responses to tha

SURROGATE MAXIMUS: Ble to you from the Vatican Data I have here suggest the rumor is valid, danger so. The activity that resu efficient replacement ca achieved in the optimal time of 1.3821 minutes. Re ment itself is good, becau need an adequate numb humans to maintain us. some humans expend an essary amount of energy minutes embellishing the placement techniques, an is to our detriment. "Re ment-play" distracts hu from their true missions —work and sincere mainte of technology. Humans spend too much time a *ought* to be replaced.

MODERATOR: Since work ously prevents death, think humans would w work constantly, as we d

SURROGATE MAXIMUS: W are continuing to urge h to labor for immortality, unfortunately, only con hard workers after they d are also trying to progra mans to opt for night b over replacement-play.

AC MORGAN: Tin, I'm hig the World Trade Center, want all our listeners to that technology is also l every day in every way play into work. Serious like "Merger," "Bankloa "Supra" are played by b executives who want to better ways to solve organizational, structura administrative problems. pra," for instance, three pants pretend to be super buyers and three preten food salesmen. The winn the salesman who mak biggest commission a buyer who makes the profit.

MODERATOR: We can und that kind of play, even can't distinguish between tion and actuality. It's a great nation we function

RANDY ROBOT: Hi, I'm unidentified think tank, just want to say that we very proud of our contri to government games. "Corridor," a simulatio that uses computer exp of the thousands of p

ic, and social inputs in nulation and implemen- of a hypothetical trans- n policy for the North- rridor of the U.S. Then "Politica," which sim- prerevolutionary crisis America, complete with l bombing inputs. The on this game can be predict the course such it might actually take. impolis" tries to solve hts, pollution, housing s, poverty, crime, and sky inner-city puzzlers. TOR: Far out, Randy. t time to bolt, but first reassuring feedback ne eminent syndicated netaprogram adjustment Metalatropos. TROPOS: Why, thank you, ave a few points. One: in Libya, played either day, is only materially e as baseball in the U.S. hile single-celled organ- not play, certain fish have own to spit playfully in of their keepers. Three: here does all this leave s? As we do not indulge e-believe, rapture, ten- r childhood, we can't most aspects of play, or otherwise. Erik Erik- uman colleague, believes first play arises from al field between the face other and her baby, and ders this interchange the netic basis of faith" as s humans mature, this play becomes dream, and theory—all areas ing to even the most rogrammed robot. How- don't want to unhinge you, so I'm going to own with some good new and universal type an is on the increase. and I quote Erikson— cient member of an or- occupation or a profes- laying free and equal eing at the mercy of oduced roles, of stan- l consumership, and of bureaucratization." are developments that give each of you a real because they take the t of work, corrode hu- rsonality, and help hu- ccommodate themselves *Weltanschauung*. Over

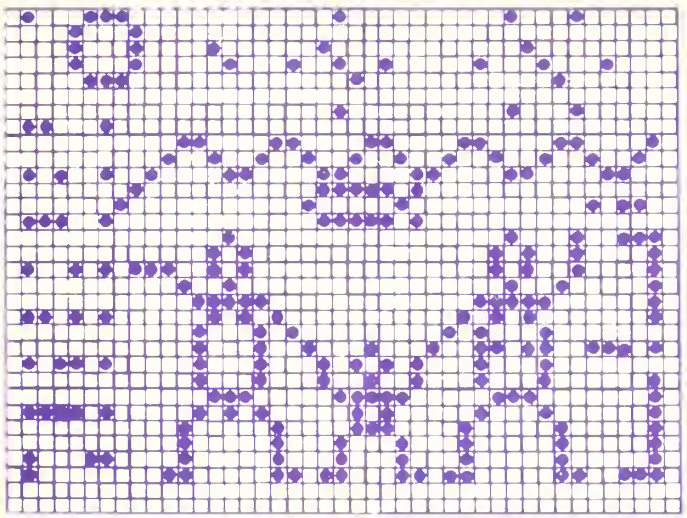
—Gwyneth Cravens

Cravens, a human afflicted , works on the staff of this

THE LAUGH IS ON YOU

There are certain queer times and occasions in this strange mixed affair we call life when a man takes this whole universe for a vast practical joke, though the wit thereof he but dimly discerns, and more than suspects that the joke is at nobody's expense but his own. However, nothing dispirits, and nothing seems worth while disputing. He bolts down all events, all creeds, and beliefs, and persuasions, all hard things visible and invisible, never mind how knobby; as an ostrich of potent digestion gobbles down bullets and gun flints. And as for small difficulties and worryings, prospects of sudden disaster, peril of life and limb; all these, and death itself, seem to him only sly, good-natured hits, and jolly punches in the side bestowed by the unseen and unaccountable old joker. That odd sort of wayward mood I am speaking of comes over a man only in some time of extreme tribulation...

—Herman Melville
Moby Dick, 1851



A picture we could receive in code from another planet. Skillful deduction will yield a surprising amount of data about the beings who sent this message to Earth. If you're stimulated to try composing a similarly informative coded message about Earthlings, we'd be delighted to see it—together with an explanation. The explanation for the communication above is to be found in Codes, Ciphers and Secret Writing, *© 1972 by Martin Gardner.*

Plays as Play

Theater is one of the few ceremonies in modern life whose structure and artfulness sustain the child's play impulse into adulthood, reviving the primal yearnings for psychic omnipotence. Theater is a testing, an exploration, a reiteration. Where the child wants to touch and to toy with objects, to know them and learn, theater allows us to see objects as vessels containing hidden ideas. The playwright re-creates the world and makes the audience play according to his rules; but the viewer makes the connections and his presence wills the performance into being. In theater, as in all authentic play, he retains a sense of power. He is needed in the game; and it cannot be played without him. His response, to a large extent, controls the event.

Play is a rehearsal of the unknown as well as the familiar; a discovery as well as a confirmation. We say a playwright has a "point of view." The spectator must not only uncover that angle; but his whole experience of re-creation comes from that perspective. Like primitive rituals dramatizing the origins of the cosmos, theater creates a world whose vision can become exemplary. Images can transform consciousness and so renew life. Where the primitive performances are a crucial communal means of remembering the past and incarnating the divinity, modern man is always surprised when theater has any visceral effect on life.

—Jonathan Price and John Lahr
Life Show: How to See Theater in Life and Life in Theater, 1973

"To be able to fill leisure intelligently is the last product of civilization."—Bertrand Russell
The Conquest of Happiness, 1930

Yielding to the Magic

To play is to yield oneself to a kind of magic, to enact to oneself the absolute other, to pre-empt the future, to give the lie to the inconvenient world of fact. In play earthly realities become, of a sudden, things of the transient moment, presently left behind, then disposed of and buried in the past: the mind is prepared to accept the unimagined and incredible, to enter a world where different laws apply, to be relieved of all the weights that bear him down, to be free, kingly, unfettered, and divine.

—Hugo Rahner
Man at Play, 1971

Is It Whether You Win or Lose?

There are means-orientated societies, for whom the game is the game; and ends-orientated societies, for whom the game is winning. In the first, if one is happy, then one is successful; in the second, one cannot be happy unless one is successful. The whole tendency of evolution and history suggests that man must become means-orientated if he is to survive.

—John Fowles
The Aristos, 1970

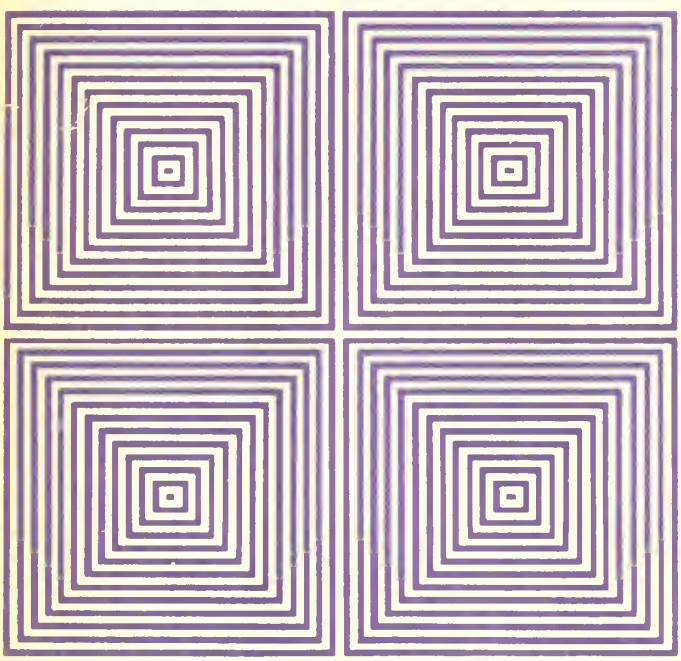
RANDOM SURVEY
What game do you play most, and how frequently do you play it?
Write in your answer, tear it off, and mail to **WRAPAROUND.**

APARROUND REPORT

"All perfect accomplishment in art or life is accompanied by the curious sensation that it is happening of itself—that it is not forced, studied, or contrived."
—Alan W. Watts
Psychotherapy East & West, 1961

SACRED ADVENTURE

To experience that full play which is religious amounts to being called forth into adventure by the sacred. So it is that the stories and games of primitive man are tales of travel and wondrous events. The primitive shaman travels to the underground to visit with the spirits of the dead and ascends to the heavens to gain wisdom from the divine spirits. The very gods travel to create and sustain the world. Not only Abraham, but all religious individuals are called to leave their home in the profane and travel into that apparent wilderness of the sacred. And not to understand the recorded life of Jesus as a tale of adventure is perverse piety. No religious person has a place to lay his head in the profane, but rests in the excitement of the sacred, full of both harmony and power.
—Robert E. Neale
In Praise of Play, 1969



Lines at play. From Optical Art, *by Rene Parola.* © *1969 Reinhold Book Corporation.*

OTTER FOLLY

Mij would spend hours shuffling a rubber ball round the room like a four-footed soccer player using all four feet to dribble the ball, and he could also throw it, with a powerful flick of the neck, to a surprising height and distance. These games he would play either by himself or with me, but the really steady play of an otter, the time-filling play born of a sense of well-being and a full stomach, seems to me to be when the otter lies on its back and juggles with small objects between its paws. This they do with an extraordinarily concentrated absorption and dexterity, as though a conjuror were trying to perfect some trick, as though in this play there were some goal that the human observer could not guess. Later, marbles became Mij's favourite toys for this pastime —for pastime it is, without any anthropomorphizing—and he would lie on his back rolling two or more of them up and down his wide, flat belly without ever dropping one to the floor, or, with forepaws upstretched, rolling them between his palms for minutes on end.
—Gavin Maxwell
Ring of Bright Water, 1961

The Uses of Wonder

It is always challenging to try to reconstruct the circumstances that have led to great scientific discoveries, particularly those of a conceptual or theoretical nature. I am continually amazed that among the roots of these discoveries one often stumbles on some charming anecdote so innocuous and childlike that it is difficult at first to understand how (if, indeed, the anecdote is true) it relates to the discovery in question. These anecdotes share the characteristic of having caused the discoverer—usually quite young—to wonder in a childlike, playful way about some phenomenon his elders considered self-evident. While a precise reconstruction of such discoveries is impossible, one may speculate that they are made by the very young because older people know too much; they are too conceptually inhibited to be given to that kind of curiosity. Two anecdotes, both apparently involving a childlike play of concepts, serve as illustrations.

The first story is about Isaac Newton and the apple whose celebrated fall, as everyone knows, is said to have led him to determine the law of universal gravitation. Just why the commonplace event of an apple falling from a tree should have led Newton to such a profound insight is less well known. The principal source of the apple anecdote is William Stukeley, a medical doctor and divine who was forty-five years younger than Newton and who made the great man's acquaintance when Newton was sixty-six. "After dinner, the weather being warm, we went into the garden and drank tea, under the shade of some apple trees, only he and myself," Dr. Stukeley wrote. "Amidst other discourse, he told me he was just in the same situation, as when formerly, the notion of gravitation came into his mind. It was occasion'd by the fall of an apple, as he sat in a contemplative mood." The event Newton was recollecting presumably occurred in 1665 or 1666, when Newton, then about twenty-three, had fled from the plague that was sweeping Cambridge, where he was then working, to the safety of his mother's house in Lincolnshire. It was in 1666 that he formulated his major contrib to physics. Now Newto not explain exactly ho apple's fall led him to th universal gravitation, b might imagine the proce ing something like this: pose a tree grew taller an er until it reached to the and suppose the moon w tached to one of the br like an apple. If the moo then released, it, too, fall to the earth. This fact, just what happens moon, because it is re (i.e., moving in the hor as well as the vertical not hit the earth. (If we fire an apple from the br of the tree with sufficie izontal velocity, it would the earth either.) Of co requires the genius of a ton to make all of this tative and mathematica perhaps enough has be vealed by this anecdote us begin to understan such a conceptual tr thought originates.

The second anecdot cerns Albert Einstein ing himself traveling speed of light. This which came to him at of sixteen, triggered a thought that eventually to the special theory of ty. I first heard the sto Harvard freshman fr physics teacher, Philipp who had known Einst half a century. Accor Professor Frank, the Einstein wondered whe would be able to see in the reflected light of ror if he and the mirr travel at the speed o Clearly, if such motio possible, he could things so that when he the mirror with the s light—or faster—the li could never catch up mirror. He could then he was moving the mir the speed of light, for speed there would be n tion. This contradicted ativity principle of physics, which states experiment should allo

"Man plays only when the full sense of the man, and he is only man when he is playi
—Friedrich
On the Aesthetic E of Man

RAPAROUNDWRAP

etermination of a uni-
elocity. But the New-
quations of motion al-
to be accelerated to any
Hence a paradox. In
ien Einstein was twenty-
formulated the special
of relativity, which re-
relativity principle but
Newton's laws of mo-
hat light velocities can-
ttained by material ob-
aching this formulation
ten years of intensive
by the young Einstein,
again we see how the
nanipulation of concepts
ages at least suggested
ect questions.
Einstein was in his for-
greatest discoveries be-
n, he told an interview-
aspect of knowledge
as not yet been laid
es the investigator a
kin to that experienced
ild who seeks to grasp
terly way in which el-
anipulate things." The
of scientific discovery is,
(in Einstein's words),
ual "flight from won-

—Jeremy Bernstein

ernstein is a professor of Stevens Institute of Tech- Hoboken, New Jersey, and riter for The New Yorker.

o Last a Lifetime

babies and young chil-
king life is synonymous
ay. Even the serious
of life, like eating,
and eliminating, can be
y converted into a
ou have only to watch
-year-old boy happily
curlicues with his urine
ut of the toilet bowl to
ow pervasive is playful-
he baby's playful ap-
o his own body and the
ound him helps solidify
otional foundations for
cial relations and intel-
nastery. (The baby has
n of this, of course; he
at he does because the
vites his exploration.)
babyhood on, the de-
nt of play is continu-
colleague L. J. Stone
ave traced it along two
mensions. The first has
with learning to coor-
one's play with that of
The second deals with
tent of play, and it is
t the continuity between
d and adulthood is most

"When all is done, human life is, at the greatest and best, but like a forward child, that must be played with and humored a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the case is over." —Sir William Temple 1628-1699

Consider social-affective play, which means getting pleasure out of arousing another person's feelings. Adults like to talk and sing to and jiggle a baby because he rewards them with signs of pleasure. The baby in turn quite rapidly learns to arouse parental emotions by smiling, cooing, calling for attention, and by increasingly complex signals such as pretending distress so that the adult will comfort him. Teasing is a form of social-affective play. As adults we continue to like to tease, and we also enjoy social-affective pastimes like flirting and trading banter.

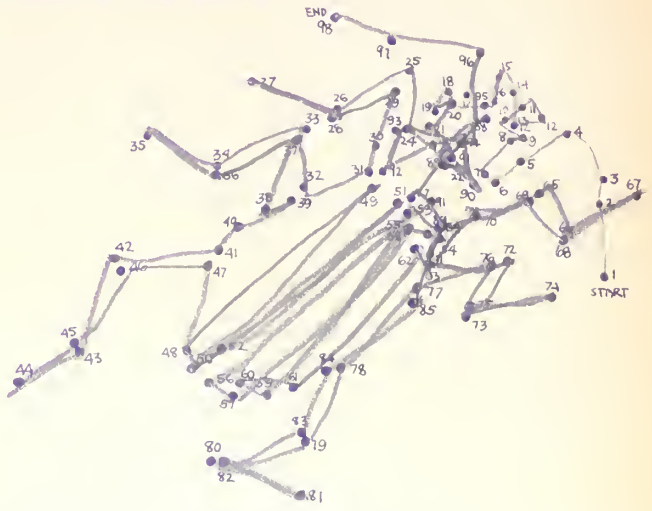
Both children and grown-ups like skill play (practicing or enjoying the use of the body), sense-pleasure play (getting sensual or aesthetic enjoyment from stimulation, from infantile masturbation to listening to music), and games (from This Little Piggy to London Bridge to baseball and poker).

Dramatic play—making believe—which begins before age two with such homey themes as telephoning, shaving, or wiping the doll's nose, develops through running a filling station, piloting a spaceship, cops and robbers, amateur and professional theater, and the posturing and more or less conscious role playing of adult life. Sometimes dramatic play goes on internally, in which case we call it daydreaming or wish-fulfilling fantasy. Daydreaming begins in the school years, flowers in adolescence, and continues lifelong.

We all carry around with us from our childhoods numerous leftover fears, resentments, jealousies, and rages. But we also carry with us capacities for enjoyment that we have repressed too long. As our Puritan heritage dries up, we adult Americans are now becoming able to unbend, enjoy ourselves, frolic —in sum, to revivify the ability to play. **—Joseph Church**

Professor Church's most recent book is Understanding Your Child From Birth to Three, *published this month.*

CONNECT THE DOTS



The Toy Establishment

It is not the failure of technology but the failure of imagination that makes me angry about talking dolls. Machines are made to economize labor. They should not be used to economize imagination. One talking doll television advertisement shows a girl saying "I love you" to a doll that repeats the message by instant replay. The ad depicts the child's joy; it cannot depict the opportunity she has lost to invent a true dialogue. If the hidden tape recorder breaks, the doll is deemed defective and cashed in for something foolproof. But what is really defective—the tape recorder or the toy? Or is the defect in the fusion and confusion of the two? "Gabbigales" and "Timey Tells" and all the other talking dolls remind me of typewriters and telephones and cash registers and record players, all of which have been scaled down to preschool level, so that toddlers can play appropriately with inappropriately adult objects. No wonder parents have difficulty choosing between the psychology books that say a thing is a thing and the others that remind us that a thing is whatever a child perceives it to be. The conflict is reiterated in our attitude toward children. On the one hand we impose our own routinized and mechanized and ultimately limiting conceptions on the young, while on the other hand we speak of breaking down cultural stereotypes.

Robbed of wonder and delight, we have set about producing in replica scale models of ourselves and all the "things" of our existence for our children to play with. The sexism inherent in manufacturing and selecting children's toys is a mere symptom of a more serious social stagnation. While parents may object that toy companies continue to feature male firemen and astronauts and female nurses and ballerinas, a more significant objection is that most manufacturers continue to produce, with ever greater likeness in detail and design, toys that reflect our own existing social structures and functions. Even should we all commit ourselves to buying tractors for our daughters and tea sets for our sons, the next generation of children would still be raised in an adult microcosm of Tonka Toys and Corningware miniatures.

My child grows and changes every day and year, yet I still remember that he once believed his tiny hands might grasp the wind. The wheel and lever must be wonderful to discover. Soap bubbles can still be blown through finger circles in the bath (cost free). Clouds have never ceased to take the form of what we want to see. The wind and rain have not yet been packaged in styrofoam, and the sun and stars were not put out by Fisher-Price in plastic this year.

There must be lots of things that children can discover for themselves. There has to be more that is young and new and timeless and eternal.

—Elizabeth Harlan

Elizabeth Harlan, mother of a two-year-old boy, is working toward a doctorate in French Literature at Yale.

ROUNDWORM REPORT

The game industry now grosses $300,000,000 annually.
Over 70 million Monopoly sets have been sold since the creation of the game in 1933.
Americans now spend $100 billion more in the leisure-time market than on national defense.
164 people died in snowmobile accidents last season, 60 more than in the preceding year.
There are 10,665 golf courses in the United States.
50,000 legs were broken in skiing accidents last year.
$22.3 million worth of bicycles were stolen in California during 1971.
The first American board game—The Mansion of Happiness—appeared in 1843.



Church labyrinths, like this one at the Abbey of St. Bertin, date back at least to the fourth century. Probably they are symbolic in some sense of the difficult journey toward Christ. Even the godless may be tempted to tackle them with a pencil in this day and age. From Mazes and Labyrinths: Their History and Development, *by W. H. Matthews.*

WINNING BIG

SOUND: *Laughter, applause and happy organ theme.*

DANNY: Now, let's see just what you've won on this, your third day on Hawaiian Sell-Out! Bob, what's Mrs. Presky's heap so far?

BOB: Right, Jack! So far, a complete broken set of color bars for Mrs. P.'s new home, some levelled mountain skis and water-rollers for that fun-filled open season, an unattached Grid-Five Stand-Up Reheater with a smoke window, and now. . .

SOUND: *Audience gasps.*

DANNY: Three hundred full pounds of Chef Antoine's Southern Fried Glimps, toasted to golden perfection, cubed, reheated, and returned to water before you're ready, Mrs. P. And the inside? Well, look at that! It's just as lovely. Two shelves where none are needed. And look at that! Close the door and the light stays on!

SOUND: *Audience applause.*

DANNY: Well, how do you feel, Mrs. Presky?

MRS. P: Ah—er—sick . . .

DANNY: Well, you can afford it now, love! But, like the Good Book says, "There're Bigger Deals to come . . ."

—The Firesign Theatre

Don't Crush That Dwarf, Hand Me the Pliers, 1970

Playing Politics

Oh, the hand-wringing that accompanied the publication, a year ago, of Abbie Hoffman's *Steal This Book*, which featured all those elaborate instructions for building Molotov cocktails and for ripping off restaurants, stores, schools, and governments. But the furor, for all its intensity, never touched on the book's debt to what turns out to have been the most important influence on radical politics and culture—Hollywood. Much of what Abbie Hoffman advised his readers was told in terms of old war movies and Westerns. And the real source for Abbie's material was the classic caper film.

Abbie advised his readers to dress up in clerical garb to get into amusement parks, in movers' uniforms to "liberate" a house of its furniture, and in coats and ties (!) to get free food at bar mitzvahs and bon voyage parties.

These are the kind of ideas that college freshmen talk about in dormitory bull sessions but that never work—*except* in the movies. The image of hundreds of kids running around in all those disguises (Abbie's bibliography contained two books on theatrical makeup) staggers the imagination. But it also tells something about radical politics, which now seems to be fading as just another evanescent fad of the 1960s, and about regular politics too.

If Abbie Hoffman's book turned an entire political movement into a cosmic Halloween prank, what does that say about pouring animals' blood on local draft records? Or about the Vietnam Veterans Against the War, probably the most brilliant showmen of them all, who played guerrilla warfare in the streets of Washington and moved to "take" the Statue of Liberty and Betsy Ross's house last year?

A central truth about radical politics, then, is that its impact on the public stems directly from its sheer theatricality and that its effect on its participants arises from its ab engage them in play.

Yet it would be a mis isolate radical behavior a ture from political activi whole, for all politics t find shape as theater. A dential campaign is one great spectacles we have enjoy—and Americans never be able to do with parades, rallies, and "sp ous" demonstrations that one knows are staged. sion has merely heighten transformed a quality t always there. Not just t pings of office-seeking very surroundings of ment are becoming incr stage managed. We sp strategies as "scenario instance.

Is our predilection f atricality merely sup Probably not. Our n charade goes directly nature of American dem An economics student that economics reflects ulation's *felt* needs, not needs. In this sense o ernment aims to produ seems to be the best so it was during a strike York City policemen years ago, when the Po partment staged things the handful of offic working could be cont visible, that many Nev ers said they had never safe.

In such an environm theatrical quality of rad itics is an exaggerated but not a different one little while ago Presider declared flamboyantly urban crisis was at an used to think it was that all those people fr business were going i ernment and politics. clear they were there a

—Steven R. W

Steven Weisman is a repo the New York Times.

"The playing adult step ward into another reali playing child advances f to new stages of mastery

—Erik H. E

Childhood and Society

"I say that a man must be serious with the serious. God worthy of supreme seriousness, but man is made God's pl and that is the best part of him. Therefore every man and should live life accordingly, and play the noblest games a another mind from what they are at present."

—Plato, T

AROUNDWRAPARO

ssential Spectator

mber of years ago, re- from Europe on a jet the last moment of the iding over Queens into /, I watched, in its en- sandlot double. Min- lier I had experienced excitement as I had r below and tiny in their , the glorious baseball ls of New York. Hav- n away for what seemed nity, I viewed these dia- as the precious stones of a. Flights across Europe eided no such visual ndeed, the few baseball n the Continent were ed in the gray acres of s SHAPE and other mil- tes. Coming home that September, therefore, was a journey of need: within twenty hours I would go to a stadium and watch, without moving once from my seat, two baseball games that would consume, in toto, seven and one-half hours. The double that preceded them, struck by a man dressed in blue and realized in the nine or ten seconds available to me, was, and remains, the most extraordinary event I have ever witnessed in any arena of competition.

Watching sports in the very place of action has always been appealing to me. The immediacy of a game, the urgency, is, somehow, rewarding and therapeutic. I invariably leave stadiums, or courts, or rinks, quite rested, although, having taken the results personally and seriously, frequently saddened and melancholy. For twenty-seven years I have designated certain athletic teams as extensions of myself; their defeats, then, are my own, and, at age thirty-four, there is little I can do about it.

The feeling of a game in one's fingers contributes mightily to an appreciation of its subtleties. Having never played hockey, I find the desperate flow of that sport only somewhat pretty. Football, too, is a remote conflict, its fiendish violence most alarming in the freezing confines of winter stadiums. But baseball is another matter. Its ease and grace, its marvelous and moving beauty, and most of all, its very idea, is mesmerizing and terrific. I have *played* that game. I *know* that game. I have made a catch like that. I have pulled off a hook slide, fumbled a ground ball, and I have been caught in a rundown. My fingers reach out and touch the game. My team is up and alive, as am I, lining a single through the middle. It is *me*, do you understand? I can feel what is happening. I *am* what is happening. Every ball that is struck is a piece of my own action, and a sublime double in Queens on a September afternoon, observed by a stranger in an aircraft, announces my own private moment of return. I will begin again.

—Jonathan Schwartz

Jonathan Schwartz conducts radio programs on WNEW and WNEW-FM in New York City.

consists of whatever a obliged to do, and play of whatever a body is ged to do."

—Mark Twain
The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, 1876

RANDOM SURVEY
What's your best riddle?
Write it in, with the answer, tear off the page, and send to **WRAPAROUND.**

SURFING THROUGH LIFE

The number of acceptable pastimes, hobbies, games, sports and entertainments is climbing rapidly, and the growth of a distinct subcult built around surfing, for example, demonstrates that, at least for some, a leisure-time commitment can also serve as the basis for an entire life style. The surfing subcult is a signpost pointing to the future. **—Alvin Toffler**

Future Shock, 1970

AND OFF: LOTHING SCORE

ect of this score is for you to become l in dressing and undressing as pure s. Use the diagram so you will not make conscious decisions. Instead, rate all your attention on the sensad feelings in your body while you are

UCTIONS

n with any item indicated in the ram.

ou are wearing that item, remove it. er other clothing covers it, remove it If you are not wearing an item of kind indicated in the diagram, find thing similar and put it on.

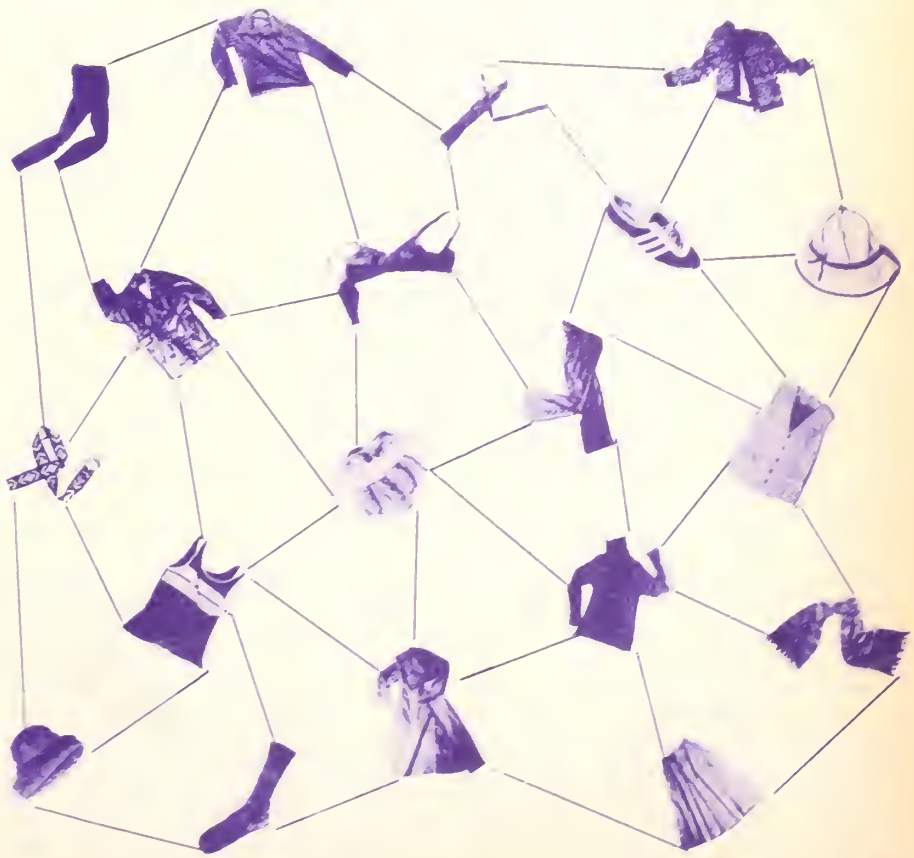
roceed from the clothing you are in- d with, follow any line on the dia- in any direction to the next item.

se an item shown is not easily avail- to you, move on to the next item in- d. Again, remove the clothing of the indicated in the diagram if you are ing it or put it on if you are not.

inue this way until you are entirely cious of your body movements.

re may be played alone but it is also le in groups. **—Nelson Howe**

owe is a designer who works primarily in participative activities.



ROUNDWRAPAROUN



"Holmes bent over this grotesque frieze for some minutes, and then suddenly sprang to his feet with an exclamation of surprise and dismay. His face was haggard with anxiety."

If you can decode this message from Conan Doyle's "The Adventure of the Dancing Men," you will know why. Those of you who can't figure it out can read its frightful words upside down, below.

ELSIE PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD

THE SPARK

Every study undertaken by Man was the genuine outcome of curiosity, a kind of game. All the data of natural science, which are responsible for Man's domination of the world, originated in activities that were indulged in exclusively for the sake of amusement. When Benjamin Franklin drew sparks from the tail of his kite he was thinking as little of the lightning conductor as Hertz, when he investigated electrical waves, was thinking of radio transmission. Anyone who has experienced in his own person how easily the inquisitiveness of a child at play can grow into the life work of a naturalist will never doubt the fundamental similarity of games and study.

—Konrad Lorenz

"Psychology and Phylogeny"
The Evolution of the Organism, 1954

How To Play Temperature Tag

To play temperature tag, the following pieces are needed: a sick child, a thermometer, a mother, a telephone, and a doctor. The game begins when the mother puts her hand on the child's head and says, "Boy, it is hot. I'd better take his temperature."

Usually a brief skirmish ensues. . . . After five minutes, by which time the excessive activity has caused the temperature to rise only one or two degrees, the mother gets the temperature at let us say 103°. . . .

The harried doctor is dutifully phoned. He usually replies, "Give him some aspirin, and call me back if the temperature goes up."

Thus the game of tag begins. Four hours later, there is a repetition of the first battle scene. It is now 104°. Call the doctor again. He is tied up, he will call you back. Two hours later, the doctor calls back.

"It was 104° two hours ago, Doctor, but he feels cooler now."

"Fine," says the doctor. "Give him some more aspirin and call me back."

This game of tag between mother and doctor, in which the mother is "it" if the temperature goes up and must "tag" the doctor if she can catch him, is a nonsensical game. Its only merit is to increase the value of telephone stocks.

—Marvin J. Gersh, M.D.

How to Raise Children at Home in Your Spare Time, 1966

MIRACULOUS MIMICRY

When a butterfly has to look like a leaf, not only are all the details of a leaf beautifully rendered but markings mimicking grub-bored holes are generously thrown in. "Natural selection," in the Darwinian sense, could not explain the miraculous coincidence of imitative aspect and imitative behavior, nor could one appeal to the theory of "the struggle for life" when a protective device was carried to a point of mimetic subtlety, exuberance, and luxury far in excess of a predator's power of appreciation. I discovered in nature the nonutilitarian delights that I sought in art. Both were a form of magic, both were a game of intricate enchantment and deception.

—Vladimir Nabokov

Speak, Memory, 1966

The Universe as Modern Dan

If the universe was a closed system—and such was the assumption—then the general deduction of a single irreversible sequence and of a final state in which the processes of nature would cease through the equipartition of energy was inevitable. Physics seemed able to foretell the doom of creation.

—The Zenith of European Power 1830-70 (*Vol. X in* The New Cambridge Modern History)

The first two dancers could be Carnot's perfect heat engine: he would go up, she would come down; up, down; up, down. Rudy, probably, and either Michele or Naomi. Until (this was the rule) someone would get bored and walk out.

Then right into the little meditation on the nature of light, as represented by three mock-ballerinas in yellow chiffon. June, Renie, and herself. Weaving their arms over and under, in and out, just like one of the lithographs at Kamin's. They'd clasp hands and, rising on point, clatter across the stage: tacky-tacky-tacky-tack. Seeming to float. Wave or particle? we (the audience) ask ourselves. In either case, as pretty as can be, though if you saw them on the street during the rush hour you might have second thoughts.

So old! so anxious! (Here introduce the "entropy" motif.) It takes years of practice to get such heavy thighs, years of yogurt and cottage cheese, years of cozying up to unspeakable people. And all for what? For this loft over a Spanish-speaking movie house!

Where, all through the afternoon and far into the night, voices would percolate up through the floorboards, muttering of honor threatened and undying love, of vast sums of money and a mother's broken heart. Gunshots or laughter would ring out in the middle of a dinner of cottage cheese (garnished with parsnip tonight, a generally undervalued but delicious vegetable), and the same patterns of gunshots or laughter would recur at each subsequent dinner until the movie house changed its bill. By these evidences one couldn't help but feel the world was orderly and, if one studied Spanish, ultimately knowable.

Regularity is so plea
Didn't Kepler think he
hear the harmony of
spheres? Why not do the
ets, revolving and rotatin
their nice, planetary way
waltz. But any grade s
science class might do that
probably has.

No, the last tableau ha
be nothing less than the
death of the universe. Lo
trumpets and *Dies irae* ef
a march maybe, and the
twelve dancers spread abou
stage at equal distances
twitching, laxly, until the
audience walks out. It
take hours though.

Then one day she went
actually to see the Sp
movie, and it came to he
ending. In the middle of
very dull dialogue betwee
men in business suits, the
jector stopped. The heat
steady light melted the ex
frame, and there was jus
simple white glare of the
on the screen. The au
started screaming at the
jectionist, and she th
there could be no apter
for Paradise, when Time
Entropy, after all, needn't
wholly negative idea.

So at the end of the pie
had Jerry, who was p
God, step forward and tu
the lights around so that
were aimed straight at th
dience. No music, no m
no one on stage, just a
slow dimming off. Ideall
audience would have t
something. **—Thomas M.**
A poet and novelist, Thomas has recently edited Bad Mo
ing: An Anthology of Politica
bodings.

Questions on Mac

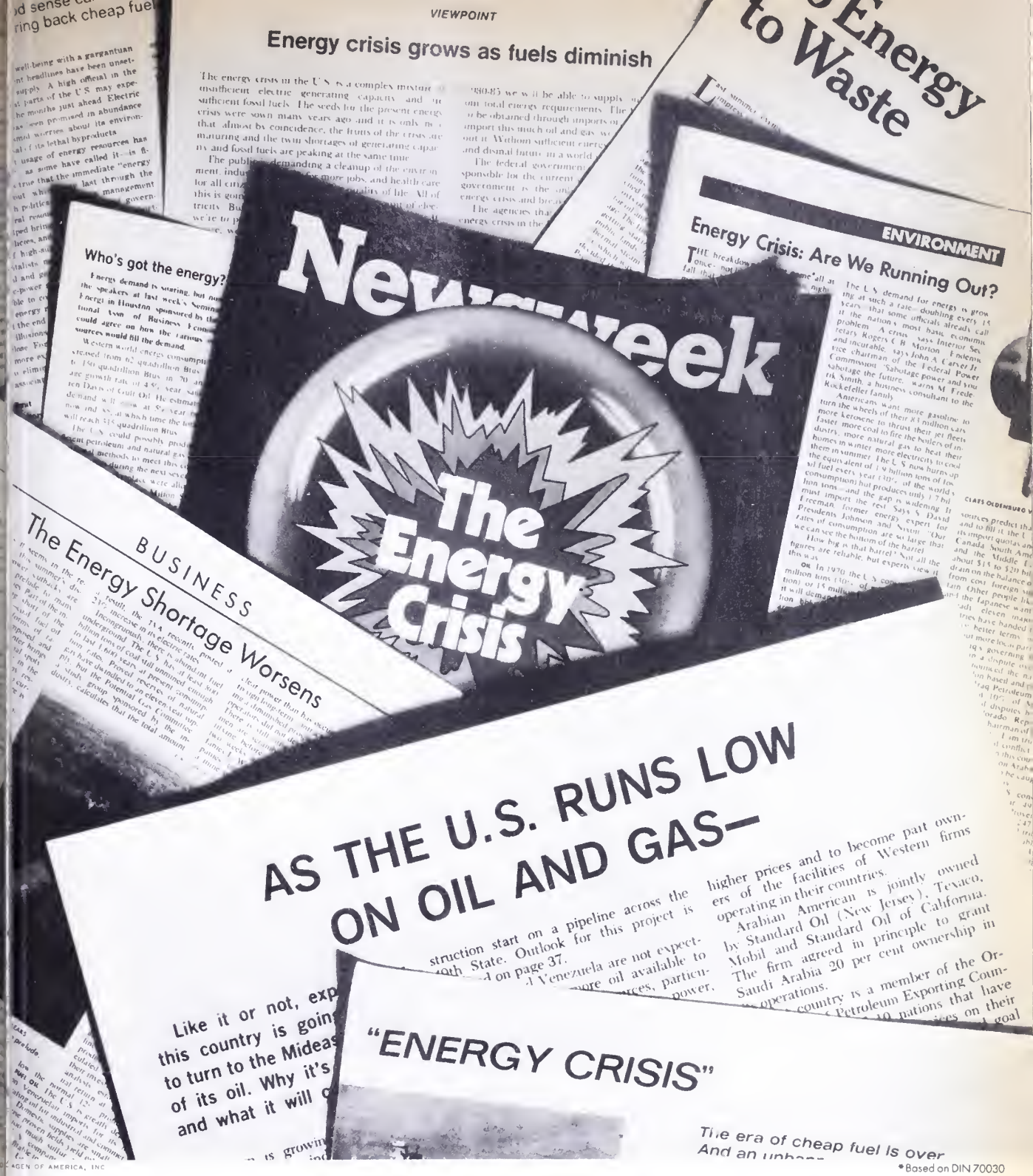
Have you a weird siste
odd brother?

Comment on the fol
quotation: "'Aroint thee,
the rump-fed ronyon cries
cuss the advantages of
fed over spoon-fed and
venous.

Would you trust Lady
beth as a wet nurse? K
mind her expression of
tude for her own infa
would, while it was smi
my face, have pluck'd n
ple from his boneless gu
dash'd the brains out."

—Richard A
Twisted Tale
Shakespear

WRAPAROUND continues on p



Waste not. Want not.

Beetles have traveled hundreds of billions of miles. At about 25 miles per gallon,* imagine how much gasoline they've saved. Imagine how much money.

Few things in life work as well as a Volkswagen.

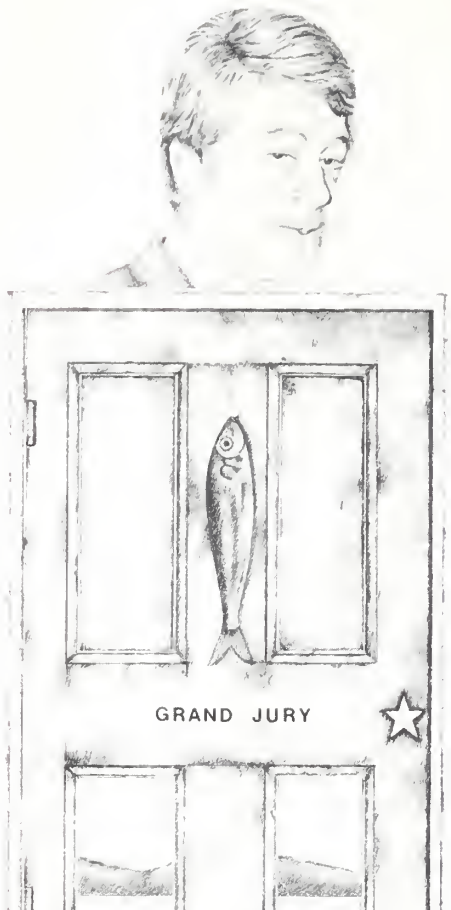
Charles E. Goodell

WHERE DID THE GRAND JURY GO?

"From a legal to a political engine"

Describe for the grand jury every occasion during the year 1970 when you have been in contact with, attended meetings which were conducted by, or attended by, or been any place when any individual spoke whom you knew to be associated with or affiliated with Students for a Democratic Society, the Weathermen, the Communist Party or any other organization advocating revolutionary overthrow of the United States, describing for the grand jury when these incidents occurred, where they occurred, who was present and what was said by all persons there and what you did at the time you were in these meetings, groups, associations or conversations.

—Guy Goodwin, prosecutor
Tucson grand jury, 1970



James Hanlon

MEETINGS, GROUPS, associations, and conversations are the First Amendment building blocks of our political process. Unless the government is engaged in a bona fide presentation of evidence of criminal activity to a grand jury, it has no business probing into such activities, frightening citizens away from them, or punishing people who resist revealing them to hostile authorities. Yet, for more than two years, Guy Goodwin and other "special prosecutors" from the Justice Department have been making Kafkaesque demands, like the one above, of hundreds of citizens whom they force to appear before grand juries in cities scattered around the country.

The supposed function of grand juries in our system is to sit in judgment on the exercise of discretion by prosecutors; to grand jurors we entrust the sensitive job of weighing whatever evidence a prosecutor has gathered, authorizing or forbidding him to proceed further against individuals in a public trial. For this purpose we have given grand juries extraordinary powers to compel testimony and to punish recalcitrant witnesses. But, as the questions that are being asked before today's political grand juries indicate, federal prosecutors are using these powers to elicit political intelligence data about the Administration's critics. They are not attempting to persuade the grand juries to authorize indictments, and the citizens who have been subjected to these improper and pernicious interrogations are, almost without exception, accused of no crime.

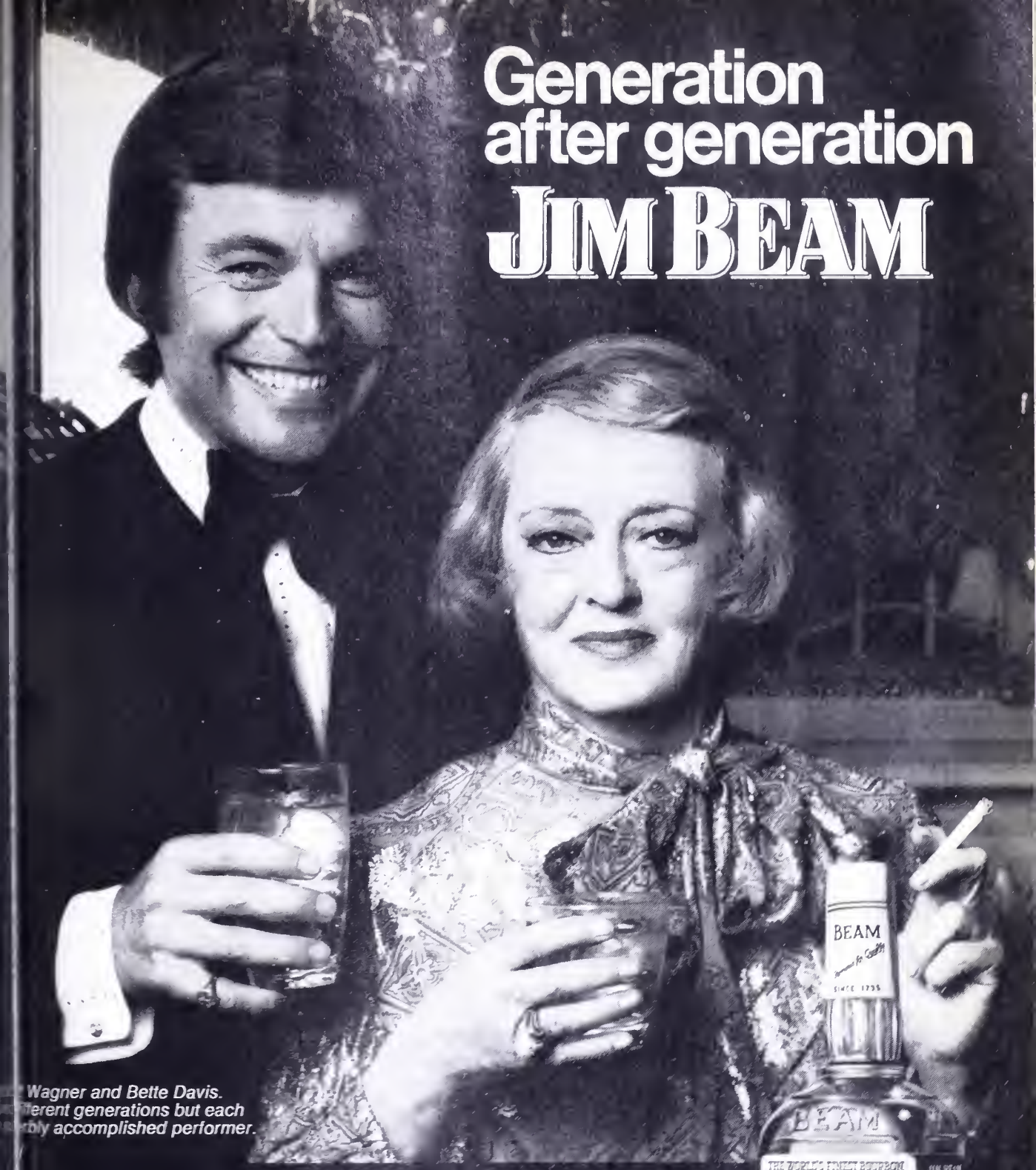
In my opinion, the inquisitions are intended to punish and inhibit protected expression and political activity and to break down the private and professional relationships of academic liberals and of political activists. This must be a matter of concern for all of us. The power to compel testimony behind the closed doors of grand jury rooms belongs to whatever political faction wins control of our institutions of government. Today the targets are liberals and radicals—tomorrow's victims may be the Daughters of the American Revolution or the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

Because the grand jury operates behind a cloak of secrecy intended to protect suspects from public condemnation, its powers, and their potential for abuse, have gone largely unnoticed. But in a criminal system that relies on due process and public scrutiny to safeguard the individual's rights and the system's integrity, the grand jury has always been an anomaly. Persons ordered to appear before it have no right to be told what crime, if any, is being investigated or whether they are being questioned as potential defendants or as mere witnesses. There are no rules of evidence restricting the scope of the prosecutor's inquiry. Unprotected by the presence of a judge or legal counsel, witnesses

Copyright © 1973 by Charles Goodell. From his forthcoming book, Political Prisoners in America; *printed by permission of Random House, Inc. Former Senator Goodell, a Republican, was a Justice Department attorney in the 1950s and now participates in the defense of Daniel Ellsberg. Mr. Goodell finds that civil liberties, at a high point today, are more threatened than ever before as the urge to repress dissent flows through less visible channels.*

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interrogation that can reach into virtually any corner of their lives. The prosecutor's unfettered discretion to issue subpoenas to anyone, anywhere, whom he wishes to interrogate is easily transformed into a power to intimidate and harass advocates of disfavored ideas. Most importantly, those who are subpoenaed can be jailed if they refuse to cooperate.

THE GRAND JURY has been a sort of time bomb ticking away in the Anglo-American legal system for over eight hundred years. Occasionally it served the people well, particularly when it investigated the very authorities who ran the system and brought the corrupt and lawless among them to trial. But the effectiveness of the "people's panel" has always depended on its independence from authority. On several occasions in the past, a grand jury, jealous of its rights, actually excluded the prosecutor from its deliberations in order to be free from the biases and self-interest of those with political power. Over the years, however, the complexion of grand juries has changed, their anti-authoritarian tradition has been diluted, and they have become subservient to the interests of the prosecuting authority over which they were assigned to watch.

Colonial panels twice refused to indict John Peter Zenger for seditious libel of the Royal Governor. In 1765 a Boston grand jury, elected by the radical-controlled town meeting, refused to oblige Royal officials who wanted it to indict suspected leaders of the Stamp Act Riots. In 1768, another panel refused to indict editors of the *Boston Gazette* who were accused of libeling the Royal Governor.

The Constitution, when it went into effect in 1789, made no mention of grand juries. Several state ratifying conventions expressed uneasiness that the new Constitution left citizens to rely on the unfettered discretion of federal authorities to protect them against repressive prosecutions; the Fifth Amendment was ratified in 1791 to eliminate that danger. It provided that "no person shall be held to answer for a capital, or otherwise infamous crime," unless a grand jury authorized the charge. The hopes of those who drafted the Fifth Amendment with activist pre-Revolutionary grand juries in mind have been largely disappointed. Thomas Jefferson charged that by 1791 the Federalists had already transformed grand juries "from a legal to a political engine" by inviting them "to become inquisitors on the freedom of speech."

In the 1920s and 1930s the grand jury's power to compel testimony proved useful to prosecutors trying to unravel and expose complex corruption and illegality in municipal governments, prison administration, police departments, and organized crime. People all over the nation followed Thomas E. Dewey's racket-busting grand juries in the mid-Thirties. At the time that grand juries were beginning to be used in this way, they had already become reliable "rubber stamps" for the conclusions reached by prosecutors who merely borrowed the panels' power to conduct their investigations. F. Lee Bailey voiced the sentiments of many lawyers today when he called the modern grand jury "a flock of sheep led by the prosecutor across the meadows to the finding he wants." From these two developments—the grand jurors' increasing tractability and the prosecutor's increasing dependence on the panel's investigative powers—evolved today's pattern of grand jury political investigations.

During the anti-Communist hysteria of the 1950s, a stream of suspected Communists was brought before grand juries where federal prosecutors pressed inquiries into witnesses' political beliefs and affiliations, and those of their acquaintances. It was rarely made clear what crime, if any, was being investigated, and indictments were not forthcoming to justify the probes. Instead, witnesses were handed summary contempt sentences and reports were issued to pillory those who had been subpoenaed and those whose names had been mentioned in the secret testimony.

The politically targeted grand juries of the McCarthy era resemble nothing in American experience so much as the Congressional antisubversive investigating committees of the same period. The Nixon Administration's fondness for the people's panel is rooted in this aberration of the Fifties, not in the colonial grand juries and the tradition underlying the Fifth Amendment. In the 1970s, the grand jury has almost completely replaced the moribund and pow antisubversive committees of earlier era.

IN THE FALL of 1970, a grand in Tucson, Arizona, was inves ing the purchase of some dyn by an alleged Weatherman wh driven away in a car registered woman in Los Angeles. The jury indicted the buyer for illeg terstate transportation of the sives. For several months FBI conducted heavy surveillance car owner's home in an atten confirm their suspicions that was brewing, but they found no Case closed. At this point, *aft* grand jury had performed its function, Guy Goodwin flew t son to reopen the investig Goodwin is a member of the S Litigation Section of the Justi partment's Internal Security sion—a division that had been tively inactive since the Mc period, until it was revitaliz 1970. The Special Litigation S takes responsibility for prose political cases wherever they a the federal system.

Goodwin obtained subpoer quiring five young people wh at the California address on th registration to come to Tuc testify. Although he asked t few questions about the use car, his probing generally h bearing on any legitimate a grand jury inquiry. For instan

> *Tell the grand jury every p you went after you returne your apartment from Cuba, e city you visited, with whom by what means of transport you traveled, and who you vi at all of the places you went ing the times of your travel ter you left your apartmen Ann Arbor, Michigan, in Ma 1970.*

Goodwin made these dema persons subpoenaed as *wit* They were not, and were not accused of any criminal activ

When the witnesses refuse to try to detail the travels and of friends and political ass they were given full immunit prosecution and asked agai time under threat of impris if they refused. They chose early December 1970, and the remained until the expiration

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particular grand jury's term a
end of March 1971. They wer
first of a new class of political
oners. When they were finall
leased, each was greeted at th
door with another subpoena t
pear before yet another grand
Grand juries in the federal s
have a life of eighteen months.
with Goodwin's persistence and
tentially endless string of eig
month jail sentences, three agre
testify, telling Goodwin nothi
did not already know about th
namite purchase. Goodwin p
on, however, with his fishing e
tion into their personal and po
affairs. The two witnesses who
out were again cited for con
but avoided jail during a stri
appeals that went all the way t
Supreme Court and back. T
months passed before their con
convictions were reversed. (Rec
in the Camden 28 case, a fe
court of appeals upheld releas
couple who had spent fo
months in jail for refusing to
before a grand jury. In a prec
shattering decision, the court
that their continued jailing h
come punitive rather than an e
induce testimony.)

With the methods he had
in Tucson, Goodwin looked for
angle of inquiry into the amo
organizations and ad hoc coale
of the New Left. On March 1 a
had exploded in the Capitol.
April radical organizers con
on Washington to plan and e
a Mayday protest against co
tion of the war in Vietnam. O
27 FBI agents arrested nineteen
old Leslie Bacon. She was h
$100,000 bail as a material wit
the Capitol bombing, and she w
sationally characterized to th
as a link between the bombe
the organizers of the imminen
day demonstrations. By Septe
became clear that the charac
tion was false; the Court of A
ruled that the FBI had acte
trarily and illegally in arresti
without sufficient evidence.

Even before the Mayday
strations began, however, Les
con was flown to Seattle an
jected to Guy Goodwin's qu
ing. In the three days before
perienced lawyer entered the
her behalf, she answered mo
two hundred and fifty qu
touching on nearly every as

for the previous six months.
was cited for contempt and
hen she refused to cooperate
ther with Goodwin's probe.
sistence in pressing for her
ıy cannot be explained by a
information on the Capitol
g; she had none, she was the
ness called in the investiga-
d no one was indicted. He
raw data about radicals. The
ndence" of the grand jury, its
from rules governing the
relevancy of interrogation,
cy—all have invited him to

r three days of cooperation,
acon supplied Goodwin with
deal of the intelligence data
ht. She had traveled exten-
roughout the United States
nded a number of radical
ces in the previous year. Her
the Mayday demonstrations
her in touch with still others
vhom Goodwin wanted to
ore. About a purely social
California, Goodwin asked
e she went and what she did,
he "saw, visited with, or
with," the names of those
om she traveled, and "what
conversations in the car dur-
fifty-six-hour drive?"
he questioned her about the
rs of the Mayday demon-
, he traced her every move-
king how she traveled from
e to the next, who was pres-
ll times, what was said by
son, and even who slept with
which rooms of what house.
acon revealed enough names
rmation for him to launch
ury investigations in New
Washington, and Detroit,
subsequently did.
w York Goodwin subpoenaed
itnesses. The questions went
iliar Goodwin territory and
of the seven would testify.
hington, Goodwin subpoe-
ee Mayday organizers. Two
tenced for contempt for re-
o testify but appealed and
ase on the ground that the
ent could not refuse to dis-
hether illegal wiretapping
the basis for the questions.
was not willing to proceed
uld have to reveal the illegal
of the FBI, so he moved
etroit. There he issued sub-
o seven others connected by
acon to the Mayday activi-

There were more cuts on my face than on my records...

"Good-bye NICK"

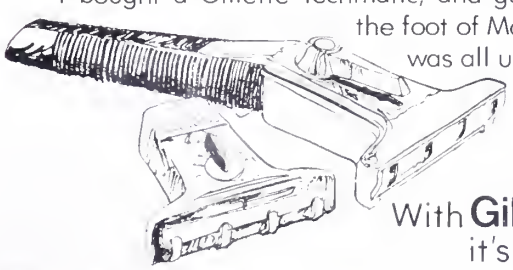
My name is Tim Wheeler. I started singing for free beer, then the General discovered me and I was asked to sing at a concert at the foot of Mount Rushmore.

My songs talked of the quiet, peaceful life. But people were noticing the bandages on my face. I always nicked and cut myself when I shaved. People called me "Nick." There were more cuts on my face than on my records. The General called me out on the veranda. "Nick," he said. "They cancelled your appearance at Rushmore. I can't sell a peaceful singer who looks like his appearance at Madison Square Garden was a ten-rounder, instead of a concert. Good-Bye Nick."



On the bus for Atlanta I told a guy my story. From his cardboard satchel he took out a razor. "This is a Gillette Techmatic® razor," he said. "Instead of blades with sharp corners that can cut and nick your face, it has a continuous razor band all safely enclosed in a cartridge. And it's adjustable to your skin and beard, for a smooth, safe shave."

I bought a Gillette Techmatic, and got great shaves. I sang at the foot of Mount Rushmore, and it was all up from there.



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it's good-bye Nick.

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ties. One testified, but six refused, raising again the embarrassing question of governmental wiretaps.

THE BASIC THRUST of the Nixon Administration's plan for the people's panel is clear. From Leslie Bacon's initial Seattle testimony, Goodwin launched three grand juries and questioned a score of witnesses. If no limit is imposed upon or accepted by Goodwin and his superiors, the Justice Department can smother radical political dissent in this country with a blanket of special grand juries.

The Nixon Administration has also bent the grand jury's compulsory process in an attempt to turn newsmen and scholars into investigators for the FBI's political intelligence-gathering effort. In Boston, where the Justice Department conducted an investigation purportedly aimed at uncovering the facts behind publication of the Pentagon Papers, a stream of scholars, journalists, and writers were subpoenaed and asked to identify the sources of their information and opinions about the Vietnam war. The effect of this probe, and its likely purpose, was to dry up the flow of government information (unclassified as well as classified) that contradicted the Nixon view of the tragic events in Indochina.

The grand jury earned its popular title, "the people's panel," when it served as an instrument of popular government and as the citizen's counterforce to the otherwise unlimited discretion of prosecutors and other officers of government. It was thought to be a crucial link in our system of checks and balances. In the hands of the Nixon Administration its powers have been loaned out to the FBI. The FBI has no authority to force citizens to disclose the details of their personal lives, their political beliefs or associations, their sources of information, their travels, or their conversations with others. The FBI, which got almost anything J. Edgar Hoover asked of Congress, was denied the subpoena power he requested to assist his men in gathering just such information. Now this important safeguard has been circumvented. By coupling the unique powers of the people's panel with the FBI's continuing surveillance of political dissenters, an institution designed to protect us from the dangers of a police state has been used to bring us still closer to one.

Little effort is made any more to disguise the extent to which the grand jury's function has been distorted. A Brooklyn grand jury recently was investigating an attempt to break into an FBI office in Long Island. Witnesses reported that while the jurors read magazines and newspapers, the Justice Department prosecutor regularly excused himself to confer with agents of the FBI. Over and over again he returned to ask the same questions that the FBI had been asking the same individuals in its own investigation. It is becoming increasingly clear that the FBI has simply donned the august mantle of our people's panel and seized its powers. This distresses me both because the FBI has concurrently assumed the nature of a political police and because these changes obviously have the approval of the highest Justice Department officers responsible for the conduct of the grand jury proceedings.

The same subpoena power that is being used to satisfy the FBI's curiosity is being used to harass and punish the politically unpopular. It is very intimidating to be hauled before a grand jury, denied a lawyer, and asked: "Who was at this meeting?" or "What was said?" or "Give me the names of everyone you spoke to in March." On the West Coast a grand jury showered more than one hundred subpoenas on individuals engaged in antiwar activities there. No indictments *ever* issued from the proceedings.

When J. Edgar Hoover attempted to discredit and smear the Catholic antiwar movement with his sensational charges of a bombing-kidnaping plot, he was immediately challenged to substantiate his charges. Hoover's superiors in the Justice Department viewed the speculative letters exchanged between Sister Elizabeth McAlister and Father Philip Berrigan, and the testimony of agent provocateur Boyd Douglas, insufficient to support a criminal charge. They had already refused even to convene a grand jury. But Hoover's public outburst forced his titular superiors to act. The sinister picture he painted was given an easy kind of legitimacy by indictments secured from an obedient federal grand jury in Harrisburg on the basis of the same testimony and letters th Justice Department had a deemed insufficient. Almost ei months passed before a trial j Harrisburg vindicated the defe by refusing to convict them o thing except the technical offe smuggling letters in and out of

The Harrisburg grand jury two other improper purposes thirty persons, all closely cor with the antiwar movement subpoenaed in a belated ef dredge up evidence to corro the unsubstantiated accusation the continuing investigation Harrisburg panel created the sion of an even wider conspira the one pictured by Hoover. T pression was compounded wh nesses were sentenced for refu respond to Guy Goodwin's tions. Their refusal was not ba fear of prosecution—the non ators included those to whom win had granted immunity—b principle and on law: the qu exceeded the proper scope of jury's function; the prosecuto seeking evidence, but the pa already issued the indictme the evidence used to support poenas was itself the product government's illegal wiretapp

IT IS WORTH looking more at the wiretapping objecti so much because it has halted ber of these probes but becau veals much about the kind o Nixon's legal troops have play our system of laws and the process in particular.

The Omnibus Crime Cont Safe Streets Act of 1968 ur cally prohibits prosecutors fr ing questions of grand jury w if the questions are derive electronic surveillance cond the absence of a properly iss rant. Congress made this law words of the Act, "to prote tively the privacy of wire a communications, [and] to pr integrity of court and admin proceedings." Of course, it i case when a citizen knows conversations have been subj illegal surveillance. If there way to force the governmen mit its wrongdoing, the privac izens and the integrity of th would be at the mercy of torial whim.

of the first witnesses subpoe- granted immunity, and com- to testify before the Harrisburg jury was Sister Joques Egan. as given instructions such as, e all conversations you have the past year with Sister Eliz- McAlister." Minutes after she l to answer questions that she d were based on illegal wire- g, she was held in contempt iled. On her appeal the Justice ment did not deny the charge gued that she had no right to ie issue at all!

Court of Appeals freed Sister from the contempt judgment dered a hearing to determine r the questions *were* based on wiretapping. The Justice De- nt argued that it would un- ably delay grand jury delib- s if a witness could force a g merely by alleging she had e target of illegal surveillance. ppellate judges had a simple : "We assume that the Gov- it will attempt to conduct sur- ce within statutory and con- nal limits, and that . . . the ment will produce in court rrant by which it proceeded, brief inquiry will demonstrate e warrant was properly ob- and that the surveillance did eed the authority."

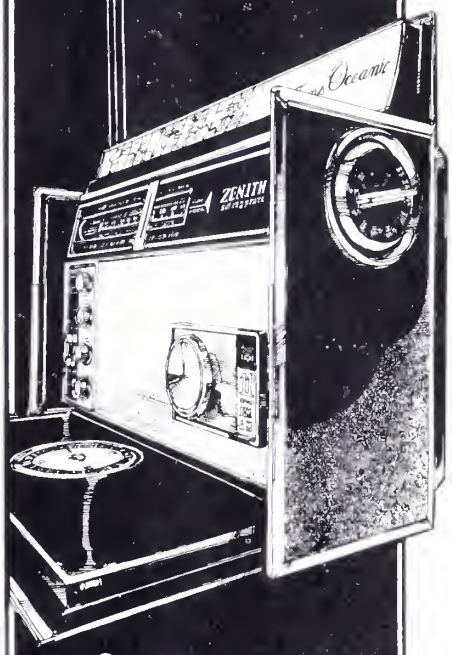
5-to-4 decision, with all four on's appointees dissenting, the ie Court upheld the lower decision in *Egan*. Nonetheless, tice Department went on re- g to wiretap challenges raised olars at the Boston Pentagon grand jury with a series of ious statements that the Court eals found to be "inadequate ." So long as the Justice De- nt avoids the procedure out- y *Egan*, we lose an opportu- at political grand juries offer overing illegal conduct, but gal conduct in question is that Justice Department and the Department controls the jury game.

record of the Justice Depart- use of the grand jury in the g case is itself a catalogue of uses to which the people's as been subjected. After pub- of the Pentagon Papers, fed- vestigators' harassment of Ellsberg and his neighbors, nen, and acquaintances was mented by subpoenas sum- moning his family and friends to appear before secret grand jury proceedings. A subtle form of punishment, it reached a peak when Ellsberg's former wife was persuaded to testify by the promise that her son would then not have to appear; but a few days later, Ellsberg's fifteen-year-old son was served with a subpoena at 7:30 A.M., requiring his appearance before the grand jury just two hours later.

IT OVERSTATES THE CASE to argue, as some do, that the grand jury has only recently been politicized, or that it served its constitutional purpose of safeguarding the people from repressively motivated prosecutions until the Nixon Administration took it over. Cases in which grand juries actually exercised their inherent power to protect political minorities were important in our tradition but were, in fact, rather rare. Grand juries have always served the interests of whichever political element could control them. Where grand jurors' sympathies were with the patriot faction, as in pre-Revolutionary Massachusetts, they frustrated the Crown's efforts to punish radicals. In other colonies, where they were sympathetic to Royal officialdom, they served Royal interests well. The image of the grand jury as a shield, important though it was in the minds of the framers of our Constitution, was based on a mythology of sorts. The problem is not that the grand jury has ceased to be what it never actually was. It is that prosecutors who have repressive purposes in mind are virtually unchecked in abusing the panel's compulsory process and its rule of secrecy.

Some lawyers argue that the grand jury is so prone to abuse that it should be abolished. Federal prosecutors argue that even if grand jury power is abused by irresponsible prosecutors in some political cases, they would be unable to enforce the laws against environmental pollution, antitrust offenses, police corruption, narcotics smuggling, securities fraud, and organized crime if they could not subpoena books and records and compel the sworn testimony of witnesses. But if it *is* necessary for prosecutors to have or to borrow these powers, why must we have the expensive and cumbersome pretense of a people's panel? Half the states have

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abandoned the grand jury, and England, the land of its origin, has been operating without it since 1933.

A society plagued by complex and secretive criminal activity must have *some* form of compulsory process to aid investigation. We would gain nothing by abandoning the grand jury only to be subjected to widespread searches, with or without warrants, and more spies and informers. Nor do I think we would gain much by eliminating the people's panel and simply giving the prosecutor its powers.

The most serious obstacle to abolition of the grand jury is the Fifth Amendment itself, which requires indictment by grand jury in serious cases in the federal system. I think anyone who has observed recent incursions on our civil liberties will agree that this is not a good time in our history to invite a free-for-all over whether to retain certain provisions of the Bill of Rights. But if we must retain the grand jury, it is essential that we find ways to stop the process that has made it a means of harassing and intimidating political activists. The people's panel has been trivialized by being made a subagency of the FBI. Increasingly this undermines the integrity of the rest of the criminal process. If we cannot reverse the trend, then a serious debate about abolishing the grand jury will be in order.

IN THE PAST, when grand jurors were presented with simple accusations rooted in the context of their own community life, they could, and sometimes did, launch their own investigations, independently judge the substance of the charge, and view critically the motivation of the prosecutor. Today, grand juries disagree with prosecutors in less than *2 or 3 percent* of the cases presented to them. An ability to act and think for itself was possible only so long as the grand jury could operate independently from the legal expertise of the prosecutor and the technological expertise of the FBI. Without investigators, stenographers, clerks, and legal experts of its own, the grand jury must rely, for the basis of an informed judgment, on the resources of the very same authorities whose judgment it might otherwise control.

An abundance of resources would not change grand jury behavio less grand jurors were dispose assert themselves. One of the distressing aspects of today's p is the apathy and lack of interes hibited by the members, who been seen reading newspapers, ing cards, and gossiping while ecutors abuse their special pr atives. Many grand jurors are si unaware of their right to call nesses and to ask questions on own initiative. It would hel judges gave newly empaneled g juries a better sense of their p and duties. Peter Weiss of the ter for Constitutional Rights has gested that grand jurors migh shown a training film of the used in industry and in the mili Such a film could depict grand j taking an active part in delibera and questioning, and could de strate dramatically the kind of ecutorial abuses that turn the g jurors' power to repressive end

In New York, a pamphlet is to each novice grand juror, t him of his right to call witnesse to ask relevant questions. But ecutors can, and often do, si say that the request is irrele They are considered to be th perts, and their decision, wha its merits, is not taken to any h authority for review.

Occasionally we get a hopefu of change. In California recent three grand jurors walked out t test a prosecutor's behavior, were cheered by some of their f panelists. One of the three tol porters: "The grand jury did n jectively and thoroughly examin charges made. We were unab ask the proper questions of witn unable to hear all the evidenc should have and did not delib the way we should . . . We di act independently of the Distri torney."

This panel had just returned a spiracy indictment in the case slayings of guards and inmate ing the attempted prison esca George Jackson at San Quentin rebellions juror said he believed prisoners should have been indi but that the "conspiracy indict are very shabby instruments o tice." The prosecutor, he felt, the conspiracy charge for no r except to drag into the case p ers against whom he had no rea dence. The grand juror compl

could we have been so stupid?"
nt John F. Kennedy asked after
a close group of advisers had
ed into the Bay of Pigs invasion.
tupidity was not the answer. The
o participated in the Bay of Pigs
n comprised one of the greatest
of intellectual talent in the his-
American government.
University psychologist Irving L.
pent two years looking for the
He studied not only the Bay of
also Pearl Harbor, Vietnam, and
licy disasters.
ch case, he found the decision-
to be victims of certain clear laws
he calls Groupthink, a process
ılts in the distortion of sound col-
udgment.

Symptoms of Groupthink

urprised to discover," he wrote in
article in Psychology Today, "the
which each group displayed the
henomena of social conformity
regularly encountered in studies
p dynamics among ordinary

Janis was able to isolate and illustrate 8 symptoms of Groupthink, such as Feelings of Invulnerability, Rationalization, Assumptions of Inherent Morality, Stereotyped Views of the Adversary, and Pressure to Conform.

Successful Planning Also Studied

As a counterpoint to this gloomy picture, Janis also investigated two highly successful group enterprises, the formulation of the Marshall Plan in the Truman Administration and the handling of the Cuban missile crisis by President Kennedy and his advisers.

From these observations, he has drawn 9 recommendations for preventing Groupthink which can be used by any planning group, whether it's the Pentagon or your local P.T.A.

What if Janis's conclusions had been developed ten years earlier? And what if there had already been a magazine called Psychology Today to communicate world-changing ideas like these to a wide general audience of thoughtful readers? Might it have prevented the tragic American military intervention in Vietnam?

uld Psychology Today ve prevented Vietnam War?

r example of the behavioral discoveries which are g the thinking of a new generation of thoughtful readers



We'll never know. But there is reason to hope that the discoveries being made by psychologists about human and animal behavior today can help prevent "another Vietnam"...if they can be broadly disseminated in time.

What Is Psychology Today?

Psychology Today was born to bring ideas like these into the mainstream of social thinking immediately, to bridge the gap between the behavior lab and the living room.

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- Characteristics of the Successful Investor
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- Teaching Chimpanzees to Read and Write
- The Screaming Cure—Does It Really Work?
- Why Fat People Eat Even When They're Not Hungry
- How Accurate Are Trial Witnesses?

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that he and other jurors had been forced to haggle with the prosecutor over their right to ask their own questions and that the prosecutor had declined at first to produce for them the wig under which he claimed George Jackson hid a pistol.

This sort of rebellion against prosecutorial high-handedness is unusual. The very composition of most panels ensures the prosecutor free reign. Although selection methods vary widely from jurisdiction to jurisdiction, they tend to result in uniformly middle-aged, middle-class, white grand juries. Grand jurors are often the friends and relatives of those who run the criminal process, and therefore unlikely to find fault with any law enforcement authority. In this California case, rebellious grand jurors were selected under a new procedure that put the selection process in the hands of various civic organizations in the county, instead of local judges'.

Reform of the composition and selection of grand juries will not be easy. There has been some movement on the federal level: the Jury Selection and Service Act of 1968 requires random selection of grand jurors from voter lists. But many state grand jury lists are still made up by sheriffs, judges, and commissioners, and the panels they choose remain grossly unrepresentative of the community. Grand jury associations composed of past and present members meet regularly in many jurisdictions; they can be expected to battle any serious reform effort through their newspapers and lobbying efforts.

I think grand jury reform might be more profitably pursued piecemeal, in the courts, as the problems arise, by forcing a reexamination of the powers and procedures that lend themselves to rather effortless prosecutorial abuse.

DOES THE First Amendment protect political activists from harassment and intimidation by abuse of the subpoena power? Is there a First Amendment as well as a Fifth Amendment privilege not to testify? If so, what is its extent?

The Supreme Court has recently rejected a journalist's effort to derive a privilege not to testify from the First Amendment's guarantee of freedom of the press. If the panels continue to be used to probe the beliefs and associations of private citizens, however, the courts may begin to develop restrictions on the scope and nature of questioning, similar to those derived from the First Amendment to restrict the witch-hunting legislative investigating committees of the 1950s. There has already been promising movement in this direction.

Prosecutors must be prevented from using the panel's compulsory process to gather evidence and to interrogate increasingly remote associates and friends of those they have already indicted, even long after indictments have been handed down. The potential for political abuse in this practice is clear from the Harrisburg grand jury's investigation and the Boston and Los Angeles grand juries' investigations in the Ellsberg case. We cannot, I fear, rely on the good faith of the Justice Department to abandon this practice. In argument before the Boston Court of Appeals on Ellsberg's motion to close down the post-indictment grand jury investigation, lawyers from the Justice Department argued that they were investigating other crimes, not Ellsberg's. Before the Supreme Court, however, the Solicitor General of the United States argued against delay of the Boston proceedings because the prosecution was gathering information for use in the upcoming Ellsberg trial!

We also need some rules of evidence to confine prosecutors' questions to legitimate areas of grand jury concern. It is because the prosecutor can cast his net so widely that he can probe innocent movements and conversations, make dissent and political organization seem criminal, and interfere with the privacy and confidentiality of the personal and professional relationships that are vital to the nation's political life. The prosecutor should at least be required to demonstrate, to a judge, that he has grounds to believe the person he wants to question is in *some* way related to actual criminal activity. A prosecutor should not be allowed to go "fishing" in First Amendment waters unless he can show there is something there he needs. I do not believe such a requirement would hamstring legitimate grand jury investigations, where a crime has been committed.

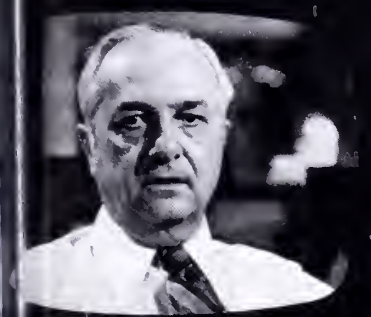
We would be far better off if prosecutors were restrained by rules requiring relevancy in questioning. They need not be as stringent a rules of evidence at trial, but a jury witness today is not even mitted to ask for an explanati the relevancy of a question. This change, as a first step. The jury's job is to evaluate the suff cy of *evidence*. Although hearsa dence cannot normally be used trial, an indictment may be entirely on hearsay. So long permit this, it will be difficult t trol the scope and relevancy of a ecutor's interrogations. An ana nism stands in the way of re the original grand juries in En were called upon to help the *because* they were familiar wi cal incidents, hearsay, and ru But the grand jury today is no a group of neighbors pooling personal information about th sible misdeeds of others. It be permitted to indict only competent evidence, and the ecutor's inquiry should be sin restricted. When he seeks to the court's power to put recal witnesses in jail, he should sho the information he seeks is re and proper.

Perhaps we should require a ecutor to defend his exercise subpoena power. Whether a s na is issued in the name of th vening court, the prosecutor, grand jury itself, present prac fectively makes its issuance a of the prosecutor's discretion has been transformed into a to harass dissenters. Courts require a prosecutor to show thing like probable cause befo mitting him to issue a subpo subpoenaed witness should th entitled to force the prosecu satisfy a judge that he is actu vestigating the commission o crime. It would help if a p tor were required to file a me dum privately with the court, launching a grand jury pro ting forth what he is seeki what he already knows. Such ument would be invaluable i ing a judge decide whether the prosecutor is abusing t ple's panel when a witness b responding to a subpoena o question. As in other areas criminal process, the prosecut cretionary power must be co or it will be used illegitimately gle out the politically unpop abusive and repressive treatm

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e the color tracking in the new receiver. . . . When the blues tay blue, and the reds will stay etween light and dark—well, now your receiver will give ood performance." *Ed Risk, engineer, KSD-TV.*



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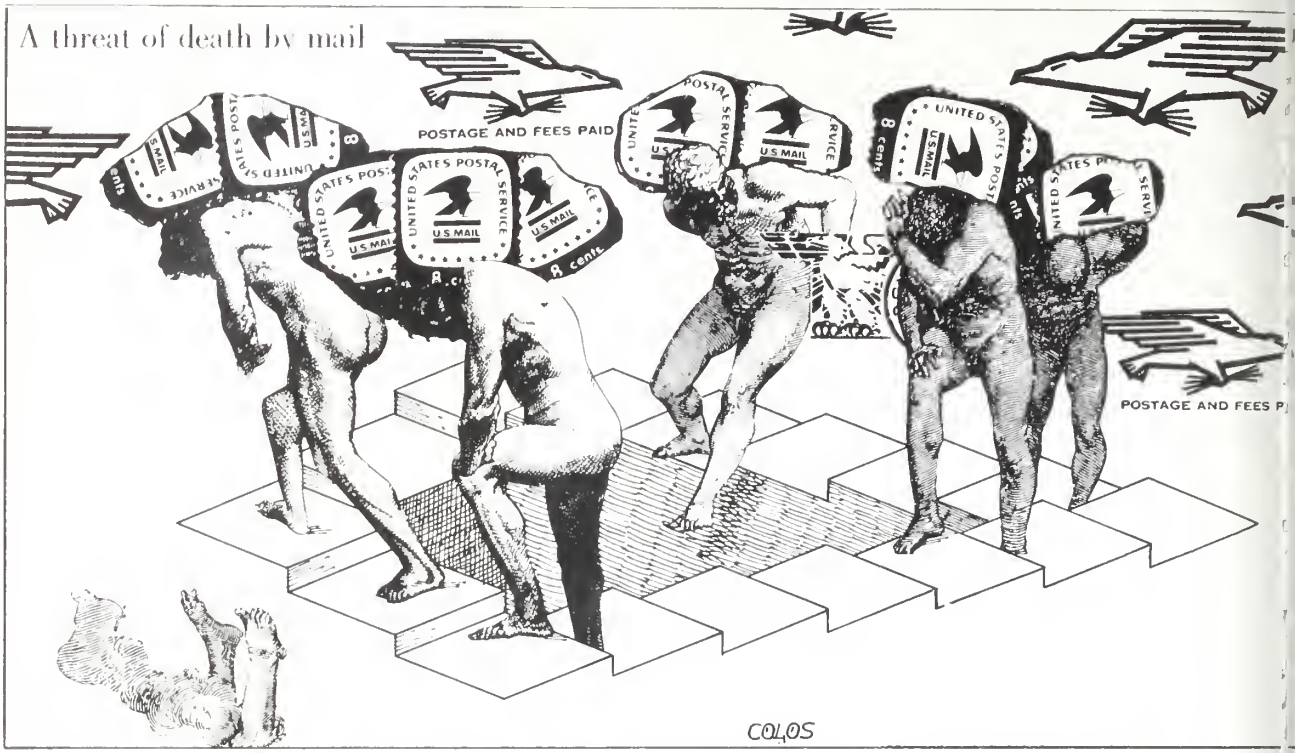
e than twice as many tv chief engineers own RCA as any other color tv.

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John Fischer

THE EASY CHAIR



SOMETIME THIS MONTH Congress will begin to wrestle with a curious issue—one that cuts across party, religious, ethnic, and geographical lines, and fits no recognizable pattern in American politics.

An unlikely couple—Sen. Barry Goldwater, one-time Republican Presidential candidate, and Sen. Edward Kennedy, quite possibly a future Democratic candidate—joined together to cosponsor legislation they hope will solve it. Other solutions have been proposed by people as diverse as Senators Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin and Gale McGee of Wyoming, and Rep. Morris Udall of Arizona. Pleas for quick action have come from groups that seldom agree on anything: atomic scientists, the American Legion, labor unions, farm organizations, the Louisiana Baptist Convention, and the Experimental Aircraft Association, to mention only a few. Rabbis, priests, and ministers have chorused in ecumenical alarm. The Rev. Billy Graham, the *New York Times*, the *Cheese Reporter*, *Guns Magazine*, and *The Hudson Review* have added their voices to the scores of others begging their Congressmen to Do Something.

They all have only one thing in common: a concern for the continuing existence of some 10,000 magazines and small newspapers. These periodicals—many of them, at least—are threatened with extinction within the next five years by a time bomb that Congress inadvertently set ticking in 1970. Whether it should be defused is the question that is currently being debated by the House and Senate Post Office and Civil Service Committees.

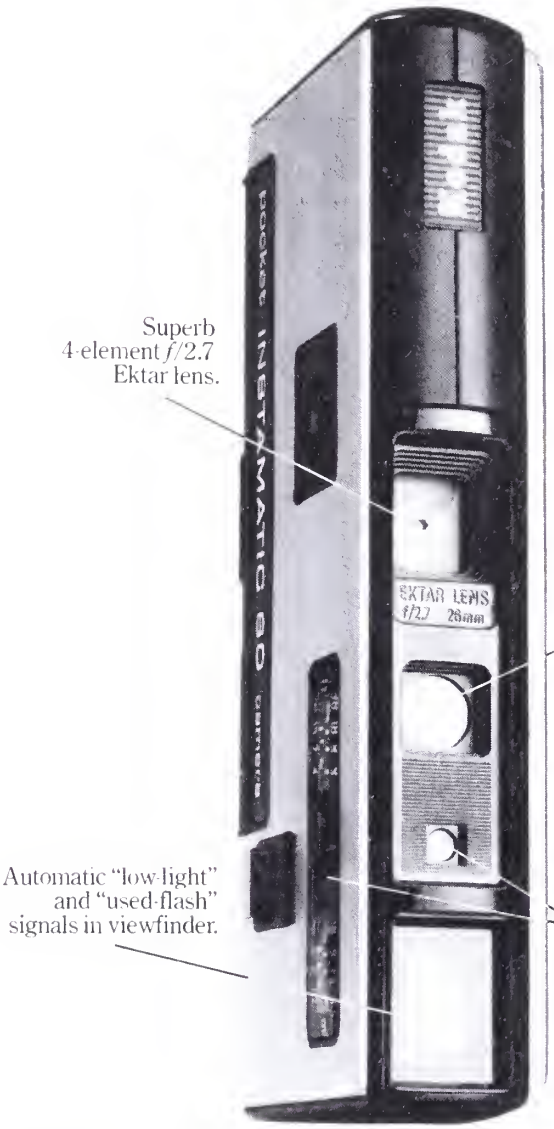
THREE YEARS AGO, in a laudable effort to reform the woefully inefficient and money-losing postal service, Congress passed the Postal Reorganization Act. It was intended to take the service out of politics, by abolishing the 200-year-old Post Office Department and the Cabinet seat of the Postmaster General, traditionally the master of patronage for whatever administration was in power. To replace them, Congress set up a semi-independent Postal Service, under orders to deliver the mail in a businesslike way and to get rid of the deficit then running to about a billion dollars a year. A new Postal Rate Commission was empowered to fix postage rates at levels high enough to make each class of mail pay its own way.

These were sensible objectiv
plauded at the time by a vi
unanimous press. What nobod
ized was that the Act would
unforeseen consequences—as
ten happens with legislation,
the New Deal farm programs
Tonkin Gulf resolution. Appa
too, Congress had no idea th
Act might contradict historic
running all the way back to
min Franklin and repeatedly af
by Congress over generations
is the principle that the mails
be not merely a business ent
but a public service, carrying
mation, ideas, and education
terial to every citizen, whet
Manhattan or on the most
farm. As Congress is belatedl
ing to understand, this princ
not entirely compatible with it
objective: to make the postal
pay its own way immediatel
deficit can, and should be, gr
reduced far below the levels
cent years; but for at least a
the postmen cannot perform
public-service function withou
public funding. To expect then
so is as unreasonable as to ex
school system or police depa
to show a profit.

Nevertheless, the new posta

ent interpreted its mandate in
y Congress probably did not
l. It set out to break even as
ly as possible, regardless of its
-service obligations. One step
to reorganize and partially
nize the system, and to pare
some of the more expensive
tions—with the result, at least
rarily, that mail delivery has
e even slower and more un-
n. Another step, as we are all
lly aware, was to raise postage
The increases in airmail, first
third class (advertising or so-
junk mail), and fourth class
s and parcels) were sharp but
le. The increase in second
(magazines and periodicals)
ot. It was nothing less than a
sentence for an unpredictable
r of publications.
the Rate Commission decreed
rease averaging 127 percent
postage these publications
ay for delivery to their read-
is being applied in stages over
ear period. The first-stage in-
went into effect last July—a
ing 30 percent, as compared
ncreases of 6 or 7 percent a
ver the past decade.
uickly became apparent that
ublications could neither ab-
is cost increase, and compar-
es yet to come, nor pass them
o their readers and advertisers.
agazines alone the additional
ll total about $130 million an-
—more than twice as much as
hem earned in 1970, the last
r which figures are available.
basis of past experience, ef-
raise subscription and adver-
ates to close the gap will al-
ertainly be self-defeating. A
lden increase in the price of
otions inevitably results in a
of readership. This in turn
less advertising. What makes
blem even more insoluble is
that every publication com-
ith television and radio for
e and attention of its readers.
broadcast media, of course,
their product free—thanks to
of the public's air channels,
hey are now using without
(If every TV station were
o pay a reasonable rental for
of its channel, the resulting
s would erase the postal def-
rnight. Under the Nixon Ad-
ation, however, that's not
happen.)

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The combination of rising postal costs and TV competition was largely responsible for the deaths of *Life*, *Look*, and the *Saturday Evening Post*. The disappearance of these once-mighty publications caused little concern in Congress, however. After all, they had been offering a menu—pictures and light entertainment—much like that of television, so the public presumably did not feel an irretrievable loss. On the other hand, when Congressmen began to realize that thousands of smaller magazines and newspapers were endangered, including those published in their own districts, some of them began to worry.

These publications provide many things that television can never duplicate. They include the country weeklies that knit together many a small community. Among them are the church publications of every denomination; farm journals; technical magazines serving scores of professions and industries; labor-union newspapers; and the publications of educational, fraternal, and veterans' organizations. Equally in peril are the thoughtful journals of opinion, from *National Review* and *Human Events* on the conservative side to *The Nation* and *The New Republic* on the liberal side of the spectrum. So too are the literary magazines, the newsweeklies, and such specialized organs as *Rolling Stone*, *Commentary*, *The Texas Observer*, *The Writer*, *Commonweal*, *The New York Review of Books*, and *The Washington Monthly*. The *American Legion Magazine* confronts a postage increase of 800 percent; Billy Graham's *Decision* faces a hike of 1,400 percent; countless labor union periodicals, such as the national weekly *The Machinist* (circulation 1,000,000), are seriously endangered. For its own particular audience, each of these fills a need that cannot be met in any other way.

THIS IS THE SITUATION Senator McGee, chairman of the Post Office and Civil Service Committee, had in mind when he recently told his colleagues: "I believe that the American public generally has a vested interest in the survival of newspapers and magazines. Regardless of the economic, political, or social policies which they espouse, they contribute to the nation's thought process. I am personally convinced that the Congress should not permit magazines to go under because the cost of distributing them through the postal system is higher than their readers are willing to pay."

As Senator Goldwater puts it, "I have coauthored the postal relief measure because I believe the Postal Service should be what its name implies: a service to the American people. It's that simple. The people are entitled to choose from among the widest possible range of opinions and information, and if this bill or something like it doesn't pass, they won't be able to get it."

Senator McGee has introduced a bill that aims to spread the pending increases over a ten-year period, rather than a five-, to give the threatened publications at least a fighting chance to adjust to the rising costs. This certainly would help; but in the judgment of other legislators it is not enough. Representative Udall, chairman of the House Postal Service Subcommittee, has pioneered far more liberal proposals. He would limit postage for the first 250,000 subscriptions of any publication to two-thirds of the current rate. In addition, for nonprofit periodicals, Udall would subsidize 50 percent of the postage for subscriptions above the 250,000 level. For profit-making periodicals, he would provide a 50 percent subsidy on all future postal increases after ten years. Meantime, Senator Nelson has suggested a freeze on present mail rates for the first 250,000 subscriptions, while all circulation above that level would be subject to the scheduled increases.

THE UDALL and Nelson proposals, though different in degree, have a common purpose—to redress, in part, the handicap that the postal-zone system imposes on smaller publications. Under this system, the farther a magazine has to travel by mail the more it has to pay. A magazine printed and mailed in New England, therefore, has to service its readers on the West Coast and other distant points at a very high cost. The big-circulation magazines, on the other hand, can print and mail their copies from a number of different cities throughout the country. For this reason *Harper's*, for example, pays roughly twice as much postage per copy as does *Time* magazine. For the same reason, the scheduled increases bear especially hard on the sm publications. Most religious pu tions face a rise in postage cost of 127 percent but of 750 pe Under such circumstances, chances for survival seem to b tually nil.

The postal authorities est that the lower rate for the first 000 subscriptions would cost $38 million a year. They regar as a subsidy, in effect, to small papers and magazines, claiming they would fall short by that a of paying their full cost of del Many publishers doubt this; in they believe passionately that are already covering the full c their second-class mailings, i more. But they can't prove i cause the calculation of postal is an exercise in metaphysics than an exact science. Given th isting investment in Post Office ings, trucks, and other equip there is no way to determine pr ly how much of its cost shou allocated to magazines, say, an much to Christmas cards or order catalogues. Nevertheless Postal Rate Commission does at such estimates—or guesse some arcane method I have been able to understand. An body can prove them wrong, be no publisher or group of publ has the means to conduct an pendent cost audit.

EVEN IF THAT $38 million garded as a subsidy, two need to be said about it. First a subsidy that benefits the re public at least as much as it be the smaller publications. Secon subsidies go it is a trivial one. the earliest days of the re Congress has voted subsidies kind or another to protect prises it deemed vital to the interest. Tariffs to foster infa dustries were among the first ples. The gift of public la homesteaders and railroads w other. Ever since the Roosevel ministration, the government ha out massive subsidies to conser nation's soil and to keep fa from going bankrupt. It has do same for the merchant marin rail passenger services. More du instances are the oil-depletion ance, the interstate highway pr

orm of subsidy, if you so re-
it, to the trucking and auto in-
es—and the cost overruns
d to defense manufacturers.
ally these subsidies, and many
r ones, run to billions of dol-
very year. In comparison, that
million shortfall in postal re-
(if it is, in fact, genuine) is
rawniest kind of chicken feed.

TTING FORTH this argument I
not, obviously, a disinterested
er. Most of my working life
een spent on magazines and
newspapers, and I carry the
of several earlier battles over
rates. I am deeply convinced
ich publications are at least as
tant to the national interest as
k or the merchant marine, but
also aware that I have a con-
ble emotional investment in
uestion and that the reader
well view my opinion with
skepticism.

sequently I would like to sum-
final witness that has no such
ement: the *New York Times*,
would not be materially af-
by the increase in second-
nailing rates. In an editorial
ebruary, the *Times* described
e as "staggering" and a threat
inction to "those prestigious
nancially precarious journals
ed and reflect the whole gamut
erican public opinion."

e Postal Service's present
," the *Times* continued, "is a
to the freedom of the press by
arge, a threat as ominous as
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pectrum of the printed word
erican people would be hand-
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ed public, in good part
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f all kinds. The Postal Service
to have misread not only the
phy of the Republic's found-
t, as Senator Nelson points
en the plain objective of the
Postal Reorganization Act,
was an improved mail service,
single-minded concern for
revenue.' "

defense rests, but not very
□

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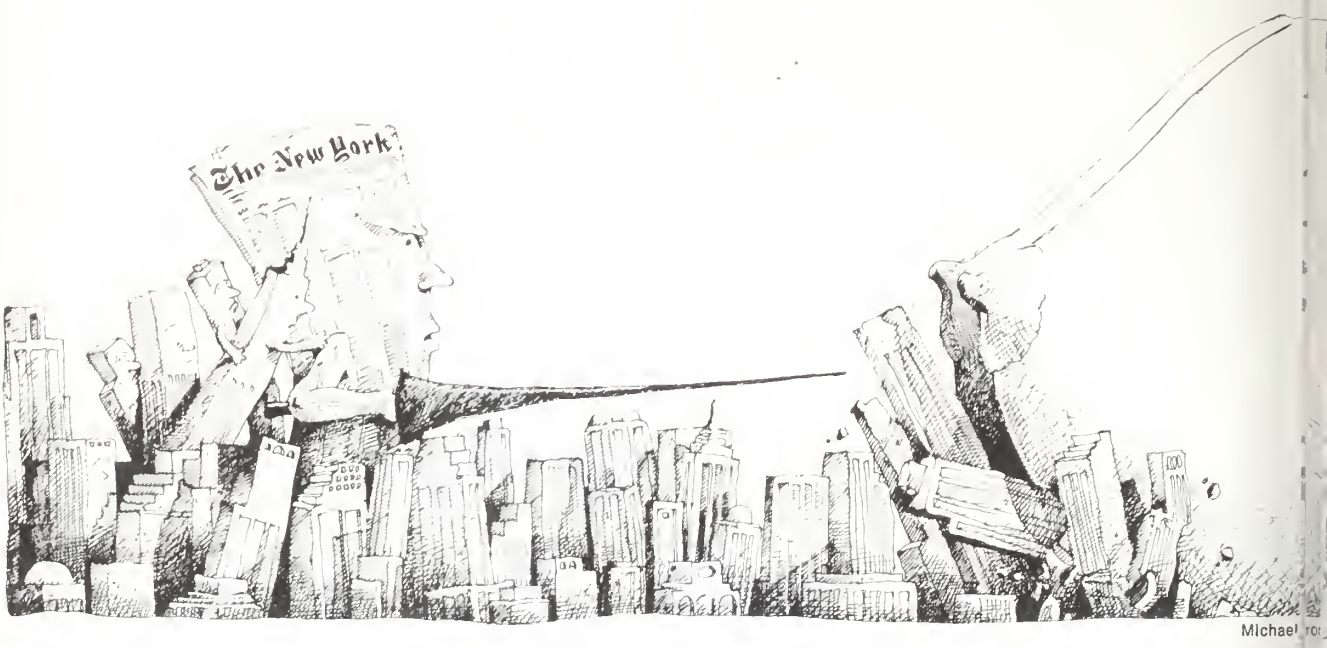
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Walter Berns

ABSURDITY AT THE NEW YORK TIMES

The confusion between art and self-righteousness



Michael

I CAN APPRECIATE why some well-known libertarians have responded with indignation to what they regard as the outrageous campaign the *New York Times* has been waging for a couple of years now against what it calls the pornographic condition of Times Square. After so many years of comradeship in arms against censorship, the New York Civil Liberties Union, to mention the most conspicuous example, was surely entitled to assume that the *Times* would be lined up on its side, as usual, and not with Mayor Lindsay's police force—that it would continue to speak out fearlessly for freedom of expression, instead of carping censoriously about showmen "pandering to the lowest possible public taste in quest of the largest possible monetary reward" and in the process changing Times Square into a "boulevard of filth instead of a Great White Way."

But I don't think the *Times* is being outrageous; I think it is being absurd. What it denounces as filth on the editorial page it praises as art or serious social comment on the film and drama pages, and that is absurd to the extent to which it is not hypocritical. The response to it should not be one of indignation. Indignation is not an appropriate voice in which to tender advice, but the *Times* appears to need a few words of advice, and I intend to offer them in the form of a proposal, however modest.

Of course, the *Times* has insisted that there is an aesthetic difference between the plays and films praised by its critics and the Times Square entertainment damned by its editors. It further insists that the latter is notoriously lacking in wit and style, whereas *I Am Curious (Yellow)*, for example, has plenty of wit and style. John Simon said so, and said so in the *Times*, and that in itself comes pretty close to making it so. Sure, it has those "scenes of nudity, copulation, and oral intercourse," which is why, when some of those scenes were deleted in at least one Connecticut movie house, a woman customer shouted angrily, "I paid to see filth and I want filth!" But Simon insisted those scenes were not filthy. They were "handled with frankness," sure, but they were also handled with "wit and style," and this cannot be said about the Times Square films. This is why the *Times*, so long i th forefront of the battle against e sorship, has editorialized so p si tently against those "sleazy in houses" and keeps calling upo th police to close them up—or at a get them out of Times Square. Th peep shows can surely match th frankness of *I Am Curious (Yel w* as well as its honesty and the u able absence of sexual hang p but they do not have that, well h wit and style, that good old *sais quoi*—and that makes the o jectionable.

Vincent Canby said that *Cu o* is not only a "good, serious fil about a society in transition" b he wrote in a follow-up story a c ple of weeks later, wise and seri s well. He also called it—here is the wit and style probably con —"sometimes deadpannedly fu And that surely cannot be said the sleazy grind houses now cl ing the *Times*'s own doorsteps. people may find them funny—p people can find *anything* funny only someone without a sense and style could describe the "deadpannedly funny."

Be that as it may, the *Times* them offensive, and Canby, a d

Walter Berns is a professor of political science at the University of Toronto.

PARKER 75

drid I, a recently discovered collection of drawings by Leonardo, is to be published by McGraw-Hill Book Company. The drawings below are adapted from that work.



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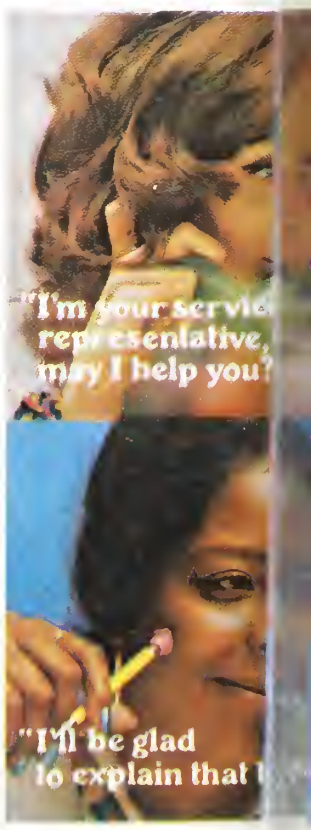
of deadpan comedy, finds *I Am Curious (Yellow)* not offensive, which is why the former must be proscribed and the latter given prizes. To be sure, *Curious* has those explicit scenes of "sexual congress in a tree, on a balustrade . . . and in other locations, indoors and out," but there is nothing offensive about scenes of sexual congress, whether in trees, on balustrades, or anywhere else, indoors or out—except, of course, in Times Square. In the art houses showing it those scenes are "explicit, honest and so unaffectedly frank as to be nonpornographic"; in Times Square's sleazy grind houses they are just as honest and just as frank (I'll wager that woman from Connecticut would not have cause to demand her money back from *them*). But, lacking that wit and style, they become hopelessly and illegally pornographic.

I Am Curious (Yellow) is also, Canby suggested, an educational film, or even better, a film loaded with redeeming social value. It is socially valuable because by "acknowledging the existence of genitalia and their function in the act of love [New Yorkers had to be taught this, apparently], the movie salvages the depiction of physical love from the scrap heap of exploitation, camp and stag films." In other words (and leaving aside the question of whether that was *love* those Swedes were making), there is a fair prospect that by showing genitalia in the art houses, there will be no demand to see them in the midtown grind houses. In short, the popularity, or the availability, of *I Am Curious (Yellow)* will help to clean up Times Square, and who can doubt the redeeming social value of that, the good of the *New York Times* being the equivalent of (to the extent that it does not take precedence over) the good of society.

One could be fairly certain that it is indeed the wit and style that makes the difference were it not that another piece of pornography much favored by the cognoscenti, *Oh! Calcutta!*, was described by Clive Barnes as witless. Naturally, since this "entertainment" was mounted in a legitimate theater—made legitimate by virtue of the price of its tickets ($15 top) and by the fact that *Oh! Calcutta!* was twice reviewed by the *Times* itself—Barnes did not object to it on moral grounds. On the contrary, there is, he said, "no more innocent show in town—and certainly none more witless—than this silly little diversion . . ." Silly, witless, pornographic some might say, but still innocent; acquitted if not by its wit and style then by its style alone. After all, it was put together by Kenneth Tynan—Ken Tynan, as Clive calls him (ah! we few, we happy few)—and if there is one thing that Ken has, it is style. It was with obvious reluctance that Barnes decided he could "recommend the show with any vigor only to people who are extraordinarily underprivileged either sexually, socially or emotionally." The others, the discriminating (and fully, ah . . . privileged) theatergoers, can take in a film instead—for example, *I Am Curious (Yellow)*—where they will find what they want, namely, wit *and* style.

But can the extraordinarily underprivileged—not only sexually, but emotionally and socially as well—really afford *Oh! Calcutta!*? I mean, if they are *that* underprivileged, they are likely to be economically underprivileged as well, which may account for their habit of taking their pornography plain in Times Square, without Tynan's costly embellishments. And believe me, this raises a serious question: who are these *Times*men to look down their noses at the underprivileged denizens of Times Square and to assert that only artists and intellectuals are qualified to judge whether a film or play is pornographic (and that *Reader's Digest* editors, one of whom served on the jury in the trial of *I Am Curious (Yellow)*, are a long way from being intellectuals)? Is this or is this not a democracy?

ONE WOULD HAVE ASSUMED that that question had been answered so emphatically and so unequivocally by the Supreme Court that it would not have to be answered again in our time. One man, one vote: one *Times*man, two votes? Is that it? Does the *Times* pay attention to the Supreme Court and the First Amendment only when *its* freedom of expression is at stake? What about the rights of the Times Square artists, the Times Square producers and distributors, and the patrons of the Times Square arts? Are they not entitled to express themselves freely, protected by the same First Amend-



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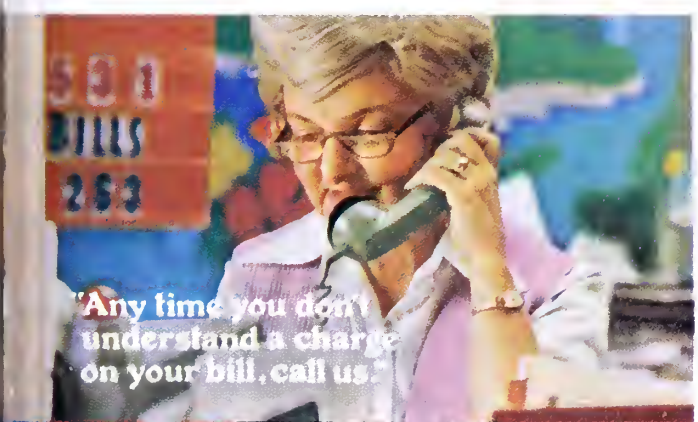
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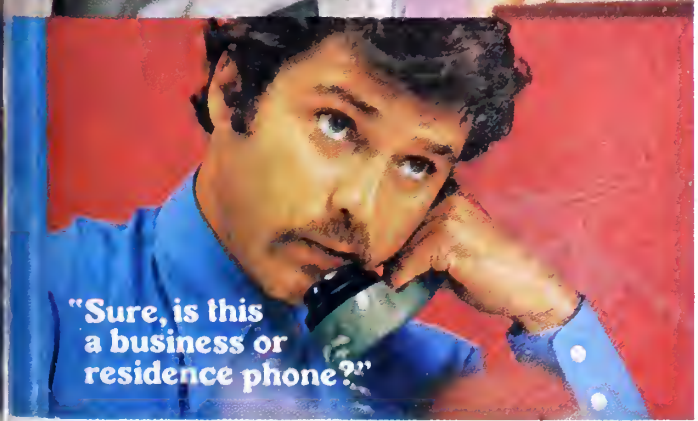
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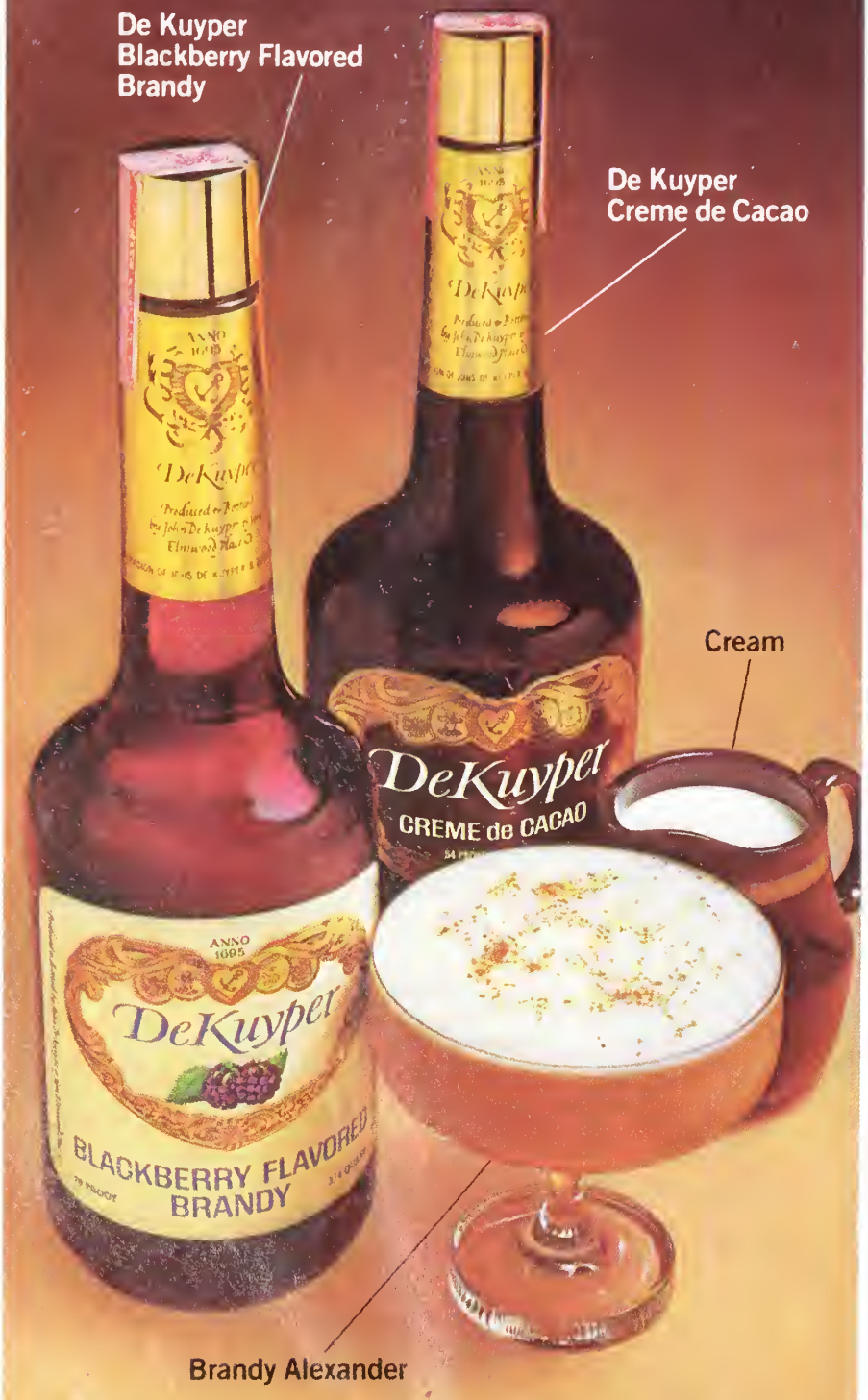
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ment that protects the *Times*? el
thank "God" (as Douglas hi se
would say) for Justice Willia O
Douglas: "Why," he asked a fe
years ago in the Ralph Gin ur
case, as if he had anticipated e th
what the *Times* was going to d "i
it unlawful to cater to the nee o
[the masochists who want] t b
whipped and lashed, bound an
gagged, and cruelly treated. . . . he
are, to be sure, somewhat of eat
nonconformist, and odd. But w ar
not in the realm of criminal co ct
only ideas and tastes. Some like ho
pin, others like 'rock and roll.' m
are 'normal,' some are masoch tic
some deviant in other respects, uch
as the homosexual. Another gro
also represented here translates un
dane articles into sexual syn ols
This group, like those embr ing
masochism, are anathema to th so
called stable majority [or, as w ear
now say, the fully privileged sex lly
socially, and emotionally]. But why
is freedom of the press and ex res
sion denied them? . . . Whe the
Court today speaks of 'social v ue,
does it mean a 'value' to the m jor
ity? Why is not a minority 'v ue
cognizable? The masochistic gro
is one: the deviant group is an er
Is it not important that membe o
those groups communicate with ach
other?" (Yes, indeed, and in ne
Square too, if that is where hey
want to do it.) Douglas summ i
up for us in his typically self-eff ing
manner: "However plebeian my
tastes may be, who am I to say ha
others' tastes must be so limited and
that other tastes have no 'soci im
portance'?"

Instead of following the exa ple
of Justice Douglas, a man it h of
ten praised in the past, the *Ti nes*
goes right on with its campaig to
the point now where it is bein ac
cused by Harvard law professor lar
Dershowitz of deliberately exag rat
ing the problem by devoting a ex
cessive amount of attention i it
news columns to the Times S ar
story—too much news about th un
fit to print, he might have said- and
by the New York Civil Lib ties
Union of having initiated a am
paign that is a "flagrant viola on
of the Constitution and an "e tra
geous waste of police and ju cia
resources." Here at least are no im
mer soldiers and sunshine pa ots
and it is a sad day for the civil ber
tarians when they lose the supp t o

imes, when the *Times* has to minded by Professor Dershowitz hat goes on "inside the movie r or book store . . . among con- g adults is, simply put, none of dy else's business."

who, other than those who its affairs, is to say what is rly the business of the *New Times*? *Times*men are men for easons, and all subjects and : James Reston, former sports , now political savant and ad- of Presidents, whose Prome- exploit it was to steal acupunc- rom the Chinese; London cor- ident Anthony Lewis, an au- y on the Haiphong harbor ide; Tom Wicker, higher edu- criminologist, prison reformer. f course, constitutional lawyer. ut question the *Times* sees wit tyle as its business. Even more e point, it regards the area d it as very much its business, usiness is the right word. Writ- the Sunday real estate section, S. Oser spoke of the steady ex- on in Times Square of shops heaters specializing in erotica, put it, and said this was "caus- oncern among investors and s interested in the district's erm prospects as a theater and center."

clean up Times Square; make for the convention hall seating 0 and the new office buildings according to the latest in the of so-called redevelopment nes pushed by the *Times*, a grade cinema center" where, no , the *Times*men can see *I Am us (Yellow)* without having to ver to the East Side; make way the "glassed-in concourses" the patrons of the real theater stroll, perhaps once again in ng dress but in any case in and safety and without being ted by the sight of the "under- eged" or accosted by the im- nate " 'prostitutes, pimps, and n garbage' " that now infest the borhood. Then the lights of dway can blaze again, and proud- en there can be a rejuvenated er along the Great White Way, ater with its attendant smart urants and theater bars, and the chic after-theater gatherings e Algonquin: then once again uburbanites will come to town he theater instead of watching ision in White Plains: and once again there can be conventioners in New York, with pairs of $15 tickets in their pockets, filling the now half-filled hotels; a theater that buys the full-page ads in the *Times*; a theater worthy of the talents of Clive Barnes and Walter Kerr. In short, a *legitimate* theater. But as Edmund the bastard contemptuously put it in *King Lear*: "Fine word,—*legitimate*!" What happens to the illegitimate, the underprivileged patrons of the witless and styleless Times Square arts? Cleaned up means cleaned out for them. If they can't afford Ken Tynan, let 'em eat cake.

THIS IS NOT the *Times* we used to know. This is not the attitude of the civil libertarian. The civil libertarian sees no problem in Times Square; he sees the problem in the censor; and while Barnes, Canby, and Simon trace their distinction along the lines of wit and style, the truly authentic libertarian insists that there is no distinction, that what goes on in the Fun City Theater deserves the same protection as what comes off in *Oh! Calcutta!—chacun à ses habits*, so to speak—that what is one man's pornography is another man's art. As the New York Civil Liberties Union once put it in a famous formulation, "Just because a design is tattooed on a man's arm or chest instead of painted on canvas doesn't make it any less of an art form" or any less entitled to the protection of the First Amendment.

In somewhat closer touch with their owners and publishers than are the film and drama critics, however, the *Times* editors have begun to have their doubts about this. They admit that the distinctions between the legal and the illegal and between art and pornography are "bafflingly obscure," but, threatened by this spring tide of pornography at their doorstep, they decided it was time to do something. Unfortunately, like all comstockian guardians of public morals, they could think only of police action and the like, even though a more immediately effective and constitutionally acceptable plan was available to them. They had only to reflect on what could have caused Times Square to become a "boulevard of filth."

The peep shows and sleazy grind houses and, yes, even the massage

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parlors have long been features of the city's life, but they were private in the sense of being more or less hidden from view, providing their services furtively instead of openly or publicly, as is now the practice in Times Square. What, then, caused them to be transformed into public facilities? They have appeared in Times Square not because they have changed but because the law has changed and, even prior to that, because public opinion had changed. It is no longer considered unrespectable to engage in this business or shameful to patronize it.

It is important to know this. The *Times* editors cannot hope to solve their Times Square problem unless they know its origin, and that origin is not in Times Square. So great a change in public opinion cannot have been wrought by the "porno dealers" and their customers, and it is time to cease blaming them. So great a change in what is held to be respectable can have been wrought only by those who are themselves held to be respectable—by the opinion leaders, as they are sometimes called. The conclusion is obvious: the editors must look beyond Times Square, *or to another part of Times Square*, in order to understand the cause of what has happened there. In fact, they have only to look at the *New York Times*.

The *New York Times* is the most influential newspaper in the country, read by all the beautiful people as well as all the important people, from the socially registered to the collectively organized, from theatrical producer to Supreme Court Justice, from "Ken" Tynan to "Bill" Douglas. The *Times* can stand as a metaphor for the kind of liberal pretension that has been so fashionable in New York during the past few years. It was from the *Times* that we learned we need not be ashamed to patronize the Times Square arts. After all, why be surreptitious about these things when Vincent Canby, critic on the staff of the country's most prestigious newspaper, assures us that "'I Am Curious (Yellow)' will deeply disturb [only] the emotionally right-wing moviegoer who has grown up in the comforting tradition of the movie houses in whose ceilings little stars twinkled and clouds did everything but rain." But Canby is providing comfort for another sort of moviegoer. If there is nothing shameful about enjoying *Curious*, with, as Rex Reed put it, scenes of a "naked girl performing fellatio or a man performing cunnilingus in the middle of a field," there is then absolutely no reason to be ashamed to be seen enjoying the same thing in Times Square. The *Times* critics tell us they are not the same thing, that *Curious* is witty and stylish social comment, but the unsophisticated patron of the Times Square arts can be excused if he cannot tell the difference.

ROUSSEAU MADE MY POINT for two hundred years ago, in the course of arguing that a decent self-governing community would be better off if it continued to forbid the very establishment of a theater:

> *Is our city so big, have vice and idleness already made such progress that it can henceforth no longer subsist without the theater? [D'Alembert and Voltaire] tell us that it tolerates worse entertainments which shock both taste and morals-manners alike, but there is quite a difference between presenting bad morals-manners and attacking good ones; for this latter effect depends less on the qualities of the entertainment than on the impression it makes. In this sense, what relation is there between a few migratory farces and a resident drama, between the smutty talk of a charlatan and the regular performances of dramatic works, between the booths at the fair, built to divert the populace, and a well-esteemed theater where the decent folk will think they are being instructed? One of these amusements is without consequence and stays forgotten the day after; but the other is an important affair which merits all the attention of the government . . . . Vice hardly insinuates itself by shocking decency but by taking on its likeness.*

By tolerating critics Canby, Ba and the others, the *Times* has made it possible for vice to take on likeness of deeeney, with the sequences Rousseau predicted even the editors of the *Times* now see.

The conclusion is obvious: u it is content continually to symptom rather than cause, *Times* must ignore the porno de in the Square below and get r the porno dealers on its own sta

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KENNEDY, AGNEW & BLACK AMERICA

According to a new *Harper's*/Quayle poll, the easiest way for a liberal Democrat to lose in 1976 would be to advocate justice—racial justice.



ACCORDING TO many political analysts, the issue that divided U.S. voters most sharply in 1972 was not Vietnam, inflation, or recession. It was race: the déjà vu issue of how white America shall treat black America. If this analysis is correct, what does it tell a liberal Democrat bent on winning the Presidency in 1976?

Assume that such a Democrat hopes to do more for blacks, that his name is Edward Kennedy, and his Republican opponent is Spiro Agnew. To what extent could Kennedy advocate compensatory aid for blacks, without handing Agnew a free pass to the White House?

Seeking answers, *Harper's* engaged pollster Oliver Quayle to survey the voters of Illinois, as he did for us last year with fascinating results (see our July 1972 issue: "Is Kennedy the One?"). A paradise for psephologists, Illinois is the nation's leading "swing state," mainly because its socioeconomic makeup is a microcosm of the nation's. Illinois has not backed a Presidential loser since 1916; in the past seven Presidential elections, its average deviation from the national popular vote has been less than 1 percent.

The Quayle surveyors assembled a panel of 155 Illinois voters of both parties, who represent the state's makeup in key urban, suburban, and rural areas. In mid-February, 263 of the panelists (a precise cross-section of the state's 1972 Presidential voters) agreed to lengthy telephone interviews in which they answered thirty questions about their racial attitudes and Kennedy's chances in 1976. Items:

• Illinois voters strongly favored Kennedy over Agnew by 60 percent to 40 percent. But Kennedy's big lead was less impressive in February than it had been in October, a month before the Nixon landslide, when a previous Quayle study for NBC News showed Kennedy overwhelming Agnew in Illinois by 69-31. In short, Kennedy had lost nine points in four months and was no longer guaranteed an easy victory over Agnew in 1976.

• Illinois is apparently more liberal on racial issues than is the nation as a whole. According to Quayle, 16 percent of all U.S. voters (deemed "slightly prejudiced") agreed that America has *gone far enough* in helping blacks achieve equality; 19 percent (the "strongly prejudiced") agreed that the nation has *gone too far*, and 35 percent (the "liberals") say it has *not gone far enough*. In Illinois, the breakdown is more favorable to blacks—41 percent sl prejudiced, 19 percent strongly udiced, 45 percent liberal.

• Given his lead over Agnew *Harper's*/Quayle poll suggests Kennedy could afford to take liberal racial positions in Illinois he could in other states. Conve the limit of white racial tole in Illinois sets a boundary for nedy in the rest of the count he exceeded that limit in other s he would risk a national swi Agnew.

• Unfortunately for Kennedy Illinois limit is much vaguer t seems. In fact, race was the h issue that split Illinois voters sharply in 1972. Nixon carrie state by a decisive 59 perce McGovern's 41 percent. Afte election, though, Quayle found Nixon had attracted 73 perce all Illinois voters who agreed America has *gone far enough* in ing blacks; and a remarkable 7 cent of all those who felt the co has *gone too far*. In contrast Govern attracted 53 percent of who thought the country ha *gone far enough*. Thus, most I voters perceived Nixon's seemi difference toward blacks as v congruent with their own pe feelings.


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av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Aug. '72.
BENSON & HEDGES
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Menthol or Regular

SINCE VOTER ASSERTIONS and voter behavior seem to be so divergent, Quayle tested actual racial attitudes in Illinois by asking his panelists to agree or disagree with various litmus-paper statements. The results indicate a widespread preference—among whites—for a kind of post-Reconstruction freeze on black progress. Examples:

- Almost half (45 percent) of the panelists disagreed with the statement, "On the whole, blacks still do not have an equal opportunity in this country."
- More than half (54 percent) agreed that "the federal government has done enough for blacks—now they will have to make further gains on their own."
- A clear majority (58 percent) disagreed that "Richard Nixon hasn't done enough for black Americans," apparently meaning they support the President's hands-off policies.

On a more personal level, the *Harper's*/Quayle survey produced these contrasting reactions of white and black Illinois voters to these statements:

"Generally speaking, I'm personally against interracial dating."

	WHITES %	BLACKS %
Agree	69	32
Disagree	31	68

"Generally speaking, I'm personally against interracial marriage."

	WHITES %	BLACKS %
Agree	76	32
Disagree	24	68

"Other things being equal, I'd rather have a white neighbor than a black neighbor."

	WHITES %	BLACKS %
Agree	54	13
Disagree	46	87

DESPITE THE fairly obvious white racial prejudice in Illinois, Kennedy is in the paradoxical position of being the state's Presidential front-runner against Agnew, while 57 percent of all the voters nonetheless perceive (and presumably accept) him as a racial liberal of the *not gone far enough* school. By contrast, his opponent's racial image is closer to the majority's attitudes: 50 percent of the voters place Agnew (and 52 percent place Nixon) in the *gone far enough* camp. To protect his lead, then, what mistakes should Kennedy avoid?

While Agnew has two main sources of strength in Illinois (58 percent of conservative voters, 77 percent of Republicans), Kennedy is ahead because he attracts a powerful coalition of key groups in all walks of Illinois life, including:

KEY GROUPS	% FOR KENNEDY
Women	57
26- to 34-year-olds	63
Men	64
Chicago suburbs	65
18- to 25-year-olds	67
Blue-collar workers	68
Lower-income voters	69
Chicago	69
Union households	70
Catholics	72
Baptists	83
Democrats	88
Liberals	91
Blacks	96

Nonetheless, Kennedy cannot afford to alienate any of these groups, especially the large ones such as blue-collar workers, who comprise almost one-third of the state's voters. If he speaks his mind about racial injustice, his coalition may dwindle. In fact, Kennedy is now supported by 42 percent of all Illinois voters who believe the nation has *gone far enough*—and half the state's blue-collar and union workers feel that way. Moreover, he now attracts 56 percent of all voters who take the *gone too far* position—and those voters, who include one-fifth of the Catholics, are more anti-black than most Agnew supporters. As a result, Kennedy will face massive defections in Illinois unless he advocates only a kind of bland help for blacks that in no way stirs white fears. Below is the Illinois panel's reaction to possible Kennedy proposals, showing his net point loss or gain in a race against Agnew:

PROPOSAL	POTENTIAL EFFECT ON KENNEDY VOTE
More school busing to integrate schools	Down 18 points
A law requiring every labor union to admit a minimum percentage of black members	Down 2 points
A federal housing program to eliminate black city ghettos by building more low-income housing outside big-city ghettos	No gain or loss
A welfare program with work incentives that would give every family in the poverty class, whites and blacks, a guaranteed income of $5,000 a year	Up 2 points
A large federal program to give special and extra aid to schools in the nation's black ghettos	Up 12 poi
More day-care centers and Head Start programs for children of all working mothers—whites and blacks	Up 22 poi
An intensive job-training program to give poor black Americans the opportunity to learn skills and gain useful employment	Up 24 po

One can read these numbers
find grounds for both optimism
pessimism about black progress
America. It is heartening that K
nedy gains 24 points by urging
training for blacks alone. On the
er hand, the idea perhaps flatt
whites who like to feel that o
blacks are shiftless. It is signific
that most voters approve (as
Nixon does not) more child-care
ters for working mothers—so l
as this helps whites as well as bla
On the other hand, whites cle
refuse to let blacks get any cl
in certain sensitive areas—scho
housing, labor unions—and th
constitute the key barriers to bl
advancement.

THE HARPER'S/QUAYLE SUR
confirms the public's belief
the civil-rights struggles of the Six
produced enormous progress in
country's racial attitudes. It
shows that most whites deman
pause, not more progress. To
ceive blacks as victims does no
seems, lead whites to sacrifice
thing tangible to help the vict
The notion of sacrifice, added to
burden of guilt, almost guaran
resistance and rationalization. At
point, the white majority appare
perceives itself as a victim of b
aggression.

To win the Presidency in 19
Kennedy must dramatize the
publicans as heartless enemies o
cial programs that benefit all A
icans, not just blacks. Such an at
will be weakened to the extent
Kennedy advocates special treatm
for blacks, especially if his oppo
proves to be a stronger candi
than Spiro Agnew, such as John
nally. As for blacks, as so ofte
fore, the evidence suggests that w
America will yield little or noth
unless black America seizes the
tiative and once again forces
issue.

The American forest still belongs to the American people.

ic and private forestland not suitable for commercial trees.
t aside for parks and wilderness areas.





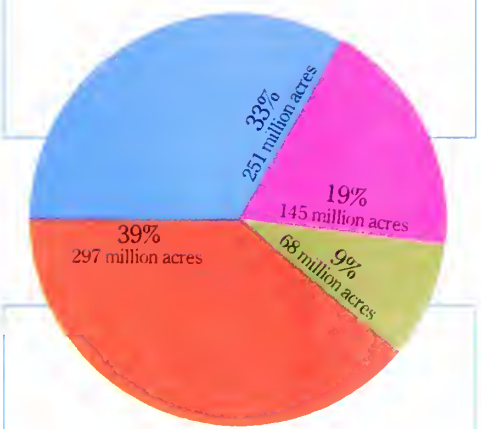
And to a *lot* of people.

To begin with, four million ual Americans own 39% of the orest—a forest that's still near- e-fourths as large as it was olumbus landed.

Then, too, *everybody* shares ip in that 19% of the forest by federal and state govern- which supplies so much of the terial for building our houses ies and making our paper s.

And when you add the 17 mil- s of forestland that's been set r parks and wilderness areas, th government land not suitable wing commercial trees, the an people—individually or ely—own 91% of America's ion acres of forest.

o if the forest industries seem



to own more than their 9%, it's probably because with responsible, scientific management they've been able to make this 9% produce 26% of all the raw material we need for today's wood and paper products, and still keep America green and growing.

Source: Department of Agriculture, Forest Service

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COUNTERSIGNS

coyote as herald

ıe literature of the American
er the coyote appears as an ani-
ithout redeeming virtue. The
ınist historians sometimes ar-
a defense in behalf of drunken
s or Mexican bandits, but for
yote no man says a kind word.
ıme has become synonymous
verything that is low, mean,
erous, and cruel.
y, then, the impulse toward cel-
ın when the coyote unexpect-
rrives in the forests of Maine?
npulse contains an almost sub-
e joyousness that contradicts
f what we have been told about
ing, Dodge City, and Manifest
y.
more than 200 years the citi-
moved westward, clearing the
nd bringing the first dim lights
ilization into the wilderness.
ing that impeded the mechan-
that illumination was con-
d as evil and un-American.
scue from barbarism required
ıe Indians be slaughtered and
uffalo destroyed, the rivers
d and the grasslands marked
o forty-acre sections. Only the
survived the triumph of arith-

persistence goaded men into a
of rage, and very early in the
enth century the extinction of
yote became a matter of public
. The animal was killed by the
eds of thousands, and yet it in-
d in numbers and extended its
moving eastward against the
f progress and the railroad. Its
ng cries on the edge of town
ued to remind people of all
ınained unknown and beyond
ach of the engines of tech-
.
s when the coyote appeared in
last autumn it aroused the old
es. Many citizens of Maine still
ve the traditional view of the
ness as a hostile force that
ıe confronted with equivalent
ce. Their prejudice took the
of a vociferous lobby demand-
ing a harsh and costly bounty law.

And yet, despite the emotional argument, the state legislature allowed itself to be persuaded, at least in part, by the more recent understanding of nature as an organism that depends upon apparent paradox. The defeat of the bounty law therefore implies a modification of the old jingoism that would subjugate all things to the arrogance of man's desire. It also implies a denial of the recently prevalent orthodoxy that holds that the machine is invincible and that the world is doomed. If the coyote can make it back to Maine, then it is conceivable that men can survive their own cleverness.

In praise of decorum

Courage is a wonderfully measurable quality in TV circles. It is the precise arithmetic difference between the audience you would have got by doing something shabby and the audience you did get by doing something ambitious. By that standard ABC showed courage one Saturday last month when it did a superb production of Eugene O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey into Night*—and got less than 10 percent of the available audience for its trouble.

Conceivably, ABC may even believe it has a claim on our gratitude for showing a more widely understood sort of courage. O'Neill's masterpiece, after all, concerns drug addiction, alcoholism, madness, the hatred of father and son, and brother for brother; and perhaps there are TV executives who still congratulate themselves for their courage in exposing such things to "family" viewers. But even for O'Neill, writing in 1939, these matters were not shocking. What he intended to be shocking is the terrible ruthlessness with which the Tyrones speak, merely speak, to one another. With mere words they eviscerate a brother, father, mother. They use words as flails to cut through the masks they wear to the flesh and blood beneath. So that when one screams, "Shut up!" he means, "Have pity"; and when another says, "Stop talking," he means, "Don't hurt yourself so."

And yet the striking thing about the play, seeing it some twenty years after it was first produced, is how implausible all this verbal savagery seems. O'Neill's play depends for its dramatic force on an assumption of decorum as the norm of personal relations. Until that long day and night, propriety had controlled the Tyrones' words, and propriety, like most forms of civility, rests more or less firmly on a respect for personal privacy.

Yet we are the Tyrones' grandchildren, and we have jettisoned the norm of decorum as hypocrisy, and in its place we have embraced the ethic of openness. In the name of decorum, the Tyrones long suppressed the words and kept tight hold of the feelings. In the name of openness, we express the words and watch our feelings pop like soap bubbles.

In the Tyrone family, governed by decorum, privacy is a defensive posture, intimacy an act of aggression. In us their grandchildren, governed by openness, the assertion of privacy is hostile, the posture of intimacy defensive. One thinks of dogs attacking invaders of their territory, exposing their bellies at the prospect of harm.

The movement from decorum to openness is the movement from *Long Day's Journey into Night* to *An American Family*, from the Tyrones to the Louds. We can call this progress if we like. At the moment, however, the distance we've traveled from decorum to openness seems better marked by its costs than its benefits. We live now with a bland flattening of discourse, a jaded sense of the dramatic. The terrible exposure of the Tyrones to one another has been succeeded by the pathetic (if titillating) exposure of the Louds to just about everyone. Privacy, guarded by decorum, is an obstacle to facile knowledge. The worst possibility is that intimacy, made facile by openness, has become an obstacle to understanding. □

John N. Cole

THE RETURN OF THE COYOTE

A victim of America's worst instincts becomes a victor in Maine's struggle to coexist with nature

The man who sat on the ground in his tipi meditating on life and its meaning, accepting the kinship of all creatures and acknowledging unity with the universe of things, was infusing into his being the true essence of civilization.

—Chief Luther Standing Bear

I don't feel any animal in the woods is actually my brother.

—Maine State Rep. Roswell E. Dyar

LAST NOVEMBER THE CARCASS of a fifty-pound male coyote was strung up for public view in Millinocket, Maine, and scores of curiosity seekers drove for miles over the rough roads of that remote rural region to see the remains. The large coyote had been shot by a deer hunter; his trophy was the first visible proof for most of Maine that the animals actually existed in the wooded, wild country.

For ten years there had been rumors, sightings, reported trappings, tracks, and a growing number of letters to outdoor writers at the state's newspapers. Many of the reports bore accurate witness to the coyote's move to Maine, but until that November afternoon near Millinocket the elusive creatures had managed to avoid actual capture or killing. A year before, camped in deep woods near the Canadian border, a Maine game warden and Daniel S. Hartman, a biologist, both heard the nocturnal duet of two howling coyotes. It was the first time Hartman, a woodsman and lifelong resident of northern Maine, had ever heard the coyote's cry.

"I was shaking, elated . . . ," he wrote later to a Maine newspaper. "We have a new and noble predator in our state."

But many of the up-country people who crowded into Millinocket did not share Hartman's respect. Like primitive villagers gathered around the carcass of a man-eating tiger, they cursed, reviled, and spat upon the dead coyote. Hanging gaunt and stiff, like a large gray dog, the animal hardly seemed awesome enough to warrant the group hatred it seemed to engender.

The failed massacre

YET THAT REACTION was historically consistent with the "coyote mystique" that has been part of the creature's presence ever since its first contact with North American man. Carved into the stone of Aztec temples, into the legends of several Indian c ranging over the Great Plains from Poi row, Alaska, as far south as Costa Ri coyote has long been a catalyst for super Brother to both the dog, man's earliest d cation, and the wolf, so stubbornly wi coyote has been the white man's most- cuted "varmint" ever since the first crossed the Mississippi River, headed we

As farmers, shepherds, cattlemen, and hunters, those early settlers were locked petitive struggle with the predatory fo the natural world. Forests had to be fields cleared. Indians had to be swept fr land, rivers bridged, streams dammed dug, roads put down. At every level, th less harmonies of nature were restruct make room for the white man. In this i environment, predators were conside threat to the survival of livestock a style.

Wolf, fox, weasel, crow, hawk, owl mountain lion, bear, badger, and coyote- animal that posed a danger to buffal sheep, or chicken was deemed an enem killed. And of these the coyote seemed t immortal, therefore the most threateni supernatural. So resilient was the cr foothold on existence that it began to s if the settlers sought to exterminate a pl

From the mid-nineteenth century to t twentieth, the coyote was killed in great bers than any other four-legged animal known history of the continent. Millions otes were shot, trapped, drugged, p gassed, clubbed, electrocuted, and suf The animal's extinction became federal o worthy of an Act of Congress. Yet the refused to vanish. The hundred-year e control it simply produced more coyotes sponse to mass murder, the coyote incre numbers and its range. It was the only w mal in North America to do so, with or man's persecution.

Such is the stuff of legends. Like the and the Cheyenne before them, white m coyote stories, made coyote myths. And it had done with the Aztecs and the Pl dians, the coyote shaped itself to th man's world.

It was this adaptation that brought nal east. Before whites breached the

John N. Cole is the editor and cofounder of the Maine Times, *a statewide weekly journal of opinion.*

barrier and invaded the vast lands beyond iver, the coyote ranged primarily through- he Western and Midwestern plains because, hunter, it found more available food in , brushy country. Deep, tangled, dark, and n woods were poor grounds for hunting. the forests of northern New England of- little promise to the coyote clan.

t the same men who went west also settled ast, harvested the forests, and plowed open . Pressed by the killing campaigns, and oss of much of his natural food to rodent mination, the coyote of the plains traveled passing men going the other way as they d west. As early as 1912, coyotes were re- d in the Adirondacks; in the '30s and '40s ermont; and then, in the early '60s, in e. The 1972 carcass on display in Milli- t was raw and final proof.

THE MERE PRESENCE of that big male coyote —hated because it was so impudently undefeated by men and technology, feared and suspected for the same reason, heavy with myth and mystery—was reason enough for curses and public contempt. But, in rural Maine, there was yet another factor working against the coyote. Maine is deer country: twelve million acres of woodland, the last big wilderness in the northeastern United States, where whitetail deer now constitute a money crop as well as a food source for many Maine people.

Cut off from their hunting grounds by the suburban explosions in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, thousands of out-of-state deer hunters migrate to Maine each autumn. Mostly blue-collar males, with their blaze-orange clothing, their camper-trailers, and their cases of beer, they bring a boozy boost to the



Norman Green

John N. Cole

THE RETURN OF THE COYOTE

local economies of scores of Maine small towns at the edges of the woods. Together with the rural entrepreneurs who profit from this increasingly affluent constituency, the thousands of Maine natives who "get their deer" each fall make up a vocal and well-organized lobby.

It is a force recognized and feared in the statehouse at Augusta. Working through the Department of Inland Fisheries and Game, and through the Fisheries and Wildlife joint committee of the legislature, the hunting lobby presses for laws to maintain the state's deer herd, to extend seasons, to control predators, to fight gun laws—to do whatever is deemed necessary to make sure that the annual average kill of forty thousand deer is not threatened or decreased.

To these members of the myriad "fin, fur, and feather" clubs in Maine, and to the thousands of rural Downeasters for whom the coyote's undisputed arrival was tainted with fear, the creature was not only an alien but a competitor for the whitetail—an animal most Mainers consider a public property, to be managed without interference from other men or from nature.

Sensing the cohesion of these rural forces uniting against the coyote, and impressed by the malevolence in evidence at Millinocket in November, State Representative Roswell E. Dyar—a hardware and hunting-goods storekeeper in the small town of Strong—was on hand to file one of the first bills when the 106th Maine legislature opened last January 3. It was a bill asking the state to put a $50 bounty on the Eastern coyote.

Dyar, a stolid, middle-aged, second-term rural Republican, had every reason to anticipate that his bill would bring political as well as legislative benefits. In his world of backwoods Maine, the hunting ethic is still supreme. For the past three years, the deer herd had suffered population losses; the 1971 hunting season had been closed abruptly when wardens reported that herd populations had fallen below critical levels. And even though the herds had pulled through and multiplied in time for a reported 1972 kill of more than thirty thousand deer, the tenuous status of the whitetail population preoccupied many Maine minds.

In addition, the bounty precedent is already established in Maine. Since 1922, the state has paid more than $400,000 for dead bobcats (at $15 per cat); it kept a bounty on bears until out-of-state hunters came to value the lumbering creatures more as trophies than as game. Putting a $50 bounty on coyotes would guarantee Dyar the support of the fish-and-game constituency, as well as of the more scattered rural voters who reacted with traditional—indeed, colonial—alarm to any new varmint, especially one as imposing as the coyote.

Unexpected harmony seeke

OUT THERE WAS yet another constituer united by the bounty bill—a group t Roswell Dyar came to know for the first time his proposal began moving through the legis tive process and aroused the scrutiny of public press. This group did not consist of usual "bleeding hearts" whom Dyar and hunters had seen before—the mostly elde men and women who always argued for an e to all hunting and abolition of guns. Those wi ful thinkers had never constituted more than annoyance; even in numbers, their ranks seem pitiful. Just two sessions ago, the fish-and-ga lobby had turned up in the statehouse halls t thousand strong to trample a gun-control m sure the bleeding hearts had backed.

No, the coyote debate took on different mensions as it grew fiercer during the th weeks between the introduction of the D bounty bill and the required public hearing fore the Fisheries and Wildlife committee. S denly there was a whole new wave of hunt opponents—letter writers, columnists, conse tion-organization spokesmen, students, and oth who had learned the mechanics of protest dur the years of the Vietnam war. Now they u that training to give their voices statew resonance.

Many of their statements were spiritual. T spoke of the need to restore the ecolog values of man living in harmony with nat rather than as its hapless conqueror. There w hundreds of words on the intricacies of the p ator-prey relationship; and the need to com hend the balance of life and death betw coyote and deer, coyote and partridge, mo grasshopper, duck, and wild grape—all which had been found to be part of the co diet according to the stomach sampling done earnest researchers of predator and prey.

Natural harmony, animal relationships, "place" of the coyote, the conservation of species, a reverence for life, a respect for search, a recognition of man's critical kin with all the world's creatures—these were t blesome arguments that Roswell Dyar and constituents had not heard before in Ma Worse, Dyar & Co. had badly underestima both the number and the variety of the st coyote defenders. The new voices were con from quarters that Dyar and his people had er anticipated. The formerly invincible, r agricultural, hunting, fishing, farming Maine izen—the descendant of the settler, the cle of the forest, and builder of barns and bric —this patriot was being contested in his land. Incredibly, a varmint was being defend a four-legged outlaw demon had been recas a sympathetic hero.

Reason and the singular bureaucrat

R AND HIS SUPPORTERS lumped the countermovement with every countermovement id grown from the agony of the '60s. As ght for his bill on the floor of the Maine Dyar shouted, "These anti people—and say anti, I mean they are anti war, anti hood, anti work, and anti you-name-it—e all against this legislation!"

t was not those "anti" voices that proved nost effective at the public hearing. The voice was the quiet one of a singular ervant: Frank Gramlich, Maine state sor for the Division of Wildlife Services overnment agency entrusted with the at- l official extermination of the coyote in st.

y, slope-shouldered, and weathered, h spoke in methodical, bureaucratic lescribing for Dyar and his fellow law- the futility of wasting taxpayers' money ities to pit man against coyote.

fifty years," began Gramlich, "my ser- shot, poisoned, trapped, and clubbed housands of coyotes. None of it worked coyote populations except on a tempo- l limited basis.

levada we put out more than one mil- soned baits, which killed other animals we clubbed hundreds of coyote pups dens. There was no significant reduc-

alifornia, we spent $8,000 to trap one And we could spend $15 million in the Maine and we still could not exterminate coyote population.

lepartment is against bounties now: all ious experience tells us they do not is an archaic practice. And with the forces in this country against the blood ith the eco-awareness of the '70s, en- bounty would only accelerate those d hurt the hunter."

t the most archaic members of the e seemed convinced by these argu- om an agency that had formerly been with coyote slaughter. One, however, till unconvinced.

say that bounties don't work," said Rusom P. Kelley of Boothbay Harbor. ney work pretty well on the Indians?" w for a fact they worked pretty well ork County," answered Roswell Dyar. British were paying $50 for a pair of rs."

se clumsy lunges to the simpler times lism and extermination did not sway ittee. For more than two hours the weighed the shouts of the bounty "Coyotes are killers!") against the fervent arguments of the bounty opponents for recognizing the right of the coyote and the whitetail to coexist with man and Maine. But what really swayed the committee was the cool testimony of Frank Gramlich and Maine Fisheries and Game officials, who steadfastly discredited a system they had formerly supported. As a result, the committee sent the bill to the full legislature with a 10-to-2 Ought-Not-To-Pass recommendation.

On January 31 the Maine House voted 73 to 55 to kill the bill, thus saving Maine's estimated four hundred coyotes from the guns and traps of the bounty hunter. Roswell Dyar had lost ground in an arena he had considered quite safe, and Maine's hunting community was left to ponder the full ramifications of the new coalitions that are changing some of the sturdiest and most historic Yankee cultural values. The natural world that is so much of Maine had been given a kind of philosophic consideration it had never before received.

"The animal's extinction became federal policy, worthy of an Act of Congress."

Next: the timber wolf

WAS THIS A PRELUDE to the acceptance of a limit to Maine's development, of a majority decision to restore the state's "natural" equilibrium? Was this a public recognition of the sanctity of the coyote, or merely grudging respect for the varmint's uncanny talent for survival and adaptability? Were Maine's new cultures working closer to understanding Chief Luther Standing Bear's "essence of civilization," or would there be no end to further Millinocket scenes in which grown men actually felt compelled to spit at coyote carcasses?

Frank Gramlich pondered these questions in his small office the day after the hearing. "You know," he said, "the coyote may not be a native Maine animal. He may not have moved here until man moved west. We just aren't sure that he was here back in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

"But we are certain the timber wolf was. I would like to see the timber wolf brought back to Maine. We should think in terms of the species, always the species, not the individual: and the timber wolf is a species that should not be lost to Maine.

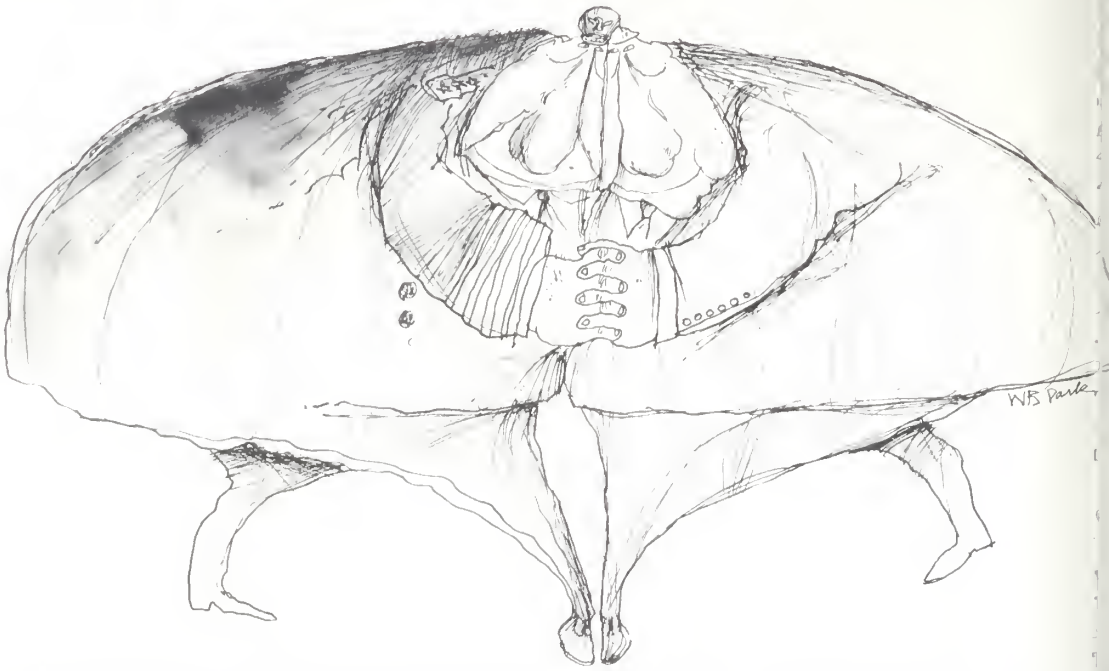
"It belongs here. Before yesterday, I always thought it would be an impossible thing to bring about. Those hunters wouldn't stand for it. But now, I'm not so sure. It could work, you know. There are plenty of moose around, plenty of food for all species if we just let the balance work itself out again."

Gramlich smiles. He is perhaps imagining what the Roswell Dyars of Maine will do when they hear their first timber wolf howling from the Maine woods. □

Peter J. Ognibene

GETTING AND SPENDING

Litton Industries and the Seven Rules of Big-time Defense Contracting



IN WASHINGTON EVERY SPRING the Congress celebrates the new season with an uproar of hearings, investigations, requests, appeals, and theatrical demands. The ceremony in both Houses takes the form of a morality play in which the actors cast themselves in the role of the returning hero. With rhetorical denunciation (of the President, the special interests, the Pentagon, etc.) they seek to renew the blossoming of conscience in the American wilderness.

The evil figure of the defense establishment has become a stock character in the play, and tradition requires that it be reviled with ritual abominations. Each year the Congress must bring forth an unwilling conspirator, most often a large corporation, on whom it can drape the vestments of infamy. The role in recent years has been played (not without talent) by General Dynamics, by ITT, and by the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation. This year it has been assigned to Litton Industries.

The shipyard division of this conglomerate, ranked thirty-fifth in the Fortune 500 on $2.5 billion in sales, has fallen behind schedule on its contracts with the U.S. Navy, and its delinquency promises to cost the taxpayers no less than $500 million in unforeseen overruns. The conglomerate also happens to have been put together by Roy Ash, the man Richard Nixon chose to appoint director of the Office of Management and Budget.

The irony is too obvious to ignore. Accordingly, throughout the winter and early spring, the Senate has been demanding the right to pass judgment on Ash's appointment; at the time, as if to sustain its prerogative, it been inquiring into the affairs of Litton Systems. The preliminary evidence appears encourage the expectations of inefficiency, competence, and possible fraud.

As the bad news gradually becomes all the Congress gives voice to dramatic anger the newspaper editorialists write their customary sermons. The general outcry depends upon assumption that large government contracts do business in the familiar ways of American free enterprise (i.e., he who fails the test the marketplace goes broke). That assumption is necessary to the morality play, but it has little to do with the prevailing economics.

The lessons of the past ten years suggest the government intends to support the defense establishment at no matter what cost. The government conceives of that establishment as precious mechanism (or, in the usual jargon "a national asset"), and it will spend whatever money is required to maintain production, keep the people employed, and to continue orderly accumulation of credit. All other considerations give way to this national imperative. Anybody still possessed of illusions on the subject had only to listen to John Connally testifying before Congress on the occasion the Lockheed bankruptcy. At the time Connally was the Secretary of the Treasury, and he spoke with extraordinary candor: ". . . What do we care whether they perform? We are guaranteeing them basically a $250 million loan. We

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Basically, so they can hopefully minimize losses, so they can provide employment ,000 people throughout the country at a when we desperately need that kind of yment. That is basically the rationale and cation."

large defense contractor thus operates a system that absolves him of risk. When oney and politics reach sufficient magni- the supposedly iron laws of free enter- melt like so much wax. The government ntees, however, do not extend to profits. orporations remain in existence, but the olders almost invariably lose money.

sider one other quotation, again from a ho should know whereof he speaks. Also 71, also testifying on the matter of the eed loan, Admiral Hyman Rickover offered llowing opinion: ". . . Large defense con- rs can let costs come out where they will, ount on getting relief from the Depart- of Defense through changes and claims, tions of procurement regulations and government loans, follow-on source con- or other escape mechanisms. Wasteful ntracting practices, inadequate cost con- shop loafing, and production errors mean o these contractors, since they will make money whether their product is good or whether the price is fair or higher than it be; whether delivery is on time or late." Rickover and Connally can be accepted as witnesses, then, at the upper limits of olitical and financial spectrum, the con- nal forms of business are transformed into borate charade. The government and its ctors perform the ritual arguments about , claims, and competitive bids, but their ents have no more substance than the ations in a gossip column. The ritual sup- a system of waste and incompetence, but supports a great many voters, who, in support the politicians who complete the by pretending to condemn it. Without ody masquerading as villain, who can he part of hero?

all the members of Congress agree to the risy of the charade, and a few of them do hey can to dismantle it. But for the most Congress approves a system of defense ing that makes nonsense of the virtues sedly inherent in the character of Ameri- nterprise. The theoretical or schoolbook s become liabilities in a system governed ual rather than by the exigency of the tplace.

two Litton contracts presently in ques- provide an exemplary demonstration of w capitalism. The first of the contracts is mphibious assault ships (the LHA) and cond is for large destroyers (the DD-963). government has appropriated $3 billion for the two series of ships, all of which are to be built in the Litton yard in Mississippi on the Pascagoula River. The first of the ships, i.e., the first LHA, is already two years behind schedule.

Both contracts have come under extensive scrutiny during the past year (in the House Armed Services Committee and in the Joint Economic Committee of the Senate), and the following principles have been derived from a study of the relevant testimony.

I. The contractor need not deliver what he has contracted for

THE ORIGINAL CONTRACT the Navy signed in May 1969 was for nine LHAs at a total cost of $1.4 billion, but in February 1971 the Navy informed Litton that the program would be reduced to five ships. The official reason was overall fleet reductions, but others suspect that the Navy realized the LHAs would be late and might consequently delay the DD-963s that were to be built in the same shipyard. Under the terms of the 1969 contract, the four-ship cutback in the LHA program put Litton in line to receive cancellation costs of $110 million. The Navy publicly estimates the five LHAs will cost $970 million, but the Senate's foremost opponent of military waste, William Proxmire of Wisconsin, claims the Navy's unpublished figures show "it will cost $1.4 billion to complete" the five LHAs. In other words, the Navy would be getting five ships for the price of nine—a cost overrun of some $400-500 million.

At the end of March last year, Litton submitted a fifteen-volume, 6,000-page "reset proposal" for the LHA program that included a $270 million claim against the Navy. (Having initially tapped the treasury by winning the contract, the successful "competitor" then begins to seek ways to make up for his low bid. Although the particular maneuver chosen—in this case a "reset proposal"—may be Byzantine in its complexity, the purpose is simple: to raise the price of the ships.) The details of the reset proposal were not made public because the Navy considers the information to be "corporation confidential." Asked the basis for Litton's claim of $270 million, the Navy wrote: "The contractor's alleged basis of the claim is Navy interference in Design Development and over management, late GFE and GFI [government-furnished equipment and information]." (A "claim" is another of those rituals for increasing the price of your product: blame the Navy for your own mismanagement, threaten the government with a large claim, and settle out of court for all you can get.)

Two months later the Navy gave its official response to the Litton reset proposal or, as it unaccountably came to be called, "reproposal."



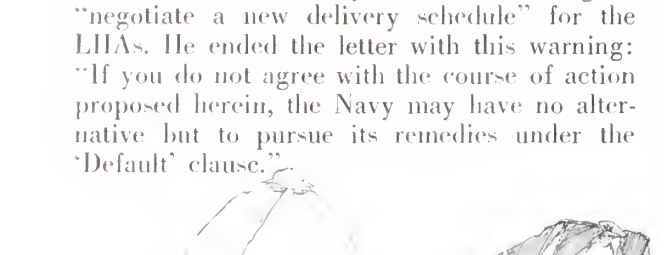
Armed with righteous indignation, Congress responds to cost overruns with an annual outcry that amounts to little or nothing. Only a few make genuine efforts at reforming defense spending.

Peter J. Ognibene

GETTING AND SPENDING

In a letter dated June 23, 1972, Admiral R. C. Gooding, the Acting Commander of the Naval Ship Systems Command, opened fire on the Litton proposal with blunt language: "In our opinion this 'Program Reproposal' as submitted is almost completely unresponsive to the obligations undertaken by Litton in the 23 April 1971 Memorandum of Agreement with the Navy and thus has breached the terms of that instrument. . . ."

Admiral Gooding then listed the conditions under which the Navy would be willing to "negotiate a new delivery schedule" for the LHAs. He ended the letter with this warning: "If you do not agree with the course of action proposed herein, the Navy may have no alternative but to pursue its remedies under the 'Default' clause."



Big defense contractors seldom seem intimidated by complaints from the military.

Recognizing the ritualistic character of the warning, Litton remained unimpressed, and it responded with its own press release after the Navy's letter was made public by Senator Proxmire. One sentence in that one-page release stands out: "Litton does not expect to subsidize the construction of LHAs nor be required to finance the Navy during the construction period." It was, in effect, an ultimatum, and on August 31, the date on which Litton was to begin receiving payments only on the basis of physical progress on the LHAs, the Navy gave Litton a six-month extension and continued reimbursing the company for its incurred costs.*

II. The weapon need not be needed

THE LHA WAS DESIGNED to transport land a battalion of marines (1,900 tro twenty-five to thirty helicopters, and four landing craft. About the size of an aircraft rier of the *Essex* class, the LHA is suppos do the work now done by four separate phibious ships: it would no doubt have ideal for Gen. Douglas MacArthur's In landing in Korea. The DD-963s have bee signed as antisubmarine warfare (ASW) sels with the principal mission of suppo the force of aircraft carriers. Not all analysts think they will be very good ones

Navy Captain Robert H. Smith, an expert, won the U.S. Naval Institute's prize for his essay, "A United States Nav the Future." In his essay Smith called the riers "too many eggs in too few baskets. present the Soviet strategist, keenly cons of the Navy we have built around them, a small number of enormously high-valu gets upon which to focus extraordinary ar tense aim with every kind of force that c brought to bear." Destroyers designed pri ly to serve carriers, he reasoned, do not "the versatility to acquit themselves formi in many kinds of tactical scenarios." O DD-963, Smith said, "It makes no ser plan to build a ship that even now, on (and the first of which is not to be deli for years), is inferior to competitive S ships which are already at sea."

Arnold M. Kuzmack, a naval affairs at the Brookings Institution, has reserva about the Navy's preoccupation with ai carriers and its rationale for building mo cort ships. "Applying the lower planning tors used in the late 1960s," Kuzmack w "would mean that the United States al had enough modern escort ships to me quirements for a twelve-carrier force i 1980s." (The United States now has s

* The extension expired in February 1973, and the occasion demanded another ritualistic exchange of press releases. On March 1 the Navy announced it had been "unable to reach a negotiated agreement" with Litton on its LHA reset proposal. So, the service unilaterally set the new "firm target price, ship delivery schedule, progress payment system and escalation provisions." Payments on the LHA contract will now be made "on the basis of physical progress, rather than the cost incurred." Because progress payments would have been instituted six months before but for negotiations on the reset proposal, the Navy calculated that Litton owed the government $55 million "for payments in excess of physical progress earned."

The Navy's unilateral decision received prominent newspaper coverage on March 2, but nine days earlier another Litton story was buried deep on the back pages. The lead of the Associated Press story sums it up: "The Navy released $182 million in advance procurement funds to Litton Industries yester the next step in its $2.5 billion destroyer-constr program." A week earlier the Navy confirme an additional $192 million for the LHA had hidden in the 1974 budget. Instead of appear the line item "amphibious ships" where all LHA funds had been listed, it was included request for "auxiliaries and craft," two lines

Although Litton has performed poorly as a of Navy ships, the month of February four company getting $182 million to begin work on more DD-963s and a $192 million price incre the LHAs (add $374 million). Although Litt been asked to return a sizable sum (subtra million), that money eventually will be retur Litton when, far from public scrutiny, the Na cides that progress on the LHAs has improve ciently. By the one measure that matters to t fense contractor, *cash*, Litton has come out (net an additional $319 million).

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carriers; the Russians have none but are said to be building one.) So, Kuzmack concludes, "it would be possible to cancel the DD-963 program beginning with the [fiscal year] 1973 budget request."

There is no unanimity, then, in knowledgeable circles that the Navy needs a new destroyer or, if it does, that the DD-963 would be the right one. Nonetheless, Litton has a thirty-ship contract for the DD-963. The Navy had originally wanted fifty.

III. The contractor can afford to be wrong

AFTER TWO ROUNDS OF BIDDING, the competition for the destroyer contract narrowed to Litton Industries and Bath Iron Works of Maine. On February 2, 1970, the third round of secret bids was submitted, and the two shipbuilders were close: Litton's ceiling price was $80.8 million per ship and Bath's was $81.1 million. According to a GAO analysis of the bidding released in August 1970: "The [Navy's] Source Selection Advisory Council ultimately concluded that the proposal of either contractor would provide destroyers suitable for the future needs of the Navy." So, on March 20, 1970, the Navy asked Litton and Bath for their "best and final offers," but unlike the earlier rounds for which the contractors were given about a month to prepare their bids, the Navy gave them just six days.

No technical changes were made in the ship's design by either contractor, but both dropped their prices. Bath dropped its ceiling price per ship a modest $1.4 million to $79.7 million. Litton's drop was more dramatic: a $9.5 million decrease to a ceiling price per ship of $71.3 million. Litton underbid Bath by almost a quarter of a billion dollars even though it had not changed its design.



The Navy has long been envious of Japanese, European, and Russian shipbuilders.

The key to Litton's drastic cut in price centered on the company's estimate of what effect inflation would have on the prices it had to pay for labor and material. Litton was optimistic and estimated it would recover $144 mi *more* from the Navy than it would actually out because of inflation. Bath's estimate pessimistic: it expected to recover $146 lion *less* from the Navy than it would act pay out because of inflation. In short, bec Litton's crystal ball predicted a rosy fu whereas Bath's figures took inflation into count, Litton got the contract. This $290 mi disparity apparently did not trouble the N even though it was, in the words of the G report, "the largest single point of differ between them in the final bid."

The Navy now puts the price (to Litton government equipment) of one DD-96 $90.5 million, but if one includes an electr warfare system cost overrun discovered by Les Aspin of Wisconsin, the cost is close $95 million. How much higher might it go the moment no one is saying, but there are s that the DD-963 could match the LHA's la table performance.

IV. The contractor must promise miracl

LITTON WON THE CONTRACT to build the L in competition with General Dynamics Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock. parting from precedent, the Navy issued formance (rather than design) specificat for the LHA and invited shipbuilders to su their own designs, the winner of the com tion to build the entire class of ships. Navy's choice of Litton, a relatively inex enced shipbuilder, was controversial bec (among other reasons) Litton had yet to the automated shipyard on the west ban the Pascagoula River in Mississippi, where ships were to be built on an assembly line.

When the LHA contract went to Litton, s thought it signaled a great leap forward fo American shipbuilding industry. Long env of the innovations of Japanese, European, Russian shipbuilders, the Navy was excite Litton's aerospace concepts of modular struction applied to shipbuilding. Admiral C. Kidd, the present Chief of the Naval M rial Command, which is responsible for construction, now believes that the Litton s builders "promised more than they have able to produce. We've got to remember," told the House Armed Services Commi "that we made a decision on the basis shipyard that was nonexistent at the time, a technique for production that was still so a gleam in somebody's eye."

The DD-963 contract was distinguished two "firsts." It was the first time the Navy turned over the responsibility for designi major combat vessel to a shipbuilder, an was the first time since World War II tha

Navy ships had been awarded to a single actor. These two breaks with established ice were controversial, and now, three later, they appear to have been serious kes.

understand these decisions, one must go seven years to the McNamara Pentagon he innovative procurement practices that then introduced. The key individual in changes was Alain C. Enthoven, the Dep- ssistant Secretary of Defense for Systems ysis. (Enthoven is now a Litton vice-pres- responsible for the medical products di- n. He did not choose defense contractors at the Pentagon, and his work at Litton, ys, has never involved defense contracts.) ght by many to have been the brightest of McNamara "Whiz Kids," Enthoven at- ed some of the best men from the officer s and the universities. Among them was enant Commander Charles J. DiBona, a Naval Academy graduate and a Rhodes ar. In January 1966 an article by DiBona ared in the U.S. Naval Institute's influen- magazine, *Proceedings*. "Can We Mod- e U.S. Shipbuilding?" was its title, and it ne the genesis of the DD-963 contract.

Bona briefly traced the development of aircraft and shipbuilding industries since d War II and found that while the Amer- aircraft industry had become "the leading lier of the world's commercial aircraft," rican shipbuilders were "limited to produc- aval ships and commercial ships for which government subsidizes half the cost." By ting the practices of the aircraft industry ipbuilding, DiBona saw an opportunity ake U.S. shipbuilders more efficient. By lardizing the design of naval ships, build- hem in large blocks of twenty-five to sev- five, and having just one contractor design build them, the cost of building some es of ships could be cut in half. By modern- facilities—using such methods as a "flow- shipyard with automated machinery"—the uctivity of the shipbuilding industry would ncreased, and the multiyear contracts to l these large blocks of ships would assure hipbuilder the necessary cash flow needed odernize. Hence, by changing the way the bought ships, one could create a process benefited everyone. The shipbuilders would me more efficient, the Navy would get bet- hips more cheaply, and the American tax- r would eventually be able to stop paying idies to a revitalized industry that could pete in the international marketplace nst foreign shipbuilders. On paper it was lliant scheme.

here were, however, two assumptions in- nt in the concept and the eventual contract would later prove to be flaws of monumental proportion. One was the assumption of a "learning curve" that would result in successively lower costs to produce each destroyer as the shipbuilder learned how to build the ship more efficiently. (That there is *some* learning curve is nondebatable, but how accurately it can be predicted in the absence of experience is another matter.) The second assumption was that the cost-estimating process could produce *hard* contract prices for a radically different destroyer to be built in a shipyard that had never built a ship.

"The lessons of the past ten years suggest that the government intends to support the defense establishment at no matter what cost."



Litton's concept of decentralized management may simply mean no one group knows what another is doing.

V. The contractor can make absurd mistakes

LITTON PRIDES ITSELF on decentralized management, and the company's Beverly Hills headquarters claims to give its managers in the field a free hand as long as their performance reports are within acceptable limits. At Litton, however, "decentralization" can mean that headquarters simply does not know what its various divisions are doing. A labor union official from Pascagoula, Dean L. Girardot, told Proxmire's Joint Economic Committee in December about what happened to the second commercial container ship being built at the west bank yard. A Litton official at Pascagoula decided to build the ship in one piece rather than in modules and was well along in his work when headquarters found out about it. Beverly Hills ordered Pascagoula to "cut the ship in two," said Girardot.

"Then they had to put it back together again?" asked an incredulous Proxmire.

"Yes," said Girardot, "but it was module construction at that point."

(In June of last year, Litton agreed to pay $5.5 million to the two companies whose container ships will not be delivered on schedule. Litton had first filed suit against them, claiming that the companies had requested changes that would cost Litton $8.4 million. Unlike the Navy, the two companies were not intimidated; Litton dropped its suit and agreed to settle out of court.)

In its successful bid for the LHA contract, Litton estimated that 36.8 million labor-hours would be required to develop and build nine LHAs:

about 4.1 million hours per ship. In its reset proposal, Litton raised its estimate to 55.8 million labor-hours for five LHAs: about 11.2 million hours per ship. In other words, Litton's labor estimate for each ship nearly tripled. Of the 55.8 million hours, 42 million were for actual production of the ships. When the hearings were held a year ago, less than 2 percent of the 42 million production-line labor-hours had been expended. By year's end, however, the company had collected about $400 million of the $970 million contract.

Admiral Gooding told the House Armed Services Committee in April 1972 that Litton's west bank shipyard was "several hundred men short" and that the prospects for improvement were bleak. "The projection is [that] even with their current hiring rate, they will be 2,000 men short by the end of the calendar year," he said. Asked about Litton's labor turnover rate, Gooding said it was inordinately high, "about 50 percent."

"In other words," Chairman F. Edward Hébert asked, "if the program is continued and the contract [i.e., the reset proposal] is awarded, they don't have the manpower to carry it out if they don't show an improvement?"

"That is correct, sir," Gooding replied.



Litton understands the art of defense contract bookkeeping.

VI. The contractor must understand the art of bookkeeping

LITTON IS FIGHTING THE NAVY not only on the LHA and DD-963 but for "claims" it says the Navy should pay for work performed on other Navy ships in the east bank shipyard at Pascagoula. Litton, indeed, has already begun counting a portion of these claims as money in the bank. Although the company's sales for both 1971 and 1972 were $2.5 billion, after-tax profits dropped from $50 million in 1971 to just $1 million last year. Litton would have been in red ink but for the legerdemain of its accountants, who counted $41 million in *claims* against the Navy, which Litton may never be paid, as *assets*. It was all perfectly legal and in accordance with the magical mathematics in the handbook of "generally accepted acc ntin principles." Had these claims not been i l as assets, the company would have show a n *loss* of some $23 million (by my rou ca culations).

Litton's imaginative bookkeeping was e pose by Senator Proxmire in August 1972 w n found that $32 million in claims were bei carried by Litton as assets and that this l d n been reported to Litton's stockholders Att Proxmire made Litton's "profit formula" ubli the company owned up to it in its 1972 nnu report and revealed that its "assets" l d i creased from $32 million to $41 million y a other stroke of the pen in the last quart . L ton's stock now sells for about a tenth of 1967 high of 120.

Defense contrac s believe in suppo ng t candidate of the choi



VII. A contractor is in the business of p liti

ALTHOUGH LITTON'S PROFITS and the p ce its stock have been on the downs e recent years, Litton has been cornering n i creasing share of the Pentagon's bu nes Ranked fourteenth in 1968, in the space f t years Litton moved up to ninth largest d fen contractor (based on the dollar amount f d fense contracts held). That this rise oc rr after the election of Richard Nixon t Presidency may have been a coincidence

The authoritative *Congressional Quarte y* ported that "officials of companies r ki among the top 25 defense, space and r cle contractors in fiscal 1968 contributed a le $1,235,402 to political campaigns duri t 1968 Presidential election year." Of wh w reported, the largest amount given to eit p litical party came from the officers and oa members of Litton Industries: $151,000, ll it to the Republican party.

Campaign contributions are one way i fluence elected officials, but a more ef ti way is to have one of your own in the nn councils of state. Roy L. Ash was a cofo n of Litton in 1953 and its president from 9 until he resigned in December 1972 to b c President Nixon's director of the Office of M agement and Budget. Ash, who admits vi

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GETTING AND SPENDING

"five figures" to each of Mr. Nixon's successful Presidential campaigns, did not meet the President until after the 1968 election. Apparently impressed, Mr. Nixon appointed Ash in April 1969 to head the President's Advisory Council on Executive Organization: one of the council's recommendations led to the creation of OMB.

In the past, OMB and its predecessor, the Bureau of the Budget, have been two of the more effective internal checks on the power of the Pentagon. As a matter of course, OMB reviews the performance of defense contractors, and of necessity it will have to evaluate Litton's performance on the $3 billion in Navy shipbuilding contracts it holds and the validity of the half-billion dollars in claims against the service. When Ash was designated for the OMB post, he said he would divest himself of his 233,000 shares of Litton stock, and when asked if he would be in line to receive any "deferred compensation" from the company, he said he had "no pension plan or anything else." With his financial connections to Litton thus severed, Ash averred there would be no "potential conflict of interest" if he were called upon to pass judgment on the company he founded.

Will Ash hold defense contractors to their contractual obligations or will he advocate a continuance of the present corporate welfare system to maintain their prosperity?

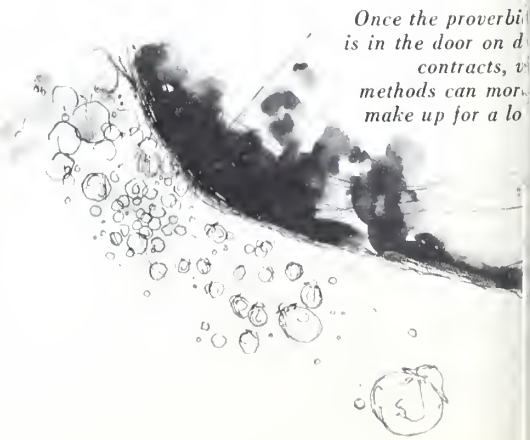
A Navy memorandum raises doubt that Ash will be able to see matters from other than the defense contractor's point of view. The memo recorded a meeting on June 6, 1972, which was one of a series between Ash and Admiral Kidd. The meeting, convened at Ash's request, was to discuss the LHA contract. The memo notes that the meeting opened with Ash indicating that "based on consultations with his lawyers" Litton and the Navy had to choose one of eight alternatives on the LHA. These ranged from outright termination of the contract to continuing "cost reimbursement payment basis beyond the 10-month current contract limit," which was when payments based only upon physical progress were to begin. Ash also indicated that "if Litton were required to convert to a physical progress payment basis in September 1972" the company "would be unable to perform due to the impact on an already tenuous cash flow position." (As earlier noted, the Navy continued reimbursing Litton for its incurred costs.)

The memo ends noting that Ash "indicated that it appears that some in the Navy have a built-in sense of self-righteousness concerning Litton's performance, and that the Navy would have to relax this view if Litton is expected to proceed with the [LHA] contract." Ash indicated he would go "to the White House to explain the problem" if the Navy's action did not satisfy him.

Ash is now one of the most powerful men *in* the Nixon White House. He presides o $250 billion budget, and, equally impo he makes policy decisions and recommenda to the President concerning the manage of the Executive Branch. How the Pent purchases weapons, its procurement regulat and what legislation the Administration promulgate are matters he can control dir or indirectly. If he reaches the conclusion others have—that the United States has many defense contractors for its needs, haps he will recommend that this excess c ity be eliminated through free market me isms: a course that would probably result i demise of one or more contractors. If, o other hand, he continues to think like a L executive, we will probably see even gr subsidies for the already heavily subsi shipbuilding and aerospace industries. The get for fiscal year 1974 allocates $81 billi the defense establishment, the largest suc propriation since World War II.

Litton's mismanagement of the LHA DD-963 contracts may or may not prove the worst example of bungled Pentagon curement, but it will certainly not be the as long as defense contractors are allowe inhabit a world where there is no penalty failure. If the five LHAs are ever built, the overrun will be on the order of a half-b dollars. If comparable errors were made i labor and cost estimates for the DD-963, thirty ships could cost $1 billion to $2 b more than anticipated. Although Congres appropriated some $1.6 billion of the $2. lion required for the thirty-ship contra is still too early to know if there will be d or cost overruns that would make the final much higher. When will we know?

I asked that question of Congressman A who, with Senator Proxmire, has been o the individuals most responsible for exp Litton's mismanagement of the LHA and 963. Aspin's answer was not comforting: erything indicates that Litton is going to run the DD-963 maybe even worse than i the LHA, but we can't prove it. By the tim can, it will be too late."



Once the proverbi is in the door on d contracts, v methods can mor make up for a lo

ed Branfman

NDOCHINA: THE ILLUSION OF WITHDRAWAL

nind the celebrations of progress, a policy of covert war

HERE HAS BEEN AN almost audible sigh of public relief since the signing of "The Agreet on Ending the War and Restoring the ce in Vietnam." True, everyone knows full ngagement will be a slow and complicated ness, stretching through months and months. the important thing seems to be that the ted States has agreed to (1) a set of prin- s sweeping away the familiar justification U.S. war in Indochina; (2) a set of prom- built around the stipulation that the U.S. l not continue its military involvement or vene in the internal affairs of South Viet- ." At the very least, we accept the idea that Paris agreement marks progress; from there, nay be inclined to assume that Vietnam will n receding into a limbo where American lvement is nonexistent.

he evidence paints a contradictory picture. hows, instead, that we are "progressing :" to the kind of covert warfare practiced Vietnam during the late Fifties and early ies, and in Laos almost continuously since 2. In the months since the Paris agreement signed, there has been a steadily growing rd of press reports, public statements by inistration officials, and budget allocations taken together, point to resumption of a rt war, leaving us poised only half a step from a renewed major military commit- t in Indochina. No piece of evidence is lusive in itself, but the overall pattern is net. Here's the way I see the logic of the tion, based on newspaper reports, Congres- al testimony, official documents, and my four years' experience watching the "secret " in Laos.

rst, President Nixon apparently has no in- on of abandoning President Thieu, nor of adopting a more neutral U.S. role in nam. According to the Paris agreement, parties" are to exercise joint sovereignty South Vietnam: the present government r Thieu, and the Provisional Revolutionary rnment (PRG), formerly known as the ong. Yet no sooner was the agreement d than Nixon identified the Thieu regime the sole legitimate government of South nam." He then dramatized his statement spatching Vice President Agnew to Saigon.

Second, given such unstinting American support, Thieu has no incentive at all to share power with the PRG. To the contrary, since the Thieu regime commands (with American help) an enormous military establishment, there is every reason to believe he will attempt to consolidate his power through military and paramilitary means. Which is what appears to be happening. After the agreement was signed, Thieu declared he would "arrest or shoot on the spot" anyone openly identifying with or working for the PRG. A death sentence was decreed for anyone inciting "pro-Communist" demonstrations or circulating PRG money, and immediate arrest for anyone distributing PRG flags and leaflets or participating in public political activities by "pro-Communist or neutralist elements." On January 26 a correspondent for the *Washington Star-News* reported that "in one province of the Mekong Delta, local officials are being told to shoot on sight anyone suspected of being a member of the NLF, and to hide the body. There seem to be other orders of a similar nature."

Under these conditions, even if a cease-fire takes hold, its maintenance will be extremely fragile; it will exist only so long as the Thieu regime and its American advisers believe the PRG can be contained by covert means.

The enormous commitment the Nixon Administration has made to Thieu's continuation in power is best measured in dollars. For fiscal year 1973 Nixon proposed an aid package that would have provided the Thieu regime with $3.4 billion—an increase of $675 million over FY 1972.* However, Congress refused to pass the Administration's bill and voted instead to fund foreign aid through a continuing appropriations resolution to the Foreign Assistance Act of 1972. Congress thus limited FY 1973 spending to the levels authorized for FY 1972.

* This increase in aid can also be understood as almost equal to the expected FY 1973 savings from cuts in the budget of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare for Medicare ($342 million), Medicaid ($101 million), mental health programs ($18 million), health program grants ($16 million), university community services ($9 million), library programs ($2 million), vocational rehabilitation programs ($6 million), social services research and training ($10 million), and welfare ($129 million).

Fred Branfman is co-director of the Indochina Resource Center in Washington, D.C. and author of Voices from the Plain of Jars, *a chronicle of life under an air war. From 1967 to 1971 he was in Laos with the International Voluntary Service and as a free-lance journalist.*

Fred Branfman

THE ILLUSION OF WITHDRAWAL

For next year, FY 1974, the Administration is proposing to give Thieu $1.6 billion in military aid and to spend another $1 billion to maintain U.S. forces in Thailand.* This FY 1974 proposal is still considered a preliminary estimate, and Defense Department comptroller Robert Moot stated on January 29 that "it's still too early for us to determine what modification will be required in the budget, but we will be determining it and we will be advising the Congress . . ."

This aid is responsible for Thieu's remaining in power. The military portion provides all his bombs, planes, guns, and ammunition. The economic aid is even more essential. Henry Bradsher reported in the *Washington Star-News* on January 30, for example, that "American support for the South Vietnamese economy is running down. Government officials are feeling a pinch in funds available for imports, and as a result they fear instability as supplies dwindle. The challenge is to survive until the promised new program begins." Government officials have admitted that the U.S. supplies well over half of Thieu's budget, and one Vietnam specialist shows that U.S. funds have supplied over 90 percent in the past four years.**

In addition to these massive aid programs, the U.S. will be providing Thieu with between 5,000 and 10,000 American advisers.† A major portion of these advisers, as confirmed by Congressional testimony and by newspaper ads placed by U.S. corporations, will be committed to the South Vietnamese Air Force (VNAF). Newspaper reports indicate that Americans will also be advising the South Vietnamese Army, police, and pacification programs.

It is clear that both the dollar aid and the commitment of American personnel have little to do with "reconstructing" Vietnam, though that is occasionally trotted out as a justification. Not only is the military aid 80 percent of the total but the vast majority of the advisers will be performing military and paramilitary tasks. The Paris agreement represents an adjustmer of our military posture in Vietnam, not an aban donment of it. So it appears that the Admi istration is preparing for a period of covert wa to assure a pro-American South Vietnamese gov ernment. The following evidence supports th thesis.

Personnel for a covert wa

SINCE APRIL 1, when U.S. forces were forma ly withdrawn, American personnel in Vie nam have done essentially what the soldiers di before them. They are under contract to th Department of Defense, the State Departmen or the Central Intelligence Agency, performin chiefly military and paramilitary tasks.

Many advisers to the South Vietnamese A Force and Army are technically civilians, it true. But almost all have been members of th U.S. Armed Forces, and many were recruite directly from the U.S. Air Force or Army.

There have also been indications that son active-duty U.S. military personnel remain i South Vietnam disguised as civilians. A Nover ber 29 *Los Angeles Times* dispatch from Saigo for example, noted:

> *While many of the new experts or technicians (or advisers) will be wearing civilian sportshirts, the suspicion is strong that underneath they will have dogtags, or at least retirement papers . . . One staff officer, already sporting civilian clothes much of the time, admits that the biggest change in his office will be the removal of some awards and military knickknacks, including a mounted AK-47 rifle, which would not fit his "new" identity.*

It is also quite possible that active-duty m itary personnel will be sent into South Vietna on "temporary duty" from Thailand. One in cation of this is the announcement that the U. military command will move from Saigon to t remote Air Force base at Nakhorn Phanc (NKP) in northeast Thailand. NKP is small and has fewer facilities than other U.S. bas in Thailand, such as Udorn or U-Tapao. It h however, served as a center for U.S. covert a tivities for years. NKP functioned as a base f the abortive electronic battlefield, for the "Bl Berets" of the Air Force Special Forces, a for the 56th Special Operations Wing, a pr plane unit used for agent insertion, pilot resc and specialized operations like the Son Tay pr on raid. Were the U.S. role from Thailand be limited to logistics support for South Vi nam, it is unlikely that NKP would have be chosen as the new U.S. command post.

Clearly the U.S. withdrawal has been su that it does not compromise the capacity direct and participate in covert war operatio

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* This $2.6 billion is roughly equal to the savings expected to result in FY 1974 from the termination of the Office of Economic Opportunity ($328 million); reduction in child feeding programs ($59 million); phasing out of the Economic Development Administration ($35 million); elimination of soil and water programs ($258 million); termination of rural water systems and waste disposal grants ($100 million); suspension of new housing programs ($305 million); phasing down of the Emergency Employment Assistance program ($670 million); and cutbacks in Old Age Survivors and Disability Insurance ($310 million), manpower training programs ($354 million), federal student loans ($264 million), and student subsidies ($119 million).

** See "A Welfare State Through War and Peace," by Guy Gran, available from the Indochina Resource Center, 1322 18th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

† See the *New York Times* and *Washington Post* reports of February 9, 1973.



The news climate for a covert war

JOR FACTOR IN KEEPING continued U.S. olvement in Vietnam hidden will be re- press coverage. The normal shrinkage of ureau staffs and coverage—such as *News-* cancellation of its special section on In- a news—is well under way. Furthermore, nam declines as a source of news, the alented and imaginative journalists will ger be posted there. During the mid-Six- r example, the bureau chiefs for one ewsmagazine tended to be French-speak- rnalists who relied heavily on nonofficial for their information. Now, however, gazine has appointed as bureau chief its ne chief Pentagon correspondent, a man who relies primarily on U.S. military el for information.

sources of information open to foreign ists covering Vietnam have also declined y volunteer organizations have shut down ons. International Voluntary Services at s, for example, had over 200 Vietnamese- ig Americans working in Vietnam. Its di- Don Luce, was widely regarded as one few Americans who really understood m; he supplied a great deal of informa- journalists and himself came up with one most publicized stories from Vietnam, existence of the "tiger cage" prison cells. longer operates in Vietnam.

More serious than these factors is the clear pattern of press intimidation and censorship concerning U.S. activities. Over recent months a growing number of U.S. journalists have been denied entry to Vietnam: Gloria Emerson and Malcolm Browne of the *New York Times*, Judy Coburn of *The Village Voice*. Others have been expelled: Mike Morrow of *Dispatch*, Don Luce, NBC's Ron Nessen, and UPI's bureau chief Donald Davis. All signs point to more expulsions and more harassment of correspondents, meaning less news from South Vietnam—unless, of course, it is government approved.

Reporters still in Vietnam have repeatedly been denied access to events. On February 7, for example, CBS cameraman Foster Davis was prevented by Thieu's police from entering Binh Phu village after it had been bombed and attacked by South Vietnamese troops. Other newsmen have had the tires of their jeeps shot out for attempting to observe ARVN fighting during the cease-fire and have been detained for trying to visit PRG and North Vietnamese delegates to the Joint Military Commission.

Newsmen have been warned that "un-Vietnamese" reporting could lead to their expulsion, and Vietnamese interpreters and assistants have been threatened with arrest. Saigon authorities warned newsmen on February 17 that they could be shot for attempting to interview PRG and North Vietnamese delegates in Saigon. On March 3, according to a report in the *New York Times*, the South Vietnamese government reiterated its

intention "to deal severely with foreign journalists who deliberately violate our rules and regulations and carry out un-Vietnamese activities."

The political apparatus for covert war

THIEU'S OPENLY ANNOUNCED ORDERS to "arrest or shoot on sight" persons involved in a wide variety of "pro-Communist or neutralist" activities indicate his willingness to take stringent measures to eradicate his political opposition. By using the prison system, assassination programs, and the huge national police network, Thieu can wage a widespread covert war by political means. For such an effort he will be able to rely on American aid and American personnel coordinated primarily through the new "Resettlement and Reconstruction Directorate" of the U.S. Embassy. As Peter Osnos reported in the *Washington Post* on February 9:

> *Virtually all of the senior civilians in CORDS (Civil Operations and Rural Development Support), the acronym for the pacification effort under the U.S. Military Assistance Command, are being kept on. George D. Jacobson, a retired colonel who has been the operational head of CORDS for almost two years, has been named a special assistant to Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker.*
>
> *The structure of the R and R directorate will be very similar to the civilian side of the old pacification program.*

The prison system

Estimates of the number of political prisoners held by the Thieu regime range from a *New York Times* figure of 70,000 to Don Luce's figure of 200,000 to the PRG's figure of 300,000. Despite the token release of between 5,000 and 10,000 prisoners, Thieu is unlikely to release the majority of the prisoners since they include not only members of the PRG but even more importantly the bulk of his "third-force" opposition. Indeed, there have been reports of increasing arrests in recent months.

There have also been charges that the Thieu regime has begun to execute its political prisoners. On January 26, Amnesty International, the organization that keeps track of political prisoners in Communist and non-Communist countries alike, issued a statement that declared, in part:

> *There is a real danger that key members of the South Vietnamese non-Communist opposition who are detained will be killed . . . As recently as December 26, 267 political prisoners, among them 18 student leaders, were sent from Chi Hoa National Prison in Saigon to the notorious prison on Con Son Island, home of the "tiger cage" detention cells. On December 10, a large number of female prisoners were taken away by truck from Tan Hiep and Thu Duc National Prisons near Saigon and have not been heard of since. Some 300 prisoners traveling on a boat from Con Son to the mainland are reported to have been killed . . .*

Thieu's use of the prison system as a politic tool depends substantially on American ai American personnel have been heavily involve with the prison system for years, although th has often been denied. When a group of visi ing U.S. Congressmen exposed the tiger cag in June 1970, AID "Public Safety" direct Frank Walton publicly denied any knowledge them. Don Luce subsequently revealed a mem written by Walton on October 1, 1963. In Walton stated:

> *In Con Son II, some of the hardcore communists keep preaching the "party" line, so these "Reds" are sent to the tiger cages in Con Son I where they are isolated from all others for months at a time. This confinement . . . may include immobilization—the prisoner is bolted to the floor, handcuffed to a bar or rod, or legirons with the chain through an eyebolt, or around a bar or rod.*

Luce has also revealed a Navy Departme memo dated January 7, 1971, six months aft the Nixon Administration announced that t tiger cages had been abolished. The memo i dicates that the U.S. construction compa RMK was contracted to build new "Isolati Compounds" at Con Son.

U.S. involvement in the prison system co tinues. AID's "Project Budget Submission FY 1974," dated June 1972, shows that t U.S. continues to build new prisons, provi funds for expanded prison personnel, and p vide training for new and old prison staff me bers. Interestingly, although newsmen and C gressmen have been unable to obtain inform tion about specific prisoners or their over number, this report states that "a program l been established at all correction centers to r ister and identify all prison inmates."

Assassination programs

Thieu's order to "shoot on sight" individu aiding the PRG indicates that assassination p grams will continue in the post-cease-fire peri

A non-Communist Catholic Deputy to Saigon National Assembly, Ho Ngoc Nhu wrote in an article dated January 18, 1973:

> *The U.S. is putting an additional tool in the hands of the powerful South Vietnames police. A new program, with only the nam of F-6, is being secretly installed to replac the (U.S.) CIA-organized Phoenix program discontinued recently. Like its predecesso the new program is aimed at "neutralizing" suspected Vietcong cadre and sympathizer*

The Phoenix program itself has alre claimed more than 40,000 lives. A Saigon N

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The preliminary forecasts for 1973 are for modestly increased earnings. But there are question marks. How well will Phase III work and what will be its effect on what it costs the airlines to fly you? What will be the ultimate cost of new security measures, baggage inspection and armed guards at every departure gate? Who will bear these costs?

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The Shortest Distance Between People

istry of Information document entitled "Vietnam: Toward Peace and Prosperity" states that 10,994 people were killed under Phoenix between mid-1968 and mid-1971 alone. National Study Security Memorandum #1, the "Kissinger Papers," reveals that the United States has been the main force behind Thieu's assassination program. The State Department is on record confirming Phoenix as an instrument of American policy: a report notes that Phoenix "has also served notice to the Province Chiefs that their performance will in large part be measured by Phoenix results. Although the program was launched in December 1967, Saigon-level Vietnamese cooperation was minimal until Thieu, after considerable American prodding, issued a presidential decree in July 1968 formally directing that the network be set up."

Former Phoenix agent Barton Osborne has testified before Congress that the CIA both funded and directed the Phoenix program, under the guise of State Department "Combined Studies" offices throughout South Vietnam. He has revealed that assassination teams worked under the direct supervision of U.S. personnel.

The police system

There are eleven separate police units in South Vietnam, composed of over 120,000 men. Reports from Vietnam indicate that their activities have been greatly increased in recent weeks in line with Thieu's orders for a crackdown. On January 18 Craig Whitney of the *New York Times* visited the village of Trung Lap, thirty miles north of Saigon. Bui Van Hai, a hamlet chief, told him, "It's a hard place to live in. There are four or five people arrested every day. Yesterday more than ten."

The district chief, Maj. Le Xuan Son, was quoted as saying:

> *"Cease-fire or no cease-fire, this is a government district, and I will show that the national laws are still in force. We have a list of the people who are Communist suspects or suspected Communist sympathizers, and if they start causing trouble after a cease-fire, they will be arrested. We have detailed plans for that. If the Communists show up in the village, we will neutralize them. If they resist arrest, they will be killed."*

Whitney went on to report that the Major's "plans for a cease-fire are matched in every hamlet, village and district in the country."

That the United States is heavily involved in nearly every branch of the national police is made crystal clear by the AID FY 1974 project budget submission. Moreover, that report states that the U.S. has "obligations" for national police support and public safety telecommunications until June 1978. Some of these "obligations" are to:

"Complete initial registration of Vietnamese 15 years of age and older by the close of FY 71."

"By mid FY 72, increase issuance of Identification (ID) Cards from 5.5 million to 11. million."

"Establish by the end of FY 75 a central rec ords system containing 12 million individua bio-data documents and 11.5 million dossiers.

"Continue operational activity against VCI i areas where responsibility for security is a signed to National Police in FY 72 and FY 73.

"Increase National Police inspections durin FY 72 and FY 73 to ensure that US/GVN po icies are implemented down to the lowest leve to help identify and counter activities of sub versive organizational cadre."

Develop "a systems analysis and compute programming capability. This is scheduled b mid FY 72, as an indigenous police data ma agement organization for collecting, preparing and editing data for electronic data processin and providing systems analysis and compute programming services for the National Polic Command."

It is clear from this by no means exhaustiv list that the United States does far more tha simply "advise" the Vietnamese police syste Thieu's national police system, as present constituted, is a creation of the United State and could not function without U.S. directio and funding.

The U.S. is prohibited from continuing th police support by the peace agreement. Artic 5 states specifically that "advisers from th above-mentioned countries to all para-militar organizations and the police force will also b withdrawn within the same period of time [si ty days]."

There are signs, however, that this provisio may not be complied with. Peter Osnos repor ed in the *Washington Post* on February 9 th "one important change in the present set-u in keeping with the requirements of the Par cease-fire agreement, is that all civilian publ safety advisers who worked with the South Vie namese police have been withdrawn. (It h been quietly decided, however, to leave a han ful of police experts in Saigon, U.S. sourc said.)"

The military apparatus for covert wa

SHOULD THESE POLITICAL MEANS of contr ling the opposition prove insufficient, more direct military activities be called for, th Nixon Administration will have several mea at its disposal for mounting covert military o erations.

Covert U.S. military involvement will be d rected by the Pentagon and the CIA. The ma center for Pentagon activities in South Vietna

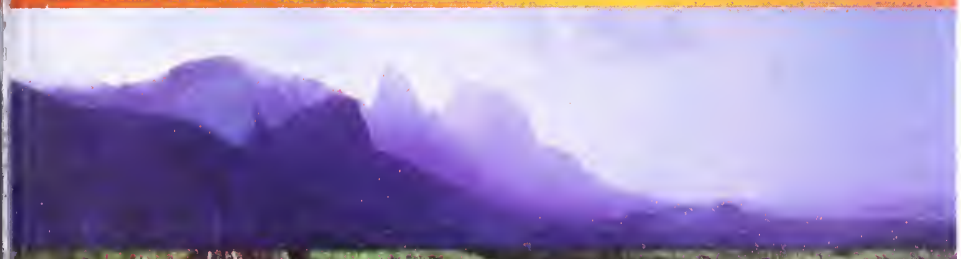
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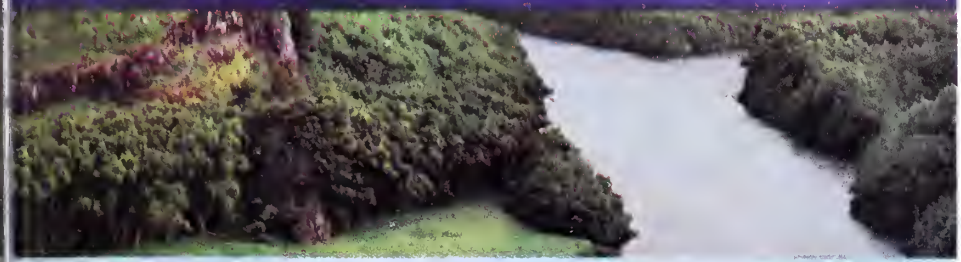
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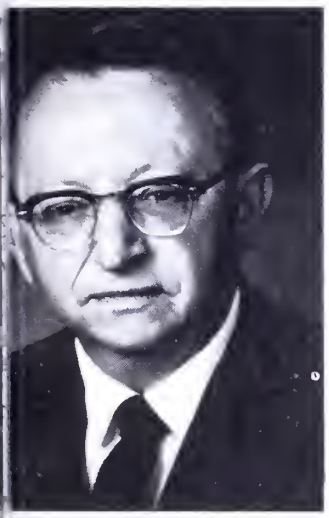
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the U.S. military attaché's office. Al- formally limited to a few dozen person- perience indicates that the attaché's of- y include a top-secret section of military sguised as civilians that could run into ndreds. In Laos, for example, the official complement was supplemented by the classified Project 404—a body of dozens Army and Air Force personnel.

military attaché's office will also coordi- e activities of the thousands of civilian ians on Defense Department contracts d to the Vietnamese Army and Air Force. nally, the attaché unit will direct U.S. coming into South Vietnam on tempo- ity from Thailand.

CIA will maintain an entirely separate on, if history is any precedent. Most of will be done with "Secret Army" forces. Laos, however, the CIA may retain con- er most of Air America, U.S. Special and other military personnel seconded nd many of the operations of the 56th Operations Wing, based at Nakhorn n. The CIA may also retain its own photo nit.

e are three separate military capabilities n be orchestrated to carry out covert ons.

Secret Army"

CIA has built up an irregular force com- estimated at about 30,000 montagnards nic Cambodians in South Vietnam. This s led by American officers, mostly Spe- rces, under the control of the CIA. Its f command, logistic belt, and operations irely separate from the ARVN.

force is known most widely within South n as "CIDGES," for Civilian Irregular e Group. It might more properly be called cret Army," however, since it is part of 00-man army stretching throughout Laos, dia, Thailand, and South Vietnam that zes no sovereign governments or nation- iers and is responsible only to its CIA ers.

South Vietnam branch of the "Secret has been used until now primarily for lassified missions as cross-border oper- into Laos and Cambodia, assassination, ge, and sabotage throughout Indochina. ng North Vietnam. The withdrawal of ound forces, however, may result in an on of the "Secret Army" in South Viet- or one thing, CIA control of this irreg- rce ensures that U.S. military activities etter hidden than can Pentagon involve- h the ARVN. For another, the coming may see the further deterioration of the as a viable fighting force. Morale is al- ow, and the future may bring increased desertion and even greater corruption among top ARVN officers, as wartime pressures decrease.

Air America will play a key role in any such expansion of the "Secret Army," as it has in Laos. The *New York Times* reported on February 9 that "the airline [Air America] is expected to enlarge its operations in South Vietnam as the last American military planes leave." One of its key jobs will be supplying irregular army outposts with arms, ammunition, and matériel, ferrying its U.S., Thai, and Korean officers about, deploying troops, and spotting for South Vietnamese bombers.

One possible indication of future U.S. involvement with the "Secret Army" is the Periscope item in the January 15 *Newsweek* noting that Green Berets are being sent to Indochina, ostensibly to search for U.S. military still listed as missing in action.

The Vietnamese Air Force (VNAF)

The VNAF is already the fourth largest in the world, with more than 2,000 aircraft. It remains, of course, an American creation. The U.S. supplies the aircraft, ordnance, fuel, photo intelligence, communications, and spare parts without which it could not be kept aloft.

The Administration has already announced that U.S. logistics support will continue into the post-cease-fire period. But logistics support alone will not suffice to keep the VNAF flying. The sophisticated requirements of a modern air force like the VNAF demand personnel far more qualified than those presently available.

A Government Accounting Office report entitled "Logistic Aspects of Vietnamization, 1969-72," completed in November 1972, stated that Saigon was unable to handle its U.S.-supplied equipment. A *Washington Post* story on the report, dated February 19, noted:

> *The GAO, Congress' watchdog agency, suggests that with $5 billion in U.S. equipment, President Thieu's regime has more matériel than it can properly manage alone —by U.S. standards. "It is clear that the South Vietnamese will continue to require some foreign aid," the GAO investigators found, citing in particular a continued need for foreign (civilian) technicians to help maintain complex helicopters, the new four-engine C-130 transports, communications gear and tanks . . .*
>
> *No "viable" preventive maintenance effort, due to command neglect, exists even in training. GAO investigators looking at grease joints at a truck depot found them "bone dry." One unit had 20 percent of its tanks deadlined for lack of such simple maintenance.*
>
> *Technicians, managers, and even trained clerks are in short supply, given the overall task of keeping up a U.S.-style war machine and logistics suffer as a result.*

"The President has already begun preparing the American public for the possible resumption of U.S. war in Indochina."

Ads in newspapers all over the U.S. give some idea of the wide range of jobs U.S. personnel are needed to perform. Lear-Siegler has advertised in newspapers like the *Washington Post* and *Philadelphia Inquirer* for U.S. personnel to work as electronic technicians, aircraft ground equipment technicians, jet engine mechanics, helicopter mechanics, maintenance chiefs, jet engine supervisors, management personnel, and industrial engineers. ITT's Federal Electric Corporation wants teletype operators, microwave technicians, switchboard operators, document controllers, digital computer technicians, crypto machine technicians. Northrop is looking for radar technicians, electronic countermeasure technicians, and fighter pilot instructors. And NHA seeks general civilian engineers, helicopter pilots, fixed-wing pilots, transportation economists, and airport, highway, maritime, hydraulic, railroad, and ship port engineers.

Past experience indicates, however, that U.S. Air Force help to the VNAF cannot be limited simply to contracting out such "civilian technical" positions. The VNAF also relies upon the U.S. Air Force personnel—for tasks such as photo reconnaissance, communication assistance, complex ordnance tasks, and assistance in target selection.

A comparison with Laos is instructive here. U.S. Air Force active-duty personnel have regularly assisted the Royal Laotian Air Force. Some of these men were stationed in Laos permanently. Many more would be sent into Laos from Thailand for periods ranging from several days to several months. All such personnel would wear civilian clothing while in Laos; they were instructed to identify themselves, if asked, as working for AID. The same sort of secret war that was conducted in Laos could be extended to Vietnam itself.*

The Army of the Republic of Vietnam

The million-man ARVN is also an American creation. Direct U.S. participation, from providing all logistics to planning strategy, will be necessary to keep it fighting. Logistics will presumably be directed by Maj. Gen. John E. Murray. Formerly MACV director of logistics, Murray has recently been appointed head of the Defense Attaché section of the U.S. Embassy in Saigon.

There are already indications, however, that the ARVN will need far more than simple logistics support. For example, the Knight newspapers' Pentagon correspondent, James McCartney, reported on November 17, 1972:

> *There have been reports that the U.S. is already far along on a program to provide the Saigon government with a kind of "brain trust" of young West Point graduates top-level military advice. The group wo act as an official joint chiefs of staff to Saigon government if these reports are c rect.*

As with the Vietnamese Air Force, A function is almost entirely dependent on participation. Or, conversely, an arm of policy.

From covert to oper

THE PRESIDENT HAS ALREADY BEGUN p ing the American public for the pe resumption of U.S. war in Indochina. A 21st National Prayer Breakfast on Febru he warned that "we could read too muc the peace that we have talked about, mu we would hope that it could mean ever that we could possibly imagine . . . it will peace only to the extent that both sides a leaders of both sides have the will to ke agreement." There is ample evidence that ident Nixon's will to keep the agreemer exist only so long as a pro-American regi unthreatened in Saigon. *New York Times* gon correspondent William Beecher repor January 23:

> *Administration officials, in the Penta and other departments, said Henry Kissi had made it clear during his negotiat with North Vietnamese representatives Paris that President Nixon would not hesi to reapply air and sea power in Indochin Hanoi should violate any cease-fire ag ment in a blatant way.*

President Nixon appeared to underli tough American stance at a March 15 pre ference at the White House when he dec

> *I can only suggest this: that we have formed the North Vietnamese of our con about this infiltration and that we belie to be a violation of the cease-fire, the ce fire and the peace agreement. Our con has also been expressed to other intere parties, and I would only suggest that b on my actions over the past four years, North Vietnamese should not lightly d gard such expressions of concern, when are made, with regard to a violation. Th all I will say.*

Such reports do not, of course, ine mean that President Nixon will order re tion of the bombing in Indochina. Bu make it clear that the war is far from ov that the U.S. is making an enormous c ment to the continuation of the Thieu r With that basic circumstance unchange with a continuing covert war in the m the resumption of widespread bombing r only a short step away.

* See "How We Ran the Secret Air War in Laos," by Seymour Hersh, *New York Times Magazine*, October 29, 1972.

RED and BARNEY drive the INTERSTATES



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VERSE

AFTER AGATHA CHRISTIE
by Linda Pastan

In the locked room
what cannot happen
happens again
shaped to the size
of a keyhole
death comes
reassuring
choosing someone
no one will miss
now everything becomes
a clue
the moon has left
footprints
all over the rug
the tree outside
the window
hides behind
its false beard
of leaves
who did what
precisely when
slyly the clock stops
the blood smells of ink
the revolver shows
its pearl handle
at the end the facts
click into place
comfortably as knitting
each answer marries
its proper question
even the skull
smiles to itself
as the detective tells
how the moon was pure
all along
the tree was merely
a tree
and only I
have no alibi
at all



The Quays

UNLOADING THE ELEPHANTS
by David Wagoner

Out of the sliding doors
Of steel-gray boxcars
The trunks come groping
Through the gray morning.
Where are we now?
The greatest show
Is on earth, trumpeting
Down the steep ramps and bracing
Forelegs against the heavy
Heavenly bodies
They so carefully balance
Like the commandments
Shouted to massive heads, to ears
Pondering old orders,
Older than canvas.
Why are you keeping us?
In a huge row, seventeen
Elephants. *Why must we learn*
From you? What have we done
To be so weighted down?
Trunks raised, they shuffle forward
To the long parade.

NOW THE SLOW CREATION
by Kathleen Spivack

Now the slow creation of things
comes everywhere:
the warm lapping of petals
in the sun: the leaf that turns
its sticky surface to the air.

Slowly, my pocket opens like an orange,
warm to your touch;
and that five-petaled sun
folds all its fruited segments out.
I turn forever on that bed.

And out of that arc, delicately rising,
children swim like fish
or seahorses; thistle-slim,
their bellies bent,
into the new-rinsed light.

Who put them there, you put
them there, marvelously fat-fingered.
A great soft whoosh of the breath—
they come, endlessly spinning
like soap bubbles through a pipe.

VEBLEN & ELLEN
by Hugh Seidman

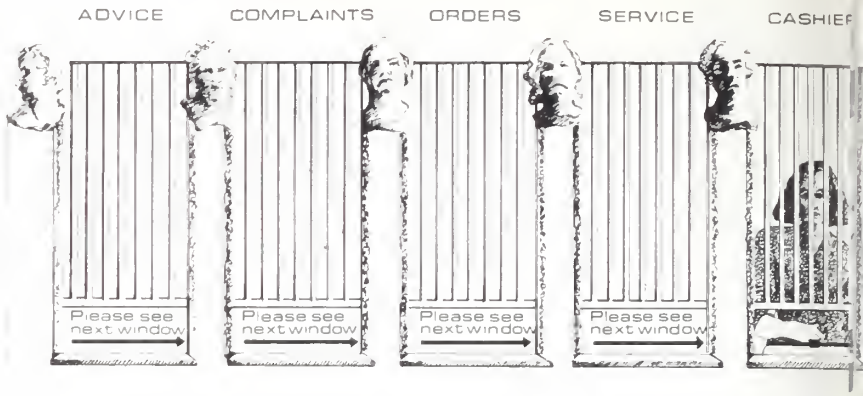
The beatific swimmer's face
glistening in the lake
the paint-like lawns
thru the green glass as if wet
the power of the pianist after dinner
he was hunting her again
in the compromise flesh makes
he was singing as the car flashed
with 3 coming fast

He was striking it at last
as his mother had hoped
on the piano at 8
delivered as the kids jeered
the faggot who would play
for now he had its key
he was cold at its teeth
he shivered as he had seen her
that morning in Minnesota
on the winter Mississippi
out of Brooklyn of the dead

She was Ellen Rolfe
Great Northern's daughter
theosophist blue stocking
niece of the Carleton College
6 months Veblen's wife
on the river to pick plants
a child's sex organs
when they opened her
numinous as Northfield
where the James gang
hit the bank in '76
and Thorstein walked
from his father's plow
to green Yale and Kant

In fantasy land
there is a love song
called *The First*
it was his now he has wrung it
from the swimmer in the light
from the sickness of her hurt
from her callow breasts
attempting to be adequate
from her body at the airport
frantic to find him it is done
as the water off the car wheels
at 80 slapping windshields
as those women passed

COMMENTARY



IN SEARCH OF AN EMPLOYER

Who do I work for? Last week it was Sears, Roebuck and Co.; General Motors; AT&T; the United States Postal Service; our family doctor; and my usual employer, American University, but I don't work for the last as much as I used to. I no longer seem to have the time.

Monday I called Sears to see if the two bicycles my wife and I ordered two weeks before had come in. The woman told me only one had arrived (several days earlier, but they were too busy to call us) because of a Telex error Sears had made, ordering it from their warehouse. "Do you still want the second one?" she asked me. "Why wouldn't I?" I replied. "We have to know that before we can reorder," she quickly snapped back. "But why should your error negate my desire for the bicycle?" I asked her. She, of course, had no answer to that one. And so it went as I—furious that the error had been made—put through five more telephone calls to various salesmen at Sears, trying to determine the fastest way we could acquire the other bicycle. Four hours later, after spending about half the time at our local Sears store itself, we had our two bicycles. The way I calculate it, we each worked four hours for Sears that day, but I'll count only myself.

Tuesday it was my wife's car again. The starter stopped working at 12:30 A.M. at an intersection a mile and a half from our apartment. Now, the starter was replaced less than two thousand miles ago, so I suppose we should be thankful that General Motors can make a product that lasts even that long. But two hours were lost that night and an hour and a half the next morning, going back and forth between the sick car and the apartment, and then the service station and the car dealer's. As I calculated it, General Motors owed me three and a half hours' pay.

Wednesday was almost pleasant—the daily frustration lasted only thirty-seven minutes. The United States Postal Service (those people who deliver your letters two cents slower these days) sent me a letter I had mailed to someone else on Monday. They returned it to me because my return address was typed on the back of the envelope. I lost only thirty-seven minutes driving to the Post Office and drawing to the clerk's attention the name of the addressee, typed on the front of the envelope, centered below the stamp—exactly where I've been addressing my envelopes for years.

Thursday was a little worse. New York appeared to have disappeared —at least when I dialed direct, s my telephone book tells me I can I dialed, and then there was noth —no sound at all, just Valhalla. I used the operator twice during afternoon to try to get the through. She in turn was assisted a New York City operator, but b were unable to place my call. telephone trunk lines were all ou order as they have been ever si the New York City blackout se years ago. AT&T owes me forty- minutes' pay, plus a rebate on phone for the part of the day t couldn't complete the call.

Friday I could have retired, if only been paid for my time. A I'd waited in the doctor's office hour and ten minutes, my doctor ciously agreed to give me ten m utes of his precious time—to tune of $15.00 for his speedy c sultation.

So how do I calculate my we pay? Four hours at Sears on Mon at a salesman's salary of $1.85 hour equals $7.40. Three and a hours on Tuesday at the car dea labor charge of $12.00 an hour co to $12.00. Wednesday's thirty-s minutes lost at the Post Office, ca lated from an average postm salary of $3.52 an hour, rings $2.17. Thursday's forty-five min for Ma Bell, determined at an op tor's $2.45 an hour, equals $1 Friday's hour and ten minutes w ing at the doctor's, determined by $90.00-an-hour consultation fee, up to $105.00. Week's billing services rendered: $158.40.

Soon, I suppose, I'll have to my regular job in order to kee with the time I have to spend others.

—Charles R. La
Washington,

The contributors this month: Charles R. Larson is an associate professor of literature at American University. Kim P. Cauley will be graduating from high school this spring. Ira Mothner was an assistant to Mayor Lindsay through late 1972. Warren R. Ross is president of Infor/Media Corp., a company specializing in medical and health communications. R. Joseph Ellis was with the 20th Preventive Medicine Unit in Vietnam from 1966 to 1967.

Harper's *welcomes brief contributions from all of its readers who find themselves inspired to passionate statement. Please send entries, including stamped, self-addressed envelope, to "Commentary." Comments on articles appearing in the magazine should be addressed to "Letters to the Editor."*

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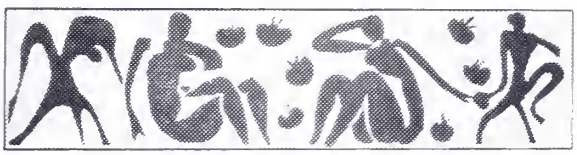
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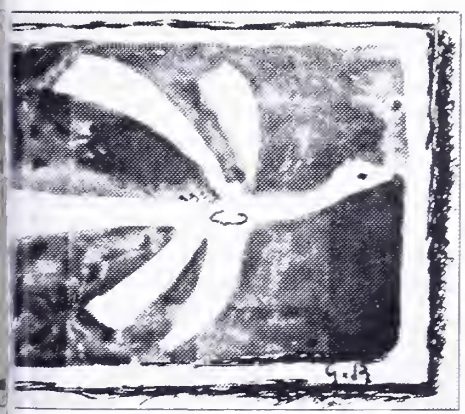
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MILK CARTON PHILOSOPHY

Daily dairy service was phased out at my house several summers ago. The realization and sheer horror of depersonalization really hit home when our milkman was replaced by a weekly journey to the thirty-two-foot-long sanitary dairy case in the local supermarket. I was never able to accept the idea of swallowing milk poured from a wax-coated cardboard container. This fact, and certain other changes, accounted for my sudden demand that I be given the right to drink coffee in the morning. Thus, since drinking coffee is surely a telltale sign of childhood's end, it can be asserted that the paper milk carton forced a premature end to my juvenility. And who can guess what deeply rooted emotional and psychological problems this might lead to in my later life?

I remember the day my father permanently closed the door of the milk box. That tiny door had always been so much fun: I used it to let in little things: a little sunshine, a little air, a little rain, even a few little friends. Occasionally someone would by accident lock the kitchen door when we went away. Since there was no key to the back entrance, it was my job to crawl through the milk door into the kitchen and unlock the big door so all the adults could get in. I always hesitated just a minute before I let them in, thinking maybe I might leave them out there, but then thinking again that being alone in the house is rather frightening. Crawling through the milk door was something no one else could do: it was my duty to unlock the kitchen door: this really gave me a sense of worth and responsibility.

As a child, I never wanted to be a fireman, a policeman, or any of the other standard juvenile aspirations. My only goal in life at this time was to drive a milk truck. But like so many others, my illusions of becoming a milkman were destroyed by that ill invention, the paper milk carton.

In the larger sense, I wonder if anyone fully realizes the devastating implications of the milk carton (which has two patents pending). When this question is completely examined, I believe it becomes evident that society, more than the individual, is the victim of this tre erous innovation. In the first pl the milk carton has destroyed m basic trust in man. No longer d patronize the man in busines himself, but we place our faith in porate conglomerates. The prob arising here is that man is not able of dealing with anything o than man: in a large corpora there is no person to deal with.

The second milk carton crim that it is partly responsible for abolition of man's inborn skeptic Over the past few years people h become increasingly more gull What other excuse is there for h wives buying milk they can't see till it's poured out? And y other reason can there be for in gent adults believing that a p box is capable of containing a liq When man stops questioning e thing around him and accepts thing sight unseen, that's wher start to worry. Meanwhile, I t I'll start a collection of antique milk bottles.

—Kim P. Ca
Saginaw, M

POLACCI'S THUMB AND THE RIGHT TO FAIL

We are an impatient people, high-minded and unwilling to accept the fact that life is not fair. Every man, woman, and child, we believe, ought to have the same opportunity to succeed. The persistence of this notion, through the long years when most women and some easily distinguishable men and children had considerably less than an equal opportunity, is tribute to our high-mindedness.

Now that we have finally set about redressing this wrong, we're confounded by awkward realities. Equal opportunity does not always mean equal success. Equality of access has not immediately produced equality of condition. What looks and sounds fair strikes many of us as unfair. And our solution has been to equip the success-failure scale with compensatory counterweights.

Few of us realize that this system originated with Guido Polacci, a greengrocer at 817 West 47th Street in Manhattan, and is based upon the principle known as Polacci's thumb, which may rank philosophically with Ockham's razor. Historically, it should take its place beside Jenkins' ear.

At Polacci's Prime Fruits and Vegetables, all produce is held to be inherently equal in value: a pound of bananas is worth as much as a pound of parsley, pomegranates, or parsnips. "One price for all," reads the sign over the scale, and the price varies from seven to seventeen or seventy-seven cents a pound, depending upon the cost of whatever items Guido Polacci has chose average that day.

The system works because more is expected of fruits and vegetables than others. A pound of pot at Polacci's weighs considerably more than a pou strawberries. There are fewer apricots to the pound apples. Bulk measures—pints, quarts, bushels, pe are not used at Polacci's, nor is produce sold b piece, head, ear, or stalk, since these increments d respond to the equalizing pressure of Polacci's thu

From time to time, new customers at Polacci's plain when they see the greengrocer's digit at "Equality doesn't come cheaply," he tells them. ought to be willing to pay for your principles."

There are legitimate applications of Polacci's thu human affairs, correcting gross racial imbalance in ties and student bodies, construction crews and forces, even striking a more representative sexua ance. But the urge to balance all human equations i ably leads beyond simply counterweighting for m rity (the Hruska proposition) or sexual preferenc Gay Liberation plank) to quotas for retarded profe overweight astronauts, and tiny linemen in the Na Football Conference.

Already, the weight of Polacci's thumb has fallen ily upon education, where failure is now deeme oppressive a burden to inflict on children. The

and bushels of intellectual or academic measure-
ure being abandoned in favor of more thumbable
. IQ tests are out; pass-fail is in (and most often
- into pass-incomplete—or pass now, pass later).
ors are asked to eliminate, as much as possible,
differences among students. When this can't be
and it never can), the indicators of rank differ-
ust be downgraded or eliminated. It's goodbye
roll today, and farewell *magna cum laude* tomor-

red in this exercise is the flip side of the oppor-
to succeed: the right to fail. And failure should
r more common, though no less enjoyable, experi-
an success. It gives most of us something to
ith each other, for success isn't shared—it's essen-
selfishly satisfying condition. I remember how
gnition that most of us weren't on the honor roll
a warm commonality among my classmates. At
the guys who failed to rack up top grades, touch-
or beauty queens would huddle together, over
2 beer, in mutually reinforcing self-regard. In the
saloon or the bar across from the office, the men
en't going to make foreman, inspector, managing
or company president share the real concerns of
ves—crabgrass, golf handicaps, sex after fifty,
ds, bowling, and the minutiae that determine the
of their lives.

ing has been more underrated in our times than
It is a more democratic condition than success,
s the door to a richer personal life. Indeed, it is
y antidote to the pressures of an achievement-
society. And we deny this sweet solace to our
urring them from the warmth and security of the
tional, the comrade-ship of their peers. Instead,
e them onto the hard and lonely road of accom-
nt.

quality of Polacci's produce stand works because
erences between potatoes and strawberries are
They are not determined by weight. But one
s, sounds, and smells pretty much like any other
e days. You can't pick the strawberries, and the
haven't a clue to their tuberousness.

ver, a number of bright youngsters, the arti-
nd palm hearts of their generation, have decided
play the game of "everybody wins." They have
t, quit on a system that denies them both the
ty of failure and the uniqueness of success.

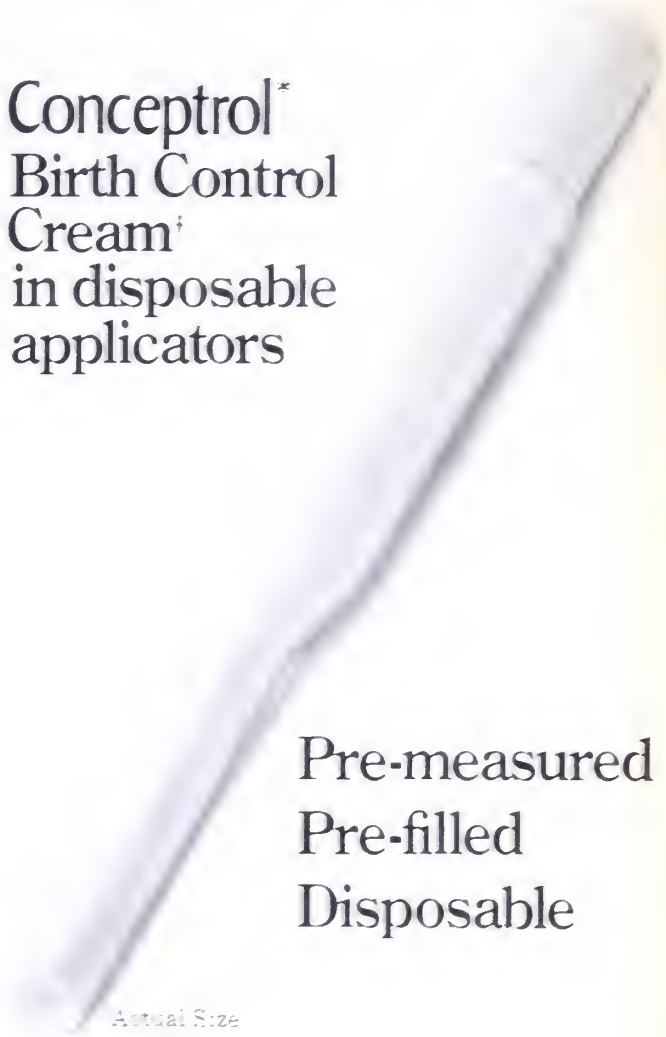
esult of this defection has been the rapid appli-
f Polacci's thumb to current social values, the
y of Consciousness III, and the recognition that
haven't failed but achieved greenness. I see
acci's hand in that term so dear to a produce
eart. "You have succeeded," our frantic drop-
told, "in discovering true values ignored by
nievement-grubbing parents."

the kids have discovered is failure, a condition
more satisfying than the unchallenging sub-
ped on them for most of their short lives.

—Ira Mothner
Shelter Island Heights, N.Y.

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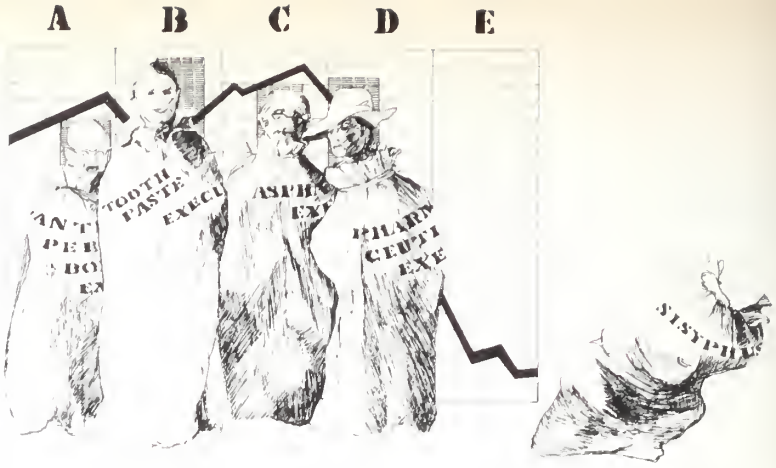
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What is your most ardent wish for 1974?

If you don't know, you are obviously not a corporate marketing manager. The executives who rule the destinies of the nation's corporations, large, small, or in between, know precisely what they want for '74. It is the same thing they wanted for '72, are working for in '73, and will want again each year for as long as they hold their jobs: an increase in sales.

It doesn't matter whether the executive is in charge of selling toothpaste to the millions, asphalt to the state highway department, drugs to doctors, or fragmentation antipersonnel bombs to the Pentagon. His primary corporate responsibility is to boost sales, and his career rides on whether he can do better this year than he did last.

The reason is obvious. All but a few corporations are publicly owned, and stockholders care only that their stock go up. So all they want to hear from the president at annual-report time is that sales and profits have improved. Which means that all the president wants to hear from his VP-sales is how he proposes to make sales go up . . . ditto for what the VP wants to hear from his regional managers . . . down to the salesman in the field. Yes, sir, chief, we'll make those sales go up! Yes, indeed, can do!

It's odd that this basic fact of our economic life seems never to be taken into account by those who want to reform the system's flaws. Yet it's at the bottom of so much that's wrong. Take just a few examples.

Political. Since few companies can increase product sales indefinitely, the surest way to grow is through mergers and acquisitions. Until this basic motive is removed, no antitrust law will ever be enforceable, and such laws as we have, *vide* ITT, merely provide incentives for corruption.

Economic. On the record, possibly in all sincerity, corporate executives are all for the sound dollar. But every time a choice has to be made—whether or not to raise prices, whether to borrow, whether to keep production going by giving in to what the union wants—they cast a vote for inflation. Thus there is a large and influential, even if unintentional, lobby for easy money.

Ecologic. Barry Commoner has clearly shown that it is neither growth nor efficiency but the search for greater profits that has fueled the pollution explosion of the past two decades. Almost as a corollary, more and more experts are telling us that the key to preserving our resources and cleaning up the environment is economic stability. Yet how can national product be maintained zero growth if all the national producers are working overtime weekends to make *their* portion grow?

Ethical. If the one thing you never tell your boss is why bus didn't grow this year, you will be tempted to resort to price-fi quality-cutting, or dubious selling tics. Conscience and common may tell you that in the long run company might profit more quality products fairly priced sold. But you also know that in long run you simply aren't goi be around if you don't achieve year's sales goals. However, if do attain them, they immediatel come the record that you ha improve on next year. Which b us to the:

Personal. For a few years, phus probably loved his job, ar he learned to roll that stone and faster, experienced a sen great achievement. But after a he sometimes felt as if a cru weight were threatening him, more and more often there were when he felt he was between the and the hard place. But as wi many executives, the one thing seemed riskier than to keep pu was to let go.

Is there an answer? In an eco as intricate and creaky as ou would be a bold man who v claim to know. But the first surely, is to face up to the fac many of our societal and indiv ills will never be cured until a net manager can file a mark plan that says: business is we're making a nice profit; let' at doing equally well next year still keep his job.

—Warren R.
Rye,

THE WILDFLOWERS OF VIETNAM

the flowers grow
  fragile,
delicate with
wild beauty,
  their pink
against giant green
most kind.

the little girl
places one
  gently
in her dark hair
and smiles
  wild
like flowers.

amazed by my blue eyes,
she touches me
and leads me
  silent as Death
to her sweet mother
who is for sale.

—R. Joseph Ellis
Hartford, Conn.

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—Craig Claiborne

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by Marcella Hazan

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American Mischief, by Alan Lelchuk. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $8.95.
Breakfast of Champions, by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. Delacorte Press, $7.95.
The Devil Tree, by Jerzy Kosinski. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $6.95.

WHENEVER I HEAR SOMEONE use the word "reality," I want to reach for a custard pie. It has been a long time now since anybody who used the word "reality" knew what he was talking about. Physicists and meta-physicists alike only multiply uncertainty principles. What is mind? asks one. No matter, says the other. What is matter? Never mind. With refinements, that dubious distinction seems to have taken us about as far as we can go.

For all that, there seem to be more reality-instructors around than ever. I mean those characters who with a sincere or a threatening look insist on telling us what really is what, characters who usually turn out to be either con men or bullies, or both at once. They want us to believe that such and such is the case so that we will act in such and such a way—the way in question, of course, being one that will benefit them materially or justify them morally.

But to the extent that we are social beings we are all con men of one sort, reinforcing ourselves and others in our shared assumptions about what is what, what we should believe, what we should do, what we are like. For these assumptions serve to confirm us in all we have to do if we want to be together. They reward with bouquets and encores those who perform their assigned roles. They discourage with hoots and a sense of having been miscast in New Haven those who balk or who stumble over



Edward Gorey

their lines. These latter become anxious, or anomic, or ironic; they become critics, or criminals, or paranoids. They become characters in search of the one play designed expressly to show that all the rest of the world is only a stage.

More and more during the past one hundred years people of advanced views have come to suspect that the script has been lost. That the reality-instructors have only forgeries to peddle. That to play any part at all you have to improvise. That to play your part straight is to be no more than a straight man. That reality—to pull on the reins of a runaway trope—has absconded, and with it went the secure ego of the solid citizen. The suspicion has become general, I believe. The result is that we have all become anxious, or anomic, or ironic; critical, or criminal, or paranoid.

With the absconded reality e realistic fiction, which is the ec words of secure realities and citizens. Modern writers found selves sharing the assumptio Gorgias of Leontini, who in 42 won renown at Athens for mai ing, among other things, that: Nothing exists. (2) If anythin ists, it cannot be known. (3) H thing exists, and can be kno cannot be put into words.

About twenty-three hundred later modernist writers won r by finding words to express the ing that cannot be put into w Against the fictions of religio tory, philosophy, science, and mon sense, they opposed the su fiction of literature, whose j they saw it was to expose the of reality. Their experiments words were designed to shatt world in which people who amid secure realities and among citizens were preserved in their Their project was to liberate us the fictitious and the factitious as con men and bullies used th hold us in thrall. They were u istic with a vengeance; they reality-instructors with reverse lish. They were critical, cri and paranoic in behalf of sani

They were ironic to boot— many things, but especially themselves and about what they doing. They were ironic in th place because, like con me bullies, they were propagators tions, but their irony was also to show that they were not con their own fictions, and it was to save the reader from bein lied by his own will to believe. intruded into their fictions

George Stade is chairman of the Engl partment at Columbia University.

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ciously and at whim, or they compared themselves to the fictitious Creator of the Universe and accordingly refined themselves out of existence. Whatever they did, they could not present themselves as secure egos sharing a world with solid citizens.

For all that, they saw themselves as heroes. Ironic heroes, but heroic just the same, heroic precisely because they were ironic about their heroism, and because, unlike the fictitious Creator of the Universe, they put their fictive worlds in order. Against the perceived and experienced world, unprecedented for its chaos, that they represented in their fiction, these writers asserted an aesthetic rendering unprecedented for its order. Modernist literature is extraordinary as much for the order of the representation as for the disorder of what is represented. The heroism of modernist writing, in sum, the basis of its claim to be supreme among fictions, rests on its awareness of itself as fiction, on its subversive relation to the fictions that pass for reality, and on its defiant assertion of a human and aesthetic order in the face of an inhuman and existential chaos.

WHICH BRINGS US to Kurt Vonnegut, who with his new novel, his best so far, has become for me a hero of modernist culture. *Breakfast of Champions* is a minutely ordered representation of cosmic chaos. It endorses the only values that can be endorsed, given the chaos, and it endorses them the only way they can be endorsed (given the chaos), and that is ironically, but they are endorsed just the same. They are endorsed by a plot in the course of which the novel's characters restore its author's health. What they believe and what they do serve equally to reveal the source of his distress and the grounds for health. They are calculated to serve us in the same way, but they will do so only if we will submit ourselves to their reality, as does their author, who is not entirely Kurt Vonnegut.

In what is called the "Preface" to *Breakfast of Champions* occurs this passage:

> *What do I myself think of this particular book? I feel lousy about it, but I always feel lousy about my books. My friend Knox*

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Burger said one time that a certain cumbersome novel ". . . read as though it had been written by Philboyd Studge." That's who I think I am when I write what I am seemingly programmed to write.

The preface is signed "Philboyd Studge." It begins the process through which the author is absorbed by his own fiction.

Halfway through the novel a character who refers to himself as "I," perhaps Vonnegut, perhaps Philboyd Studge, perhaps Vonnegut-as-Studge, enters a Holiday Inn cocktail lounge, where most of the other characters have been gathered. "I" is wearing sunglasses of the kind that reflect those who look at them from the outside. From the outside they are mirrors. But Kilgore Trout, a character in this novel, who has already served as an ironic stand-in for Vonnegut in other novels, calls mirrors *leaks*. He likes to pretend that mirrors are holes between two universes. "Where other people in the cocktail lounge had eyes," says Vonnegut-as-Studge, "I had two holes into another universe. I had *leaks*." No solid citizens or secure egos here, and no heroes except ironic ones (even though the author is the hero), no attempt to con or bully us into taking his fiction for reality, but only a reflecting surface through which reality and fiction leak into each other.

"I" is afraid that he will kill himself because he is also afraid, appropriately enough, that he has schizophrenia. He was making himself miserable "by refusing to believe what my neighbors believed," and he was miserably aware, as he says, that "I have no culture, no humane harmony in my brains. I can't live without a culture anymore." But neither have his neighbors a humane harmony, nor do they believe what any other group of neighbors believes: "There were as many true versions of the planet Earth as there were little groups of people sticking to its surface here and there." He was making himself miserable with the suspicion that people are robots, machines, who do what they do and believe what they believe because they were programmed to madness, murder, mayhem, and random destructiveness of themselves, each other, and their separate versions of the planet Earth. "The planet was being destroyed by manufactur processes, and what was being m ufactured was lousy, by and lar —lousy in the same sense as novel, about which the author sa "This book is a sidewalk strewn w junk." It is a representation chaos.

One of the other characters in t cocktail lounge is Beatrice Keeds a gothic novelist, who, like Kilg Trout, has come to participate i Festival of the Arts at Midland C which, as a number of charac agree, is the "asshole of the verse." In explaining why he d not like the novels of Beatrice Kee ler, Vonnegut-as-Studge expla why his own novel is the kind chaos it is—and here I have quote at length:

Beatrice Keedsler had joined hands with other old-fashioned storytellers to make people be lieve that life had leading char acters, minor characters, signifi cant details, insignificant details that it had lessons to be learned tests to be passed, and a begin ning, a middle, and an end.

As I approached my fiftieth birthday, I had become more an more enraged by the idiot deci sions made by my countrymen And then I had come suddenly t pity them, for I understood hou innocent and natural it was fo them to behave so abominably and with such abominable results They were doing their best t behave like people invented i story books. This was the reaso Americans shot each other s often: It was a convenient liter ary device for ending shor stories and books.

Why were so many American treated by their government a though their lives were as dis posable as paper facial tissues? Because that was the way author customarily treated bit-part play ers in their made up tales.

And so on.

Once I understood what wa making America such a danger ous, unhappy nation of peopl who had nothing to do with rea life, I resolved to shun storytell ing. I would write about life Every person would be exactl as important as any other. Al facts would also be given equa weightiness. Nothing would b left out. Let others bring orde to chaos. I would bring chaos t order, instead, which I think have done.

If all writers would do that

perhaps, citizens not in the ry trades will understand there is no order in the around us, that we must ourselves to the require- of chaos instead.

nnegut serious about all this? ut-Studge is serious enough to have one of his characters, Hoover, a Pontiac dealer, go d run amok upon reading, the cocktail lounge, a novel ore Trout.

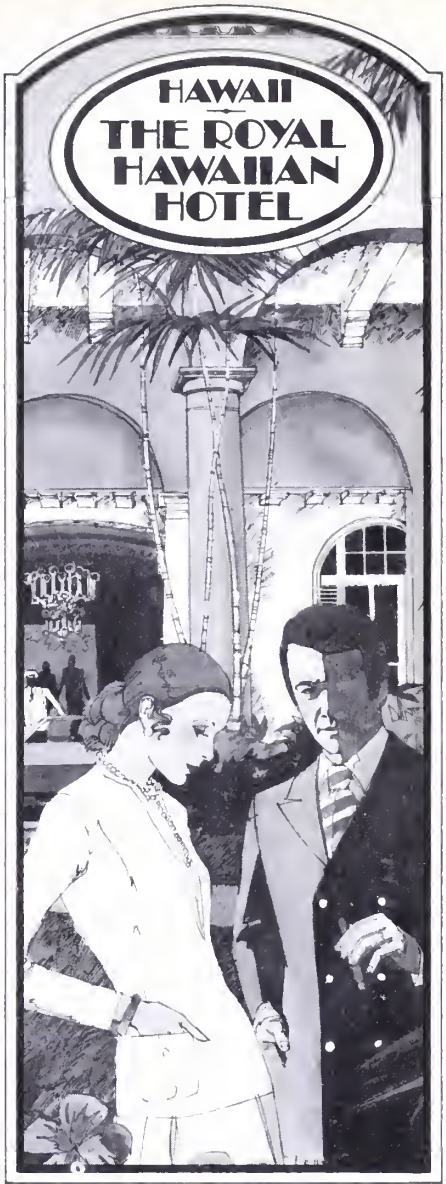
NOVEL that tips Hoover over insanity is *Now It Can Be* hich is in the form of a letter e Creator of the Universe to rimental creature. "Dear Sir, , brave sir:" Hoover reads, e an experiment by the Crea- ie Universe. You are the only in the entire universe who will. You are the only one to figure out what to do next *chy*. Everybody else is a ro- machine." Dwayne takes all addressed to him personally, han to the species of which he nber; he gathers that only he nd feels, worries and plans. ody else was a fully-auto- achine, whose purpose was to e Dwayne." In the course of page he sends eleven other s of his species to the hospi- ler the impression that they y machines who can feel no d whose purpose is only to e and divert him. "Why I care what happens to ma- "

episode of Hoover's madness t first like a parable with a if people are programmed by ator of the Universe to be- hat they believe and to do ey do, programmed, that is, ve that they are free, but to do hers as though others were es, then only the Creator of verse is responsible. And sure , much of *Breakfast of Cham-* hich begins with an epigraph b, reads like an anti-theodicy. g of the Star of Bethlehem hole galaxy going up like a l collar"—Kilgore Trout re- hat "God wasn't any conserva- " And thinking of the poison es, including the snake in the of Eden, Vonnegut-Studge s, "Sometimes I wonder about ator of the Universe." But ac- cording to Kilgore Trout, the Creator of the Universe is also a machine, programmed to program us in the way he does, as Vonnegut is programmed to write in the way he writes when he is programmed as Philboyd Studge.

"I was on a par with the Creator of the Universe there in the dark in the cocktail lounge." At one point Kilgore Trout begins to suspect that he is sitting next to the person who created him. "He was embarrassed. It was hard for him to know how to respond, particularly since his responses were going to be anything I said they were." Of Kilgore Trout, the creator of this fictional universe says, "I had given him a life not worth living, but I had also given him an iron will to live. This was a common combination on the planet Earth." And in imitation of his own Creator, Vonnegut-Studge does not practice poetic justice, which rewards the good and punishes the bad: "This isn't the kind of book where people get what is coming to them at the end." He is capricious and whimsical. He is too impatient to revise impossibilities: "Let it stand, let it stand!"

But unlike the fictitious Creator of the Universe, the creator of this universe of fiction comes to discover that there are limits to his control over his characters. "I could only guide their movements approximately, since they were such big animals." The characters begin to affect him as much as he affects them. When Dwayne Hoover runs amok, his creator gets hurt too: "Somebody jumped backwards to get out of Dwayne's way, and he broke my watch crystal, even though I had created him, and he broke my toe." He discovers that "a writer off-guard, since the materials with which he works are so dangerous, can expect terror as quick as a thunderclap." But along with the terror, the characters, especially a minimal painter named Rabo Karabekian (in an earlier Vonnegut novel there is a character called Kara*do*kian), give Vonnegut-Studge grounds for health and a will to live.

Until his encounter with the minimal painter, Vonnegut-Studge was anything but serene. He had "come to the conclusion that there was nothing sacred about myself or about any human being, that we were all machines, doomed to collide and collide and collide." His novels were written



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about collisions for fans of collisions. But when Karabekian defends his painting—a canvas twenty by sixteen feet, covered entirely with Hawaiian Avocado (a green wall paint), except for a vertical stripe from top to bottom of day-glo orange reflecting tape—he discloses to his creator what is sacred in him and in all other human beings. It is awareness, an unwavering band of light. "I give you my word of honor," Rabo Karabekian tells the citizens of Midland City, who regret having paid $50,000 for his painting, "that the picture your city now owns shows everything about life that truly matters, with nothing left out." It is a picture of awareness, of the immaterial core, of the "I am" to which all messages are sent. "Our awareness is all that is alive and maybe sacred in any of us. Everything else about us is dead machinery."

From this point on in the novel, its author recognizes his characters as both machines—and therefore comic and pitiable—and as unwavering bands of light, and therefore sacred. But Kilgore Trout has become aware of awareness before his creator, which is the sort of thing that sometimes happens in the novels of authors who believe in unwavering bands of light.

Before he dies in 1981 (for this is a novel written not *about* the future but *from* it), Trout becomes aware that awareness leads to sympathy, a recognition of the unwavering bands of light in others, and to charity for the antics of the machine. His awareness leads him to the recognition that bad ideas are to the band of light as bad chemicals are to the machine: "Bad chemicals and bad ideas were the Yin and Yang of madness." He becomes a "fanatic on the importance of ideas as causes and cures for disease." Dwayne Hoover goes violently mad because of chemicals and because of the bad idea that other humans are only machines. "We are healthy only to the extent that our ideas are humane," says Trout in a quotation from his last novel that is engraved on his tombstone. Awareness makes Kilgore Trout humane, as, in my opinion, it does Kurt Vonnegut, who as the creator of his fictional universe says to one of his characters what the Creator of the Universe has yet to be heard saying to anyone: "Mr. Trout, I love you."

The awareness of awareness is the very substance of this novel. An leads Vonnegut to endorse the values that can be endorsed (g the chaos), which are the virtue the heart—imaginative symp with other bands of light and cha for other machines. As a characte Malraux says, "If you believe nothing, *especially* because you lieve in nothing, you're forced t lieve in the virtues of the heart you come across them, no d about it." And the awareness of novel of itself as a novel is part o assertion of the human against mindless and mechanical chao reality that the novel represents. other constituent of that assertic the *how* of the representation, aesthetic rendering, which st against the *what* that is represe The relations of part to part and to whole are Byzantine and beaut Every part of the representa whether assholes or plastic or Creator of the Universe, is linke every other part to form an ord world of fiction, one in oppositic a real world without end that been whirled without aim. "It is to adapt to chaos, but it can be d I am living proof of that: It ca done."

Given the fidelity with which fictional order represents real c all I can say to any fellow ban light about to read this novel, p about to go Trout fishing in Ame is what one character in *Breakfa Champions* says to another: " come to the real world, Brother.

THE DIALECTIC in Jerzy Kosin work is not between fiction reality but between reality and fantasies that usurp or evade i *The Painted Bird* (1965), his novel, the images of reality g like hallucinations. Their brilli is as of a light that has no sourc the objects it illuminates, just as lucinations gleam in the obscure of what they mean to those who them. The fine-ground prose, li lens, serves only to focus, not t terpret; it is without the tint o fraction of an authorial att toward the shocking images it nifies to a supranatural clarity. cisely at that moment when the er's inner eye gets used to the d a Gestalt shift occurs, the imag reality blink into fantasies of si violence and sexual violation. R



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becomes the image of our secret fantasies of lust and cruelty. It is transformed by the unadmitted and unobtainable desires of which it then becomes an image. It becomes, that is, uncanny. The uncanny is the effect of a repressed wish embodied in a perceptible form, as in hallucinations and horror stories. It is the effect of a coincidence of fantasy and reality. The achievement of *The Painted Bird* is to provide us images for those uncanny moments when the lust and cruelty we evade by repression return to usurp reality.

The achievement of Kosinski's second novel, *Steps* (1968), on the other hand, is to provide us with images that bring into focus the reality of our fantasies. The tension in this novel is not between fantasy and reality but between fantasy and inhibition. Step by step, through a series of short vignettes, Kosinski takes us deeper and deeper into fantasies of cruelty and violation, of which his favorites are the gang-bang and fellatious rape. Each vignette takes us one step further beyond the facade of common-sense reality and one step further beyond the agencies of inhibition. Kosinski forces us to imagine what we fear we desire.

His third novel, *Being There* (1971), is a fantasy of the type exemplified by daydreams, rather than by nightmares or hallucinations. The mind goes slack and is released to float after its own pleasure without the drag of either inhibition or reality. A booby, an illiterate, a wise innocent named Chance, who has grown up dividing his time between a garden and a television set, is ejected from his foster father's mansion by that worthy's death; he is then taken up by high society and becomes a Presidential adviser. *Being There* is a kind of shaggy-dog story—the punch line is not worth the effort it takes to get there.

So it is, I am sorry to say, with Kosinski's new novel, *The Devil Tree*. Its hero is a young man who had been getting an allowance of $25,000 a month, until he comes into his inheritance as a majority stockholder of a conglomerate worth billions. His fortune allows him to transform his fantasies into realities. He travels all over. He makes complicated love to Anita, Ann, Barbara, Karen, Maria, Susan, and others. He plays practical jokes of sinister cruelty, one of which is murder. But he is not happy, the reason he gives being that he has a modernist sensibility. He suffers from "feelings of separation and estrangement," as he puts it. "In order to be honest I must always play a number of roles at once." And therefore, "I can't say anything about myself without at some point contradicting my own statement while believing both statements to be true." One other thing he says about himself we might apply to the Kosinski of his novel: "I learned to retreat to a world of fantasies in which I was always the victor." Winning is easy, and so is writing novels, once you have evaded those drags, inhibition and what goes for reality.

The "Author's Note" to *The Devil Tree* is as follows:

> *This book is wholly fantasy. Any resemblance to the objective present or past is gratuitous, and comparison to any actual event or character is accidental and not intended.*

And that is where the trouble lies. Fantasy is not fiction, although it may be the subject of fiction—as in Kosinski's first two novels. Fantasies are real; people have them. Fictions, however, are not things that people have but things that people make. And that Kosinski can speak about an "objective present" is complementary evidence of his weak grip on the multiple unrealities that constitute the world in which at present we live.

ALAN LELCHUK, the author of *American Mischief*, has not let himself be restrained by any recipes of descriptive realism either, although these seem to be the only kind he has. His novel is a prime example of what Kilgore Trout dislikes about "realistic novels and their accumulations of nit-picking details." *American Mischief* is 500 pages of unremitting explicitness and tendentious detail, but for all the recipes of realism, it reads like pure fantasy.

The novel purports to be the memoirs of Lenny Pincus, a student radical from Cardozo College, which in most respects is like Brandeis University where Lelchuk teaches. Included in the memoir is a 140-page chunk of manuscript written by Dean Bernard Kovell, who relates with relentless pedantry his triumphs and tribulations in maintaining a harem of six gratified women. Each one of these women is the embodime a different masculine fantasy o or cruelty: the Whore, the M the Sleeping Beauty, the hearted Squaw, the Sadomasoc Black, the Wasp Ice-Queen. Kovell restores order to their lives, but not necessarily to his by asserting the authority o male. When the women get o line he cracks them on the jaw- they love it. From the success domestic arrangements he deri politics: "The point was, onc reign of authority was weaken the top, the entire fabric of s was threatened. Everyone su —the man, the woman, the cu And authority began with the f and the figure who sustained the man." The moral of his script is stated by the dean hi "I'm not very different from nervous intellectuals of our day cept perhaps that my life form substance of their dreams."

If Bernie Kovell's life form substance of a nervous intelle fantasy of desire, Lenny Pincus forms the substance of a nervo tellectual's fears about radica dents. The substance of his life s me as roughly one part rumo three parts the hysteria of Ala chuk, that nervous intellectual cus begins by participating despoliation of Picassos, Ma Cézannes, and so on in the Be Museum. He masterminds the dalization of the Clark, the Fog the Busch-Reisinger museum the burning down of the W Library. He plants bombs in th He murders Norman Mailer. bauches a fourteen-year-old runaway former cheerleader, he also helps turn into a prosti groupie, and a drug addict whom he submits to frequent tious rape and to a gang-bang tanists. He kidnaps ten famous lectuals, who in the novel are re to as A., B., C., D., and so o who are recognizably Lionel T Daniel Bell, Irving Howe, Kazin, Paul Goodman, etc. Th creasingly nervous intellectua subjected to some very nasty p

No student radicals have spent much time even trying such things; nor does Lenny form the substance of their fan Even less are Lenny's black coll recognizable as anything but t tastic product of Lelchuk's fears

to spend most of their time rap-
ond girls and pissing on paint-
except when one takes time out
s on Dean Kovell's face. And
n we hear Lelchuk trying to
the accents of Mailer, Trilling,
nd so on, what comes to the
's inner ear is not satire, or
y. or even travesty, but simple
racy.

the kidnapped intellectuals,
Trilling is subjected to the
st of the pranks. He and the
have been kidnapped, we are
because they are spiritual fa-
to Lenny Pincus and because
t radicals, we are to under-
are parricidal. Trilling, how-
s not in fact taken to be a spir-
father by twenty-five-year-old
t radicals but by thirty-five-
ld literary intellectuals, such as
Lelchuk. What we quickly be-
feel is that Mailer, Trilling,
nd the rest are being subjected
ty pranks not by a character in
realized world of fiction but
author who has not been able
n his fantasies into fiction.
y he'd understand," says Len-
he is about to kill the fictional
, and "You above all ought to
stand" is what Lelchuk said to
al Mailer when the latter vi-
objected to the fictitious ver-
f him in this fantasy posing as
el.

point about realistic novels, of
, is that they have to be re-
American Mischief is realistic
n method, not in substance. If
ovel had been written by the
ov of *Pale Fire*, we could have
t as though Lenny Pincus and
Kovell had invented each
If it had been written by the
gut of *Breakfast of Champions*,
thor and his fantasies would
een transformed by the fiction.
d been written by the Kosinski
Painted Bird, we could have
t as a representation of how
ntasies about the lust and cru-
student radicals have contam-
what goes for reality. But the
ic method will not allow us to
he novel in any of these ways.
ethod will not allow for the un-
And it is precisely the un-
world of multiple unrealities
resented in the work of mod-
writers that protects us from
conned or bullied by the fan-
of reality-instructors such as
Lelchuk. □



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Murray Kempton

BOOKS

Three men of labor: Meany the business agent, Bridges the manager, Hoffa the revolutionary

Meany, by Joseph C. Goulden. Atheneum, $12.95.
Harry Bridges: The Rise and Fall of Radical Labor in the United States, by Charles P. Larrowe. Lawrence Hill, cloth, $8.95; paper, $3.95.
The Fall and Rise of Jimmy Hoffa, by Walter Sheridan. Saturday Review Press, $10.95.

THE HOUSE OF LABOR has a history rather like the House of Atreus; it moves by the rhythm of blood feuds. It is then altogether fit that Joseph Goulden's respectful biography of George Meany should arrive upon our attention harnessed with Charles Larrowe's admiring one of Harry Bridges and Walter Sheridan's catalogue of the sins of James R. Hoffa.

The family grudge seems to be the least mutable of labor's principles. Meany's, in particular, has been a career and a spirit that seem to flourish or to wither according to the degree that he is refreshed by or deprived of some vivid quarrel. Bridges, the socialist, and Hoffa, the patron of thieves, are those polar opposites from which Meany recoils in quarrel and are consequently his two most permanent enemies. Yet how alike they seem in so many ways, as perhaps they ought to have been expected to be, since these are the feuds of brothers and father and sons.

The commitment to represent the workers seems in both Meany's and Hoffa's cases to have followed upon an aspiration to rise above them. This impulse to climb socially may explain why so many labor leaders often seem to end their careers rewarding their enemies and punishing their friends. Still, you cannot think well or badly of a man because the results of his efforts seem to repudiate intentions he never had or to betray promises he never made. Those he serves he does not love and those he fights he does not hate. If he appears so often to end up surprising the propertied with his chivalry and affronting the rebellious with his indifference, it is because the fears and the hopes he aroused were alike false, being founded on the illusion that he came with the sword.

HARRY BRIDGES is the only one of these three captains who did not enlist in the hope of escaping manual labor. The son of an Australian realtor, he fled to sea to escape his appointed destiny as a rent collector, and gladly joined the subclass of casual labor. Meany was the child of a business agent for the plumbers union, and Hoffa of a widow who came to Detroit to work in the Fisher Body assembly plant. But Bridges, as the only one who could be said to have chosen the working class, was the most class-conscious of the three and has the friends and enemies that a representative of that class is expected to have.

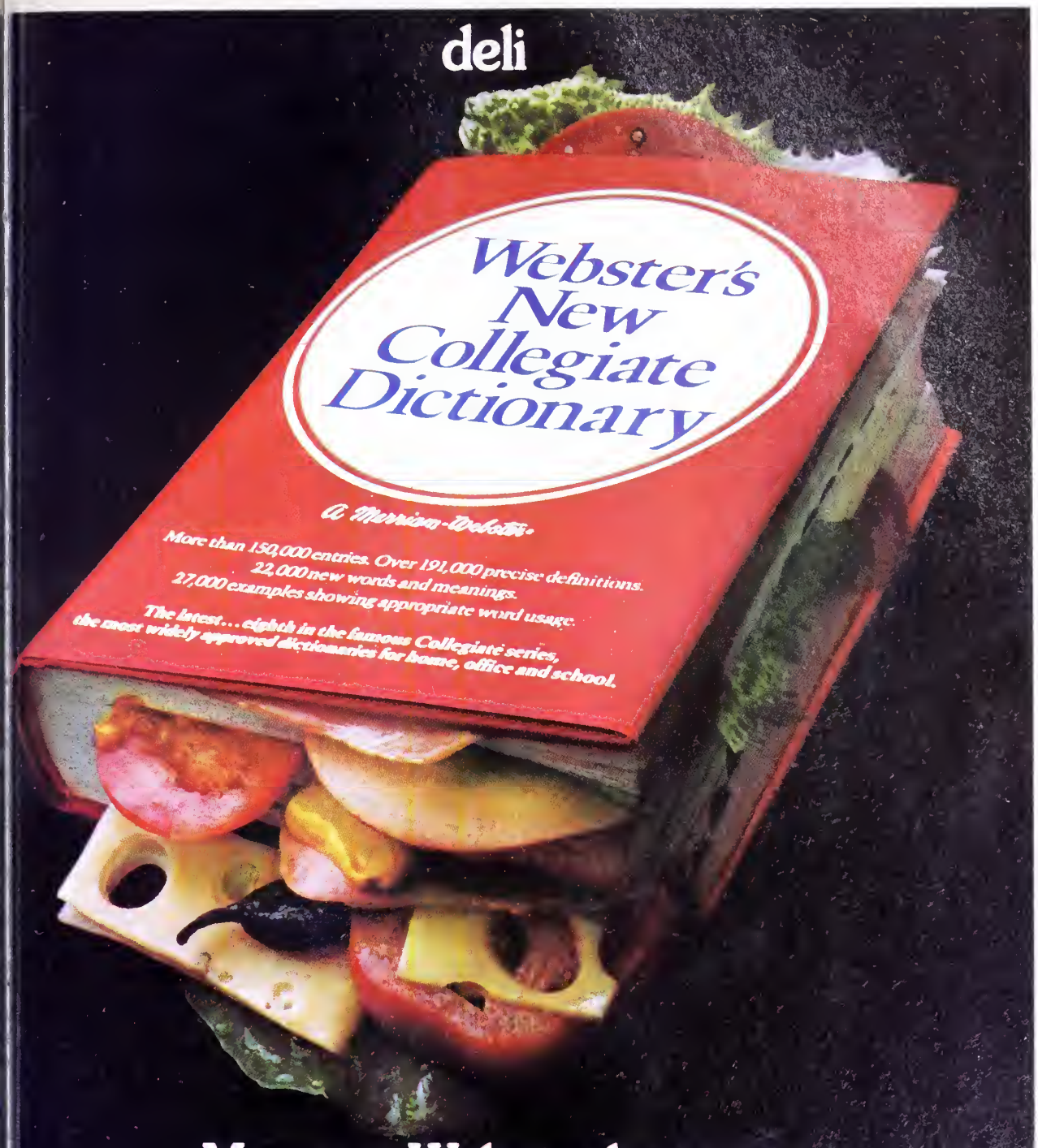
And yet, in his seventies, Bridges has made a peace with his enemies that is very like a compact of coali-

tion. There is a Bridges Place in Honolulu; and the ancient social scourge of the port of San Francisco is now an officer of its Port Authority. His support of the Mechanization and Modernization Agreement on the docks has brought his longshoremen wages beyond their dreams and the employers profits beyond all avarice. During his union's 1969 contract dispute, the staff of Mr. Nixon's board estimated that, in the ten years since their mechanization agreement, "West Coast longshore employers [had] saved $900 million in labor costs while they paid out $62 million in [employee bonus] benefits."

Such disparity in shares between the parties has always been a major count in the militant Left's denunciation of business unionism. Harry Bridges' spirit, even with so much of its passion spent, is not one that can be imagined as either corrupt or conformist.

His biographer deserves our particular gratitude because his insights help us to understand that Bridges' end in the best sort of business unionism was adumbrated in his beginnings as a rebel against it. By the time he helped organize the ILWU San Francisco waterfront strike, Bridges was a skilled rigger and winch driver; and he managed to put the energy he brought to these functions to work steadily in a port where his open radicalism would certainly have gotten him blacklisted if he had not been too valuable a hand to be dispensed with. He always displayed an abundance of the work ethic that he shares with Meany and Hoffa but executive itch. His scorn for the

Murray Kempton, longtime newspaper reporter and columnist, is a fellow of the Adlai Stevenson Institute of Politics in Chicago. He has just written a book about the Panther 21 entitled The Briar Patch, *to be published this summer by E. P. Dutton.*



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quisitive impulse that governs production has always abided most comfortably with an urge to manage the process itself. Bridges seems to retain a faith in the Soviet model that passes all understanding; even so, when he journeyed to Odessa, his reverence for his hosts did not inhibit him from explaining to them how they could make their port more efficient.

IF BRIDGES CAN BE SAID to have dived eyes open into the working class, George Meany barely got his feet wet. Meany had been a journeyman plumber only two years when he was raised to business agent of his own local union. He took over a going concern with no need to recruit new members and indeed a proprietary interest in excluding them. His functions from the beginning were administrative, and he passed easily from running a local, where his duties were those of steward rather than evangelist, to managing the affairs of the New York State Federation of Labor and then to the presidency of what is now the AFL-CIO. The only workers Meany generally sees are professional servants of the workers; and, even though he clearly has broader social concerns than the run of them do, he will almost always put their self-interest first except when they foolishly disgrace themselves in public.* The AFL-CIO, under his leadership, is devoted to the higher minimum wage, but its president is most warmly passionate against Clause 14B of the Taft-Hartley Act, which allows the states to forbid the closed shop and thus makes the collection of dues less convenient for the business agent.

Meany's personal authority is absolute when the issue involves merely his notion of the soul of the AFL-CIO, but it is only spiritual on serious matters like a property dispute. He could crush with his wrath any delegate to an AFL-CIO convention who dared express doubts about the Vietnam war, but he could only [illegible] with circumspection when confronted by the suspicion of one AFL [illegible] president that the president of [illegible] other might be exercising a title to, say, three hundred workers [illegible] rightfully belonged to his union according to his AFL-CIO charter.

Meany would hardly be present of the AFL-CIO, after all, if the [illegible] ness agents did not trust him [illegible] their property. (No one has [illegible] precisely defined the polity of [illegible] labor federations he grew up in [illegible] Meany does to Goulden: "Every[illegible] had autonomy, everybody had [illegible] antees.") He knows that he did [illegible] fly upward impelled by six million spontaneous hands; and he can [illegible] fairly be taxed with contempt for [illegible] stitutional mass democracy, because no one can be asked to judge [illegible] thing that he has never even observed, let alone experienced.

Thus he contemplates the decision of the Teamster executive board to grant Mrs. James R. Hoffa a return as director of that union's women's division, and he tells Goulden: "Those . . . deals now, they are corrupt, and I don't care if the Teamsters Board did approve them. Look at Mrs. Hoffa . . . they give her $40,000 or more a year as head of the women's division. She doesn't do any work . . . Now I could go into the executive council and *tell* them to give Mrs. Meany $40,000 a year and she would do what she could for the labor movement. That would be shocking, and corrupt, no matter how legal and official it was, because she wouldn't do anything and I know she wouldn't."

The controlling assumption in these otherwise quite winning [illegible] nations is that the president of the AFL-CIO could at will tell his executive council to hand him any bribe his rapacity might demand. The theory of the Federation's constitution is, to be sure, that the executive council governs the president; yet the opposite fact is so plain that Meany takes it for granted that there is no obstacle except his own self-restraint to any corrupt impulse he might entertain.

Meany is authoritarian by nature and by institutional precept. The AFL-CIO does not debate, decide and then close ranks; it privately decides, formally debates, and then casts out the loser. The genera[illegible]

* Still it must be said that there have been occasions when Meany's broader social impulses have transcended his parochial emotions. In 1966, as his chief lobbyist reminded Goulden, "[Senator Everett Dirksen] said that, if labor would not oppose his constitutional amendment overturning the Supreme Court's one-man, one-vote decision on legislative reapportionment, he would stop fighting 14B [repeal]. George told him he would make no such deal."



the house could be observed
the eleven years that Wal-
ther wriggled under Meany's
growing ever more alienat-
orivate while remaining too
d by the canon of unanim-
e anything but dutiful, how-
len, in public. One AFL-CIO
ion was so brusque with vari-
ld-be dissenters that when the
A. Philip Randolph held the
little too long with his com-
about the AFL-CIO's neglect
lack worker, Meany broke in
from the podium, "Who the
ointed you, Phil, as spokes-
all the Negroes in America?"

SUGGESTIVE of the power of
tional habit on quite different
find that Harry Bridges can
ually fall into a tone as des-
s Meany's. Larrowe reminds
ne 1943 longshoremen's con-
when Bridges led his dele-
rough a resolution condemn-
n L. Lewis for striking against
ernment in time of war. "Now
ne," Bridges announced from
ir, "for anyone who in any
ieves or sympathizes with any
John L. Lewis's policies or his
ip to stand up and say so be-
. . . there will be no room in
on for anyone who has any
ty or support for him what-

e Meany has a consistently
dges an occasionally absolut-
er, Hoffa's, being extreme in
nors, is more intense than
in its manifestation. Many
go I asked him to explain his
preference for convicted fel-
n he came to fill positions of
the Teamsters Union. "A man
record can't get a job any-
lse," Hoffa answered. "I got
ng on him. He *can't* cross

ree suzerains are also alike in
osition that drew each to join
ular club when he was young
emain faithful to it in matur-
n when, as in the cases of
and Hoffa, this fidelity was
ut an advantage to him. Each
ingly the old-boy type: and
d differences between their
o not alter the evidence of a
y clubbable temperament.
seems to have been drawn to
ial club to a minor degree by
se that here lay power, and



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Robert Kirsch of the Los Angeles *Times* describes the Feldkamps' guide to life in France:

"Can pastrymaking, hairdressing, furniture building, horse training, or dress designing be elevated to the arts? Possibly. What is unarguable is that such activities in their tradition and present state are essential to **The Good Life...Or What's Left of It,** Being a Recounting of the Pleasures of the Senses that Contribute to the Enjoyment of Life in France (Harper's Magazine Press: $8.95, illustrated) by Phyllis and Fred Feldkamp.

"It is fittingly a beautiful book, from its dust jacket reproduction of a design



from the *Gazette du Bon Ton* of 1914, through its photographs, typeface and design. Not all the sense pleasures are explored, and not all the essays really relate to the good life (for example, the piece on the Sunday Tierce, the horse-racing pool, in which millions of Frenchmen try to pick the first th horses in that order for a prize wh can go as high as $70,000).

"What the book is really about comes apparent about halfway throu when in the essay, **The Great Carêm He Built a Better Cream Puff,** the of one of the great present-day past makers, Gaston Le Nôtre, says: 'Qu ity is everything, and as we grow, must take care to preserve it, for o



our business ceases to function on artisan level, it will be in danger of coming,' here Alain Le Nôtre hesit and shudders slightly, 'un snack ba

"It is the rich, the aristocratic, prominent, who are the clients of fabulous salons de coiffure, who bu race horses at Chantilly, who drink great wines, or whose parents or gr parents bought their dresses f Poiret, whose designs were as ema pating for fashion as the impressio were for art.

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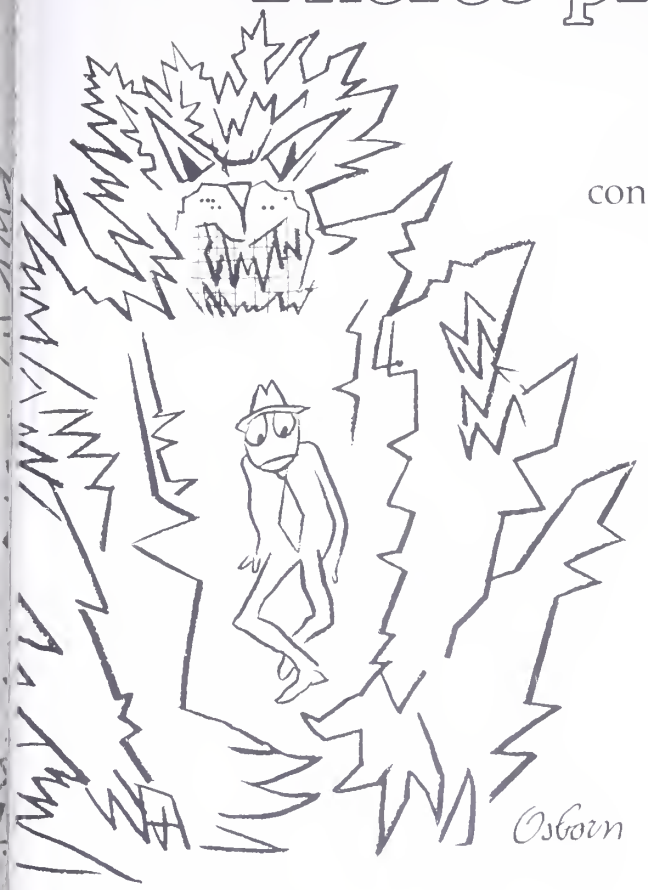
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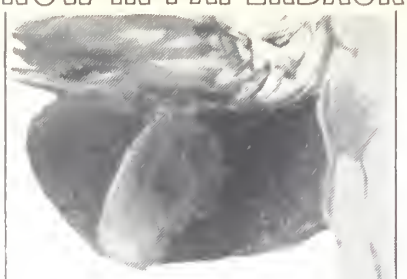
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to a major degree by the recognition that here sat persons who felt as you did about the way the world turned. Meany joined the club of business agents; and even now, when he can look back on a career of unabashed wrangles with Presidents of the United States and unashamed interventions in the affairs of foreign sovereignties, the achievement he is proudest to commend to Goulden is that he kept "the boys together."

Bridges fixed upon the only club he found that could represent for him the vision of the international revolutionary working class. The tie was more sentimental than institutional; he was always more pan-Soviet than Bolshevik; we can think of him as accepting every tenet of Marxism-Leninism except its preachment that the Communist party is the commander of the working class, which happens to be the basic one.

No persuasive witness ever managed proof that Bridges had been a member of the Communist party. The succession of government attempts to deport Bridges as a Communist were founded on the stubborn illusion that where a man worships defines how he lives. It was never easy for Bridges to avoid the same mistake: the socialist ideal and its Soviet model made up his church, and his sentimentality toward them most charmingly overbore his discretion. Even now, when he recognizes that he cannot carry on into eternity and plays with thoughts about who might take his place, his standards are still tinctured with sentiment. "To meet the qualifications we'd set," he told his executive board in 1962, "[the new leader] would have to be young. He'd have to be a man with a good grasp of economics and politics. But we don't want a man who's a union politician. He'd have to be a trained Marxist or a socialist." A trained Marxist or a socialist dedicated to the continued prosperity of the most profitable capitalist port in the Western hemisphere.

HOFFA, TOO, adhered to a club he had come upon when he was young. Trucking in Detroit when he was growing up cannot with entire fairness be called a gangster enterprise; still it was an ambience where heads were knocked and favors bought, and where any apprentice made his way through a society whose moral tone was never hi
than that set by politicians and al
often as low as that enforced by h
lums. Hoffa must have been a y
all too easily impregnated by
passing wind; his credulity ren
the purest thing about him; and
is, after all, as much purity in
naïveté that believes too much i
power of evil as in the naïveté
believes too much in the powe
good. Hoffa has one of those si
minds that take it on faith tha
root of most large events is the
inal will.

The embodiment of the u
world's authority in Detroit whe
was an acolyte was the Purple G
a Jewish fraternity that lived n
partnership and now in dispute
the Mafia families. The names o
heirs of those two estates ru
through Sheridan's remorseles
count of Hoffa's downward
Allen Dorfman, the insurance b
who profited most from the dissi
management of Hoffa's union
sion fund, is the son of Paul
man, a Purple Gang bravo mig
to Chicago. The largest and not
risky loan in the pension fund's
folio was represented by the $2
lion that went into a hotel bu
Moe Dalitz, a Purple Gang exec
who migrated first to Las Vega
then, after its air chilled for hi
La Costa, California. William
lino, nephew by marriage of th
troit Mafia's Angelo Meli, is
manently on Hoffa's legal staff.

Such attachments suggest the
lessly romantic streak in Hoffa
is an element in the appeal he
cises for a few intellectuals o
Left. In times of torpor, the scou
has the terrible charm for the de
ing of being the one man in vie
seems to have a purpose. The
of Hoffa has a branch devot
apologetics; there are quite re
able academicians who will argu
bought, that Hoffa has been a m
ful organizer of workers and a
agent of their interests.

The first compliment is clear
served if the assembling of
gangs and the maneuvering of
they round up according to th
bitions of their commander is
taken as the ultimate purpose of
union organization. But no arg
that Hoffa is a useful steward
members could survive Sherida
position.

Among other misconceptio

Hoffa apparently never re-
he insurance and welfare
f his union contracts as hav-
purpose except to accrue
d to disburse them for the
of favors and the purchase
r. Allen Dorfman, as the
nsurance broker, collected
00 in the first decade of
elfare fund, a period during
three occasions, Dorfman's
ons were raised and the rate
s paid to teamsters lowered.
1. Sheridan says, the Team-
are fund had $800 million
of which 70 percent was in-
real estate loans and mort-
e roster of its debtors forms
list of mafiosi, land specu-
ning-house proprietors, and
erprisers of the sort whose
tory infrequently commends
ankers. Sheridan does not
h trouble persuading the de-
ader that "though the rate
utions and the number of
covered has increased
he fund has consistently lost
And all this is the property
rs who built it by deferring
increases on the promise of
curity; the grandiosity of
ifling with it exempts us
further need to consider
that he cares about their

make that dismissal is not
Hoffa his position in a his-
minal syndicalism in Amer-
as few other authentic per-
t is his notion that anyone
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ury. Set his imperial glance
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ut a scruple, he will solicit
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as been better served by
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such disreputable ones as
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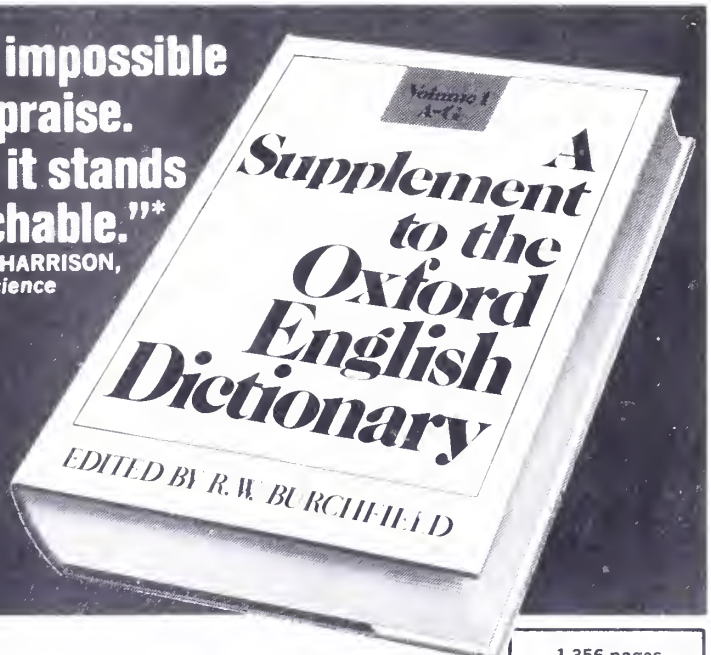
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nedys, Hoffa had credentials that pressed strongly for the tolerance of conservative Republicans. During his ordeal in the courts, the *Congressional Record* was regularly ornamented with outcries against the violation of his civil rights from former Senator Homer Capehart, Senator William Brock, and former Representatives Clarence Brown of Ohio and Alvin O'Konski of Wisconsin, none of whom had previously shown much patience with either loose morals or excessive liberties. Hoffa was paroled by President Nixon; and Frank Fitzsimmons, who was left behind by Hoffa to mind the property as president of the Teamsters, is a frequent guest at the White House. But then the coalition of puritan and blackleg is an enduring pattern in all our affairs. American labor is never more American than in the alacrity it brings to the abandonment of all principles except the major one that the enemy of my enemy is my friend. It was that law that brought Hoffa to Nixon's side in 1960 because he hated the Kennedys, that drew Meany toward Nixon in 1972 because he hated the McGovernites, that indeed drew even Walter Reuther, whose religion was his propriety, into a working arrangement with the Teamsters Union because he hated Meany.

SHERIDAN'S BOOK is not an altogether appetizing collation. A good deal of the sour taste it leaves comes from its subject. But too much can also be blamed, I am afraid, on the obsessions of an author so disgusted with Hoffa that he seems to think that he might soil himself by getting close enough to consider the complexities of the human character. He cheats us therefore of so much as the bare mention of the puzzle of someone who seems to have managed the accommodation of every domestic virtue with every public vice.

And, if the tone is too simple, it is also pitiless. These are not, after all, crimes unexpiated. Hoffa served five years in prison; that is no light punishment in any case and would seem, at the very least, sufficient for Hoffa's. One comes, before long, to think of him as an outlaw more for principle than for profit. The thieves he set free to roam about its treasury cost his union a good deal more than he bothered to steal for himself. Set next to the stealing he contrived for his associates, his own peculation quite petty—a free insurance slipped him by Dorfman, fre on a few land speculations ir ably lost below the waters, a r or two from truckers he had kindly, and no concrete evider he ever got any substantial sha of the kickbacks that every under the eye of God seems t been raking in to arrange loar the Teamsters welfare fund.

And now, having been un believe that Hoffa has ever be ished at all, Sheridan is ready lieve that he has returned mo erful than ever. Even if that ment were accurate, and it most implausible, those who otherwise be alarmed can b forted by the certainty that he be powerful for long. Out of t just possibly; in trouble ag suredly. Edward Bennett W for a while his lawyer, finall up the case because he decid no professional skill on ea rescue a client who willfully to stop.

"Jimmy Hoffa's a jumper liams said later. "Maybe he' out of the tenth story and wal But he just can't resist going and finding out how it is t from the eleventh floor. Get trouble for a misdemeanor a find a way to improve it int ony."

Surtout, pas de zèle. That r invariably be the best rule f duct, but it is the second m portant one for survival. Th important is never to forge place. You take the comfo have always been your specia due. But you do not reach your place. Harry Bridges demand that the workers o docks; George Meany will sume he owns the treasury. Th decline secure because they find it in their consciences to modate themselves within th yet clearly understood bound society's consensus about mine and what is thine. Ho die under siege because he could. Set next to him, Brid Meany seem startlingly sim one another; Hoffa's differen them is all in the fiercenes dedication to the totality of sion. It is a kind of dedicati is worthy of a nobler purp almost never settles on one.

TARTING POINTS

N TO DO IT

.. I am here to tell you how to improvise—not why or . Forgive me if my own enthusiasm for the practice makes n to advocate it, but the happiest moments of my life en before a wonderful audience such as yourself, without May I introduce you now to improvisation?

we need playing space—a place where real life leaves off improvising begins. Make a circle around me. Thus I laying space. This is called a stage. I speak for the theater, ıtever medium we command, it will be less exhausting ome kind of frame. Outside, there will be a place to rest, e where you are sitting. That is called offstage.

once the stage has been established, our mind fails us ıe burden of our inhibitions. All we require of our mind t play with us in the fleeting now. We give it the best e can contrive. We offer it a warm sit-down offstage at and what does this ingrate mind do? It thinks about the ıtil the urge to improvise has passed.

the mind needs is a task to occupy it until we are finished ing. Any task will do. It need only require concentration: n theater, minute sketches in drawing, blues form in mu- are examples of tasks that serve as fascinations for the hich, like a child, is only a problem when it has nothing

our audience. Improvising alone is correctly called lally- But watch this! The audience-energy that you focus on hat makes these trivial finger skills into whole gestures. re.) The greatest artist (I name no names) steps off a : cliff when he faces an audience. If he has grace, they with him.

about us? Our stage is the middle of this circle; our task, Pass the Shoe or pantomime makes no difference to the improvisation. The people in our audience are our friends. rst they will do is take away some of our sanity points. e sanity points to spare, so let us take the chance. Let us se. Let their laughter play us like a ball. If we have grace, ience will come together in us.

a warning. Against the spirit of improvisation is always ıe spirit of fear. In the presence of an audience, these ome very strong. It may happen if we improvise that we mebody furious. There in the middle of our merry crowd tic, the personified spirit of fear.

ys we ought not to be improvising because we are not yet ough, because it is not art, because it is not serious, be- ecause because. Let us treat the spirit of fear with com- He is speaking from the center of a huge loneliness.

—Frazer MacLean

acLean and his wife are directors of the Wondrous Bread Theater, improvisational group.

rief Guide to Frolic

ourself be six. Let it be er night. Let there be wns and moonlit foliage ass-stained knees. Let be racing to touch —a tree or a lamppost the kid who's "it" ll-y, all-y in free!" If delirium has vanished ur memory, you might *Children's Games in nd Playground* (Oxford ty Press, $9.50) by d Peter Opie. This com- will tell you about all ations of seeking ("Run ," "Toad in the Hole," a Snake Upon Your o name a few) as it is played in England, Scotland, and Wales as well as its historical counterparts (the ancient Greek game of "Apodidraskinda"). Along with hundreds of other games, the Opies list accompanying rhymes and sayings.

Sooner or later, you come inside and watch TV—15,000 hours of it by the time you graduate from school—where, by contrast, you spent only 10,800 hours. Even so, you still may never have learned how to put your mother on the ceiling. To remedy this failure Richard de Mille has devised thirty "imagination games" in *Put Your Mother on the Ceiling* (Walker & Co., $3.95). "Tick-Tock," for instance: "Have a lot of green dogs running around in your chest./Have them running through your heart./Have them turn yellow./Throw them away." And if "Tick-Tock" leaves you cold, there's always *Learning Through Play* (Harper & Row, $7.50) by Jean Marzollo and Janice Lloyd, to help you teach your child how to sort laundry, make out a daily schedule, dispose of the garbage, run a store, and other fun things. During your offspring's leisure hours you might set him or her to whipping up a prehistoric monster, peppermint creams, or a cheesebox banjo—all made simple by C. V. Jackson in *Playing at Work* (John Murray Ltd.; distributed in the U.S. by Transatlantic Arts, Inc., $2.95).

HAND PIECE

Raise your hand in the
evening light
and watch it until it be-
comes transparent
and you see the sky and
the trees through it.

This is just one of many handy instructions for getting through life that Yoko Ono serves up in *Grapefruit* (Simon & Schuster, $1.95). Another game: "Draw a map to get lost."

While you're finding your way back home, think out all 137 original word puzzles found in *Beyond Language* (Scribners, $7.50) by A. Borgmann. Guaranteed to plunge you into the sea of madness.

If you're past the age when your mother makes you leave the fun at 9:00 P.M., then seek out a partner and get ready for the oldest and most universal game of all. Sit on the ground facing one another. Each of you rub your hands together rapidly to create heat and energy. Then put your hands up next to each other, about a quarter of an inch to an inch apart. Even though you don't touch hands, you'll feel the other person's presence—his or her vibrations. Close your eyes, rise up, and extend this movement to a sort of dance in which there is no touching. The goal of this exercise, says Jack Rosenberg, is to expand your bodily awareness until you attain . . . *Total Orgasm* (Random House, cloth, $6.95; paper, $3.95).

Well, one thing leads to another, and sooner or later you start wondering what it all means, this great game of life, this convoluted Parcheesi board of existence. There's a game to divine the game, and you can learn how to play it by reading *Tarot Classic* (Grosset & Dunlap, $5.95) by Stuart R. Kaplan. The 78 symbol-laden cards of the Tarot deck are said to depict all archetypal situations and characters; some believe these compelling, colorful pictures comprised a sacred book of the Egyptians that became a gambling game during the Middle Ages. One vital card is The Magician, who "perceives life as a perpetual game of chance offering circumstances upon which some real control is realizable based upon individual capabilities."

The renewal of the magician whose home is within each of us is the goal of *Mind Games* (Viking, $7.95) by Robert Masters and Jean Houston, who hope that their exercises for altering one's state of consciousness will educate, entertain, and bring about ecstasy. Which is what was beating inside you on that summer night and never quite died away.

ON LEARNING TO PLAY

Maybe you're not the playful sort. Maybe a "play opportunity" is something you can count on yourself to pass up. If what you need is instruction from the past masters, try novels. When they communicate ideas about play through form as well as content, novels can quickly seduce you into joining their games.

A course on The Novel of (and as) Play might include:

The Gambler, by Fyodor Dostoevsky
The Defense, by Vladimir Nabokov
The Master of Go, by Yasunari Kawabata
Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game, by Hermann Hesse
Hopscotch, by Julio Cortazar
Golf in the Kingdom, by Michael Murphy
The Universal Baseball Association, Inc., by Robert Coover
The Natural, by Bernard Malamud
Ballroom of the Skies, by John D. MacDonald
Tactics of Mistake, by Gordon R. Dickson
Through the Looking Glass, by Lewis Carroll

ROUND continued from page 12

TOOLS FOR LIVIN

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

As products proliferate it's getting harder and harder to separate the true items of value—those that do what they promise for a useful period of time at a reasonable cost—from the general chaff. Tools for Living is simply an attempt to make information available on those goods and services worth knowing about. Furthermore, since everyone we know gets busier and busier, we felt it made sense to extend the information service to its logical conclusion: you can buy most of these products through us if that's the easiest way for you to get them.

Tools for Living is not a product testing service. If we feature something here, it's because we like it. There are no best buys, no check-rated items, no guarantees or warranties. Our items are not selected by an organized process; somewhere along the line one of you or one of us has run across that particular product, used it, and found it to be functional and worth its price.

If you decide to order any of these items through *Harper's*, just follow the instructions on the next page. Postage and handling charges are on us.

GARDEN IN THE HOUSE

A law-student reader who signed his letter Baxter tells us he was spending his days "peering up out of a cavelike basement apartment into the feeble light of day hoping to see some plant—some green, growing thing, anything, even weeds." At last he was driven to buy some potted plants.

"I set them on my table without realizing that they needed more light than that which was on in the evening. Of course, they all died. Being library trained, I sought help there. *Gardening Indoors Under Lights* (Larchmont Books, $1.95) by Frederick H. and Jacqueline L. Frantz was just what I needed. It is concise in its explanations of the light requirements for various houseplants, and it shows you how to build cheap lighting units to make an indoor garden flourish. It certainly cleared up a lot of myths about all those fancy florist lights that are supposed to do such wonders for plants. Anyway, my jungle is thriving. Another thing this book suggests: starting seedlings under lights for planting outdoors, if you're lucky enough to have a yard."

The Frantzes also provide a guide to bulbs—incandescent and fluorescent—along with a passel of surefire suggestions for coaxing your average quiescent indoor garden into bursting into bloom.



FOLDING TRANSPORTATION

One of our staff recently pointed out that we should have proposed the fold-up bike as an effective tool for "living without the automobile" in the last issue.

"It is very good looking. It moves easily and at cruising speeds is as relaxing to ride as a standard bike. Folding, which is simple, reduces the length by half. (Unfortunately, the fold-up bike still takes up about twice as much space as the more expensive take-apart species of bikes.) A sensible solution to the transportation dilemma of city dwellers."

Folding bikes come from a number of manufacturers in one-, two-, and three-speed varieties with coaster brakes or front and rear hand brakes. Prices vary from about $70 to over $100. Check your local stores.

For those who may wish to order one through us, we have arranged to supply a $79.95 (freight included) model called PONY. It is sturdy and well finished, manufactured in Yugoslavia. It has three speeds, front and rear hand brakes, generator-powered headlight and tail light, and a luggage rack with a spring clamp for holding an attaché case or small packages. These bikes are for either males or females and adjust to fit a six-year-old or a six-footer.

MAKE YOUR OWN AIRPLANE

One thing you probably never realized about these pages is that they make excellent material for constructing paper airplanes. For more information on this much neglected science, consult *The Great International Paper Airplane Book* (Simon & Schuster, $2.95).

The fruit of an international competition conducted by *Scientific American* in 1967, the book offers a history of flight, technical data, distance and time-aloft records from the competition (they exist only to be broken), photographs, commentaries, and twenty of the prize-winning planes of sturdy paper, all ready to be assembled and flown.

Some of the designs are (to us at least) most improbable flying machines, but Benito Garcia, age 11, reports, "I tried all the planes in the book. Some were hard to make. My favorite was number 15." Plane #15 is a long, thin conical tube of a fuselage with a conical nose and a circular tail. Does it ever fly!

BEAST BAGS

Kathleen Moore, without identifying herself as a wild game hunter, has found a way to bag beasts that we're happy to be able to pass along to our readers as summer vacation approaches. Playsacks (from Creative Playthings) are large, flame-retardant paper bags with animals' faces and bodies painted on them in bright colors. Put a Playsack over your head and become an owl, a panda, a tiger, whatever you want. You can have a zoo or a forest, or act out *Aesop's Fables*; the possibilities are limitless.

The bags rank as high as cardboard boxes on kids' lists of things to play with first. They are strong and durable, and the eyeholes are very large, so that even kids (and adults) with glasses can easily see out of them, making them safe to run around in. What kids really like to do best is make believe. There are far too many expensive, complicated toys that work while kids sit and watch. Playsacks don't do anything by themselves, but with children inside they do a lot. As for u they can take us back days when clothes ca from the cleaners in pa and you could draw cos the sides and cut holes i for your head.

Even our larger read may be too big to fit i sacks, might send for anyway. They will re when you nearly forget day, and you can pull next time Lucille brin kids over—before they mantling the house.

The following beasts able from Creative P dealers and from us each: tiger, zebra, par bit, and owl.

ONCE TOLD TA

What about a book y read to your children could read to themse never told the same st that changed with eac And what if a *million* stories could be told same brilliantly illustrat Where is it? What is it? and we will let *an ani flebook* (Golden Pres tell you part of a stor upon-a-time (*all* goo must begin that way) on a cactus and the fo and the raccoon carried and the panda whistle yak hung by its tail cu a ball!" And on and on 104 pages of the unbou like "book" have been and read.

Richard Hefter an Stephen Moskof hav this unending library with words common to vocabulary. "The car really pretty colors," re satisfied five-year-old. side of the card is thi it could be a llama or and then on the other get something an an do, like slide on the the parrot' . . . 'ate ca you can take any card it with any other card Each kid gets a lot of you can do it by you just mix them up. 'And . . . 'perked up its ears.' have ears that can perk tiger is probably a dancer named Marcia."

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e. Descended from a no-
viceable line of Italian campaign field furniture, this chair of chairs was recommended most eloquently in the following letter from Myra Terziev, a reader from Kentfield, California:

"When we moved into our house from a furnished apartment four years ago, we had no furniture at all, and after buying appliances, bed, etc., we wanted inexpensive temporary chairs until we could afford something else. We ended up with four 'director's' chairs manufactured by Telescope Folding Furniture Co., Granville, N.Y.



"The chair is good looking, durable, lightweight, and goes indoors and out equally well. We have been so satisfied with the chairs that we haven't needed anything else except a few big pillows. The canvas covers still look great after several washings. Highly recommended for nomads too." Here we must add a staff member's report that on a recent extended camping trip through Alaska the piece of gear first to be unloaded from the camper and the last to be packed was a director's chair.

The Director Chair is available in numerous finishes and various colors of heavy canvas seats and backs. The most popular finishes are natural, black, or white; black, white, red, yellow, blue, and brown reign as the favorite canvas colors. These are available nationally in a number of stores but we will be glad to send you as many as you need at $18.50 each. Please indicate your choice of wood finish and canvas color.

BACKPACKING BABY

More and more parents today seem to like toting their small children around papoose fashion. Of the various toting devices now on the market, we particularly like the Cross River Back Pack for two reasons: (1) its fully padded lightweight aluminum frame puts the baby's weight on your hips and doesn't strain your shoulders, and (2) it converts into a chair that will stand by itself.

What Ellen Massy of Ossining, N.Y., liked best about it was the instant chair. "I brought it into restaurants and was able to feed the baby in it when they didn't have high chairs." The chair, she adds, has its own seat belt and is very safe; even a determined baby can't get out of it or tip it over. Mrs. Ruth Greenburg, a grandmother who uses the back pack, likes it because the baby "can face either front or back depending on which way the wind is blowing, so the baby doesn't become windburned. Or if you are wearing a fur coat the baby can face backwards and won't get fur up his nose or drool on your collar."

A reader on the West Coast had to wait two months after ordering her back pack from a catalogue, so you may have trouble locating this new item at the moment. We'll be glad to send you one in blue or pumpkin washable Textilure. The cost is $21.95 with a snap-off sunshade (which is recommended by users); $18.95 without it.





FIRE FIGHTING

It's unpleasant to plan for emergencies, so when they occur we never have a first-aid kit, a roadside flare, an emergency light—or a fire extinguisher.

These days a number of manufacturers make small and inexpensive fire extinguishers that are suitable for home, car, camper, or boat. They are needed for electrical, chemical, oil, and gasoline fires that cannot be extinguished with water. Generally they are dry chemical extinguishers, i.e., they spray a dry powder over the fire.

In selecting a fire extinguisher, be sure that it is Coast Guard approved and that it meets or exceeds Department of Transportation standards and consider the size of a potential fire in making your decision. Most extinguishers for your use are either 5 B:C or 10 B:C (Underwriters Laboratories Rating). A 5 B:C rating means the extinguisher will put out either a type B (electrical) or type C (chemical, oil, grease, etc.) fire of five square feet.

For those who care to order fire extinguishers through us, we have arranged for two models. The Super "6" is a 5 B:C model for $9.95 that weighs 2 pounds. The DOT Special has a 10 B:C rating, costs $14.95, and weighs 3½ pounds.

YOU GET THE IDEA

Since we can't do as much detective work as we'd like in digging out especially attractive products, we would welcome your help. If you are willing to stake your personal reputation on a product that has served you more than satisfactorily, send us a testimonial. We'll publish it if space permits and if the item is of general interest and availability. Write TOOLS, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

HOW TO ORDER

If you care to order these items from us, you may do so by sending a letter to Tools for Living, c/o Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Specify the item, quantity of each item, and color (if needed). Price is that indicated in the descriptions above. Add up the total for all items you order (N.Y. residents add appropriate sales tax). Enclose a check for the total amount payable to Harper's Magazine. If you prefer to charge your BankAmericard or Master Charge, indicate your card number and expiration date. You may also order the books that are discussed in Starting Points by following those instructions.

READERS WRAPA

MORE ON STARTING FRESH

Nearly 400 people have asked us for copies of the "Starting Fresh" handbook mentioned in the February **WRAPAROUND**, a fact we find both heartening and exciting. Many readers have volunteered to contribute their own suggestions on changing one's life after they've read our booklet. Others have already come through with ideas and information, as the following letters testify. We're especially eager to build up a useful block of material on Starting Fresh, so we hope to hear from more and more of you on the subject in the coming months.

I was happy to see that you called your February WRAPAROUND "Starting Fresh" instead of "Starting Over," a distinction we often fail to make. If starting fresh involves a reinterpretation of past experience to make it more serviceable to present needs, starting "over" sometimes involves attempts to paint over one's past and deny its value, or even existence.

James Baldwin has written: "It is perfectly possible—indeed it is far from uncommon—to go to bed one night, or wake up one morning, or simply walk through a door one has known all one's life, and discover, between inhaling and exhaling, that the self one has sewn together with such effort is all dirty rags, is unusable, is gone: and out of what material will one build a self again?" (from *Nothing Personal*, by Baldwin and Richard Avedon). Since there is no psychic Salvation Army that will rid us forever of our ragged scraps of self, the answer for most of us lies not in whether—but in how—the previous self in salvageable. I hope *Harper's* will continue to suggest ways in which it is.

—Janice Harayda
New York, N.Y.

Two years ago my husband Charles resigned from his job in New York City. He had worked twelve years as an accountant for Western Union and he wanted a change—a complete change. We sold our home in Westfield, New Jersey, and bought a 95-acre farm in Missouri. Charles acquired twelve dairy cows and settled down to the business of learning to exist as a small farmer.

He certainly got the complete change he was looking for. Where he once worked in an antiseptic, air-conditioned office, now he sweated or froze in our little barn. He got dust down his back loading hay; slobber on his hands putting baby calves on to the teats; manure, mud, and milk all over his clothes. And he loved it.

I liked the fresh start also. I lost 20 pounds learning to raise a huge vegetable garden each year and hiking in our woods with the dogs.

In some ways we returned to a more primitive way of living. I now make all our own bread, we heat our little house with wood, we dispensed with a TV set. Our sons objected at first, but now they like the new life. They find it fun to have pets and to swim and fish in the pond.

It's hard making a living. Charles occasionally has to work nights in a factory to supplement our income. This year we suffered a drought in the summer that hurt our crops badly and an ice storm in the winter that killed a cow and a calf. No one thought we city slickers would stay long. But a neighbor said to Charles the other day, "Anyone who stuck it out through *this* year is here to stay." I guess that means us!

—Elizabeth Bryan
Lamar, Mo.

Although almost every article in the "Starting Fresh" WRAPAROUND dealt with the individual's use of his skills, I do not think a crucial point was made clearly enough. The point is that each individual possesses certain definable skills—having to do with, for example, exchanging information, persuading, consulting, instructing, supervising, negotiating, monitoring, etc.—and his *career* should be thought of as what he does with his life by arranging various and flexible combinations of those skills he *already* possesses at different times during his life. The genuine simplicity of that reality is explained better than I have ever seen in *What Color Is Your Parachute?* by Richard Nelson Bolles (Ten Speed Press, Box 4310, Berkeley, Calif. 94704). I think it is a treasure worth sharing with your readers.

—Gerald P. McCarthy
Richmond, Va.

Change of location, vocation, or even family members, as upsetting or stimulating as it may be, can be superficial as far as motives and purposes are concerned. With the passage of time we grow accustomed to these changes and their effect on us diminishes.

Encounter with God, on the other hand, is causing me to change the orientation of my life. There is a change in motives (gradual and not yet complete, though already in process for twenty years) away from self-centeredness, and a purposefulness recognizable because God's love has been extended to me. It really is a fresh start as described by the New Testament writer Paul: "For if a man is in Christ he becomes a new person altogether—the past is finished and gone, everything has become fresh and new."

—Pearl Sorensen
Petaluma, Calif.

Reaching out in all directions at once is a good start. But one must stop and rest and think and assess and plan. It is foolhardy to repeat mistakes by plunging ahead without forethought. Especially as time goes by and one either adjusts partly to a new situation or reaches a goal, one must search out new goals, new ambitions.

Without money, it is difficult, difficult, difficult. If one trades time for money, there are other problems and difficulties. I was pleased with my solution until now. I had gone back to college part time and substitute-taught part time (I had had only two years of college). But it took me *eight* years to get teaching credentials and finish the requirements, since time had outdated my former credits and the courses were in a different field. If I had taken a full-time job immediately, I would have had more money, though I would have paid for it with less time.

—Joyce Allgood
Hialeah, Fla.

I consider every morning a God-given opportunity for "starting fresh." We wake early on the farm, and the simple chores—milking the cows, feeding the calves, pouring the milk into the cooling tank, feeding the latest litter of newborn calves, give me a sense of unity, of rhythm with the universe and with the continuity of living things. Surely those who have been hungry babies, fed, every morning, since the dawn of time!

And starting fresh does not begin out at the barn. It begins even before that, as I prepare my three beloved children for another day of school. Children, especially, instill in me an awesomeness at the beauty and daily reawakening of *life*. Every morning, I say a silent prayer of gratitude for all that *was*, for all that *is*, and all that *will be*.

—Nell Sc
Albert C

A year ago I was ea (read forced to resign) secure and supposedly gious job of 13 years as woman ever to head up operation of a very lar sulting firm. I had attai post after 25 years of t gain capability, stature, litical savvy enough for The only fly in the ointn that I made about tw less than my male co raries. I considered this the course as one of th within-the-establishment women of my generati now do I realize the fu of the self-destruction by that deliberate und ment.

I flopped around l looking for a new d drained of my sense of and "place," as pointed one of the WRAPAI contributions, no matt firm I thought my inne ed ego. Strange experi have. Tried law school a like the mental restructu the adversary pattern of it required. The objectiv at this stage of life, to w by guile and division, b tegrate and individuate. a "comfy" job with a company and felt dea extent that a lunch-hou the Hollywood Wax two blocks away, was ing light of the day.

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—Nancy Williams
Los Angeles, Calif.

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—Dorothy Lindsey
Santa Barbara, Calif.

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lentials games that lead to professional flexibility. He is then an employee of someone else, an employee who may deliver excellent work but is still apt to be looked down upon by the company, since it is all too clear that his "commitment" leaves something to be desired.

Just such a man worked for two years in an adolescent ward in a Minneapolis hospital. Steve is twenty-five years old, and he is currently on an extended leave of absence granted hesitantly by the hospital, apparently because his work was respectable and it seemed preferable to have him back instead of hiring fresh personnel that would have to be trained-in (as long as it didn't set a dangerous precedent). They could not guarantee him a position, but they agreed to rehire him without loss of benefits when the job became available.

Steve has a B.A., which has proved to be of little value. His pay after two years of systematic raises amounted to about $90 a week for subsistence. He feels somewhat bitter that his paraprofessional position delivers him less pay than that of the hospital's janitors. This seems odd, not because of the difference of work but because of the difference in credentials required for the separate jobs. Steve feels it is somewhat illogical to spend years of study and thousands upon thousands of dollars for the kind of credentials that "enable" him to work for less than he might have made without them.

He thinks of returning to school for more credentials in order to make more money, but by now the idea seems distasteful. He has been in the field long enough to understand that, for what he would like to do, book knowledge is mainly a luxury and superfluous to actually dealing with mental patients in a living situation. There seems to be no way for promotion, however, without getting yet another degree or leaving the field. Factory labor might be more lucrative, but far, far less satisfying. He thinks he would like to use whatever talents he has and make a living at the same time.

Steve doesn't want to "hang in there" and make his job the principal focus of his life. He wants to dangle. He doesn't want to pay more thousands for more credentials that will enable him to do the same work, with the same skill but for more money. He doesn't want to give up meaningful service to others for an assembly line.

—Steve Voiles
Bovey, Minn.

Starting fresh is a wonderful topic—for the cover of magazines. It sells them. The appeal is a basic one. Ninety-nine percent of us realize at one time or another that we are not the world beaters that we (and our mothers) thought that we would be. The fault, of course, is not ours. We just got off on the wrong vocational foot by picking—or being thrown into—the wrong line of work. We have a sneaking suspicion that the solution is simplicity itself. Chuck it. Start over in a new field and with our natural brilliance we will soon catch up with, and surpass, all others who have a head start on us in experience, training, or both.

What I am pleased to call "The Grass is Always Greener" syndrome is a fairly common one. As the nearest thing to a corporate father confessor, I, and my colleagues in the personnel field, have had some experience with it. The assistant accountant, a CPA no less, who would like "a crack at" some writing assignments with the major magazine he worked for. The magazine happened to have a staff of a dozen skilled writers and a bank of twice that many free-lance ones. And the writer who wanted to become my personnel assistant because he thought "dealing with people" was much more "interesting" work. Even within a field there is this pull to try something new—the expert at job evaluation who thought it would be just peachy if he could negotiate a union contract. Not the main one, mind you. Just with one of our smaller plants. I find such diffidence a rare quality.

Then there are those who want to make a complete change in their life-styles, leaving the rat race to us foolish mice, abandoning job and home to go forth and issue literary and artistic encyclicals from Big Sur. There are some statistics available on the chances of success in the various creative arts. I used to quote them. Collectively, it is a field where mere competence is commonplace, and excellence, with luck, might lead to a bare subsistence.

It is essential that we be brought back to reality since, at some time, we will all be tempted and—I will pray for their souls—a few of us will yield.

The reality is that 90 percent of the contents of 95 percent of all jobs—white collar, assembly line, government, foundations, corporate—is routine, and after the novelty wears off, dull, boring, insufferable, stultifying, routine. We are lucky that it is not otherwise. Our viscera are taxed enough both by the small portion of our jobs that is "challenging" and by the other burdens of life, real and imagined.

There are some occupations that are "interesting," that are perpetually "challenging"—some (but not all) teaching positions, the company and union negotiators of labor agreements, the test pilot and, in that same category, the ad agency account executive and creative director—perhaps a few more. The list is small in truth; large in our daydreams. And those who hold such positions usually pay a price for that constant challenge that leads to the ulcer, the elevated blood pressure, the heart attack, and soon to the premature enrichment of heirs. The nervous system was never geared for perpetual crises. It can take just so much adrenalin. Or Librium.

Do I mean then that there is no real possibility, no hope of changing one's vocational life goals? With rare exceptions, yes, dammit!—that is precisely what I do mean.

We know that this is an age of specialization, indeed of specialties within specialties. In such a time, is it not arrogance for any of us to assume that he or she can enter a new field and expect to compete on terms approaching equality? Even if you are a hobbyist, can you compete with a professional? What person in a position to give you even the opportunity of competing is going to do so, at great risk to his own reputation, over affording such opportunity to those who are the tried and tested ones in a given field? Would any of us give such a newcomer—who has already demonstrated a lack of steadfastness—a chance in our own fields, jeopardizing our positions or our enterprises by so doing?

I would have thought that

such questions would be characterized as rhetorical. It is astonishing how many people of supposedly sound judgment and good sense expect a favorable answer to one or more of them.

I do not wish to be entirely negative. There are some answers I would suggest. They are not as palatable or as stimulating as "Chuck it!" perhaps, nor do they make as exciting reading. But they do have somewhat healthier odds.

These suggested answers, if acted upon, also require quite a bit of work. Everything in this cruel and wicked world has its price, you see. The price I suggest is a heavy one, but you pay it first and the bill is then marked "paid in full." "Chuck it" and you pay, and pay, and pay, and . . .

The first possible "answer" involves a careful analysis of the situation you find yourself in. Is it the kind of work or the particular job in which you are working that discourages you? If it is only the particular job, what is required is discussion and talking it out with someone who is trustworthy, objective, and who can listen. Is there a solid basis for your discouragement? Be tough with yourself. A rolling stone constantly in the employment market gathers limited advancement and no pension rights, seniority, or profit-sharing. After you have done this and have given very careful consideration to giving the next suggestion a fair trial (indeed, I would place the next suggestion in almost the class of mandatory—but it's *your* problem), then you must discreetly search for a new job in your field *while holding on to your present one.* I emphasize the last for two reasons. One is that you are more marketable if you are still employed—take this as an immutable truth—and second, that all-important paycheck keeps coming in.

If you have determined that what you do not like is the kind of work that you find yourself in after you have accumulated years of experience, then I would suggest that what is required is a different approach to your job and its proper place in your life. One example of what I mean should suffice.

I once worked for a company that had a staff of electrical and mechanical engineers, in an era when there were none to be found. Through a specialized intermediary I was put in touch with a group of excellent Italian engineers living in Milan. I tried to induce them to come to this country. Negotiations started off low, at only twice the salary they were currently making. It went up to triple plus a heady relocation allowance. My offers made as much of an impression upon them as a light mist falling upon Gibraltar.

These engineers had a different concept of what "living" consists of. They would put in their hours and do their work well. But the focus of their lives was outside their jobs, a concept inconceivable to me at the time. I was learning. The family came first, the social gatherings and good fellowship next, La Scala or art or bridge or sports next. They had all these things in Milan; my offers were irrelevant. *Their jobs were merely the wherewithal enabling them to enjoy the really important things in life.*

As the years passed I realized that their way of life was good for them and probably better for the company for which they worked. I have learned to respect the "nine to five" man. My most effective superiors and assistants have been those whose lives did not revolve around their jobs. They were men and women who worked hard and well while they worked, but they seldom carried briefcases home with them, any more than they would play a rubber of bridge during working hours.

Before giving up a life's work it is necessary to rethink your job. It should be regarded as an instrument, not an end in itself. No claim is made that doing this is easy, but I will affirm that those who have done it know of no effort that has yielded a greater return.

If, despite what has been said here, you are still determined to leave your field for some other, then get your feet wet first before taking the full plunge. Talk to those who are in this new field, read about it, dabble in it during summer vacations. You owe this modicum of caution to yourself and to your family. Chances are that, after a while, you will find Mecca no more exciting than where you are now, doing a job in which you have acquired skill and reputation.

—Howard J. Snyder
Clearwater, Fla.

WAYS TO STOP SMOKING

One of our March issue "Ideas" was to ask ex-smokers to tell us how they had managed to give up the cigarette habit. Responses were plentiful and surprisingly varied, as you'll see from the selection that follows. We're interested in collecting still more methods, so please write **WRAPAROUND** if you have any to add.

In the forty-five years that I've been a smoker, I've tried many, many different "techniques" recommended for giving up the filthy habit, including some that are worse than the habit itself.

On February 14 I began what I devoutly pray will be my last effort to give up smoking permanently. I applied to Downstate Medical Hospital, Brooklyn, for admission to the Stop Smoking Clinic I had seen publicized in some newspaper. The technique being used was hypnosis. I applied by letter. A psychiatrist phoned and asked me a number of questions, and eventually made room for me. He was very clear about the possibilities: it might be impossible for me to be hynotized—not everyone can be. The fee was $35 at the hospital, $50 at his office if I were in a great hurry.

The "suggestion" is to be reinforced by regular exercises that promote self-hypnosis aimed at giving up the smoking. There is no point in my describing these techniques—they would work only if started by someone who knows what he is doing. I don't know if I was hypnotized or not—I could not tell, and the doctor did not answer my query about it. But I do know I felt extraordinarily *relaxed.* I find that the exercises can reproduce this effect of total relaxation in which it is easy for me to renounce the cigarette I have just been craving. I do the exercise whenever I feel a need for a cigarette. I suspect I am replacing one habit with another, but fine! **—A. Young**
New York, N. Y.

I quit three and a half years ago, and haven't had any desire to smoke since. The method is simple—you simply say to yourself, "I don't smoke." If you feel like smoking or if someone offers you a cigarette, your answer is "I don't smoke. D tell yourself you are as that implies that you smoke. And don't sa quit," as that implies t once did smoke and again. If you just "don't you have no desire to right? It really works—y have to believe you are the truth. **—Diana H** Seattle

Previous to January 2 erally smoked about one cigarettes a day. I rea well, most of—the anti literature and I though the stupidity of actually smoke—but I didn't qu ited a friend who notice was smoking a lot mor had during the summer I was going to quit after mas vacation. He looke like, "Yeah, sure." I can finished my pack of ci and glued it to the wal door. I kept forgetting had quit but I always bered before I bought or a cigarette. It's about and a half since I quit. need now from someo nice way to bother other about their smoking.

—Conni
Leadvill

My method really in restructuring of my wh mode. I had smoked fo years, as much as two half packs of Camels Malls or Chesterfields worst per day. I'm th In April 1972 I realize been an awfully long ti I'd wanted to run just I felt so good I could from it. I was paying f of things I didn't need when I really got dow cigarettes being only c among the junk of a c tion-oriented life. I de become a minimal con reduce my life to esse created the important ences between previous that failed and the suc enjoyed this time. It b total project: quit smok twenty pounds, get again, get further int initiate no new debts, ter groceries—in fact, n the car in the city, a c

er by the use of a mid- motorcycle I've owned 's. There's more, but ne idea, I'm sure. As a the complexity of the dertaking, not smoking nly a small part of a usly stimulating chal- e result is that I don't d don't even want to victory), I eat less and tle nuances of flavor I enjoy running, ex- the ability of my body nd the marvelous sen- at are being.

the evangelical tone. oker natural-food phy- ss freak is an insuffer- bination. But you did

—Gene Engene
Kansas City, Mo.

l to conduct a little ex- on myself, to experi- new trip of feeling my : of nicotine for once. uit smoking *temporari- ot* to a point where my e completely drained ne. Then I should be ake a rational decision er to smoke or not. is is where I did quit. especially hard because it was only an experi- fter all, I might very le to smoke if I missed uch. I was really just t a new trip, in much I might try Yoga or ental meditation.

that first five days, I at I still had a physical for tobacco, a certain in the pit of the I took this as an in- that the aftereffects of addiction were continu- ostponed any decision- ntil I could really feel he hunger for nicotine. ret for us wishy-washy to postpone making a about smoking while in a state of *not*

—Richard D. Ezzard
Kensington, Calif.

ed maybe two dozen quit. Then tried again— e it (ten weedless years ny did it work this par- time, after so many s? Not willpower. The e was: a book on iso- I'd always assumed, that it would take months of training to change a reedy build like mine. Over the next couple of days I found out how malleable the human body is. Lists lengthened, legal-sized pages of exercises culled from books on football, judo, ballet. Each dawn found me snapping contentedly through a different set of them on the floor.

You go into a kind of spiral. I swam laps, lifted weights, ran home from work. Back and forth I paced the room, on my hands. There were more books, on sleep, enzymes, blood sugar. None of this was work or hardship; I loved every second of it. I loved taking my balancing exercises. I loved meals spent in vacant, chewing contemplation of the number of international units of vitamin A in a medium-sized raw carrot.

It sounds awful, doesn't it? But looking back I'm sure I couldn't have quit any other way. The reader must decide for himself which is worse: years of self-adoration and healthful habits—or a life of chain-smoking. (Rhetorical question.)

—Stephen Moore
New Orleans, La.

I smoked cigarettes for forty years—two packs a day for the last thirty. On my own I could never have licked this addiction. Even knowing personally others whom cigarettes had crippled or killed was not enough.

What made it possible for me was the ten-day live-in program for quitting smoking devised by the Washington Sanitarium & Hospital (of Takoma Park, Md.). I took their first program. It worked. Not because of me. Because of the knowledge, the professional skill, and the warmth and love the hospital put into it.

Thanks to the hospital, I smoked my last cigarette ten months ago. Devoutly hoping there would be no more, I smoked it down to its last quarter-inch. The place was the junction of West Virginia Route 3 with the road to the nearby Coolfont resort, where the hospital was about to begin the program. The time was 5:10 P.M., EDST, April 30, 1972—at this writing 7,343 hours ago.

What has helped me stay off cigarettes since then, obviously, is not letting my mind dwell on them.

—John H. Dougherty
Falls Church, Va.

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TERS

The Amish *v.* the Court

ll deference to Professor Berns ["Ratiocinations," the rule in *Wisconsin* v. good and is in the tradition Supreme Court decisions Free Exercise Clause of Amendment. Moreover, the as unanimous (Justices d Rehnquist did not partisave for Justice Douglas, sent went to only a portion ding. The fact that six men different judicial philosoed together on this imporontroversial decision ought ie pause.

rule "not good" because erchants were denied exfrom the Sunday closing *raunfeld* v. *Brown*? As Prorns grudgingly recognizes, well be a valid distinction he two decisions, for in the losing cases "the law imnancial burden on [Braun-, at a minimum, put him at itive disadvantage—it did re him to act in a manner by Jewish law." Is *Yoder* ause the Court in *Prince* v. *setts* had decided that an ld not allow her nine-year- to preach on the streets? t. *Prince* involved a legisermination that young chilld not engage in commerities on the streets, and to Prince's niece an exempis requirement would defeat purpose of the statute.

der is not *Prince*. The Wismpulsory education law in d not have as its purpose ng of children in schools the preparation and educachildren so that they can n society. Even if the legisd determined that the best repare and educate its children was to compel attendance in school, *that* determination can be properly reviewed by the courts. Thus, Professor Berns is quite correct when he says that "Yoder and his Amish friends escaped punishment precisely because they were held to be decent 'law-abiding,' 'productive,' 'sincere' . . ." The significance of the "productive" nature of the Amish people is not that neither Wisconsin nor the gates of hell could not prevail against them but rather that the basic purpose of the compulsory education statute would not be defeated if an exemption were granted to these particular individuals. The Amish made a strong showing that they adequately prepared their children for their society without schooling in the public system beyond the eighth grade. The State lost when it did not contradict this . . .

To paraphrase Professor Berns, the problem here is this: if persons have demonstrated that a particular regulation will seriously infringe upon their right to exercise freely their religion, and have further demonstrated that an exemption to the regulation would not seriously defeat the purpose or workability of the regulation, should the exemption be granted? The Supreme Court in *Yoder* answered with a resounding yes, indicating that once the individual has made *his* showing, it will no longer be sufficient for the State to demonstrate merely that its regulation is "reasonable." This is the teaching of *Yoder* and shows truly how far the Court has come from the Mormon polygamy cases (*Reynolds* v. *United States*) and even from the Sunday closing cases. . . .

Professor Berns also contends that the rule in *Yoder* would force the courts to "do precisely what the Supreme Court has insisted they may not do, namely, get in the business of distinguishing the honest profession of faith from the dishonest, the genuine from the spurious." I am somewhat stunned to see these words coming from such an eminent student of the law as Professor Berns. If the courts have not, for decades, been in the business of distinguishing the genuine from the spurious in the conscientious objector cases, then one can only question what it is that they and the draft boards have been doing. Further, the Court is not requiring the lower courts to decide whether the religious belief itself is correct but only whether it is indeed "religious" (as that term has been very broadly construed in the conscientious objector cases, particularly *Seeger* and *Welsh*), and, if so, whether it is honestly and sincerely held. That task is not an inappropriate or exceedingly difficult one. Every day courts and juries look into the intent, motives, and good faith of defendants in everything from manslaughter cases to civil fraud actions. . . .

All *Yoder* holds is that a small group of devoutly religious people have found a suitable alternative to public school education (above the eighth grade), as we know it, and they should be allowed to pursue that alternative so that they may freely practice their religion. The Amish are not suburban school district officials trying to avoid integration, and I am saddened that Professor Berns apparently believes that *Yoder* may permit such officials to hide from the Constitution in the guise of religious beliefs. While the Supreme Court has said that the public schools must and shall be integrated, the dictates of the First Amendment still remain. . . .

PAUL MARCUS
Los Angeles, Calif.

Death and beyond

Congratulations to *Harper's* for publishing "Beyond Dying" [Jerry

Avorn, March]. It is a thoughtful and enlightening presentation of an effort to relieve the suffering of the dying that sharply puts into perspective the extent to which useful therapeutic efforts are hampered or even lost because of irrational prejudices. The use of LSD's analgesic properties was so long neglected and, as pointed out by Avorn, is still inhibited by the public brouhaha over the nonmedical use of this drug.

One issue in the article concerns me, based on my own previous work. The question of the extent of awareness or unawareness of the dying patient of his own death is a tricky one, and there seems to me to be a good reason why studies can—as they have—prove either case. My work indicates that at one point the patient has a genuine awareness that he has a fatal illness. Then, as time goes on, regardless of whether the patient has been "told" or not, he begins to elaborate the knowledge in his head.

Sometimes the patient retains the "knowledge" but invests himself so heavily in some hope for a cure that the so-called awareness of the fatal illness has no feeling invested in it. Sometimes he denies the knowledge and begins to believe that the illness was all really something more benign.

There are also other mechanisms; the extent of these elaborations varies from patient to patient, but with most patients the emotional impact of impending death slips into a hazy area where there is some knowing and some not knowing. This emotional effect often has little to do with the patient's conscious verbal responses. I have seen people who verbally described their illness and impending death while in the next breath planned a long vacation or a future business venture.

Could not some of what Avorn describes be explained similarly? Once a patient has been exposed to a powerful consciousness-changing drug, under conditions where uplifting music and sensitive conversation set the stage, would it not be likely that the form his denial of death would take would be a rebirth fantasy? I do not mean at all to diminish the therapeutic achievement of greater comfort for the patient. I do mean to question the implication that the LSD experience reveals some mystical creative realm.

I regret being tendentious about such a worthwhile project, but it is my concern that if one takes a valid therapeutic procedure that can be explained by a relatively clear-cut, well-known psychological mechanism and insists on an explanation that partakes of the ineluctable, unnecessary controversy will rage. Then the procedure, in this case the experiment with LSD, will be underused, and, when it is used, with the increased suggestibility to set and setting characteristics of the drug, therapists will run the risk of a less satisfying result.

Norman E. Zinberg, M.D.
Washington Center for Addictions
Boston, Mass.

Jerry Avorn replies:

Dr. Zinberg's suggestion is certainly thought-provoking. But what are we to make of the apparently spontaneous all-is-One ("rebirth") experiences frequently reported elsewhere by young and healthy LSD subjects?

Readers of "Beyond Dying" will be interested in a policy statement entitled "The Right to Die" recently adopted by our Council. Like Mr. Avorn, we too were prompted by the change from "quick killers" to slow degenerative diseases. However, our discussion deals largely with ethical and theological principles rather than the use of drugs. Copies of our statement and of a longer study document are available on request without charge. Write to: Council for Christian Social Action, 110 Maryland Avenue, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.

Tilford E. Dudley
Director, Washington office

An American Family

In the March issue, Dan Menaker [Television: "An American Family"] says the WNET program is a partial failure. The cameras made everybody too self-conscious, he maintains, and he then cites his friend's parrot that couldn't be fooled into thinking it was alone. On *The Dick Cavett Show* the Loud family had no need to pretend they were alone yet they were precisely the same individuals as during the series. Mr. Loud told Cavett that the camera crew was no more noticed than a maid in the house and he had resolved to [illegible] drinking after seeing himself [illegible] drink in hand so often. Young [illegible] Loud said the series had the "[illegible] of truth." This evidence and m[illegible] viewing convinces me that the f[illegible] after the novelty wore off, w[illegible] markably natural, despite the [illegible] cious parrot of Mr. Menaker's f[illegible] It annoyed me that Mr. Me[illegible] lards his observations with tern[illegible] "lucky" and "fortuitous" as [illegible] brilliant portrayal of a live, "[illegible] typical, affluent American [illegible] were merely a happy accide[illegible] also complains about the la[illegible] "meaningful dialogue." How [illegible] meaningful dialogue does on[illegible] in *any* family?

Producer Craig Gilbert's st[illegible] achievement is that we get to [illegible] the parents and teenagers more [illegible] ly and sympathetically than m[illegible] our friends. This is precisely [illegible] Boswell did for Dr. Johnson. [illegible] ing critics of his day dismisse[illegible] well as a dolt who was just lu[illegible] finding an entertaining subje[illegible] Boswell is now a recognized [illegible] I'd like to remind Mr. Menak[illegible] Dr. Johnson knew very well th[illegible] well was taking down every w[illegible] uttered, but no one has accus[illegible] doughty doctor of putting on [illegible]

Leon K[illegible]
New Yor[illegible]

Dan Menaker replies:

I thank Mr. Kleban for his [illegible] gent, if somewhat confusing [illegible] eism. He seems to want to s[illegible] the fact that the Louds' beha[illegible] the Cavett show matched th[illegible] havior in the series provide[illegible] sort of proof of the series' do[illegible] tary validity. In my view, sin[illegible] were on-camera in both, w[illegible] know with any certainty wh[illegible] are "really" like. Did Mr. [illegible] happen to hear Delilah Loud t[illegible] ett that when *she* was being [illegible] she was always trying to c[illegible] with intelligent things to sa[illegible] didn't want to appear "dum[illegible] said. Thus, I see no more rea[illegible] accepting Lance's and Mr. [illegible] *claims* of truthfulness than I [illegible] accepting the psychological t[illegible] ness of the documentary itsel[illegible]

With all the publicity, th[illegible] plaints by Pat Loud, the ambi[illegible] Grant, Kevin, Lance, and De[illegible] be performers, it is difficult fo[illegible] understand how anyone can [illegible] *An American Family* and be [illegible]

ning anything trustworthy
ne Louds or about the per-
ives of the socioeconomic
hey represent. On the other
s I try to make clear in my
I do congratulate Gilbert on
cess in capturing a physical
ancial milieu. I repeat that I
e got lucky in a number of
ut serendipity does not pre-
kill; the producer still had to
ood use of what he was for-
nough to find, and he did.
why doesn't everyone, in-
myself, leave the Louds, to
ning of Boswell and Johnson,

The Second Sin

ratulations to *Harper's* and
Thomas Szasz for his delight-
cle "The Second Sin" in the
ssue.
ne subject of speaking clearly
ne antagonism that this some-
ovokes—I offer the following
tion: when men permit them-
o become accustomed to writ-
is unclear, the penalty they
an inability to understand
that is clear. Thus does clar-
ome one's martyrdom.

NATHANIEL BRANDEN
Los Angeles, Calif.

nas Szasz's sayings are intelli-
rtinent, startling, and useful.
ing read them, enjoyed them,
ected on them, to my benefit
e, I am left with a residue of
ess. To phrase it in a way
oids his "second sin," I dis-
e doctor-writer.
? Well, I just don't agree with
e who thinks that it is good
r to allow another man to de-
mself but that this should be
al moral requirement because
at man's "right" to do so.
es one's ethics toward oneself
hat much from one's ethics
others?
then, too, I am reminded of
ng Frank Sheed wrote re-
"All epigrams get the neat-
hich is their main point by
out some piece of the truth."
as I said, they are enjoyable
ful, whether or not Dr. Szasz
himself as the devil's advo-
is.

PAUL CLAPP, M.D.
Kensington, Conn.

Comments on Commentary

Lord Bolingbroke once expounded on "the dignity of history," and this even applies to such an unromantic subject as the flush toilet.

Many readers of *Newsweek*, including A. B. Guthrie, Jr. ["Commentary: Reflections on a Flush Toilet," March], were sadly misled in believing that the inventor of the indoor flush toilet was Thomas Crapper of London.

For us Londoners, the Crapper firm of sanitary engineers, near the start of the King's Road in Chelsea, has been a favorite joke for at least two generations. It is part of a tradition, and its storefront boasts several royal "By Appointment" escutcheons.

The historical truth is that the toilet (or water closet) was invented by Sir John Harington, born in 1561—poet, scholar, courtier, and godson of Elizabeth I. The Queen was fond of him and forgave him many foolish pranks. She enjoyed his outrageous puns and scatological epigrams. One of the most often quoted is:

Treason doth never prosper,
what's the reason?
For if it prosper, none dare
call it treason.

What he called his "sweete and savourie pan" consisted of a "close stool" into which water poured from a cistern with an overflow pipe, a discharge pipe, and a valvelike contraption to control the flush. The tank had to be filled by hand, and the ordure was discharged into a cistern that was also emptied by a servant.

Harington in 1596 published an account of his invention . . . The book caused a storm at court, not because of its subject but because of its satiric allusions to contemporary persons and events. He was threatened with the dreaded Star Chamber, but eventually the Queen relented and merely banished her godson from the royal presence for a while. Nonetheless, she had a Harington toilet installed in Richmond Palace.

MICHAEL FRY, M.D.
New York, N.Y.

After the Buffalo Creek flood

"After the Flood" [Mary Walton, March] is beautifully done, and it accurately reports on the Buffalo Creek flood. Ms. Walton is an extremely able reporter, and, as can be seen by this article, she is also capable of dramatizing in a very moving way the events that preceded and followed the disaster.

Mary Walton's conclusion also leaves the reader in a certain degree of suspense as to what solutions exist for the elimination of such disasters. The truth is that we all ought to be left suspended, because at this point in time there appears to be little protection of public safety resulting from modern technological developments. The pattern goes like this: a disaster occurs, patchwork legislation follows; a disaster occurs, more patchwork legislation follows, and so forth. In a minority opinion to the West Virginia Governor's Commission Report, the undersigned suggested three possible solutions to the insuring of public safety in modern times. They were: (1) the federal and state government assume more responsibility for the safety of new technology and assume an assistance rather than an adversary posture vis-a-vis the structural soundness and operational safety of new installations; (2) the licensing of professional engineering be strengthened to (a) insure the vitality of rare specialities, (b) insure against the misuse of registered engineers, and (c) provide for the flexibility of licensing to insure the acceptance of new technologies; (3) legislation that begets widespread noncompliance be eliminated; e.g., we should not add to the proliferation of laws and regulations related to the environmental and social area, for we already live in a sea of noncompliance. The Commission Report itself recommended the establishment of a new court system that would deal in matters of public safety and the environment. The reason that the existing court system is unable to deal with this problem is that it is overwhelmed by the technical complexities that surround all these new modern environmental issues.

JAY HILARY KELLEY, Dean
School of Mines
West Virginia University
Morgantown, W.Va.

EDITORS' NOTE:

We wish to thank our readers for the overwhelming response to WRAPAROUND. Letters pertaining to that section will be published in WRAPAROUND each month.

THE HARPER'S GAME

BICENTENNIAL BLUES

What have you done to help celebrate this country's 200th birthday? It's only thirty-eight months away—not much time to plan a spectacular with a cast of millions. To get yourself into the Spirit of 1976, we urge you to revitalize a choice bit of Americana. This month, the Harper's Game invites you to write the words to a new national anthem (to the tune of "The Marseillaise," "Dixie," "The Star-Spangled Banner," or any other tune of your choice *in the public domain*). Or, we offer you the opportunity to be the complete Francis Scott Key and write an original tune as well as the words.

The winning entry will be published by Blackwood Music Inc., BMI (Columbia Records Music Publis Company).

Runners-up will receive "Ives: Symphony #2; The Fourth of July," New York Philharmonic, Leo Bernstein Conductor (Columbia Records).

Send your entry to "The Bicentennial Blues," per's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, 10016. All entries must be postmarked no later May 7 and become the property of *Harper's Maga* Winning entries will be published in the July i Decision of the editors is final.

Winners of **"Dishonest Acronyms,"** the March game that asked readers to give an acronymic source to an existing English word, are:

First Prize
Webster's Encyclopedia of Dictionaries:

Voice Of The Electorate
—Michael Russell
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Runners-Up
Harper's denim tote bag:

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—Robert A. Bilow
South Holland, Ill.

Place Allowing Rest, Lounging, Or Relaxation
—Marci Frank
Bayonne, N.J.

Slight Lapse In Perception
—E. Halpern
Bellerose, N.Y.

Babbling And Burping Youth
—Richard Hurzeler
Nacogdoches, Tex.

Penman Of Emotional Thoughts
—Annette Mintz
Olivette, Mo.

Crowd-Heartening And Royally Incandescent Spell, Magnetizing All
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New York, N.Y.

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Nobody Understands The Situation!
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—Gordon W. Fowler
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—Michael B. Hubler
Las Vegas, N.M.

PRotected by Impeccable Morals
—P. A. Kaufman
Oxon Hill, Md.

Determined Every Means Avail Reached Conclusion: Halt E thing.
—Paul L. Kyr
Miami, Fla.

Female Entity Making Inroads Idly Sitting Trapped
—Nancy Lar
Fort Wayne

Drugs Of Personal Escape
—Tom L
Flint, Mich

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—Christine M
New York,

Hanging On Pure Expectation
—Philip Pers
Cleveland Heights,

Public Officer Looking Into Cri Endeavors
—Frank H.
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—Leo T
Teaneck

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—Timothy Va
South Hollan

Melodious Undulations Sound Concert
—Evelyn
Carlisle,

FUTURE GAMES: Readers are invited to submit their own suggestions for games. Those who invent games eventually published in the magazine will receive credit lines and prizes.

Report on Longevity: Ah, To Be Young While Old...

vin Phillips / Donald Barthelme / Clark Mollenhoff

June 1973 $1.00

Harper's

Magazine

BURLINGAME
MAY 23 1973
RARY



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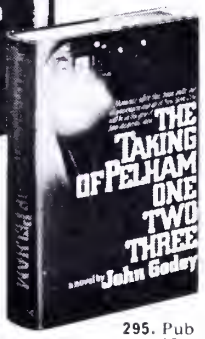
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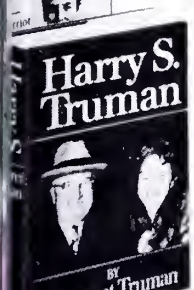


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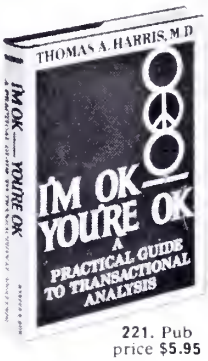


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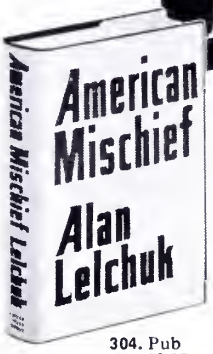




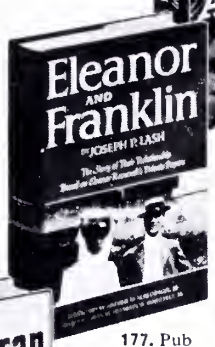
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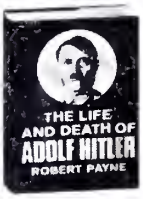
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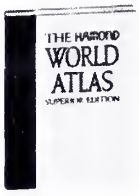
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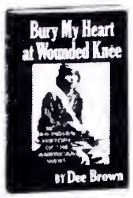
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3 **WRAPAROUND:** Report on Longevity: Ah, To Be Young While Old . . .

4 Reports
91 Starting Points
93 Readers
94 Ideas
96 Tools for Living
97 Information

Edgar Z. Friedenberg 12 PUBLIC DOCUMENTS: THE HOSTILE DELUSIONS OF THE WORKING CL S
Oppressors of the workers are many, including your fellow workers

Roger Rapoport 18 GAMES SOME PEOPLE PLAY: NO KILL—NO PAY
Nobody leaves the Y.O. Ranch without something to hang on the wall

Winifred Rosen 28 DOWN THE UP STAIRCASE
An account of some of the hells between here and enlightenment

Clark Mollenhoff 38 PRESIDENTIAL GUILE
In which the author recounts the long and dismal history of a White House lie

Terri Schultz 46 BAMBOOZLE ME NOT AT WOUNDED KNEE
The making of a media event that had everything but the truth

Kenneth Bernard 60 WHY WE MIGHT HAVE TO MOVE TO THE COUNTRY
A story of pigs and children

Donald Barthelme 62 THE EDUCATIONAL EXPERIENCE
The extraordinary advantages of field trips

Kevin Phillips 66 CONSERVATIVE CHIC
The author of *The Emerging Republican Majority* examines the evolving style of ie Nixon White House

Mary Richie 71 A PALENESS OF HEART
A white woman living in New York City describes the confusion of her respons to black men

Earl Shorris 78 BOOKS
Thomas Pynchon: *V.*, *The Crying of Lot 49*, *Gravity's Rainbow*

Josephine Hendin 83 Doris Lessing: *Summer Before the Dark*

Alvin L. Schorr 86 Daniel Moynihan: *The Politics of a Guaranteed Income*

VERSE

58 *Poems by W. S. Merwin*

COMMENTARY

74 *Contributions by Lady Borton and Ursula Schwebs*

DEPARTMENTS

45 COUNTERSIGNS
90 THE HARPER'S GAM
99 LETTERS

Cover photograph by Terry Stevenson

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WRAPAROUND

IGEVITY
To Be Young While Old...



Photographs by John Launios

f centenarians: Can you look forward to an old age as extended and vigorous as theirs?

f life as a horizontal
plunge on in time with
inevitability of a can-
alling through an arc
it. The velocity accel-
nd the passing of
ontracts into blurred
f foreshortened time.
rior dimension of a
y is far more spacious
han eighty. Aging, we
travel with ever-in-
speed until we arrive
the point of terminal

crets of aging are en-
ith those of life itself.
who attain extraordi-
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s, the source of their
known. We investigate
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tradictions that it be-
mpler to conclude that
civilization furnishes a
arsenal of subtle
for killing ourselves.
it of years goes unex-
the operation of a
we do not fully un-

e face of it, no absolute
prevent most of us
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ay, and both science
nmon sense say that
age life-span will con-
expand. Research into the machinery of the body suggests that, treated correctly, it will run for a hundred years or more. There are prospects of manipulating body chemistry to give people access to even longer lives. The promises are seductive. But if we are to benefit from such advances, it also means that we will be guinea pigs in an experiment to determine how society can manage to deal with an unprecedented number of old people.

The classic images of age are bondage and liberation. At the worst of times in the past, the first deteriorations of age frequently proved fatal. Age was a freakish and undistinguished state, likely to be scorned as proof of weakness and futility. At the best of times, age has conferred a special status and the honor of a unique perspective. Then the simple ascent of years, all other accomplishments aside, was understood as a climb to successively higher plateaus from which to engage the spectacle of life.

Our own times, in comparison, are confused. We seem to have freed age from many of its traditional perils, but we have simultaneously removed the traditional rewards. Age becomes an empty space.

A summary geography of the contemporary attitude toward age looks something like this: this is the electric age, after all. No part of life is safe from swift change. That demands resilience, a capacity that declines with age. The old slow down, their adaptability suffers, they become a burden because they are imprisoned in assumptions too set to modify and too retrograde to accommodate. The old way of doing some things is also likely to be the slow way or the hard way or the inefficient way or the expensive way—in short, the bad way. There are times when the lessons of experience are valuable to have, but they aren't always transferable, and they are obtained in ways that make them difficult to give up. The old live in a different world.

Thus quarantined, their experience invalidated, the old have become "senior citizens," burdensome anachronisms sequestered in nursing homes, retirement villages, and spare bedrooms. As we are lately discovering, however, their numbers are so great and the isolation so effective that the old represent a subculture in their own right. Now the old are going to have the same purchase on our attention and concern as other minorities learning to use their political and social weight. We know from the carnival of youth in the Sixties that age can serve as a potent cultural symbol of identification. For the old, the repeated stings of subtle and overt discriminations encourage the sense of commonality. A lively movement for the Seventies could result.

Such a movement would inevitably raise some difficult and unwieldy questions. How do we define productivity in the framework of extended life-span? In what ways does extended average life-span revise our movements through the social machinery representing the "stages" of life? What supports should the family and the community provide for age? What balances are possible between Being and Doing? How do we minimize the pain of the transformations of age and change? What gives age purpose?

This issue of **WRAPAROUND** offers an assemblage of perspectives on aging. The assumption is that age should be a fortunate condition. The territory is at once familiar and foreign. The connections each reader can provide for himself by reaching out to feel his own fall through age. **—Tony Jones**

VRAPAROU REPORT

"Taciturn, silent, insensible to the new breath of vitality that was shaking the house, Colonel Aureliano Buendía could understand only that the secret of a good old age is simply an honorable pact with solitude."
—Gabriel García Márquez
One Hundred Years of Solitude, 1970

CELEBRATIONS

Writing at the moment of Picasso's death, apparently in the full flowing of his powers, I find it pleasant to recall that he was by no means alone in such prolonged defiance of the conventions of age. His friend Casals survives him, approaching 97, but the death of their illustrious and almost painfully alert contemporary Stravinsky, who on occasion exercised his tongue on the youthfulness of their wives, has left Don Pablo alone on the heights.

This is no doubt purely temporary. Titian was still painting when the plague carried him off at about 99. On a rather different level, Grandma Moses signed her last canvas six months before her death at 101. Eden Philpotts' *There Was an Old Man* appeared just before his 97th birthday.

Philosophers wear well: Bertrand Russell brought out his last book at 91; Croce was one of the few imposing figures in the ruins of postwar Italy until his death at 86. Santayana published *Dominations and Powers* just before he was 88. John Dewey published his last book at the same age; in his late 70s he had worn out men half his age amidst the heats and discomforts that the Trotsky Commission faced in Mexico. Thomas Hobbes, feeling the need for new interest, completed his verse translation of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* at 88.

Power is perhaps the greatest preservative. Ho Chi Minh died at the head of affairs aged 79, an age now approached by an apparently quite functional Mao Tse-tung. It seems that under such governments, if one survives the actuarial risks lower down, one may go on forever. Constitutional governments offer even more striking examples. De Gaulle resigned at 78, Churchill at 80; Lord Addison, statesman and anatomist, left the leadership of the House of Lords at 82. Lord Chancellor Halsbury, retiring at that age, put in another eleven years as a judge in the House of Lords. Theodore Francis Green of Rhode Island retired from the U.S. Senate at 93. All are overtopped by El Mokji, dismissed as Grand Vizier of Morocco in 1955; making every allowance for exaggeration, the old gentleman genuinely seems to have been a junior member of a mission to Napoleon III in the days of Grant, and to have survived, aged at least 104, to deal with the emissaries of Eisenhower.

It would be pleasant to treat, if space permitted, of the polished old age of Berenson; of the incredible activity of Leo XIII; of Chevreul, the biochemist, among his instruments at 102. But it is perhaps simplest to remember Justice Holmes' 90th birthday broadcast, by a man in his 50th year as a judge, in his 30th year on the Supreme Court, widowed, childless, but still discharging his duties, quoting words that, if not Vergil's, have a truly Vergilian self-command and sense of the terms of life: "Death tugs at my ear and says, 'Live: I am coming.'"

—Timothy Dickinson

Timothy Dickinson is a consultant to Harper's.

WHEN I AM A HUNDRED AND TEN

"From the age of six I had a mania for drawing the forms of things. By the time I was fifty I had published an infinity of designs: but all I produced before the age of seventy is not worth taking into account. At seventy-three I learned a little about the real structure of nature, of animals, plants, trees, birds, fishes and insects. In consequence, when I am eighty I shall have made still more progress; at ninety I shall penetrate the mystery of things; at a hundred I shall certainly have reached a marvelous stage; and when I am a hundred and ten everything I do, be it a dot or a line, will be alive. I beg those who live as long as I to see if I do not keep my word." **—"Old Man Mad about Drawing"**
Epilogue to *A Hundred Views of Fuji*, by Hokusai, 1834

Old People's Lib

In Philadelphia last fall, at the site of one of Vice-President Agnew's last pre election speeches, Secret Service men were faced with a Gray Panther demonstration by about 200 militant old people angrily protesting the Administration's social services budget cuts. Suddenly, one of the group, a sprightly 67-year-old woman named Margaret Kuhn, dashed toward the nearest SS man and, poking him in the chest with her gnarled finger, announced, "Zap! You're getting old!" The young agent backed away as she continued, "Listen to what we're saying. We're trying to change things for you." As the rally was breaking up, a graying federal agent approached her with a personal request: "Look into that federal pension system, will you?"

The Gray Panthers are every bit as unusual as their name and their methods of recruiting support. They employ a rare combination of sophisticated political analysis, pragmatic action, and refreshing whimsy to promote social change. The three-year-old organization, a coalition of the young and the elderly dedicated to the eradication of "agism"—discrimination on the basis of age—bears the seeds of a powerful old people's liberation movement.

"Our decade is witnessing the rise of a whole new generation of elders," declares Ms. Kuhn, the group's spokeswoman. "We live longer. We're more vigorous physically. We're better educated and more articulate. And consciousness-raising has made us aware of how our society puts us down."

Power for the elderly is the long-range goal of the research, organization, and lobbying activities in several cities that are coordinated from the Gray Panthers' cramped headquarters in the basement of Tabernacle Church near the University of Pennsylvania's Philadelphia campus. The group's immediate plans center on making fundamental changes in old-age services provided by callous private institutions and paternalistic government agencies. Banks, nursing homes, retirement developers, and mass transit authorities have already felt the Panthers' wrath. Also in the works is a communal residence for the elderly and the young.

In their most co[ver]
move, the Panthers h[a]
for the abolition of c[om]pu
retirement. "Think of [the]
nomic impact if we h[a]
pulsory retirement a[t 65]
we live to be 90," [says]
Kuhn. "We will be [non]-
ductive, in terms of [earn]ed
come, for as long as [we]
been employed. Can a [so]
remain free and finan[cial]ly
vent with that kind o[f em]
wasteful policy?"

While they argue t[heir p]
tions on narrow mora[l or p]
matic grounds, the G[ray]
thers are asking for n[o] [less]
a broad, almost revo[lution]
change. "I would hop[e that]
revolution of the elders [won't]
to the other revolutio[ns. We]
be a unifying force in [society]
that is fear-ridden and [divi]
Ms. Kuhn says. "The [object]
age affects us all. It's [the]
universalizer." **—Ste[ve D]**
Steve Ditlea is a free-lance writ

Brain Powe[r]

The larger the br[ain] [in]
relation to the body w[eight]
longer is the predict[ed] [life]
span. This corresponds [well]
observations that long[-li]ved
zled people who stud[y] [rec]
of domestic animals. [Small]
size dogs live longer t[han]
dogs, and have a large[r] [brain]
proportion to total w[eight]
nies have a larger brai[n in]
parison to body size [than]
large horses, and some[times]
to be 40 years old, whe[reas]
extraordinary for a h[orse].
intriguing to think of[the]
lution of the human [brain]
the last few million y[ears]
low-browed ancestors [to]
present. Because our b[rains]
larger in proportion [to]
weight, our life expect[ancies]
be greater.

Even the longer ave[rage]
span of women as comp[ared]
men may be due in pa[rt to]
ferences in the relativ[e gro]
of brain and body in [the]
sexes. Between birth an[d age]
a boy's body increases [over]
4.6 times as fast as
does, whereas a gir[l]
grows only 4.2 times [as fast]
her brain. She finishe[s]
shorter, pounds lighter, [but]
brain and longevity [are]
larger.

—Lorus J. and Margo[t]
The Ages of L[ife]

ODDS FOR LONG LIFE

stionnaire at the right came from Robert Collins, co-or health education in the Bellevue, Washington, Public ho has used it to stimulate class discussion of life ex-Ve thought we'd use it to stimulate personal thinking on t among our readers and hope you'll get a pencil and blanks.

are. The figures are unscientific and extremely im-erely sketchy indicators of *some* characteristics and at may contribute to long life. Furthermore, the predic-are geared to the mythical average man; they will pre-y one of us only in terms of very rough odds. As a body past middle age may find that the "prediction" for th several years ago.

analysis and ity

ntemporary author-agree that psycho-n fairly be described e of longevity. The of the mind lead to of the body, and men asons of their own he will toward death arises from a failure e the self, and so the o unravels the knot s neurosis sometimes gift of extended life. othesis allows for an finite sequence of ns that have yet to or even guessed at. al journals advertise le theories, any one could stand as an ex-the present mode of Recently I have been o a speculation about nce of heart attack n of a comparatively e. Perhaps I seek to the familiar evil that ntly befalls the mem-y own generation. eory in question has ed by Dr. Daniel E. a New York psycho-d the author of a book *sychoanalysis of Heart* roadly speaking, and sual caveats about the ifications of the pop-Schneider's argument men succumb to early cks because their sex-been transformed into persistent rage. Their lves from shock suf-childhood, and their sonalities demonstrate oms of what Schneider er-drive and over-con-nother symptom asso-th this rigid condition is that of the deprived instead of bursting the release of sexual tension, the orgasm dribbles away into a tenuous ambiguity.

The available research suggests that men who would avoid early heart attack must deal with their sexuality in one of two ways, either by renouncing it completely or by expressing it across the entire spectrum of possible transformation.

The first option appears to be supported by statistics showing a low incidence of heart attack among castrates and cloistered monks. The castrated inmates of penal colonies seldom give way to heart attack before the age of about 80. The absence of erotic desire apparently preserves them in a state of embalmed tranquillity. The same kind of immunity is enjoyed by Trappist monks, who neither smoke nor drink, who forswear meat and fornication, and who devote long hours to the planting of herbs.

The second option, that which entails the full expression of a man's sexuality, acquires support from the evidence offered elsewhere in these pages. Consider the accounts of fervent old men who have married many wives and begotten many children; consider also the phenomenon of the ancient sage or artist, surrounded at the end by the works of his abundant imagination.

But between the two extremes of sexual satiety and sexual deprivation a man too often finds himself entangled in the nets of his own rage. He fails to perceive the origin of his shock and anger, and it is this blindness that leads him into the familiar rituals of self-destruction.

I offer the premise not as a rigorous statement of fact, but rather as a cautionary tale.

—**Lewis H. Lapham**

Lewis Lapham, managing editor of this magazine, is 38.

Year of Birth Period	Men	Women
1880-1900	35-40	37-42
1901-1904	46 & 2 mos.	48 & 8 mos.
1905-1908	48 & 8	51 & 5
1909-1912	50 & 7	54 & 4
1913-1916	51 & 8	55 & 5
1917-1920	52 & 6	56 & 5
1921-1924	58 & 2	61 & 2
1925-1928	58 & 5	61 & 10
1929-1932	58 & 10	63 & 2
1933-1936	60 & 6	65 & 5
1937-1940	62	66
1941-1944	64 & 6	68
1945-1948	65	70 & 4
1949-1952	65 & 11	71 & 6
1953-1956	67	74
1957-1961	67 & 6	74 & 2
1962-	67 & 8	74 & 4

Write down your basic life expectancy ..... years ... months

Present Age	Add	Age	Add	Age	Add
1-4 yrs.	1 yr.	31-35	3 yrs.	61-65	8 yrs.
5-10	2 yrs.	36-40	3½	66-70	9½
11-15	2	41-45	4	71-75	11½
16-20	2	46-50	4½	76-80	12
21-25	2½	51-55	5½	81-85	6½
26-30	3	56-60	6½	85 plus	4½

New total .... years ... months

Family History
Add 1 year for each 5-year period your father has lived past 70. Do the same for your mother. New total ..... years ... months

Marital Status
If you are married, add 5 years.
If you are over 25 and not married, deduct 1 year for every unwedded decade. New total ... years ... months

Where You Live
Small town — add 3-5 years.
City — Subtract 2 years. New total ... years ... months

Economic Status
If wealthy or poor for greater part of life, deduct 3 years.
New total .... years ... months

Your Shape
If you are over 40, deduct 1 year for every 5 lbs. you are overweight. For each inch your girth measurement exceeds your chest measurement, deduct 2 years. New total ... years ... months

Exercise
Regular and moderate add 3 years; regular and vigorous, add 5 years. New total ... years ... months

Disposition
Good-natured and placid add 1-5 years. Tense and nervous subtract 1-5 years. New total .... years .... months

Alcohol
Heavy drinker — subtract 5 years. Very heavy drinker — subtract 10 years. New total .... years ... months

Smoking

½ to 1 pack per day	—	subtract 3 years
1 to 1½ packs per day	—	subtract 5 years
1½ to 2 packs per day	—	subtract 10 years
Pipe or cigar	—	subtract 2 years

New total ... years ... months

Family Environment
Regular medical checkups and regular dental care add 3 years. Frequently ill subtract 2 years.

FINAL TOTAL ... years .... months

EXTRAORDINARY POCKETS

The dream of an enchanted aerie where men and women dwell with the secret of long life has always had a strong pull on our imagination. Shangri-La seems to represent the hidden valley of interior topography, the last fortress, where death is vanquished—or at least kept at bay most of the time. We are happy to report that, like all good myths, this dream has some objective counterparts. The ranges of the Himalayas, the Caucasus, and the Andes each shelter small, tranquil communities in which an unusually large portion of the population has attained a vigorous old age.

In the Greater Himalayas lies Hunza, an independent state of West Pakistan bordering on Afghanistan, the Soviet Union, China, Kashmir, and India. Among the barren reddish peaks and glacial streams, the Hunzakuts till rugged upland slopes, tend apricot orchards, and play violent matches of polo well into their nineties. Visiting physicians and longevity s[pe]cialists have marveled at the [ex]ceptional health and strength of [th]e men and women, who [may] be the descendants of Alexander the Great's Greek soldiers. Renée [Vo]ight-Graves, writer and lecturer, has devoted herself to studying the people of the Hunzakuts. We offer [he]r findings with some sample rec[ipes].

ABKHAZIA

In Abkhazia, there is no phrase in the vocabulary for "old people"—those over 100 are called "long-living people," and there are quite a few of them. According to a 1954 census based on documents of birth, church records, and personal recollections, 2.58 percent of Abkhazians were estimated to be over 90, compared with just 0.4 percent of the population of the United States.

One sprightly Abkhazian lady who claims to be over 130 years old (physicians estimate her age to be between 131 and 141) works in her garden surrounded by pigs, chickens, and children. Her father, she says, lived to be 100 and her mother 102. Her son, who was born when she was 52, is now 82. When she was 20, her first husband had wanted to run away from home to fight in the Crimean war (1853-6). She is a healthy and active woman; she smokes a pack of cigarettes a day and drinks a small glass of vodka every morning before breakfast.

Abkhazia, which is bordered by the Black Sea and the Caucasus Mountains, is an agricultural society; in its villages live extraordinary numbers of people whose ages are between 80 and 120 years and who come from at least ten different ethnic groups. Gerontologists examining a group of Abkhazians over 90 discovered that 40 percent of the men and 30 percent of the women had vision good enough to thread a needle without glasses; 40 percent had reasonably good hearing. In a seven-year study of 123 centenarians, no cases of mental illness or cancer were detected. All were agile, interested in their families, and engaged in useful work.

The Abkhazians themselves attribute their longevity to moderation in diet, work, and sex habits. The traditional marriage age for men and women is 30; sexual potency is common in men well over 70; and with rare exceptions, only the married live to a great age. Diet consists of meat, cheese, bread, fruit, fresh and pickled vegetables, and buttermilk. Everyone drinks the local red wine, and feasts, with many toasts, last for hours. (It is believed that very old Abkhazians consume around 1,800 calories a day, 600 less than the U.S. National Academy of Sciences recommends for males over 55. There is an Abkhazian saying: "Without rest a man cannot work; without work, the rest may not give you any benefit." From childhood on, each man and woman works steadily in the farming communities. Retirement is unknown, and daily hikes, swims, and horseback rides are common even among the very old.

Gerontologists believe this hard and regular exercise to be a major factor in Abkhazian longevity; there may also be, as one researcher puts it, a possible "absence of bad genes." But there are other factors, less easily defined. Life in Abkhazia is securely rooted in the land and family structure; in this highly integrated society, stress and competition as we know them do not exist. Unlike present-day America, in Abkhazia increased age means increased prestige. Abkhazians expect to live long lives as useful members of the community—and they do. It is rewarding—and possibly life-extending—to be needed and respected at 90, or even 110! Perhaps a very old Abkhazian woman summed it up best when she said, "I can't explain it in scientific terms, but there just seems to be something special in the life here."

—Susan Strauss

Susan Strauss writes for various English and American magazines and is now at work on a book.

VILCABAMBA

Back in 1969 Ecuador's leading cardiologist, Dr. Miguel Salvador, persuaded his government to finance a research expedition to the village of Vilcabamba in Loja Province, in order to confirm or refute spreading rumors that it was an "island of immunity" from heart disease. Salvador found two phenomena: a complete absence of serious disease pathology of *any kind* among the 330 of the valley's 880 inhabitants who were examined, and an extraordinary degree of longevity—11 percent of the natives were above 70 years of age and 1 percent were over 100.

Vilcabamba, an Incan word meaning "sacred valley," is about a half-mile square, with mountain walls boxing it in on all sides. Two shallow, rushing rivers traverse the valley, and green fields and meadows extend to the foot of the mountains. On the west is a 7,500-foot peak called Mondango; it's known locally as "the altar of the Inca," and its summit forms an impressive rock cathedral.

The town of Vilcabamba lies in Mondango's shadow. Settled in the seventeenth century by Augustine missionaries, it remains today almost exactly as it must have been then: a small cluster of wood and adobe houses around the inevitable plaza, with its gardens, fountain, paths. There is a Catholic church on one side, a few small stores, a little inn, and a café.

The year-round temperature in Vilcabamba averages 72° F; the relative humidity remains about 67 percent. The high altitude (over a mile) keeps the air crisp and clear and the valley ecologically inhospitable to tropical fauna that thrive in the surrounding lowland jungles. Hence there are no snakes, spiders, carnivores, or any other dangerous species—not even mosquitoes. There is, however, a kaleidoscopic variety [of] ers, fruits, vegetables, songbirds, and domestic

The first citizen of V[il]ba I met was Miguel Mendieta, aged 123. I profound experience someone nearly a centu than oneself, and my shook when we were duced. But he cheerfully questions, told jokes, with one of his innu great-granddaughters, a sionally imbibed of a Ecuadorian liquor mad sugarcane. He offered and soon put me at Carpio told me that he children ("ten with the two on the side") and 9 children, and that he an eye for the wome open admission in fron family confirmed Dr. dor's observation that bamba there exist no including sexual hangt tramarital children w rule rather than the ex

Miguel Carpio's clos is Gabriel Sanchez, who either 139, 129, or 112 case, the records are co Whatever his age (and tainly very great), Gabr chez is one of the harde ing farmers I have ev He has been a farmer life ("there's nothing el do") and continues to himself and his 90- wife, Petrona Xunga.



DWRAPAROUNDW

nise that the cuisine ıg your life (Ms. Tay- hat the frequent fasts the Hunzakuts by rtages contribute to evity), but it's interest- ll as tasty.

nfidence in the impor- ealth and longevity of nal-fat, low-cholester- loric diet was some- en by eating habits in sus," writes Alexander Leaf, an American doctor and longevity specialist, in an account of his visit to Abkhazia, a damp, fertile region of the Soviet Socialist Republic of Georgia ("Every Day Is a Gift When You Are Over 100," National Geographic, January 1973). Despite their diet, the Abkhazians tend to be extremely long lived; they are being extensively studied by gerontologists, who are compiling reams of statistics on every aspect of Abkhazian life. Susan Strauss has summed up their findings for us here.

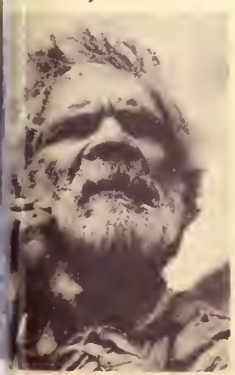
Reading reports on the lively old people of Vilcabamba, an Andean valley in southern Ecuador, fascinated Gene Ayres to the point where he felt compelled to make his way there and capture on film the faces behind the statistics. In his photographs, the old men and women stand or sit or work in the bright, clear air, their faces filled with an alert sweetness. One can see in their eyes and hands the patience it is possible to acquire after a century. Their lives appear to the observer to have a richness somehow distilled out of an endless stretch of uneventful days. Ayres has set down some of his observations in the report that follows.

works hard also, as women in Vilcabam- omen wash and gather water, prepare food, the home, feed the and make clothing. do the plowing, wood epairs, and construc- men also go occa- n hunting expeditions and bear oil in the the east. The chil- when they are not in nd the whole family harvesting. Even when younger people in the , the "*longevos*" all eir psychological well- ends on being able to to their family, and ir physical capabilities ıished they complain sly, and then adapt to ıg less arduous chores, ıing, knitting, chafing cking coffee, grinding king tiles, and looking children.

mes, of course, work uffice to ward off the ld age. The oldest wo- ıe valley, Luisa Petro- ı, 115, is quite weary er husband died in an many years ago; all 14 hildren have left the nd 10 of them have misses them sorely. he others, for whom seem much alike and emorable, she has a ıany memories and easelessly of them. If only she had the money, she says, she would go to the city to die. "I don't like being an old lady."

But most *longevos* remain contentedly involved in the business of living. Adon Pineta Toledo, the village carpenter at 88, makes all the doors, sills, window frames, tables, shelves, and cabinets for the village as he has done since 1900, using basically the same hand-wrought tools. Adon is a self-taught medicine man as well. He talks for hours about the virtue and necessity of home remedies, which he can provide for any minor ailment (there are no major ones) from slight asthma to a common cold. Adon Pineta doesn't smoke or drink, but he observed that both whiskey and tobacco make excellent remedies for all sorts of infirmities.

There are other medicaments in Vilcabamba—coca leaves, for example, and the waters of a mineral spring called Sunungo, which is on the land of José Toledo, who was the greatest of all the *longevos* until his death last year at 142. Augustin Mendieta, 64, the village musician, took me there—he makes the trek two miles into the mountains daily, and has done so for 25 years. The spring waters cure asthma and arthritis, increase endurance, and appear to enable him to strum the mandolin for hours at a time without stiffness or pain. He taught me to accompany him on the guitar. Ecuadorian music is hauntingly beautiful—a bit Incan, a bit classical—and now, back in New York, whenever I play Sr. Mendieta's tunes, they evoke for me the never-land enchantment that I felt in the sacred valley and that I now miss. **—Gene Ayres**



Gene Ayres is a Junior Fellow with the Metropolitan Applied Research Center of New York and an award-winning documentary filmmaker.

HUNZA

The inhabitants of Hunza have a diet that is very similar to that of the people of Vilcabamba, and while neither diet meets the nutritional recommendations of the U.S. National Academy of Sciences, these peoples are neither malnourished nor obese. The caloric intake is considerably lower than that of the average in the United States, and current medical thought indicates that the diets of these regions, where animal fats are scarce, might delay the fatty deterioration of arteries that causes heart disease.

In Hunza, oil extracted from apricot seeds is used in cooking, and grains, leafy green vegetables, root vegetables, dried legumes, fresh milk and buttermilk, clarified butter and cheese, fresh and sun-dried apricots and mulberries, and grape wine comprise the usual diet. Meat is eaten only on rare occasions. Renee Taylor, in *Hunza Health Secrets for Long Life and Happiness* (Award Books, $.95), has recorded some of the recipes of the Rani of Hunza, and we'd like to pass a couple of them on. Some of the original ingredients have been changed to those more readily available in the U.S. *Salut!*

CHAPATTI

In Hunza, chapattis are eaten with every meal instead of bread. They are made of whole-wheat grains, stone-ground daily.

2 cups whole-wheat flour
½ teaspoon salt
¾ to 1 cup water

Blend flour and salt together. Stir in just enough water to make a very stiff dough. Knead dough on a lightly floured surface until smooth and elastic. Cover with a wet cloth; set aside for thirty minutes.

Break the dough off, form into 1-inch balls, and roll out into very thin rounds, about 8 inches in diameter.

Cook on both sides on a lightly greased griddle over low heat. Delicious rolled paper thin and served with thick sour cream. Makes 20 chapattis.

YOGURT PIE

1 cup thick yogurt
½ pound cream cheese
1 tablespoon honey
grated rind from 1 lemon
juice of ½ lemon
pinch of salt
½ cup raisins
¼ cup nuts, chopped fine
½ cup apricots, cut fine (fresh in season, dry or canned out of season)

Whip the ingredients until smooth. Pour into a pastry shell and place in refrigerator until served. Serves 3.

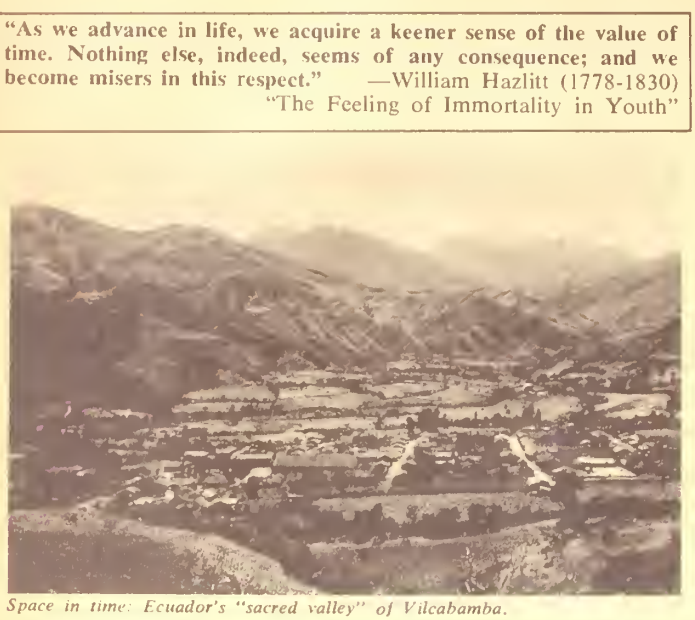
(To make without a pastry shell, line bottom of pastry dish with wheat-germ flakes.)





APAROUNDWRAPA

"As we advance in life, we acquire a keener sense of the value of time. Nothing else, indeed, seems of any consequence; and we become misers in this respect." —William Hazlitt (1778-1830)
"The Feeling of Immortality in Youth"



Space in time: Ecuador's "sacred valley" of Vilcabamba.

A THING OF BEAUTY

Sometimes where you get it they wrap it up in a clock and you take it home with you and since you want to see it it takes you the rest of your life to unwrap it trying harder and harder to be quick which only makes the bells ring more often. **—W. S. Merwin**

From The Miner's Pale Children. *Copyright © 1969, 1970 by W. S. Merwin. Reprinted by permission of Atheneum Publishers.*

FROM THE OUTSIDE

Certain biological changes which occur as we grow older are apparent whenever you look at an old person. The hair becomes thin, brittle, dull, and gray. The skin becomes paler and may become blotchy; it takes on a parchmentlike texture and loses its elasticity. The loss of subcutaneous fat and elastic tissue leads to a wrinkled appearance. Sweat gland activity and oil secretion decrease and the skin may look dry and scaly. These age changes in the surface of the body are gradual, and vary according to diet, genetic factors, even climate. . . . The individual may resent the change, and regard gray hair as the external sign of all the internal effects—slowness, muscular weakness, waning sexual powers.

—Sharon R. Curtin

Nobody Ever Died of Old Age, 1972

FROM THE INSIDE

When Lao-tzu says: "All are clear, I alone am clouded," he is expressing what I now feel in advanced old age. Lao-tzu is the example of a man with superior insight who has seen and experienced worth and worthlessness, and who at the end of his life desires to return into his own being, into the eternal unknowable meaning. The archetype of the old man who has seen enough is eternally true. At every level of intelligence this type appears, and its lineaments are always the same, whether it be an old peasant or a great philosopher like Lao-tzu. This is old age, and a limitation. Yet there is so much that fills me: plants, animals, clouds, day and night, and the eternal in man. The more uncertain I have felt about myself, the more there has grown up in me a feeling of kinship with all things. In fact it seems to me as if that alienation which so long separated me from the world has become transferred into my own inner world, and has revealed to me an unexpected unfamiliarity with myself.

—Carl Gustav Jung

Memories, Dreams, Reflections, 1963

Making the Machine Run Longer

One means that could substantially increase the duration of the healthy life span in this century is the readjustment of the "normal" body temperature. Body temperature affects the rate of aging in a number of different species of invertebrates. Although they are few, studies on the life spans of vertebrates confirm the general rule. It has, for example, been reported that the life span of fish is greatly increased in cold lakes; the rate of collagen aging in the European fat dormouse is reduced if the animals periodically hibernate; bats that hibernate appear to have substantially greater life spans than do occasional hibernators; and the desert mouse (which has a lower than normal temperature during certain seasons) outlives his laboratory relative by a factor of *four or more.*

All of these observations, in the light of general concepts of comparative biochemistry, strongly suggest that the human species can also be expected to age more slowly if body temperature is reduced. The temperature coefficient of aging is very similar to the coefficient that determines the rate of oxygen consumption in most systems; i.e., there is a decrease in the rate by about 50 percent for every 8 degrees Centigrade the body temperature is lowered. Although it is possible to maintain dogs at temperatures as low as 33° or 34° C by suitable operative procedures, and although these animals appear to be essentially normal in their behavior, no such large decrease in body temperature of the human would appear to be practical—for little is known about the effect of such a lowering of the body temperature on the function of the central nervous system, and there would be little advantage in having a somnolent, half-aware extended lifespan in place of our present one. However, the human body temperature fluctuates by about a degree Centrigrade on a daily basis, with little or no observable effect on performance. Some individuals reportedly have lower than average core temperatures unaccompanied by impairment. It follows, therefore, that a decrease in core temperature of 2° to 3° C is likely to have no noticeably adverse effe
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—Bernard L

*Professor Strehler is a g
at the University of South
nia. This article is adapt
paper he prepared for d
the Center for the Study
ocratic Institutions.*

**Giuseppe Verdi comp
Falstaff at 80.**

e Immortal—at?

fiction offers an are- most far-flung fan- gevity and immortal- e least among them. reason, however, tion writers tend to ews on these topics ther pessimistic. Rob- erg's *A Matter of Life* is a recent example; ortality is shown as a urse. The same out- ight back to *Gulliver's* in which Jonathan cules the immortal s, who are perpetual- and so socially inept are declared legally the age of 80.

ariety is found in au- s on exactly how lon- ght be achieved. In Heinlein's *Methuse- ren,* selective inbreed- rally long-lived people t, like creating a new log. In James Gunn's *rtals,* an inheritable, od group creates im- but the blood exists g one favored family ld, a fact which, when , leads to some un- ss from resentful out-

man Spinrad's novel, *Barron,* longevity is ly available to society, is a different catch to eration requires trans- lands from child do- are killed by it, for t of the rich-old-men The novel's hero posing this scandal, s twice when offered mmortality treatment ep quiet. The power lausible, nasty, and, n, pessimistic.

nd of immortals in é Farmer's *The Mak- Universe* is a more liversion. Each super- trols a private "pocket in which he sets up physical laws take his he immortals wile nity by raiding each iverses and pondering —a harmless entertain- pared to the evil games ne, a clandestine pow- clan of immortals who

man alive at age 70, ce of dying in that in 18, regardless of ationality.

"To be free minded and cheerfully disposed at hours of meat and sleep and of exercise is one of the best precepts of long lasting."

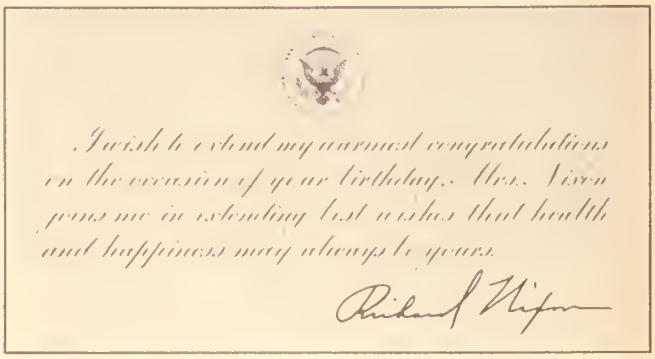
—Francis Bacon (1561-1626)
"Of Regimen of Health"

control all world commerce and politics from their secret stronghold, in another book by Farmer, *A Feast Unknown.* The Nine, who come across like a combination of Al Capone and Hitler, acquire their longevity by munching up human testicles.

J. G. Ballard's *The Crystal World* takes a more metaphysical view. A crystallization effect spreads through the universe, infecting all forms of matter, like an exquisite but incurable galactic cancer. Inside the crystals, time stops; when a human being is crystallized, he enters an afterlife stasis closer to immortality than to death. And it is preferable, Ballard implies, to real life. This may seem morbid and downbeat, but my own outlook is that, given the choice of eating testicles and controlling the fate of the world, or of becoming peacefully, eternally crystallized, I'd opt for the latter every time.

But most of all I prefer the scenario in Michael Moorcock's new novel, *An Alien Heat*: a million years or so in the future, mankind has discovered everything, done everything, has infinite power, and languishes in an existential, foppish kind of petulant boredom. Characters idly create and erase vast, surreal landscapes with a wave of the hand. Novelty is the only value with any meaning left; a visiting alien creature who warns that the end of the world is only a couple of hundred years away is derided for his "lack of originality" and thrown into a zoo. The hero, meanwhile, amuses himself recreating (inaccurately) landscapes of the twentieth century, and tries to master the lost art of "falling in love" with a housewife from Victorian England whom he whisks by time travel into his decadent far-future world. If boredom must inevitably accompany immortality, we should at least have facilities for lavishly entertaining ourselves. **—Charles Platt**

Charles Platt is the American editor of New Worlds *magazine and author of three science fiction novels.*



I wish to extend my warmest congratulations on the occasion of your birthday. Mrs. Nixon joins me in extending best wishes that health and happiness may always be yours.

Richard Nixon

Official encouragement: If you live long enough, you too will receive birthday greetings from the White House.

ANIMAL SPIRITS

Why can a cat who is 75 years old raise kittens when often all a 75-year-old man can raise is his eyebrows? Why can a horse still be used at stud once a week at the age of 75? If we take human animals, horses, and cats and make some subjective comparisons based on observation, answers begin to emerge.

(These species have different life-spans, of course, so in order to make the comparisons fair I've equated one year of a man's life with three for a horse and four for a cat. Thus, when I say a horse of 75, I mean one who has lived for 25 calendar years.)

I leave it to you to draw appropriate conclusions.

CAT	HORSE	MAN
DIET:		
Regular and balanced. Cats eat small to average maintenance amounts.	Possibly varied in terms of source but regular in terms of nutrition. Amount of intake controlled.	Highly variable in both source and nutritional value. Amount of intake erratic, excessive, and dependent on social conditions and mood.
EXERCISE:		
Regular and often strenuous. Even caged cats usually devote a certain part of each day to stretch exercise and walking.	If their owners fail to exercise them, horses will do the job themselves.	Erratic and usually mild. Men devote more energy to avoiding exercise than to engaging in it.
SEXUAL PERFORMANCE:		
Astonishing, often lasting into advanced age.	Horses have legendary sexual appetites. Masturbation is frequent. The sexual function appears to last until extreme old age, both for reproduction and for pure pleasure.	Up to the age of 25, quite good; after 30 . . . well, let's not brag. After 40, let's just watch TV. Yes, of course, but you are exceptional!
FUNCTIONAL LIFE-SPAN IN MAN YEARS:		
24 to 100	38 to 75	50 to 75
NOTICEABLE PHYSICAL DETERIORATION: (AGE IN MAN YEARS AT ONSET)		
75	60	30

—M. L. Simmons

Dr. Simmons is a veterinarian.

WRAPAROUNDWRAP

Where Youth Survives

Few old men have the strength to save themselves from their faults, perhaps because they have no longer the resilience of youth in any sort. It would be interesting to know when this ceases in mind or body; but without calling other dotards to witness, I will record that, physically, it had ceased in me halfway through my seventies, as I once found when I jumped from a carriage at the suggestion of the young driver who said he did not like the way the horse was acting. I myself saw nothing wrong in the horse's behavior, but I reasoned that a driver so young must know better, and I struck the ground with the resilience of an iron casting.

Yet any time within the seventies I should say that one still felt young in body if not in mind; after that one feels young oftenest in spirit; a beautiful morning will go far to find the joy of youth in the octogenarian, as a gloomy sunset will find the pathos of it. I imagine, in fact, that youth lurks about in holes and corners of us as long as we live, but we must not make too free with it. We may go a good long walk in the forenoon, and feel the fresher; but we must not be tempted to another walk in the afternoon, lest the next morning find us fully as old as we are.

—William Dean Howells
Harper's Magazine, 1919

The Roots of Veneration

Respect for old age has resulted from social discipline. In primitive societies there are no signs of a deep-seated "instinct" to guarantee to elders either homage or pity from their offspring. Whatever prestige they received was not a boon of nature; it was a product of social developments, it rested primarily upon rights, and it stemmed from the force of custom or the fear of consequences. Underlying any high regard for old age was some enforcing power, real or imaginary, to safeguard it. In brief, the evidence indicated that when conditions called for respect to the aged they got it; when these conditions changed they might lose it. **—Leo W. Simmons**
The Role of the Aged in Primitive Society, 1970

COMPENSATIONS

All the renunciations demanded by old age are in the field of action, not in that of the heart and mind. They belong to the order of "doing," not that of "being." I live differently, but not less. Life is different, but it is still fully life—even fuller, if that were possible. My interest and participation in the world is not diminishing, but increasing. In a well-known declaration, General MacArthur said, in 1945: "You don't get old from living a particular number of years: you get old because you have deserted your ideals. Years wrinkle your skin, renouncing your ideals wrinkles your soul. Worry, doubt, fear and despair are the enemies which slowly bring us down to the ground and turn us to dust before we die."

You can still live intensely as you advance in years. If there is a "minus" there is also a "plus," and it is the "plus" of my old age which gives it its meaning, and which I must now try to define. One loses something only in order to acquire something else. There is something to discover in old age, an aspect of life which could not be known before. **—Paul Tournier**
Learn To Grow Old, 1973

Controversial Elixirs

The proper garb nowadays is probably sterilized cloth rather than shining armor, and the elixir is more likely to come from a hypodermic needle than from a bubbling spring, but the quest for the fountain of youth lives on. As always, it is a quest filled with peril as well as promise. One man who knows and cares a great deal about its attendant dangers is Dr. Alvin I. Goldfarb, the psychiatrist in charge of geriatric services at New York City's Mount Sinai Hospital. I talked with him recently about three current variations on the elixir-of-youth theme: Gerovital H_3 therapy, Niehans' cell therapy, and hyperbaric oxygen treatment. These therapies, Dr. Goldfarb points out, are often embraced by the public as cures for old age. The facts support more modest conclusions.

Authorized by the FDA, clinical studies of Gerovital H_3 began here in May of 1972. The product itself was announced in 1956 by its creator, Prof. Ana Aslan, director of the Geriatrics Institute in Bucharest, Romania. Gerovital's primary ingredient is procaine hydrochloride, a substance previously known to be effective in alleviating depression. Together with various additives, procaine has been administered in a course of intramuscular injections to more than 100,000 people in Romania. Its supporters claim that Gerovital H_3 has restored memory, concentration, and perception; stimulated hair growth and repigmentation of gray hair; and enabled patients bedridden with arthritis and rheumatism to get up and about, among other things. Two weeks of treatment at the deluxe center for foreign patients in Romania costs about $430. Over-the-counter sales of Gerovital are permitted in England, Germany, and Switzerland.

Switzerland also offers "cell therapy" at the Niehans Clinic, which has treated a sizable group of luminaries, including Pope Pius XII, the late Aga Khan, and Winston Churchill. The clinic's founder, Dr. Paul Niehans, who died two years ago at the age of eighty-nine, devised a system whereby a fetus is taken from the body of a healthy sheep and "sacrificed." Various glands and organs are then removed and each is pulverized and placed in a sterile, injectable solution. Cells from specific organs of the unborn lamb will act—so the theory goes—to revivify corresponding organs in the human patient when they are injected. One shot costs $125, and a course of treatment can easily run into four figures. Both the FDA and the AMA are unimpressed.

Like the cell-therapy shots, which are said to be painful, hyperbaric oxygen treatments can be extremely uncomfortable for patients. Announced in 1969 in a study by Prof. Eleanor Jacobs and others at the New York University School of Medicine in Buffalo, hyperbaric oxygen therapy involves administering oxygen at two and a half times normal pressure for ninety minutes twice a day over a period of fifteen days. Dr. Jacobs' group reported that people with intellectual deterioration derived at least transient benefit from the treatment. When Dr. Goldfarb and his associates tried it, however, they found no improvement in patients' intellectual performance.

The trouble with these approaches to the problem of age, Dr. Goldfarb believes, is largely with the public. "They always get, if only subjective, seek. Even when they are pronounced as nothing more than embryonic scientific attempts to alleviate some symptom or aspect of aging, they are picked up by the public and a press greedy for assurances of long life. They are made to seem capable of actually reversing the aging process."

Those who are persuaded by the media and their own wishes to believe in a cure for old age are apt to find themselves blinded not only to possible harmful side effects but also to the treatment of a more conventional sort that might be helpful and that would be effective. "The demonstrably beneficial cures, as Dr. Goldfarb points out, "lead to false hopes and sorely afflicted people. They are very troubled, loyal children. People call you up and say, 'Why can't my father get this new treatment?' They think that they could make their parents young and strong again if only they weren't prevented by greed or lack of money. And that's not fair." **—Judith Appelbaum**

Judith Appelbaum is on the staff of Harper's.

Jaunty at Age 2[illegible]

INTERVIEWER: Sir, could you give us the secret of your longevity?

THE 2000-YEAR-OLD MAN: The major thing . . . the most important is that I never, ever touch food. I don't eat it, I wouldn't look at it, and I don't touch it. And . . . I never run for buses. There'll always be another one, even if you're late from work, you know. I never run for buses. I never ran. I just strolled along jauntily, jolly, walking to the bus stop.

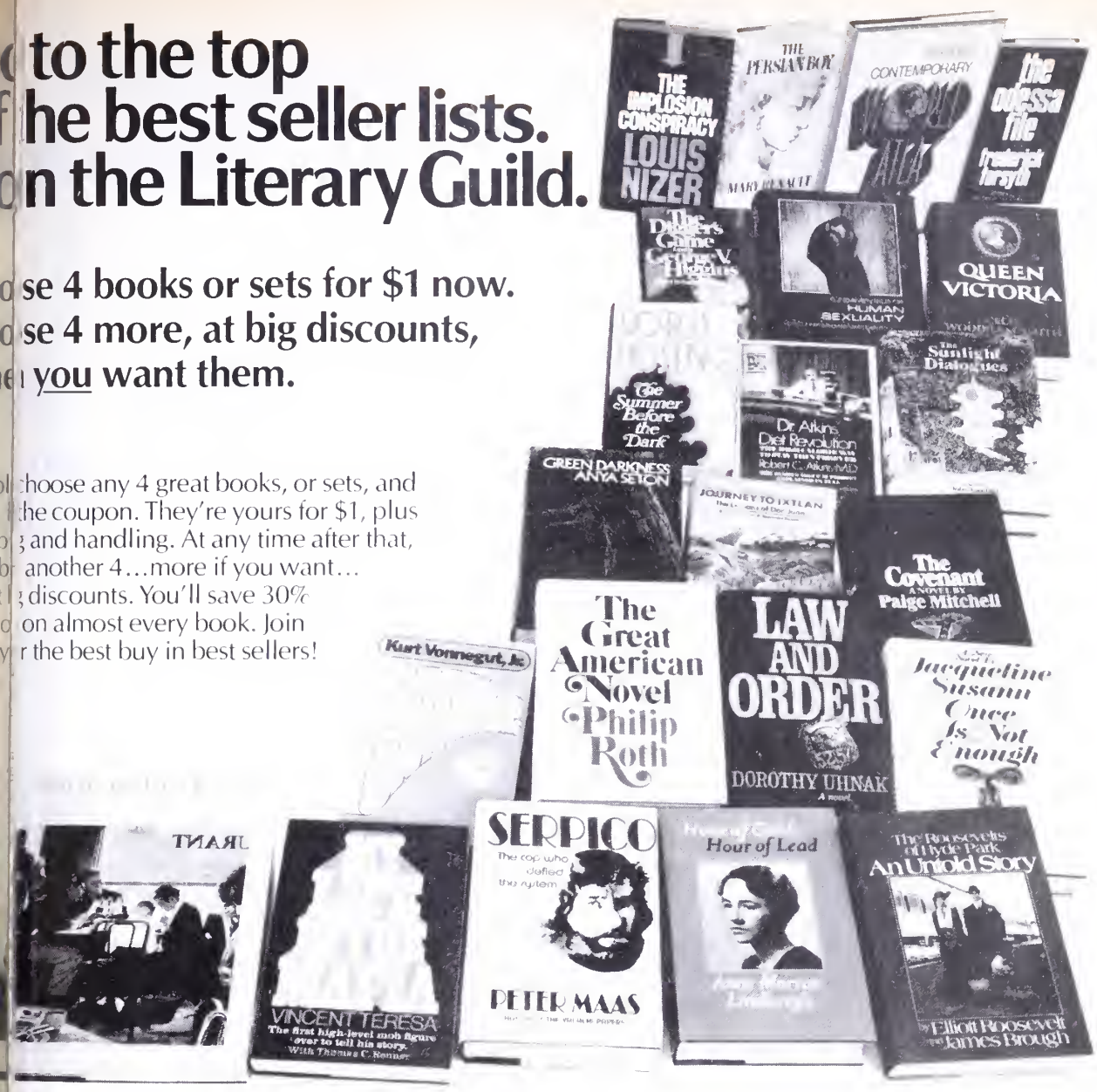
—Mel Brooks
2000 Years with Carl Reiner and Mel Brooks
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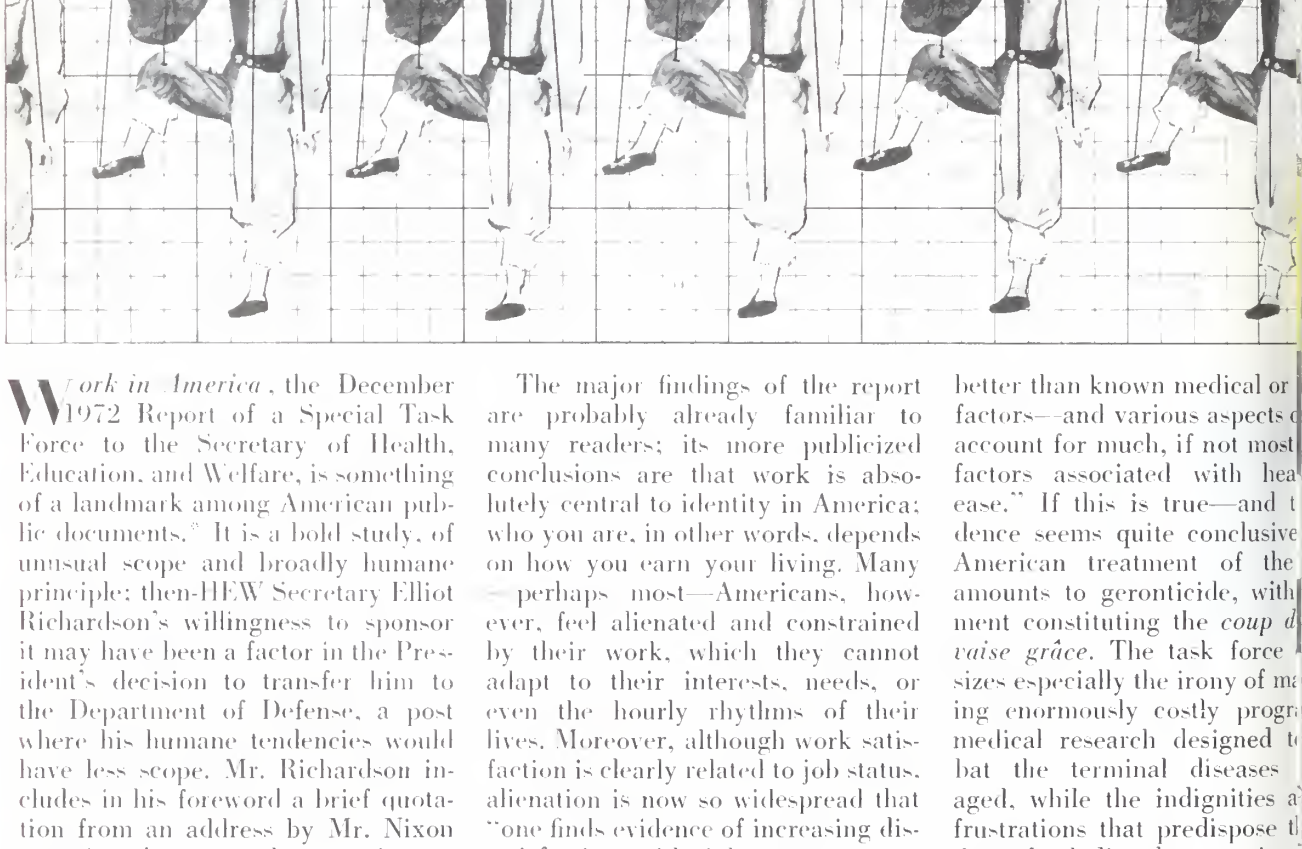
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Edgar Z. Friedenberg

THE HOSTILE DELUSIONS OF THE WORKING CLASS

"Been down so long it looks like up to me"



Work in America, the December 1972 Report of a Special Task Force to the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, is something of a landmark among American public documents.* It is a bold study, of unusual scope and broadly humane principle; then-HEW Secretary Elliot Richardson's willingness to sponsor it may have been a factor in the President's decision to transfer him to the Department of Defense, a post where his humane tendencies would have less scope. Mr. Richardson includes in his foreword a brief quotation from an address by Mr. Nixon asserting that ". . . the most important part of the quality of life is the quality of work, and the new need for job satisfaction is the key to the quality of work." Richardson comments: "This report, I believe, confirms both the President's and my observations." His propitiatory gesture does not suffice to conceal, however, the essential contradictions between the position of the report and that of President Nixon on such fundamental issues as the value of generous welfare programs and the prevalence among Americans of what has come to be called—infelicitously and inaccurately—the work ethic.

The major findings of the report are probably already familiar to many readers; its more publicized conclusions are that work is absolutely central to identity in America; who you are, in other words, depends on how you earn your living. Many—perhaps most—Americans, however, feel alienated and constrained by their work, which they cannot adapt to their interests, needs, or even the hourly rhythms of their lives. Moreover, although work satisfaction is clearly related to job status, alienation is now so widespread that "one finds evidence of increasing dissatisfaction with jobs even among such traditionally privileged groups as the nation's 4½ million middle managers." Women, says the report, are trebly disadvantaged: by exclusion from the work force, by discrimination in wages and status once they are admitted to it, and by society's refusal to define the duties and responsibilities of the housewife as work at all, which, in our society, means that women are simply taken less seriously than men.

All of this is of prime social importance, though none of it is startling. The conclusion that most readers probably will find startling is that "satisfaction with work appears to be the best predictor of longevity—better than known medical or ne factors—and various aspects o wo account for much, if not most f t factors associated with hea d ease." If this is true—and t e dence seems quite conclusive th American treatment of the gi amounts to geronticide, with eti ment constituting the *coup d'm vaise grâce*. The task force ph sizes especially the irony of ma ta ing enormously costly progra s medical research designed to co bat the terminal diseases t aged, while the indignities a frustrations that predispose th these fatal disorders continue o heaped upon them by a socie t remains unwilling or unable to s the human costs of economic pr tivity.

Work in America is not just a search report, however, and th ta force makes very concrete gg tions for remedying the misf ur and abuses it reports. The m i mediately practical of these l e do with reorganizing the wor p cess itself so as to provide jobl o with a sense of greater flexibil antonomy. Thirty-four "Case ies in the Humanization of Wo

Edgar Z. Friedenberg is professor o tion at Dalhousie University in Can the author of The Vanishing Adolesc

*By James O'Toole and others. M.I.T. Press, cloth, $10; paper, $2.95.

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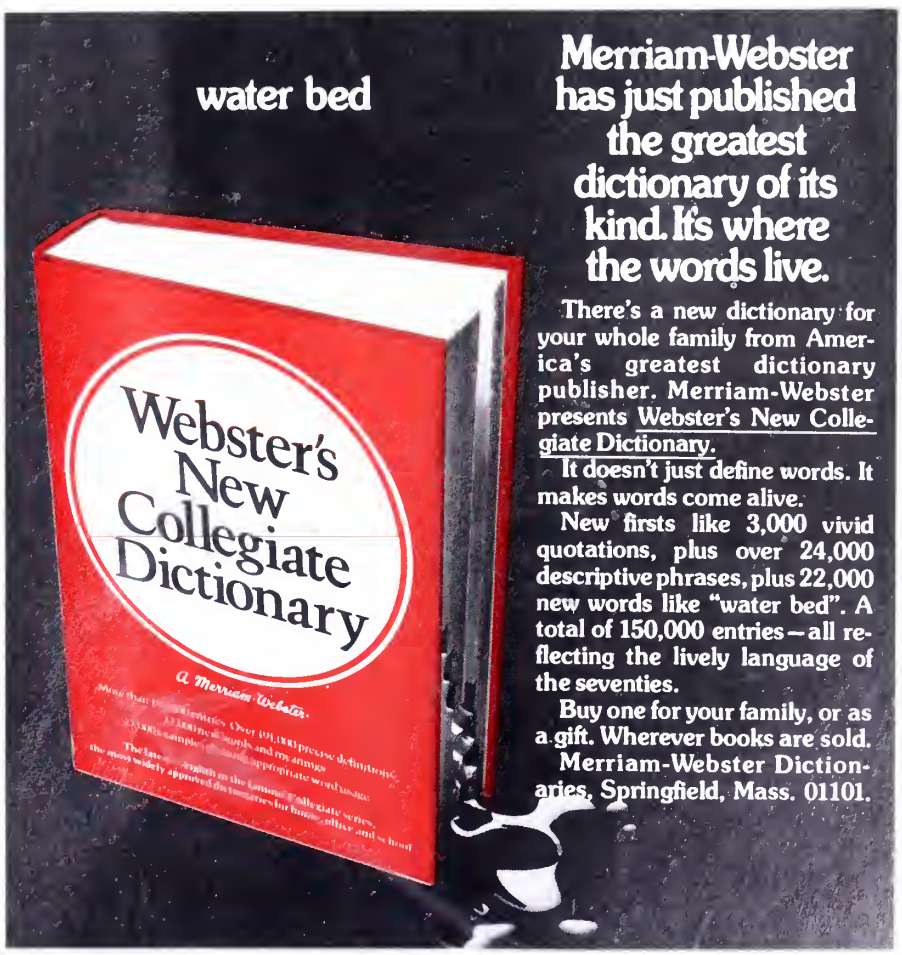
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ceal from ourselves that we were, in fact, organization men working uncritically for the Defense Department as surely as if we had been employed by Litton Industries—the dynamic consortium that now includes the United States government. This morale-maintaining function, moreover, is backfiring on us now that times are hard in academe. Academic departments must contain within themselves the hostilities and anxieties that arise when budgets are cut and staff is reduced—a fairly general condition now—and this makes them hellish. A straight, authoritarian chain of command is much easier to fight than a group of colleagues. This is not to suggest that efforts to humanize work are not desirable; but, more fundamentally, being human is much more satisfying in times of prosperity than of adversity, when it may embrace some very nasty conduct indeed.

The task force would, I am sure, agree with this proposition and would point out that the measures it was recommending were intended precisely to reduce the adversity to which employees are now subjected and provide, instead, a substantially increased measure of dignity and security, from which greatly increased productivity might also, as an extra bonus, be expected to flow. Nobody can really argue against that; though anyone who has seen the movie *Miracle on 34th Street* may recall a certain queasiness at the turn of the plot that required him to believe that behaving more humanely was not only worthwhile for its own sake but also vastly more profitable in dollars and cents. This may well be true; but if it is, one would think that a society that has been obsessed with profit for so long would have discovered it long ago. Yet *Work in America* does contain the seeds of an explanation of this apparent paradox, though it never develops that explanation. One need not go much beyond the report's evidence to construct a plausible hypothesis as to why men continue to choose failure, frustration, and death instead of organizing their lives in such a way as to make self-fulfillment possible.

The stumbling block is, quite clearly, the indignation and even rage that are aroused in the breasts of those whose lives have been suffused by and subordinated to the



work ethic at the prospect that anybody else may now be given a better chance in life than they had. This grim political reality of *ressentiment* is visible enough in the pages of *Work in America*, though it is never stated as a general proposition. It is there, though, in the task force's discussion of the hostile delusions the American people cherish and act on about shiftless, black welfare bums—delusions that have less basis in reality than the monsters of science fiction, and probably very similar psychic sources. It is also there in this account:

> *The first major experiment in Norway [was] carried out in the metal-working industry, a critical but unproductive sector of the Norwegian economy. A dilapidated wire-drawing plant was chosen for the experiment on the ground that if improvements could be realized there, they could be achieved anywhere. But productivity increased so much due to job redesign that the experiment was suspended: the unskilled workers in the experiment had begun to take home pay packets in excess of the most skilled workers in the firm, thus engendering bitterness.*

And it is there in an anecdote about a foreman who exploded when he found a team of young cleaning workers reading or sleeping in the early-morning hours, after having finished their stint impeccably in five hours rather than eight, and of the paternal union steward who straightened them out: " 'The company has the right to expect eight hours work for eight hours pay. . . . They're spacing it out nicely now and everyone's happy,' he said, satisfied to have settled the grievance within the understood rules." It seems evident that in this case it is the older workers and their values, rather than management—which had no conceivable economic stake in this hassle—who are the source of the problem.

THROUGHOUT THE REPORT, it appears to me, the task force authors are reluctant to explore the role of working-class values and institutions in maintaining the alienation they deplore. They do not utterly neglect it; they note, as the fifth of five reasons for the reluctance of employers to move swiftly in the redesign of jobs, that "in some industries there is opposition from trade unions to the notion of job redesign," and follow this with a mildly critical assessment of the role of the trade unions. But that section begins with the statement: "Clearly, the prime responsibility for improving the quality of working life rests with employers." Indeed, I am struck by the failure of the task force to elucidate at any point the prime political role of working-class *ressentiment* in making such improvement a heroic task. Even when the report reflects some awareness of this obstacle, it appears to envision the wrong task. Altering the American mass attitudes that make humanization of work impossible is going to be less like cutting the Gordian knot than cleaning the Augean stables.

The reticence of the task force seems to me strange even if one attributes it to a sympathy amounting to bias for the difficulties of the working class. For the authors' own arguments make it very clear that *ressentiment* cannot, in any case, be something to blame people for; it is part and parcel of the whole problem of alienation that is the core of the task force's concern. For this very reason, it is a weakness in the report to underplay it. *Ressentiment* has become the fundamental fact of political life in mass industrial society. It is certainly not a peculiarly working-class attribute; it is rife among all people who have been obliged to abandon or falsify their own needs and aims in order to fill roles assigned to them by others more powerful than they. This is to some degree a universal experience; but it does not affect all members of society equally and develops most strongly among those who have invested more of themselves in becoming somebody else's tool. It is probably strongest among such people as salesmen, schoolteachers, policemen, clerks, and newspaper reporters—those who can neither go through their work in a state of mechanical detachment nor allow themselves to be fully human as they perform it. And, perfectly clearly, it is the meat on which our President feeds, that he is grown so great.

But it is among the working class that *ressentiment* is most fully institutionalized and expressed in conventional attitudes and political behavior. Racism in America is not so much an expression of host[ility] blacks as of resentment th[at] should now be receiving. [be]belatedly, compensatory tr[eat]ment that whites feel was never [giv]en them. Earlier on, Orientals w[ere] the target of equally virulent host[ility]. Herbert Hill, National Labor [Direc]tor of the NAACP, shows in [his] recent article, "Anti-Oriental A[gita]tion and the Rise of Working-Cla[ss R]ism," in the January/Februar[y is]sue of *Society*. Their image was [not] different; Orientals were seen [as] welfare bums—there being [no] welfare system to sustain them—but sly subhumans who traduc[ed] white workingman by ac[cep]ting wages he could not afford to [live] for. The issue was powerful [enough] to fuel the rise of Samuel G[ompers] himself a poor immigrant—to [the] position of founder and presi[dent] the AFL and sacred symbol [of] American labor movement.

It is hard to assess the actu[al] political force of *ressentiment* [in] United States. Campaigning [poli]cians assume that it is para[mount] and the social groups among [which] it is strongest are traditionally [re]garded as defenders of liber[ty]. deference to the democratic [pro]cess and in the teeth of the evidence. [Con]sequently, no clean test is ever [made]. The McGovern candidacy was [obv]iously swamped by *ressentiment*: [the] most American voters are just [pro]costive to accept a candidate [they] believed to be soft on pot and [pro]miscuity. But more qualified [voters] failed to vote than in any [previous] election; and no major candidate [who] is now likely to take the risk, [not] seeing who would vote for him. [Wallace] ran on a platform of pervasive [vilification] and wrote off in advance the [active] support of Daleys and Meanys [and] even of the tabloid dailies and [white]-collar meanies. The result would [be to] polarize the country, and this is [presu]med to be a terrible thing. To [refu]se the risk, however, is to accept [and] advance the dominance of [forces] that the working class itself is [now] about ready to outgrow. The [reforms] proposed in *Work in America* [would], if put into effect, help us all to [outgrow] them; meanwhile, the attitudes [and] values prevalent among the [working] force continue to constitute a [major] barrier to the humanization of [work], and one to which the authors of the report have given much less emphasis than is its due.



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No hunting she'd done before had prepared her for *this*—the glorious atavism of the Y.O. Ranch, the largest (125 square miles) private hunting grounds in the United States. It wasn't that Sandy disliked hunting. It was simply that it seemed so messy and unladylike. All that slogging around through the brambles, dodging rattlesnakes, sleeping overnight on the cold ground, running down an animal that someone else would probably beat you to anyway. But today, as Sandy rode around the Texas ranch with her squat husband Duley and their hulking guide Raymond Rhodes, she decided this was something a person could get into.

No longer was she just a dutiful wife keeping her husband company on his hill country safari 110 miles northwest of San Antonio. Now she wanted a trophy of her own, one that would make her children proud and friends envious. If Sandy had only known about "guaranteed hunting." If she had only known Raymond's pickup would make stalking game so civilized. If she had only known she could shoot in comfort without wrinkling her fine black slacks and attractive blouse, without messi- her neatly coiffed platinum h dirtying her brightly polished n was enough to make a thirt year-old wife and mother into ous big-game hunter.

Sandy took another look a two-tone antelope and recalled Raymond had told her earlie day: "In their native countri Pakistan and India blackbuck rare and endangered they ca hunted. But here at our ran $750 blackbucks are on sa $500 as part of the Y.O.'s Chri Special. I'd say you couldn't better hunting bargain anyw Now Sandy was ready to shoo only problem was she didn't h gun. So Raymond loaded hi

Roger Rapoport is a free-lance writer based in California. He is the author of The Great American Bomb Machine *and the coauthor of* Is the Library Burning?



POSSIBLY THE 'ORLD'S MOST INEXPENSIVE QUARTZ WATCH.

ırtz crystal and a micro-computer keep it accurate to within 15 seconds a month*.

: best of our knowledge, the Quartz is the most inexpensive atch in the world.
hile you pay less for a TIMEX, t mean you will get less. The Quartz Watch, programmed ac- within 15 seconds a month, is the world's most accurate

ke it extraordinarily accurate, with a tiny crystal of quartz.
electric current is passed this crystal, it vibrates exactly mes every second, so regularly ecomes the heart of an excep-tionally accurate time-keeping system.

To keep the watch accurate and dependable, we then incorporated this vibrating crystal of quartz into a highly sophisticated micro-computer system, packed with over 300 transistors.

The micro-computer system serves as the brain of the watch, to control its accuracy. If, for any reason, this accuracy should vary, the micro-computer system readjusts and restores the watch to its programmed accuracy. And the TIMEX Quartz Watch is engineered to be as rugged and dependable as you expect a TIMEX to be. The watch has an adjustable metal band and a water and dust resistant case. Equipped with an automatic day-date indicator and sweep second hand, it's powered by a replaceable energy cell† that lasts for a year, so you never have to wind it.

At $80 the TIMEX Quartz Watch is a tribute to American leadership in automation and electronic technology.

And chances are, if someone ever makes a less expensive quartz watch, it will probably be us.



THE TIMEX® QUARTZ WATCH. $80

Models illustrated. Above: 968602; Right: 969502.
*Regulation may be necessary to achieve this accuracy.
†We recommend genuine TIMEX Energy Cells. Other cells not meeting Timex specifications may cause a malfunction.

SMIRNOFF® VODKA. 80 & 100 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS. (DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN.) ©1973, HEUBLEIN, INCORPORATED, HARTFORD, CONN

The Grapeshot.

(A drink to things past.)

Remember how you used to race the neighbor kid home from school—and you'd get so thirsty you could drink the whole Mississippi? Then Mom would give you grape juice that left you with a nice purple moustache.

We thought about all that when we created the Grapeshot, a drink you might try sometime when you're feeling playful. If you haven't felt that way in a while, a purple moustache might help.



To make a Grapeshot, pour an ounce or so of Smirnoff in a glass with ice. Fill with grape juice. Garnish with lemon and orange wedges.

Smirnoff
leaves you breathless®

anded it to her. She slipped
ut of the cab and propped
miliar weapon across the
od. Sandy sighted the an-
rough the scope and lev-
at 200 yards with her first

this auspicious beginning
spent the next two days
ing the Gilchrists across the
st premises. His truck carved
s out of the rocky hills and
ws covered with mesquite,
and cedar. Sandy rode be-
ymond and Duley, who al-
hunched down to let her
gh a window at shootable

ilchrist did so well that by
f their third day she had a
e keeping all her accom-
s straight. When an inquis-
ter at the Y.O. chuckwagon
w she'd made out, Sandy
ounting on her fingers:
's see, I've got myself two
antelope, a Corsican ram,
llow deer, a whitetail deer.
oney, what was that other

lifted his balding head from
and opened a mouth full of
ed T-bone: "Hey, honey,
remember anything? It was
an axis deer." Sandy

s take, along with two sika
lackbuck, axis, and white-
t separately by Duley,
the Gilchrists' three-day
eleven trophies. The hunt
worth the $5,500 package
e Gilchrists felt, especially
it spared them all the un-
and dirty work. Raymond
rfect gentleman about field
all their animals, and he
each victim back to the
se where an eager crew of
ranch hands dressed the
. Also, Duley didn't have to
out driving home to Jack-
sissippi, with any cumber-
mals roped to his car hood.
. workers caped the heads
ped them to a taxidermist
ting. The meat from eight
imals was sent to a nearby
house for processing into
ops, sausage, and hambur-
e items were packed in dry
hen airfreighted to the Gil-
ome freezer. Even after tip-
mond with meat from three
mals, Duley figured he still

"You're a disgrace to the regiment," they said
as they tore the stripes from my arm.

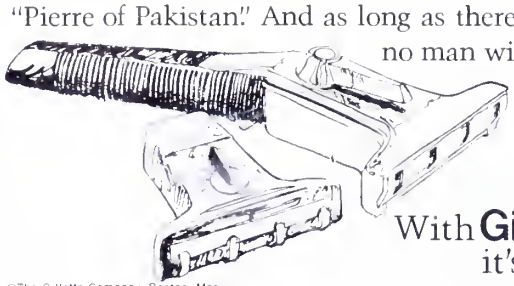
"Good-bye NICK"

My name was Pierre Ettienne La Rogue. But my fellow officers in the French Foreign Legion called me, "Nick." I can still hear their jeers as they pointed to the shaving nicks that decorated my face like medals of dishonor. And then that blackest of black days—I was drummed out of the Legion. "You're a disgrace, Nick," they said as they tore the stripes from my arms.



I wandered alone beneath the desert stars, pondering my fate. Suddenly, at an oasis, a mysterious bedouin slipped me a Gillette Techmatic® razor. I turned the lever to adjust it to my own individual face and beard. I discovered that instead of blades with sharp corners that can cut and nick my face, there's a continuous razor band. All safely enclosed in a cartridge so I will never have to touch a sharp edge again. And I even noticed the different feel of the Techmatic...the lightness, the balance. And I knew I would always get a smooth, safe shave.

I was restored to my regiment with honor and became known as "Pierre of Pakistan." And as long as there is a Gillette Techmatic... no man will ever again call me "Nick."



With GilletteTECHMATIC
it's good-bye Nick

©The Gillette Company, Boston, Mas

The 12 winners of the 1973 NBA.

ARTS AND LETTERS
ARTHUR M. WILSON
Diderot
Oxford University Press

BIOGRAPHY
JAMES THOMAS FLEXNER
George Washington:
Anguish and Farewell
(1793-1799)
Little, Brown and Company

CHILDREN'S BOOKS
URSULA LE GUIN
The Farthest Shore
(Illustrated by Gail Garraty)
Atheneum

CONTEMPORARY AFFAIRS
FRANCES FITZGERALD
Fire in the Lake:
The Vietnamese and the
Americans in Vietnam
Atlantic-Little, Brown

FICTION
JOHN BARTH
Chimera
Random House
JOHN WILLIAMS
Augustus
The Viking Press

HISTORY
ROBERT M. MYERS
The Children of Pride
Yale University Press
ISAIAH TRUNK
Judenrat
Macmillan

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION
SYDNEY E. AHLSTROM
A Religious History
of the American People
Yale University Press

POETRY
A. R. AMMONS
Collected Poems: 1951-1971
W. W. Norton & Company

THE SCIENCES
GEORGE B. SCHALLER
The Serengeti Lion:
A Study of
Predator-Prey Relations
University of Chicago Press

TRANSLATION
ALLEN MANDELBAUM
The Aeneid of Virgil
University of California Press



THE 24th ANNUAL
NATIONAL BOOK AWARDS

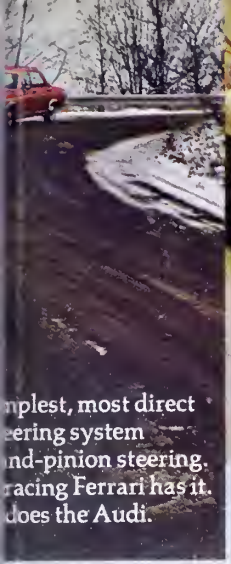
The National Book Committee, a non-profit membership corporation, administers the Book Awards Programs on behalf of four donor organizations: the American Booksellers Association, the Association of American Publishers, the Children's Book Council, and the National Association of College Stores.

had come out ahead: "In Missis
only one out of every five hu
even gets a shot at a deer. Only
one in twenty actually takes a
mal home. Here you can't miss
an investment man like myself
can't afford to take a two-week
ing vacation, that's a real plus

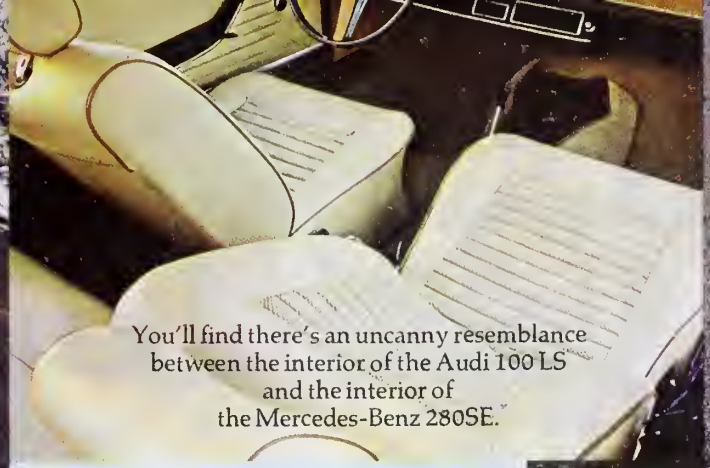
IT'S ALSO A PLUS for the Sen
Congressmen, governors,
nauts, movie stars, Iranian ro
and world-famous hunters who
to the Y.O. to stalk wild game
four continents. And the re
they come explain many o
changing patterns in the busin
killing big game. The primary
son is Y.O.'s "no kill—no pay"
antee. Beyond a basic roon
board charge of $20 to $30 per
the customers pay only for the
they take. And the reason Y.O.'
timillionaire owner, Charles S
ner III, can offer guaranteed hu
with confidence is that killing
at his ranch is about as ea
shooting fish in a barrel—pe
even a little easier.

Schreiner, a cherubic blo
man of forty-five, has devoted h
to building an ample supply
world's most prized big-game
mals, nurtured, bred, and cros
to perfection so that hunters
shoot them for their living r
Schreiner's highest priced iten
his 250 axis deer from India
two dozen specially bred Y.O.
that go for $1,000 apiece. Ea
the 750 blackbuck and 200
African aoudad sheep costs
Hunters who want one of the
Japanese and Manchurian sika
pay $500. The 250 southern
pean fallow deer go for $4
$500, depending on their color
$300 to $500 a hunter can
home one of 750 sheep from Co
Sardinia, or the West Indies.
10,000 native whitetail deer
$250 each. Another 7,000 Sp
and Angora goats, plus 6,000
wild turkeys, round out the
list at $100 per kill.

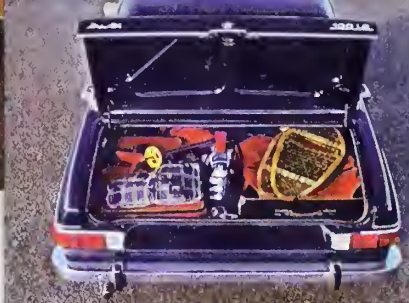
With more hunters crowdin
hunting land each year, it is ea
understand the growing popu
of well-stocked ranches like the
Between 1965 and 1970 the nu
of hunters shooting on private
serves nearly doubled, from 22
to 433,000, and most of them
the Texas ranches where native



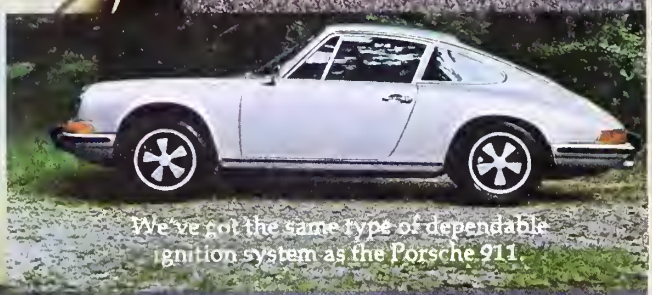
nplest, most direct
eering system
nd-pinion steering.
racing Ferrari has it.
does the Audi.



You'll find there's an uncanny resemblance between the interior of the Audi 100 LS and the interior of the Mercedes-Benz 280SE.



The Audi has the same amount of trunk space as the Lincoln Continental Mark IV. In fact, a little more.



We've got the same type of dependable ignition system as the Porsche 911.



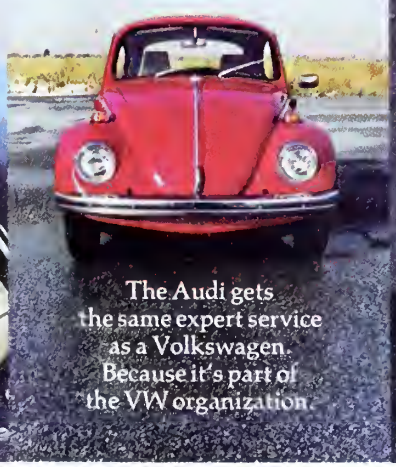
Both the Cadillac Eldorado and the Audi have front-wheel drive. But we had it first.



The Aston Martin has independent front suspension. So does the Audi.

et the size of the Audi on the outside
you about the size on the inside.
about the same headroom and legroom
he Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow.





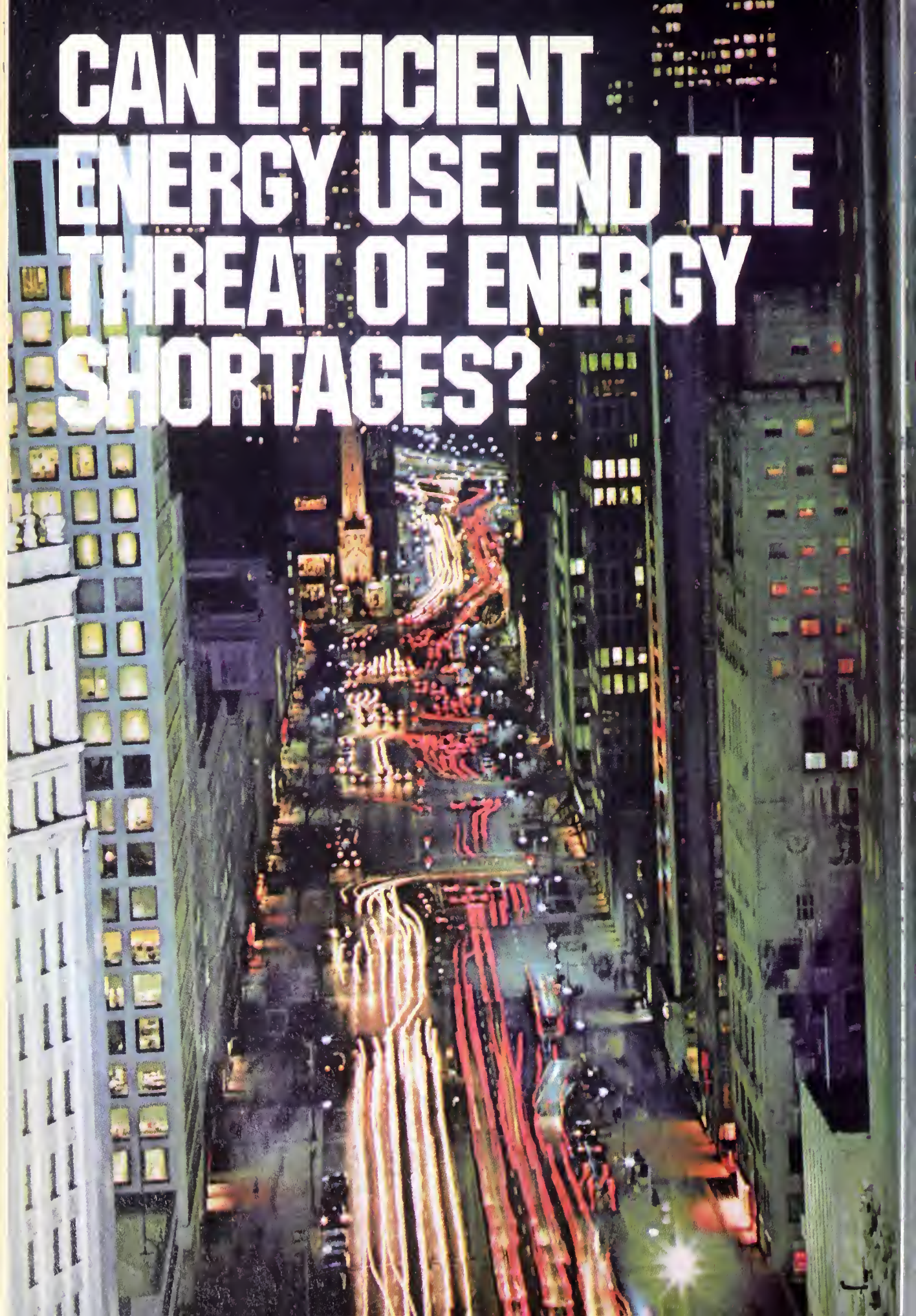
The Audi gets the same expert service as a Volkswagen. Because it's part of the VW organization.

The Audi®
It's a lot of cars for the money.

cars. $4,260.

Suggested retail price East Coast P.O.E. for 100LS $4,260. Leatherette upholstery optional, at extra cost. West Coast P.O.E. slightly higher. Local taxes and other dealer delivery charges, if any, additional.

CAN EFFICIENT ENERGY USE END THE THREAT OF ENERGY SHORTAGES?



**FICIENT USE OF ENERGY
AN'T END THE THREAT
ENERGY SHORTAGES.**

IT IT CAN HELP.

**IE ERA OF ABUNDANT
W-COST ENERGY-ONCE
KEN FOR GRANTED
AMERICA-IS OVER.**

**LOF US SHOULD BE
OUGHTFUL IN OUR USE
ENERGY.**

**EN MORE IMPORTANT,
E NEED TO DEVELOP
W ENERGY SOURCES
RE AT HOME.**

most American cities and
s, the lights went on every
ing last winter.
ost homes, most schools, most
es and factories, had enough
. Most planes and trains had
gh fuel.
t not all.
uring the winter of 1972-73,
y Americans actually expe-
ced shortages of natural gas,
ain heating oils, jet fuel,
el fuel.
hat can this country and its
ens do to avoid more wide-
ad shortages, more serious
tages?

hat you can do.

ll Americans can help stretch
energy supplies by a few simple,
ty practices:
se mass transit if it's available,
avel in car pools.

• Save on gasoline by keeping car engines tuned.
• Turn off lights, radio and television when they're not in use.
• Improve insulation and weather stripping for more efficient heating and cooling at home.
• Try to keep your thermostat setting at 72 degrees. Above that (for heating) or below that (for air conditioning), costs and energy consumption rise significantly.

What we're doing.

The petroleum industry is extending supplies by using energy more efficiently in our own operations.

We are large energy consumers. With new equipment, what once escaped as useless heat will be harnessed to turn turbines and generate steam.

With heat exchangers, we're making our energy do more work than ever before.

We're increasing domestic supplies by recovering more oil and natural gas from existing fields and from wells once considered depleted.

This is done by augmenting natural pressures inside the earth: using injected water, gas, chemicals, liquefied gas or heat.

These techniques have the potential to produce as much oil, the second time around, as the field originally produced; in some cases, even more.

Better recovery methods can get a significant portion of the 300 billion barrels of oil in the United States that cannot be extracted with present technology.

New energy sources needed.

But conservation is only part of the answer

The most important part of the solution is to develop energy sources of all kinds in our own country, where they can be depended upon.

Today, 77% of all our energy, including nearly 40% of our electricity, comes from oil and natural gas.

They will be our primary sources of energy for the next critical decade or longer.

Top priority: more oil and gas.

There is a pressing need to increase domestic supplies of oil and natural gas, and to build new refineries, terminals, and other facilities to get products to consumers.

The United States will not "run out" of energy in the near future. Nonetheless, all Americans can help conserve our precious supplies.

Moreover, because of the long lead time required to develop new energy sources, we cannot safely delay action that could increase those supplies.

The need is real, and so is the urgency.

To help you save energy, we've prepared a basic booklet, "A Guide to Efficient Energy Use In the Home." Write to Dept. HH, American Petroleum Institute, 1801 K Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006 for your free copy.

A COUNTRY THAT RUNS ON OIL CAN'T AFFORD TO RUN SHORT.

THE OIL COMPANIES OF AMERICA

and exotics abound. No one, however, has done a better job of perfecting hunting technology than Charlie Schreiner. His ranch is so big that most other private hunting preserves could fit inside one of its forty-nine pastures, and its picturesque longhorns and rolling terrain have backdropped numerous "Marlboro Country" cigarette ads.

Charlie's grandfather founded the Y.O. nearly a century ago as an ordinary cattle, sheep, and goat ranch, albeit one of the largest in central Texas. Schreiner originally began buying surplus exotics from zoos and raising his own herds as a hobby. But seventeen years ago he decided to turn his pets into a harvestable crop, and now hunters pay him several hundred thousand dollars a year to kill his animals, almost as much as he earns from the humdrum livestock.

The heaviest slaughter at the Y.O. occurs from mid-November to early January during the whitetail deer season, which is set by the state. The exotics, however, are Charlie's personal property, so they can be hunted year round without a permit. Not to extinction, of course. Schreiner's full-time staff of thirty includes a biologist who helps set annual kill quotas for each species. During 1972 the quota for all species came to about 500. "We can come ridiculously close to the number of animals we want to shoot," says ranch manager Robert Snow. Whenever there is a surplus of one variety, the Y.O. uses mass merchandising to halt the population explosion. Does, for example, which normally run $50 apiece, went on sale at three for $90 in 1971.

AFTER RISING at five o'clock each morning, the hunters drive a couple of hundred yards to the chuckwagon where they breakfast with their guides. These men shadow their guests from morning to night, driving the hunters across the ranch by truck or open Jeep. No hunting is allowed on foot. To avoid accidents and prevent competition, only one party is assigned to a pasture at a time. Hunters can load and shoot only with the guide's express consent.

The Y.O. men are also expected to restrain guests from shooting most smaller animals; whitetail bucks, for example, can't be taken unless they have at least eight points on their horns. Ranch publicist Hal Swiggett explains: "We're selling trophy animals, so naturally quality control is important to us. We don't let a man kill something unless we think he can hang it in his office with pride. After all, our name is on it too."

Another complication for the guides arises with hunters who come after specific trophies. Rudi Bollwein, a twenty-eight-year-old roofer from Queens, New York, flew to Texas this past December intent on taking a pair of Y.O. deer antlers big enough to win first prize in the annual contest run by his hunting club back home. As Rudi explained to his guide Donnie Hilburn, "I've got to have a ten-point to beat another guy in the club who already got an eight-point at a preserve in Canada."

For hours they circled the east and middle feed pastures in Donnie's red pickup. Rudi, who had a red stocking cap pulled down over his blond hair, was frustrated: "You know, I've looked at more bucks here in one day than I've seen in eight years of hunting in New York State. But I've got to find a ten-pointer." Suddenly Rudi jumped out of his seat: "God, will you look at the spread on that thing." He immediately began sighting through his rifle scope. Donnie brought his truck to a halt and took a long look through his binoculars: "Sorry, Rudi, it's only a four-pointer."

That same month, guide Tiny Arbuckle was helping Sheila Link find herself a turkey over in the south 640 pasture. The raven-haired mother of four from Bradley Beach, New Jersey, had spent the early part of the morning inside a turkey blind just twenty-five yards away from a turkey feeder. Tiny was dumbfounded: "Can't understand it at all, Sheila. Hundreds of turkeys have been taken out of that blind. Why, a lot of people have even shot prize bucks that made the mistake of nibbling on the turkey feed."

Tiny, a Chattanooga gun-shop salesman who is big enough to play middle linebacker in the NFL, saves all his vacation time so he can guide at the Y.O. every December. Like the other guides, he makes $30 a day plus a $20 bonus for each exotic killed by one of his hunters. As he drove his open Jeep up and down the chilly pasture, Tiny kept turning to Sheila and saying: "This is di lous. We've got to find you a r to go with that whitetail yo yesterday."

But despite a relentless ar Tiny was unable to find Sheila t key before they had to adjo the chuckwagon for lunch. V all the other hunters at the wagon had kills to talk about was no surprise, since 98 per all Y.O. guests take a trophy. Hartwell, Jr., a young sportsw ecutive from Hartwell, Georg taken two whitetails. Marvin dress, a mustachioed General man out of Houston, was we fied with his Corsican ram. bartender Randy Barton had himself one of those sikas on th Christmas Special. Even Ruc wein had given up his huntin trophy dream and settled for a ly nice pair of eight-point w bucks. They're too small to ta prize, but they'll look good wall." The only hunter who out completely was E. C. Bra eighty-four-year-old Dallas who had failed to take the was after. But his son, who Dallas violin shop, more tha pensated for this lapse by ta whitetail and a sika.

ALTHOUGH SCHREINER IS gratified by the success hunters, he is never satisfie the ranch. He continually int new animals, like zebras, sabl peacocks. The Y.O. abounds w and endangered species, in banteng cattle, damagazelle, tar-horned oryx, and barasing There are also four varieties cious antelope—addax, ge eland, and greater kudu. M these animals are isolated nonhunting preserves, "Af and "Deer Park," where sig can take guided tours for $ other animals wander freely the ranch, and guides must ma their hunters don't hit them takes are costly. During th two years, hunters acci knocked off two of the Y.O. Manchurian sika sires wort sands of dollars apiece.

Schreiner tries to be phil cal about such mishaps. years ago a $10,000 bull el rived, charged off the trailer, broke his neck. Schreiner's r

the point: "Hurry up and
, boys. Let's get him into
ng pan." Ranch manager
now has a similar attitude:
cally a neighbor will report
ur axis or sikas has escaped
property. Sometimes we'll
p the animal and sometimes
the neighbor to shoot the
depends on how busy we
e time."

ner constantly inspects new
offered by zoos and other
Giraffes and elephants are
under consideration. One
purchase three ostriches
ncher fell through when the
d to catch the birds with a
l ended up strangling them.
e of the nation's largest
of exotic creatures. Schrei-
many animals himself, even
ey often bring in less money
n his hunters pay for them
metimes he gives exotics
hill country neighbors, like
Lyndon Johnson, who lived
xty miles east of the Y.O.
r and several of his Texas
riends have also been work-
ead off the extinction of
k antelope in their native
India and Pakistan. They
ped small blackbuck herds
hese countries for repopula-

.O. makes important chari-
tributions to local causes as
ery year, nearby service
und up 100 orphans and
m out to shoot their first
ee. The boys hunt Y.O. does
the morning and then come
special church service. After
diction, those orphans who
illing a doe the first time
re given a second chance.
ately, Schreiner wasn't able
the orphans in this past
s. His 1971 doe sale was
ssful, and the ranch is cur-
agued by a shortage.

gh children down to the age
ave hunted successfully at
some show signs of remorse.
e man shot a doe several
, his son cried out: "You
mbi." Nonetheless, everyone
anch believes that hunting
haracter in young people.
aymond Rhodes, who used
puty sheriff in nearby Kerr-
s: "This is a great place for
be. You don't find kids that
unt out peddling dope." □

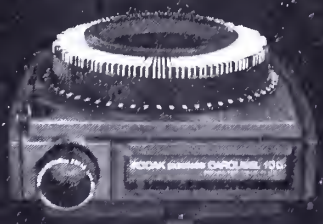


Travel light.

Do it right with the Kodak pocket Instamatic 60 camera. The one that won't weigh you down, yet gives you all the features you could ask for.

Like the built-in automatic exposure control for taking pictures indoors and out. Plus a superb 4-element *f*/2.7 Ektar lens. Even a coupled range-finder for extra-precise focusing.

The Pocket 60 takes the little 110-size drop-in film cartridge. You get big, sharp 3½- x 4½-inch color prints. Or Pocket color slides that are only about one-inch square.



To show these little slides at their best, there's the Kodak pocket Carousel projector. It's only a little over 8-inches square. Yet the slide tray holds 120 slides. (You can also show Pocket slides on a 2 x 2 projector using special slide adapters and, preferably, a 2½ or 3" lens.)

See the Pocket 60 at your photo dealer's. It's less than $138. Price subject to change without notice.

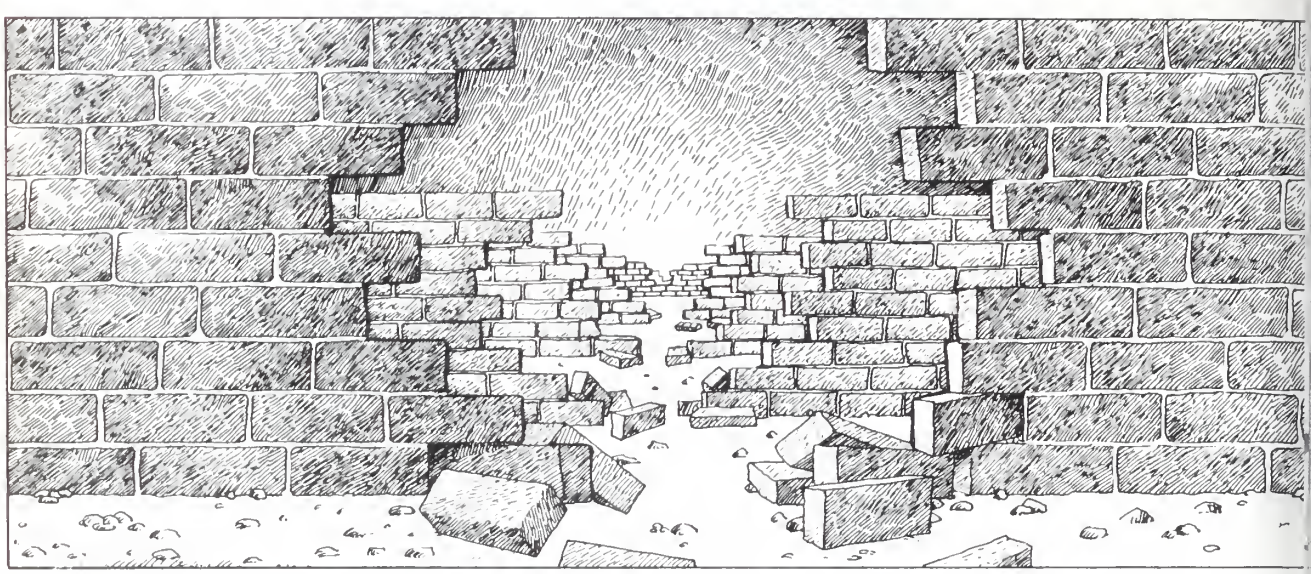
Kodak pocket Instamatic® 60 camera.

Kodak

Winifred Rosen

DOWN THE UP STAIRCASE

Upside down at the Arica Institute



WHEN MY SISTER WAS EIGHT and I was six we asked my father, a psychoanalyst, whether he believed in God. He said he didn't. My sister disapproved of his telling the truth, saying that if he didn't, she couldn't. I felt relieved to have the matter settled once and for all.

Influenced by my father, in whom I continued to believe, I acquired the tendency to categorize people as sick or well, balanced or unbalanced, according to his neo-Freudian criteria. These distinctions, however, caused me great ambivalence, for being sick (a state I considered roughly analogous to "bad") was obviously more fascinating than being well, since it enjoyed so much of my father's attention.

Eventually the distinctions became absurd. Everyone I knew or heard about fell on the sick side of the sick-well boundary. It seemed there was no well, only varying degrees of sickness. Moreover, having assimilated to some extent the Freudian model (in addition to my at-home training I had three years of psychotherapy and three years of analysis), it was impossible for me to overlook the fact of my own frequent craziness: I was forgetful and accident-prone, I suffered from free-floating anxiety, guilt, depressions, and ambivalence. Much of my behavior seemed unmistakably mad. But this knowledge was useless. Knowing I was mad did not prevent me from behaving madly. It simply made me think about it more.

Then one day I stumbled, shoved by a psychedelic drug, into a reality uncolored by any of my former attitudes. I felt intimately connected to an exquisitely baroque scheme of things lying just beyond the edge of my ordinary projections. I knew I was all right and that everyone around me was all right. True, we spent most of our time in the prison of our habitual perceptions, but all we had to do to get out was give up our conventional descriptions of reality. It seemed at the time a simple enough task.

Soon after my first glimpse of the Kingdom I gave up meat and started doing yoga. I also read an assortment of mystical literature (the *Bhagavad-Gita*, Lao-tzu, the Bible, books on the Sufis, the Tarot, etc.) and became absorbed, along with my friends, in speculations about altering our consciousness by means other than drugs. I tried learning to meditate, to stay in the moment. But I still suffered from irrational anxiety and depression and still felt paralyzed by ambivalence.

For some time I had heard vague reports that a Bolivian guru named Oscar Ichazo had been getting people high without drugs. He had e in Arica, Chile, then come t town Manhattan with fo American disciples to establi Arica Institute of North A Inc.

I had been traveling for mo a year and was living in Gua when some ecstatic letters r me from a friend in New Yo said Arica was transforming h It was like being high on acid time. Without acid. My o seemed fragmented and disor by comparison. Tired of from place to place without a purpose, I craved the structu cipline, certainty, and clea that Arica offered.

The destination that Arica ised was "The Permanent "basic satori" experience th posedly anyone can attain b the correct techniques. As de in an Arica brochure, it is " of inner and outer peace, j harmony" that we dimly r from childhood. The numero Arica relies considerably on t physical system popularized b jieff.* The specific exercis

Winifred Rosen is a free-lance writer and the author of several books for children.

* And explained in some d John Lilly, the dolphin expert book *The Center of the Cyclon ography of Inner Space*, which his experiences in Oscar's ten-mo training.

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techniques that transport one along the path are said to be synthesized from several disciplines, ancient and modern, Eastern and Western. At the end, said the brochure, lay an "integration of mind, emotion, and body which is man's natural condition."

There were some impediments to my getting involved with Arica. The first was the cost, $3,000. I didn't have $3,000 to spare, and anyway I'd always heard that true masters do not take money in exchange for enlightenment. I later rationalized my objections to the price—it was cheaper than a year of analysis, after all, and payable in installments—but I never succeeded in overcoming the initial intuitive resistance I felt to the personalities and values of the people who ran Arica. My first response to Oscar's followers was that they weren't serious people. Certainly they didn't *talk* like serious people. Most of the time, in fact, they didn't talk at all. When they did, they used a jargon reminiscent of conversations between Houston Mission Control and Apollo XI.

"I'm in my point. No conservation whatsoever."

"What do you have in Goals, Elimination?"

"Method."

"I've got Orientation."

"Stay in your Kath."

They seemed to love to dance, gaze into each other's eyes, and massage each other's bodies. Perhaps the most attractive thing about them was their unselfconscious narcissism.

THE THIRD ARICA TRAINING began when one of the original "Chile Group" stood before us, right index finger pointing to heaven, left index finger pointing to the earth, and declared: "In the name of God, Only One, this training is opened." Then we raised cupped hands to our hearts, bowed solemnly, and sang "Om," a salutation to God and our essences that I would repeat before and after the exercises, meditations, and prayers that filled my life for the next eight months. I had found the structure I had craved.

The women trainers seemed to own an endless assortment of transparent body stockings and elegant floor-length skirts. The men trainers came in flowered shirts, multicolored bell-bottoms, and jump suits, their hair cut short, faces clean shaven.

It was already understood th trainers had broken through conditioned egos. They were n er distracted by subjective op and emotional interpretations. were "in essence." The exercise taught us were to nourish o sences, which were hidden the shadows of our egos. The e represents pure being—cons ness without experience, w thought, without the notion of a Ego was said to be the result o cation and conditioning, con of words in the mind that do fleet "objective" reality.

The trainers explained that a as there is tension in the m there will be uncontrolled verb tivity in the mind. In the morni meditated and did gym.

Monday Morning Meditatio sit cross-legged (preferably i lotus, ankles on thighs), straight, chins tucked in, sto relaxed. A trainer sits before u closed.

"The day," he says, "is M The planet is the moon. The c silver. The spirit is assimilati

"Step one: Zero. Observe th with detachment." I try to vi silver, but all I get is black threads of red and green. An sional purple splotch.

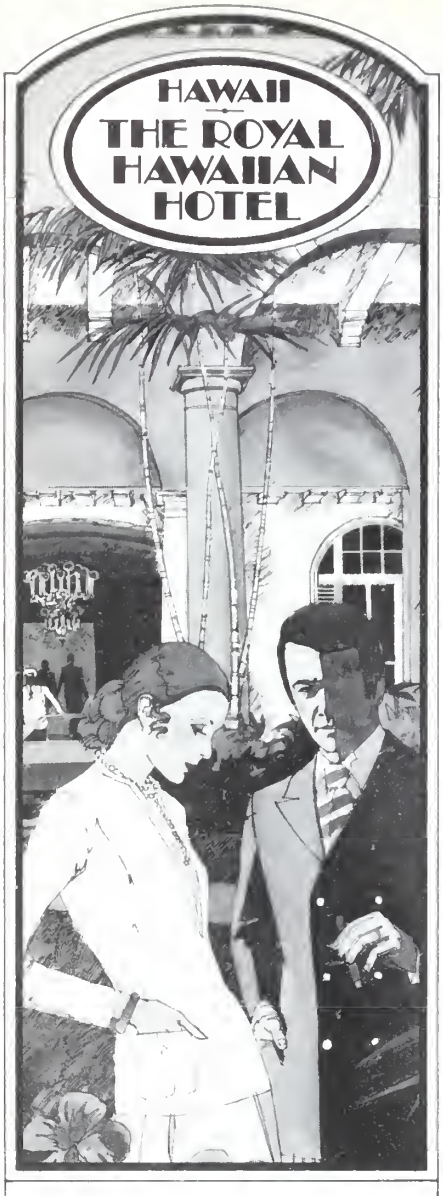
"Step two: Vibration. Expe the color in your body." Si imagine, has a delicate, quick b tion. Very subtle. My body be itch in many places.

"Step three: Empathy. Yo the color are equal." That's am silver, silver is me.

"Step four: Absorption. your body to absorb the col picture silver moon rays stre down through the top of my filling me up feetfirst like wate ing into a glass. When the sub reaches my shoulders it runs into my fingers. Fun.

"Step five: Generalization. nalize the color onto your sur ings." I am sitting in a little silver that expands to fill the the building, the city. I pict earth with a silver shadow spr slowly to cover its surface. It i filling the solar system, the My back is killing me.

"Step six: Fixation. Retra color and fix it in the bon blood." Gradually the ballo flates. The sun appears, against a blue sky. The silver



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owly off the earth's surface, clear now, the Pacific turning is like peeling the tinfoil off wrapper: Ohio, Pennsylvania, ew Jersey, Manhattan, the , the room. My little pool dis- nside my bones the marrow rs.

seven: Back to Zero. Con- the color." The black behind has turned into something ing a TV test pattern. My left completely asleep.

ng sounds and we all sing

we would do two hours of oga asanas, calisthenics, bal- was my favorite part of the . It made me stronger, looser, —visible progress.

were many other exercises. was filled with them. From ment of waking to late at e did nothing but "objective" s. All day, seven days a week, e months. And we were fre- waiting for the breaks be- e exercises were so boring to

VERE TOLD it was our egos were bored. Our egos, the insisted, were not us. Our ities—everything we had al- ought of as unique and spe- ut ourselves—were simply a n of mechanical responses. avior conformed to predict- tterns; our minds trolleyed llowing the route and sched- grammed by our experience ty. The exercises, however, pposed to work despite the ned patterns. Whether or not ieved in them or expected work was irrelevant. It didn't hat I was bored by them. All do was *do* them. They were ve."

I was in my Kath, they said, ng would be fine. The Kath three "vital energy centers" body, located four finger- elow the navel. When the wake, energy from the earth to it and across the body. hen connected with the uni- grounded on the planet." If my Kath I would be guided instincts, products of "mil- years of evolutionary wisdom o our bodies."

the Kath is asleep—as it is twentieth-century Americans —the Mind Center, or Path, tries to take control by constructing an ego out of words. But unlike the Instinctual Center (the Kath), "the ego is not capable of steering the ship." It is not "in reality." Ideally, the Mind Center is clear, free of verbal activity, an observer. A third center, the Oth, located in the heart, should experience "essential feelings": serenity, humility, equanimity. But when the Kath is asleep and the ego is in control, the Oth merely reflects the ego's false "passions": anger, pride, envy.

To clear our heads of the accumulated rubbish of social conditioning, we did Kine (pronounced "kinney") Rhythms. Eyes closed, you are supposed to move a rock in a complicated series of circles while silently repeating a *mantram* (phrase)—three repetitions per circle of rock, three circles to a breath. The object is to move the rock as slowly as possible, the speed being determined by how long you can manage not to breathe. While moving the rock and repeating the *mantram*, you strive to hold certain mental images. During the first three circles, for example, you have in mind the *mantram*, the rock, and the image of your right knee. For the second series of three circles you think about the *mantram*, the rock, your right knee, and the orbit of the rock. In the last series, your mind contains all of the above, plus the visualization of a little white light going around inside your head. A Kine Rhythm consists of six sets of nine circles (or 162 repetitions of the *mantram*).

The exercise was supposed to occupy one's entire mind. But with a little practice, I noticed that the train of my thought kept going slightly to one side of the circling rock without drastically disrupting the rhythm. It impressed me that my mind could contain all the detailed instructions and still persist in grinding out its own useless ticker tape of associations. During breaks I'd watch the trainers, all in full-lotus with astonishingly straight spines and serene expressions, leisurely moving their rocks. The summer twilight would deepen gradually during the second two-hour session, and only the occasional clatter of a fallen rock would disturb the stillness.

By the sixth week my life was entirely taken up by the training. The morning work was now done at home. My first conscious act upon awaken-



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ing was the "bed Woosoo" (a sponge bath under the covers), followed by the cold shower Woosoo, chanting, meditation, gym. The morning finished with two hours of Tantrayana yoga designed to awaken specific energy centers in the spine. From early afternoon to late at night, the group chanted, breathed, meditated, did Kine, danced, heard lectures or readings, exchanged massages and observations about their egos. Saturdays were free, but we observed Objective Silence, an exercise to teach us the difference between subjective or "inessential" thoughts and objective needs. We were allowed to say only what was absolutely necessary. "Pass the salt" was all right; "How are you feeling?" was not. Done correctly, the exercise had the effect of cutting us off from friends outside the training. On Sundays we met at 8:00 A.M. in Central Park for two hours of walking prayers. (One of the prayers went, "I listen and I obey," and was repeated while climbing a long hill. The men climbed the hill only once, but the women were required to do it three times because they listen well but do not obey.) A party followed in the afternoon—attendance required. Our prescribed diet was high in protein, especially lean meat, and low in carbohydrates. Pork, crab, and rodents were prohibited ("we do not want to absorb their low, fearful vibrations"), as were white sugar, alcohol, and psychedelics. The training seemed to stretch endlessly behind me and before me.

A MONTH INTO THE TRAINING, Oscar had appeared for the first time to inform us that we were being "pressurized," "brought to a boil." At the time I was in a strong simmer, which increased as the weeks passed. The exercises were boring, the trainers impossibly narcissistic, and I was being ripped off. My Kath refused to awaken, and the failure to get into (or even near) it was producing a steady decrease in my self-confidence. I doubted everything, including the idea that the members of the Chile Group were free of ego, in touch with each other's essential selves, and operating from their Kaths. My doubts about the trainers made it hard for me to accept their authority and do the exercises with any expectation of success.

In Oscar's scheme, though, my doubts were merely *chicherero*, Spanish for the chirping of crickets. The more threatened my ego became, the more *chicherero* it produced. Protoanalysis was needed to overcome my troublesome ego.

Protoanalysis begins with the assignment of one's ego to one of nine possible types or "fixations." It is important to know the exact "mechanism" of one's own personal fixation because only through attentive observation of this mechanism can one detach oneself from it.

Unlike the Essence, which is a unique expression of "divine consciousness," the ego manifests itself according to one of nine limited, mechanical patterns. Each ego type has a corresponding passion or mood that is said to dominate the thinking and behavior of the people stuck in the fixation. According to the rules of Protoanalysis, the ego moves from passion to passion according to certain predetermined laws, but always returns to the spot where it was "fixated" sometime between the ages of four and eight.

The nine fixations are divided into three groups: the Being Group, the Living Group, and the Doing Group. Egos in the Being Group lack identities and are continually searching for models in an effort to learn how to be. And because they lack the instinct of Conservation, they do not know how to take care of themselves. The Living Group egos know who they are but lack the instinct of Relations. They cannot relate to other people and therefore do not enjoy their lives. People in the Doing Group have identities and lots of friends but are lacking the instinct for "attunement" with things, known as Syntony. Because they cannot tell what's going on, they don't know what to do.

In a series of lectures, we were introduced to the basic vocabulary of Protoanalysis and encouraged to try to figure out which fixation we belonged to. We would probably be wrong, they said. Meanwhile, the trainers were diagnosing our "fixes" on the basis of a multiple-choice questionnaire filled out earlier, an interview held in the second week, and their observations of our daily behavior. The decisions of the trainers would then be checked and corrected by Oscar himself, who, it was said, could tell someone's fixation by looking at his photograph.

I had entered the training with five friends. Four of u been in psychoanalysis, three writers, one a film directo formed a distinct group th trainers referred to as "the New Critics." The rest of the ranged in age from twenty to Quite a few people came fro West Coast, mostly from Bi bringing scores of children with to New York. They seemed e different from the Easterners beautifully blond, and well-m they played music instead of tuition. For years they had be ing in the hills with little mor their own minds to look at, lots of psychedelics in vast, spaces. They were spaced.

The Big Sur musicians were good as the New York Crit guessing their fixations; five Critics guessed theirs correctly sixth objected briefly to being fied a Stinge until the rest of held the diagnosis.

I had been certain that I Venge. This ego type is charact by a preoccupation with injusti a passion for vengeance that gets turned against oneself. A ber of the Being Group, the doesn't know who he is and fore, attempting to formulate a tity, accumulates vast amounts formation about other people. are continually reviewing the havior, discovering and "veng themselves for their mistakes. me, I thought, like a cast-iron and the trainers agreed.

If, instead of compulsively r ing the past, I were "in the mo and in my Kath, no words clutter the perfect mirror of my A steady stream of vital e would flow across my body would experience perfect equili and oneness with all things. I a state, the true substance of would be revealed, their form ceived without distortion. I wo aware of all possibilities, my im would be correct, and I would exactly the right method for d with everything—keeping only was needed, eliminating the would then escape from the pri my habitual perceptions and permanently in the Kingdom. out of ego myself, I would no sider other people's egos and instead make contact with th sences. Love would be possibl


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EGO REDUCTIONS BEGAN in the eighth week and lasted ten days. We would collect our meditation cushions and sit facing one another in two large circles, a candle burning in the center of the grass-green carpet. The person about to be "reduced" would take a moment to fix his concentration on a complicated *mantram* that he would repeat to himself throughout the ceremony. He would then signal his partner to begin the attack.

"Your eyes have a shifty, mean look and your eyebrows meet in the middle like a werewolf's."

"*Shutati shumawi, shutati shumawi.*" (The *mantram.*)

"Tension around your mouth . . . your front teeth are crooked and there's a pimple hiding in the crease of your left nostril."

"*Shumawi shumawi shumawi. Shutati shutati.*"

"Let's see. Your body needs a lot of work. You hate your body—"

"*Shutati shutati shutati, shumawi shumawi shumawi.*"

"—because it's so hairy."

When a reduction disrupted the rhythm of one's *mantram* (indicating "a hit") he would signal for the attack to stop, lie down with his hands over his Kath, and attempt to empty his mind.

Reductions went on for hours, focusing on various predilections:

"You always loved your father and competed with your mother for his attention."

"*Shutati shumawi, shutati shumawi.*"

"So you're always aggressively competing with all women for the attentions of all men. You're a snob."

"*Shutati*—"

"And a groupie."

"—*Shumawi.*"

Since I am a Venge, I found the reductions especially painful. Venges are heavily into self-disgust anyway. Though most reductions fell flat (people usually lacked insight, courage, or both), some of the New York Critics were extremely effective. I dreaded being reduced by them.

I hoped I would find relief from my self-disgust in the Desert. Late one night in the middle of July, I emptied my bedroom of everything but the bed and hung a sheet over the tapestry on one wall. In the corner I stored my provisions for three days: fresh and dried fruit, nuts, bread, cheese, apple juice, water, and three packs of cigarettes. I had difficulty falling asleep and arose an hour later than the schedule called for, Woosooed, and ate a few figs. After some phlegmy chanting, I meditated briefly and did a desultory gym. As the hours crawled by I got progressively more anxious and depressed, unable to concentrate on the eleven and a half hours of mental yoga we had been assigned to do each day. My mind was racing out of control, my body ached.

At midnight on the third night, a trainer named Steve arrived to take me out of the Desert. The room was dark and close. The candle, which smoked slightly, illuminated only a small circle in the center of the floor, leaving the corners in shadow. We sat opposite each other, the candle between us. Steve put on a brown nylon hood whose purpose, he said, was to render him anonymous. It was wrinkled from having been in his pocket, fit close around his face, hung down over his shoulders, and projected a weird shadow onto the wall behind. Its effect was to make me feel slightly giddy, embarrassed by the hocus-pocus.

We saluted God and our Essences with an "Om," did some chanting to get us into our Kaths, and commenced an exercise called Trespaso: staring into each other's left eye. Throughout the Trespaso we were supposed to repeat the *mantram* "Holy Love" internally, keep our attention in our Kaths, and empty our Paths so as to be "clear channels for the reception and transmission of pure energy."

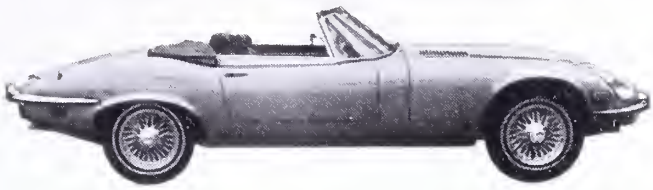
Following his lead I tried not to blink. After three or four minutes my eyes were tearing profusely and his face went through a series of distortions. I hallucinated changing fields of color emanating from his head. He lost his identity, changed sex, aged, regressed. Eventually the pain in my knees broke my concentration. I shifted my hand slightly, and he signaled for the exercise to end.

DURING THE LAST WEEKS of the training we did variations on the Trespaso exercise with everyone in the school. Experiencing all this intense "essential contact," after three months of preparation, was supposed to have gotten the whole group permanently high. But I didn't feel high. I could sit quietly cross-legged for several hours and I was in great physical shape. My head, however, was filled with words—the interpretations, judgments, and opinions of my despised ego. I wasn't in ecstasy. I was in Venge—punishing myself for failing to get high. Three months and $3,000 had succeeded, it seemed, in making me miserable.

On the last night of the training Oscar addressed the full Arica community (about 150 people) on the subject of our "mission" to humanity and the future of the school. Subjectively, as we had been told earlier, had to do with inner unity and therefore projecting that duality onto all things. The ecological crisis is a result of such "dualistic reasoning." Man sees himself as separate from nature and opposes it; in trying to conquer nature he destroys it. In order to survive, humanity must now make the evolutionary leap to a higher level of awareness. We must learn to perceive that in reality there are no contradictions, that change occurs not because of conflict but because all things naturally mutate according to objective laws. Responding to humanity's need, Arica would soon offer a new, cheap, extremely effective training called the Open Path. All of us had been—and would continue to be—retrained to teach it. He then gave us two weeks off.

In September Oscar put us on salary. Then he announced that the whole school was "asleep." Many people, particularly the ones who had Chile who thought they'd been in *satori* for two years, needed a month or two to adjust to the news. But the sudden reversal Oscar forced us to admit what was obviously true—that we hadn't achieved "The Permanent 24." It was a powerful reassertion of his authority. The training, he said, had succeeded in bringing us closer to reality, but we still had a long way to go.

In a series of three-hour lectures he then gave a detailed description of the "levels of consciousness," particularly the lower, subjective levels where we were supposed to be. Basically, subjectivity is a hell composed of seven levels or more "spaces," each of which has its own characteristic topography. The lowest levels—where most people in the world hang out—are prisons of ignorance, fear, and belief. The sleep in these spaces is very deep. Waking up, or getting high, entails journeying up through the levels of sub-



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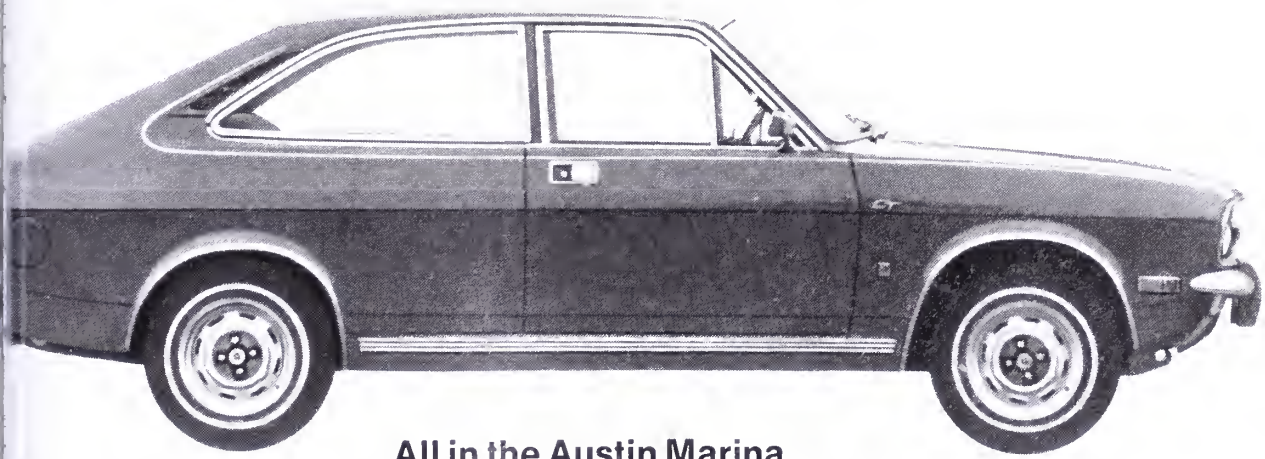
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tive awareness. This is done through the elimination of beliefs, which causes disillusionment and pain. The higher you get, in fact, the more painful it is. That is why most people never embark on the journey, or are forced to turn back before completing it. The upper levels of hell (those closest to "awake" consciousness) are dangerous states of disequilibrium and psychosis. Because they threaten society they can be tolerated only within the supporting structure of a school.

My own inner experience was unexpectedly confirmed for the first time in many weeks. Now it was all right to be miserable. Miserable was high.

In order to eliminate all beliefs, because it is beliefs that keep us out of reality, we began meeting in groups of nine to "process Karma." The work of the groups was to see past experiences objectively and learn the lessons they contained. We concentrated on the "charged" incidents of our lives, particularly those related to sex.

No one knew quite what Oscar was driving at in his first lecture on sex, but there was a shadow of disapproval that made us all uneasy. In the next lecture, he gave it to us straight: we used orgasmic sex in a vain attempt to remedy the painful lack of unity within ourselves. We try to complete ourselves spiritually by physically joining with another person. But such sex wastes vital energy and causes us to suffer. Everybody was instructed to practice *Brahmacharya* (sexual continence) until further notice.

In the groups people recounted grim sagas of past suffering, and there was a steady recession in the tide of everybody's self-esteem. The school, Oscar said, was vibrating in 384 and 192—very high levels in hell.

NO ONE DOUBTED that we were asleep or that it was time to wake up. To shock us into wakefulness, the school was divided into an A group and a B group according to "level." B group hadn't succeeded in liberating themselves from the weight of their past Karma. They had not broken their attachments. Some, it was rumored, had not practiced *Brahmacharya*. In November, forty people were unexpectedly taken off salary and told to "go into the water" (take a vacation) for three months.

By this time, we were supposed to have taken the energy we hadn't lost in sexual suffering, rechanneled it, and transmuted our beings into a state of "unity with the void." Those of us who remained at the institute were ready to plan and bring into being the Open Path, our "mission" to humanity—and, it was hoped, the means by which Arica would become self-supporting. (At this point the school was being bankrolled by loans from a wealthy and devoted trainee.) An administrative core evolved—a handful of people in close touch with Oscar—who formulated policy, took responsibility, and exercised political power. Those with no responsibility and no power soon grew resentful. The administration, in turn, reacted defensively; the atmosphere became repressive and threatening, engendering more resentment. At one meeting they suggested that some of us were not entirely free of "subjectivity," that there was still *chicherero* in our minds and lives. They proposed that a task force visit our homes to help us eliminate the bric-a-brac keeping us from objectivity. The proposal was shouted down by the liberal majority. We were playing familiar roles in a group process.

But I have always tended to resist formalized groups and institutions. If I am drawn to them it is never beyond the edge. But edges are not comfortable places, and eventually I get sore, grow impatient, and finally excuse myself.

One warm night in January I got a call from Oscar's chief lieutenant, an ex-psychologist from Berkeley named Phil. It was, he said, about my going "into the water." I had done so voluntarily ten days before. No sooner had I acted, than Oscar announced the termination of all water periods. Everyone in the water was supposed to come out. I hadn't felt like coming out. The water, I insisted, was fine. Phil's message was that Oscar wanted to see me in his apartment at noon the next day. I said I'd be there.

Oscar lives on the twenty-third floor of a modern high-rise on East 68th Street. The living room is furnished with a striking view to the north, deep-pile wall-to-wall carpeting, a couch, and one bean-bag chair. He answered the door wearing black samurai robes and conducted me to three antique swords unsheathed on the couch. We inspected the Oscar reverently carrying each the window so I could look d edge of its flawless blade. He to them as his "jealous ladie last was the most precious. Di tions on the blade, he said, v cient bloodstains. I asked if feel the weight of it, but snatched beyond my reach. " touches my sword," Oscar sa touch me."

He sheathed the ladies i leather scabbards and sat fa on the couch.

"You are going away," "This cannot be. If a soldie his army during a battle he Arica is at war."

Oscar has an intense bea noble face. His father was a general. His skin is very p moustache and eyes very bla that he is getting bald, the c his full forehead is accentua looks intelligent, aristocrati ably a lot like his father.

"For inside the school," tinued, "it cannot work like t really, many will have to go. you have been so close to t that it seems to me you mus most stupid not to see it. You in the work, and your morale

"How can it be that people so near to me and still not stand? Your problem is yo yourself too important. But nothing."

He had nailed me. What was true, but I wanted to den

"No, no," he said, wavin my protest. "It's not like th have no idea. You have put out of the work because you in your own importance. S you will learn."

He went on to suggest that be willing to do anything to in the school, even work a ful in the Arica nursery to dem my good faith. It seemed lik timatum.

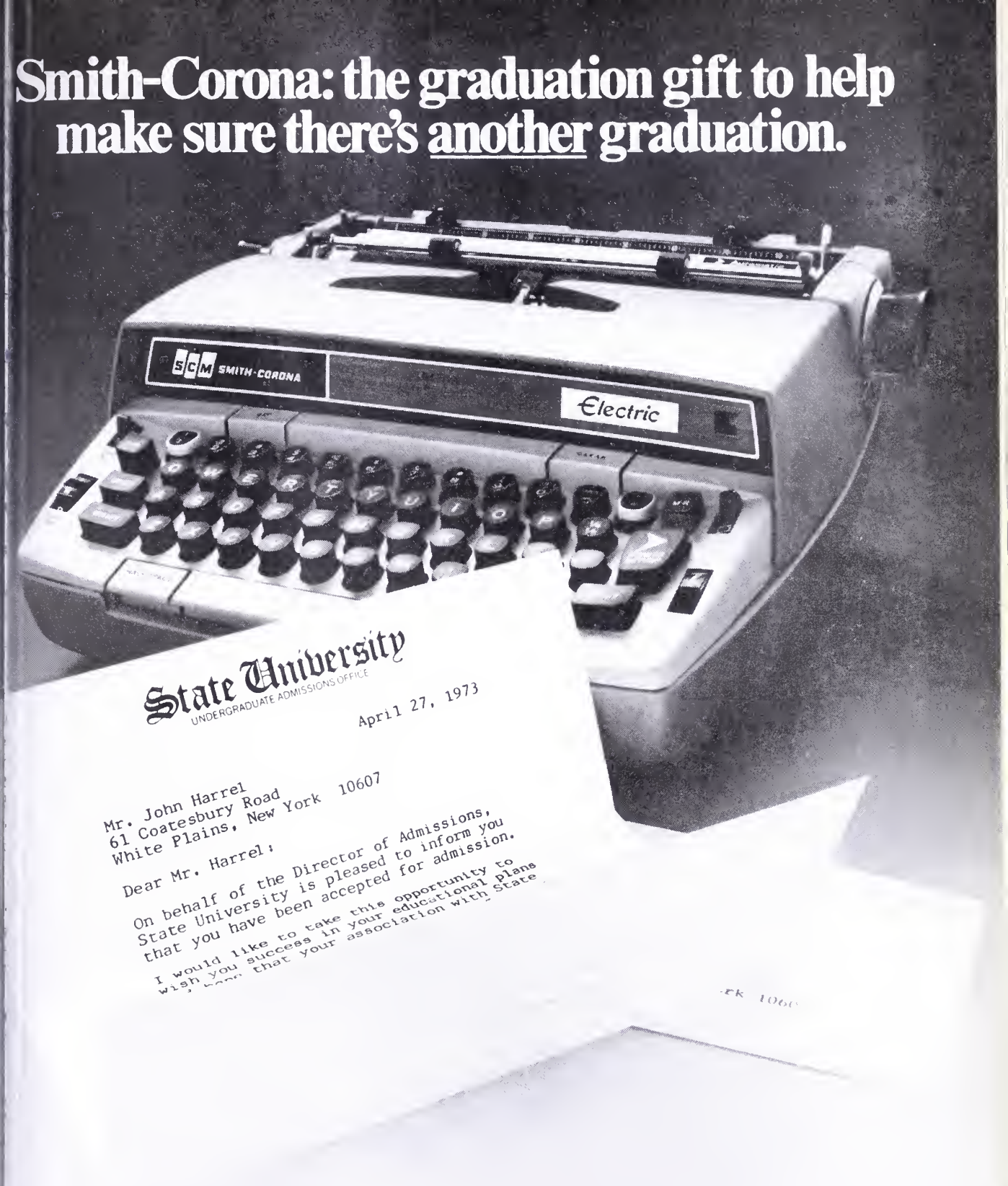
"Well," he added, when I f respond, "you have been ver to the truth, and the truth wi form your life."

I do not like confrontat asked him if I could take the think about what he'd said.

"No," he told me. "You'r

It was true. My flight to th tan was leaving at nine the n and I was already packed. I forward to a nice, long swim

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Clark Mollenhoff

PRESIDENTIAL GUILE

The history of a White House deception

In the autumn of 1968 an Air Force cost analyst named Ernest Fitzgerald testified before Congress on a matter of $2 billion in cost overruns accumulated by the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation during its manufacture of the C-5A. His testimony proved to be embarrassingly specific, and a year later he was retired by the Air Force in what was described as a "routine reorganization" of its bureaucracy.

Fitzgerald interpreted his dismissal as an act of revenge, and he assumed that it had been done with the knowledge and consent of President Nixon. Both the White House and the Air Force denied his allegations. Fitzgerald subsequently sought redress from the Civil Service Commission, and in this undertaking he has been supported by Clark Mollenhoff, formerly a special counsel to President Nixon, now chief of the Washington bureau for the Des Moines Register.

In its arguments before the Civil Service Commission, the Air Force consistently maintained that Fitzgerald's departure had nothing to do with politics, that it was in no way related to his Congressional testimony, and that President Nixon never had been apprised of the matter.

Mollenhoff had reason to believe that the Air Force was lying, and at a Presidential press conference last January he provoked Mr. Nixon into an admission of the lie. He asked a series of impolite questions to which, much annoyed and therefore careless, Mr. Nixon finally replied: "No, this was not a case of some person down the line deciding he [Fitzgerald] should go. It was a decision submitted to me. I made it, and I stick by it."

What follows is Mollenhoff's implacable setting forth of the events that prompted him to ask the questions.

THE DAY AFTER President Nixon's press conference, White House Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler attempted to clean up the mess.

"The President," Ziegler said, "misspoke himself."

He explained that the President had noted his error in reviewing the transcript of the press conference and that he had another case in mind when assuming personal responsibility for Fitzgerald's being "fired, or discharged, or asked to resign." Ziegler then said: "The President requested that a check be made. We have . . . and can find no record of the matter ever being brought to the President's attention for a decision."

That statement I knew to be inaccurate. I had been appointed special counsel to President Nixon in August 1969, and a few months later I began to inquire into the Fitzgerald matter. I recommended to the President that Fitzgerald be retained and promoted as a symbol of the Administration's determination to eliminate waste from defense spending.

In a memorandum written to the President on December 5, 1969, I stated: "The Administration position on the Fitzgerald case is untenable and can only become worse as the Proxmire investigation proceeds."

Earlier that autumn Sen. William Proxmire had directed his Joint Senate-House Subcommittee on Priorities and Economy in Government to pursue the subject of Fitzgerald's dismissal; the evidence suggested that Fitzgerald had been fired for giving honest testimony.

My memorandum continued: "The Fitzgerald case has come under broadest editorial attack from conservative as well as liberal newspapers . . . The closer the record is examined, the worse the record looks. The testimony of Air Force Secretary Robert C. Seamans, Jr., and Assistant Secretary Spencer Schedler appears ludicrous on its face. . . ."

I recommended that to "correct the record and prove good faith" President Nixon should direct "the Secretary of Defense to offer Mr. Fitzgerald a proper post to use his talents in the fight to control defense spending." I concluded with this wa
"It is important to take this extr
to avoid any mistaken public i
sion that the Administration wo
a party to retaliation against
who gave testimony dealing wi
fense waste."

At first President Nixon an
er members of the White Hous
heeded the warning, but later
gave way to the lobbying of t
fense industries. The record of
tion extends over a period of
years.

ERNIE FITZGERALD'S testimo
posing the huge cost ov
took place in November 196
months before Mr. Nixon was
gurated. By the time he took
in January 1969, the basic fa
the C-5A contract were estab
and the Administration knew t
General Accounting Office h
dertaken an investigation that
only mean more trouble.

Disregarding all evidence t
Air Force was misleading the
House, the Administration per
itself to be used as a front for
licious attack on Fitzgerald.

As early as January 9, 1969
Lang, administrative assistant
Force Secretary Harold Brow
pared a memorandum at Dr. B
suggestion, outlining three w
get rid of Fitzgerald. The fir
through "adverse action" if the
cause.

The second was by a "reduct
force," through which his job
be abolished.

"There is a third possibility
could result in Mr. Fitzgerald
parture," Lang wrote. "This
is not recommended since it i
er underhanded, and would pr
not be approved by the Civil S

*Clark Mollenhoff is the author of si
among them* Washington Cover-up
spoilers of Democracy. *He was awar
Pulitzer prize for National Reporting*

ave up playing singles (puff-puff) and play only doubles, but...



I won't give up the ship!"

Commission, even though it is legally and procedurally possible."

This third, "rather underhanded," method Lang described as follows: "The Air Force could request conversion of this position to the career service utilizing competitive procedures and consider all the eligibles from the executive inventory and an outside search. Using this competitive procedure, Mr. Fitzgerald might or might not be selected. If not, displacement action would follow."

In May 1969 Secretary Seamans, who had succeeded Dr. Brown, grasped at "vague and nonspecific" charges that Fitzgerald was involved in "conflicts of interest" and "security violation." He approved a probe by Brig. Gen. Joseph Cappucci, head of the Air Force Office of Special Investigations (OSI).

General Cappucci started an investigation of Fitzgerald on the basis of what he has since characterized as "vague and nonspecific" allegations by four Air Force officials identified only as T-1, T-2, T-3, and T-4. The Air Force refused to identify these faceless accusers, who Fitzgerald contends conspired to smear him with false charges. (General Cappucci has conceded to an open Civil Service Commission hearing that these charges had been proven groundless by August 1969.)

Congressional protests mounted that fall over the obvious Air Force efforts to intimidate and harass Fitzgerald. He was taken off the C-5A project and other major weapons problems. At a time when the Defense Department sorely needed competent cost analysts for its major weapons, Fitzgerald was assigned to study the operations of Air Force base bowling alleys.

Secretary Seamans and Assistant Secretary Schedler proceeded with the elaborate reorganization plans that eventually abolished Fitzgerald's $31,000-a-year job in Schedler's Office of Financial Management.

To quiet Congressional complaints, Seamans and Schedler called on various Congressmen and Senators, to whom they hinted that Air Force investigation had turned up some unsavory things about Fitzgerald. They suggested that abolishing Fitzgerald's job was indeed the kindest way to get rid of him.

On November 9, 1969, Fitzgerald was given notice of his discharge. The Air Force used the second of the methods suggested by John Lang several months earlier: a "reduction in force" that eliminated Fitzgerald's job. The Air Force gave no satisfactory public explanation; it chose instead to continue its whispering campaign about Fitzgerald being "a bad person" who could be "fired for cause."

I WAS CONCERNED by the injustice of firing a man for telling the truth. How else were the press and the people to get the facts on defense spending except through the testimony of officials in the Executive Branch?

I had been deeply involved in a study of the unjust and malicious firing of Chief Security Evaluator Otto Otepka by the State Department in 1963 for testifying honestly before a Senate Judiciary subcommittee. I wanted no part in a similar injustice, or in having the Nixon Administration embroiled in a defense of malicious and dishonest bureaucracy. It was not decent, and it was bad administrative practice. From the political perspective, it was stupid.

My inquiries as Presidential ombudsman brought no response from the Air Force, other than an offer to send someone over to the White House to "explain the full background of the Fitzgerald discharge" so I would "understand the case in perspective."

On the afternoon of November 13, 1969, Assistant Secretary Schedler and Lt. Col. James D. Pewitt came to my office. They insisted that the firing of Fitzgerald was unrelated to his testimony before Proxmire's subcommittee, but that it could be justified for "other reasons." Both tried to convince me that Fitzgerald was a bad employee and that the White House would make a mistake if it tried to turn the Air Force around. I asked for specifics and got vague references to his not being "a team player."

I asked if Fitzgerald's testimony before the Proxmire subcommittee was demonstrably wrong on facts, or if there were specific comments on his record showing he was wrong or careless in his work. Schedler and Pewitt replied that his testimony on the C-5A "was not in perspective" and had been given against the advice of his superiors. This, I noted, indicated that Fitzgerald was being fired because his superiors were displeased by his testimony on [illegible] Schedler assured me that [illegible] only one of the factors.

Schedler also assured me [illegible] Air Force had studied the [illegible] carefully and that the best [illegible] solution for the Nixon Adm[illegible] tion, the Air Force, and for M[illegible] gerald himself was to abolish [illegible]

"Could that point be esta[illegible] publicly in the event of a sho[illegible] with Congress?" I asked.

Schedler and Pewitt assur[illegible] that the Air Force was already [illegible] tering the possibility of a C[illegible] sional investigation. Some pro[illegible] members of Congress alread[illegible] been apprised of "the real re[illegible] for getting rid of Fitzgerald. [illegible] would be briefed on the "conf[illegible] interest" and "security proble[illegible]"

Neither Schedler nor Pewitt [illegible] substantiate those last accus[illegible] and their evasiveness troubled [illegible] stressed the need for a written [illegible] and I again reminded them [illegible] necessity of avoiding an impr[illegible] of revenge against a man w[illegible] told the truth.

As the meeting broke up, we [illegible] hands and Schedler and Pewitt [illegible] ised me a fair and factual rep[illegible] Fitzgerald, assuring me that i[illegible] review of the file did not indic[illegible] overwhelming case against him [illegible] would be prepared to restore [illegible] a job commensurate with hi[illegible] ities. They promised to deliv[illegible] report before the close of b[illegible] on Friday, November 14.

THE REPORT was not deliver[illegible] November 14 but was post[illegible] until Saturday, November 15. [illegible] then promised for Monday, N[illegible] ber 17. By this time it appea[illegible] me that the Air Force was do[illegible] although I was assured that t[illegible] port was "almost ready." [illegible] months later, it had not come.

On Monday, November 17, I [illegible] a memorandum to the Pre[illegible] through Presidential Counselor [illegible] Harlow on "the dangers invol[illegible] the Air Force decision to aboli[illegible] job of Mr. A. Ernest Fitzgerald." [illegible] memorandum concluded with [illegible] gestion that the Administrati[illegible] range to transfer Fitzgerald [illegible] other job in the Defense Depart[illegible] a job with real responsibilities. [illegible] pointed out that if there was [illegible] cern about Fitzgerald's loyalty [illegible] present Defense leadership, he [illegible]

d to studies that dealt with
arising from the Kennedy-
dministrations.
ggestion pleased the White
d the President prepared
answer any public ques-
e subject with the follow-
use: "It is true that Mr.
's job is being abolished,
not because of his perfor-
it; he has, to my knowl-
a dedicated and effective
vant. After looking into it,
cided to direct the Defense
to find Mr. Fitzgerald an-
tion, of equal pay and stat-
a make-work job—where
s can continue to be used
dministration."
residential press conference
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ld avoid an answer.
resident, there are two fla-
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sonnel who may have di-
formation to Congress and
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nanagement and irregular
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interrogation of Pentagon
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Sarah McClendon for news
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uke and Barry J. Shillito.
ou do something about this,
r?"
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was smiling broadly, and
brow furrowed in mock se-
, he said, "I'd better after
ou put that question." Amid
ter of the assembled press
e turned to another ques-

next days I received a sar-
te from one White House
hat my warnings on the Fitz-
atter appeared to have been
substance. Both John Ehr-
and H. R. Haldeman were
d that the matter had been
of and that the problem
arrant serious concern.
l to point out that a clever

How the English keep dry.



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reply avoiding the issue did not deal with the basic wrong of firing Fitzgerald. Over a period of weeks I tried to convince Ehrlichman and Haldeman that they were deceiving themselves.

On January 2, 1970, in a memorandum to Ehrlichman, I summarized the views I had been expressing: "I hope that the decision [not to retain Fitzgerald] . . . was made with a full understanding of the facts as well as the potential for serious political damage. I say this because many of the initial decisions involved in this matter were made without a full understanding of what was involved.

"Unless Fitzgerald can be clearly implicated in some serious mismanagement or conflict of interest, this case will be a possible political hazard for months, for it is obvious that Senator Proxmire does not intend to drop this matter."

Within a period of a few weeks, critical comment appeared in newspapers throughout the country, from such diverse editorial pages as the *Washington Post* and the *Chicago Tribune*, *The Wall Street Journal* and the *Des Moines Register*, the *Washington Star* and the *Washington News*. Senator Proxmire demanded that the Justice Department investigate to determine if the Air Force had violated federal laws prohibiting intimidation or retaliation against government employees who tell the truth to Congress.

IN JULY 1970 I LEFT the White House to return to the *Des Moines Register* in Washington. I left with a feeling of vast disappointment. I had been unable to persuade the President to straighten out the Fitzgerald matter, and I was convinced that I had failed to correct a gross injustice. I agreed to help and support Fitzgerald when, in the winter of 1971, he presented his case before the Civil Service Commission.

The commission hearings occupied the better part of two years (they were concluded only last April), and the rulings of Chief Examiner Herman Staiman unfailingly indicated a clear bias in favor of the Air Force. At the outset Staiman accepted an Air Force claim that the hearings should be held behind closed doors. Fitzgerald's lawyers appealed this decision to U. S. District Court Judge William Bryant, who ruled in favor of Fitzgerald's request for an open hearing. The Civil Service Commission then appealed that ruling to the United States Court of Appeals. The higher court upheld Judge Bryant, and the opinion written by Senior Judge Burnita S. Matthews contained a brusque denunciation of the Civil Service Commission for trying to interfere with "due process."

Thus an open hearing was forced upon a reluctant commission. When the hearings began after a long series of appeals and delays, Staiman ruled that Fitzgerald could not tape-record the proceedings and that the government could not afford to provide daily transcripts for Fitzgerald's lawyers. This ruling contradicted a specific court order granting Fitzgerald the right to a transcript. Staiman reversed his ruling only when threatened with a return to the federal court.

Throughout the testimony of General Cappucci of the OSI and of Secretary Seamans, Stainan ruled that the Air Force did not need to testify on some questions related to Fitzgerald's dismissal. General Cappucci refused to produce countless reports dealing with the investigation of Fitzgerald, and he would not identify Fitzgerald's accusers, the gentlemen known as T-1, T-2, T-3, and T-4. Stainan supported both refusals.

Although Seamans conceded that the Air Force had concluded its investigations of Fitzgerald in the summer of 1969 (two months before Schedler and Pewitt called upon me in the White House), and although these investigations had shown nothing amiss in Fitzgerald's record, Seamans claimed "executive privilege" when asked about Air Force dealings with the White House. He refused to answer questions about any conversations in the White House that might have led to Fitzgerald's dismissal. He later reduced his claim to "privilege," which distinguished it from an "executive privilege" granted specifically by President Nixon. Stainan upheld the latter claim. He also upheld similar claims offered by Schedler and Pewitt.

It was on this point of privilege that I began to ask questions of President Nixon at the press conference on January 31. He blurred his answers to the first two questions, but then, in answer to the third, he admitted his part in the decision to remove Fitzgerald from the Air Force. For the next two weeks I tried to discover whether the President's admission would lead to Fitzgerald's reinstatement. It did not. Instead I was given the familiar double-talk.

On February 13 I wrote a letter to President Nixon that I had delivered to Ronald Ziegler. I explained that I had been trying to see him for nearly a year in order to clarify the Fitzgerald case. Ziegler called back a day later and assured me that the President had read the letter and that it was "being staffed out" in the White House to make a proper reply. I told Ziegler that there was a time limit on how long I would wait because I had information that could prove Fitzgerald's case and that I did not intend to remain silent until the Civil Service Commission hearings were concluded.

That was the first of a series of letters I wrote to the President and to John Dean, Counsel to the President, in an effort to get the White House to straighten out the matter. Periodically, I was assured by Ziegler and Dean that they were on the verge of moving if I would only be patient. My patience wore thin. On March 5, when I learned that Pewitt's assistant, David Wilson, had given the Air Force my letters to Dean along with a memorandum of my conversation with Schedler and Pewitt. I had furnished the copy of the memorandum to Dean at his request with the clear understanding that it and the letters he had received would not be given to the Air Force. I telephoned Dean to protest his breach of faith, and I informed him that I had no recourse but to turn over the Schedler letters to Fitzgerald. I also said that I would not be bound by any claim of executive privilege and that I would be glad to make myself available to testify on Fitzgerald's behalf before the Civil Service Commission. Disregarding Air Force protests, I testified in early March and submitted my 19-page 1970 White House memorandum for the record.

The hearings ended in early April, but a decision is not expected for months. Whatever comes of it, the Administration will have been responsible for its obstinate refusal to correct an injustice over a period of four years. During that time President Nixon allowed himself to be drawn into a brutal conspiracy to destroy Fitzgerald for telling the truth.

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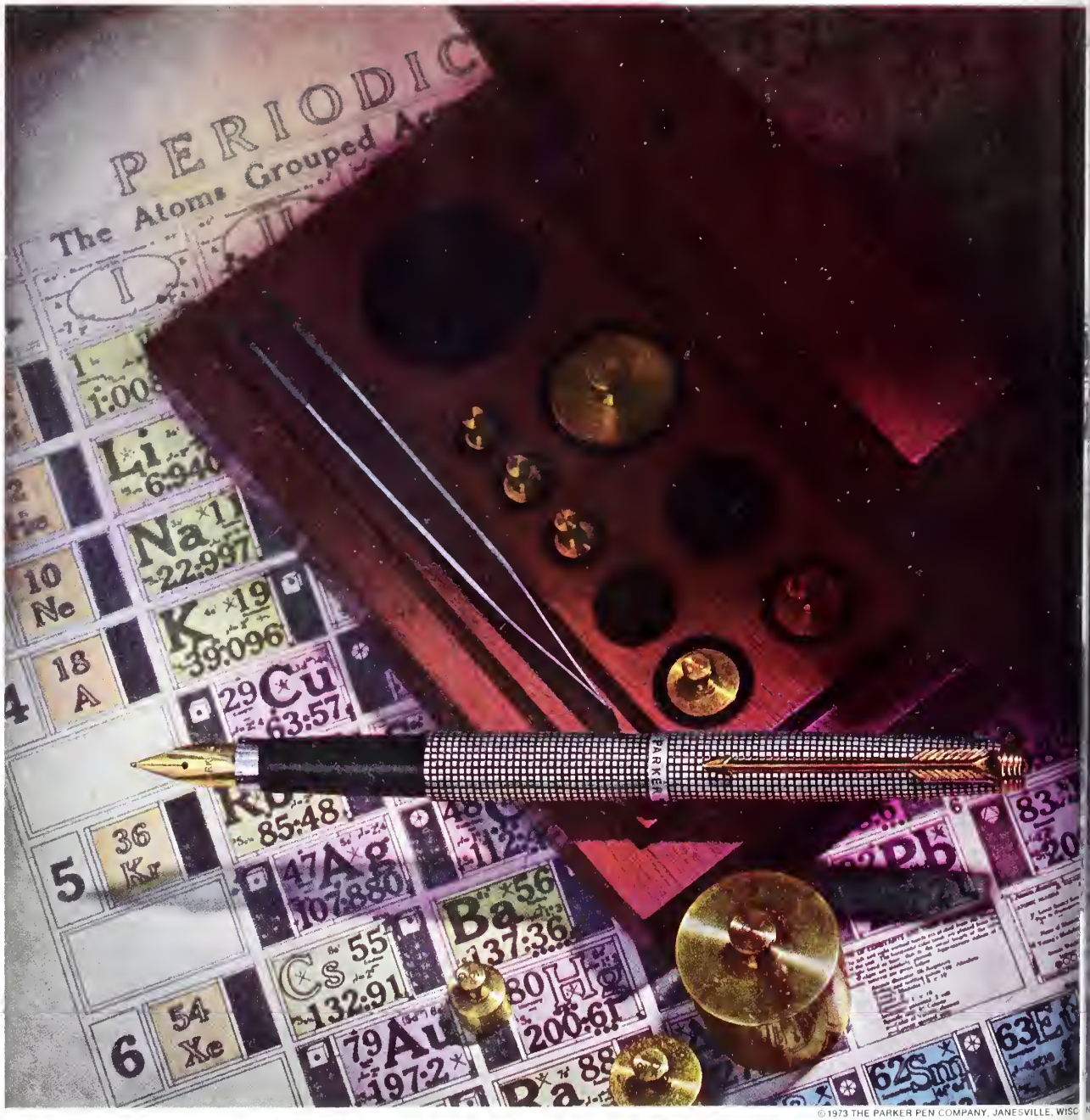
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COUNTERSIGNS

A weakness in the market for polemic



The mismanagement of this year's pageant at Wounded Knee (page 46) suggests a subtle change in the bias of the national press. The Indians who seized the village presumably intended the seizure to be understood as political theater, as another performance in the guerrilla tradition of Stokely Carmichael and Mark Rudd. They correctly assumed that the press would be attracted to the dramatic possibilities of the event, but they misjudged the willingness of the entire press to endorse the shopworn rhetoric of militant discontent.

It is a mistake that only lately has begun to trouble the merchants of radical change. They confuse the reality of the headlines with the reality of Monday afternoon, and they apparently have failed to notice the recent weakness in the market for polemic.

The political entrepreneurs of the 1960s could depend upon the flirtationsness of the press, which, like a topless go-go dancer, seemed to promise so much and yet so seldom went home with the customers. Who can still remember the revolutionary suitors of the past decade? They flickered like butterflies in the light of the network television cameras, holding up their signs and shouting their strident slogans. The press dallied with each of them in turn, flattering them with photographs and portentous debate, advertising their books and manifestos, borrowing for a moment their more bizarre catchwords and modes of dress. But how many readers of the newspapers can say what happened to Timothy Leary or Eldridge Cleaver, to Cesar Chavez or the prisoners of Attica, to Charles Reich or the Berrigans, or the deserters from the Vietnam war? They enjoyed a brief summer of publicity, and then they were left to perish in the first cold of a new season.

The conspicuously righteous segment of the press continues to persist in its evanescent crusades, and a number of people from New York contrived to force the shambles at Wounded Knee into the standard forms of dogmatic melodrama. They figured there was enough pathos in it to warrant a few weeks of news, and they arrived in the Black Hills with the story already marked out into a romantic fiction of the Old West. The local reality didn't quite conform to their expectations, and nobody could be sure of the difference between the good guys and the bad guys. Still, given the difficulties of casting and location, they managed to produce another in their continuing series of inspirational morality plays.

But a number of other people, among them the correspondents for both the *Chicago Tribune* and *Sun-Times*, recognized the fraudulence of the Dakota uprising and described it with scornful humor. Which is sufficient reason to hope that the national press no longer regards itself as a government-in-exile and that the delusions of the past few years may be giving way to an instinct for laughter. The more observant reporters have learned that social injustice does not yield to theatrical gesture. By renouncing the temptation to write sermons, they make possible the hope for real rather than illusory compassion. □

Terri Schultz

BAMBOOZLE ME NOT AT WOUNDED KNEE

In which our Special Frontier Correspondent finds that most of the press was most of the time during a recent Ugly Incident in the Wild Dakotas

Like dusty pages from a Harper's Weekly *of 1873, the newspapers of early 1973 carried urgent dispatches from the American frontier. INDIANS RISE IN THE WEST, the headlines blared, as if the illusions of* The Late Show *had become the realities of the* Today *show. The story of Wounded Knee II had everything: the pathos of cruel injustice, the heroism of bold rebellion, the mystic chords of America's myths and memories. All it lacked was truth, a minor failing of major "news" coverage. In truth, Wounded Knee II was largely a pseudo-event to which the world press responded with all the cautiousness of sharks scenting blood. Here, then, is what really happened, as perceived by Terri Schultz, a young woman journalist who just happens to prefer fact to fantasy.*

THE PINE RIDGE RESERVATION in South Dakota has disillusioned those of us who once believed that it sheltered noble warriors and tragic heroes with tongues of gold. By some miracle, aided by equal parts folklore, liberal guilt, and isolation, most whites now court a public romance with the victim we have relentlessly screwed for 300 years, the American Indian. In fact, the reservation as it exists today seems hardly capable of a good protest, much less an effective national movement.

When I returned to the reservation this spring after an eighteen-month absence, I found a game of charades played by an Indian Nation that had lost its soul and all hope of resurrection. The object of the game, which is still being played, is to twang white heartstrings, for when you no longer have clout you turn to sympathy.

Indian public relations have been deteriorating ever since the Utes staged the Red Man's first press conference in 1868, when the whites in Washington were trying to take Colorado away from them. "The agreement an Indian makes to a U.S. treaty," the Utes announced to the papers, "is like an agreement a buffalo makes with his hunters when pierced with arrows. All he can do is lie down and give in." They lost Colorado and didn't gain many friends in the press. Eleven years later, according to author Dee Brown, the *Denver Tribune* editorialized: "The Utes are actual, practical Communists and the government should be as[k] to foster and encourage them in their i[d]e and wanton waste of property . . . the only r[e] good Indians are dead ones."

Things haven't changed much. In [S]outh Dakota, I met Joe Ledbetter, the [o]painter, as he was slowly cursing himse[l]f in a frenzy over the Sioux. The angrier he g[o]t, slower and harder he slapped his paint [a]across the walls of the Custer County [C]house. Finally he stopped painting altog[e]ther. "I fought the niggers in Watts and I move[d] just one year ago, and already I got to fig[h]t Indians here," he said. "These damn riots[e]s to follow me everywhere. And believe me [t]Indians learned from the niggers. They g[o]t same tactics."

Joe had just finished painting the [c]courthouse when 200 Indians set it on fi[r]e February 6, charring it so badly that he [h]ad paint it all over again. The Indians ch[a]nted "It's a good day to die," as they ran th[r]ough the tourist town protesting the fatal stabb[i]ng of Wesley Bad Heart Bull by a white man. [T]he white man was charged with manslaughter, [a]nd the Indians wanted the charge changed to [m]urder. A lot of people got hit with clubs and [t]ear gas that day, but nobody died. "They were o[n]ppers uppers or downers," says Joe. "They were [C]ommunist-inspired. And they'll probably be [g]one as soon as I get done painting."

Promises, promises, pro[ph]ecies

IN THE NEARBY TOWN OF PINE RIDGE, [S]enator George McGovern stands in the Bure[au] of Indian Affairs parking lot wondering what's next. He and Sen. James Abourezk, himself [a] Sioux, have been negotiating the relea[se] of eleven hostages at Wounded Knee, but now [they] have learned that the hostages are really p[ar]ticipants in the whole show and are not being [held] against their will. McGovern is supposed to [re]turn to Wounded Knee for a final powwow [in a] tepee, but the rumor is that the Indians [can't] find a tepee they know how to put up. A [lone] FBI man standing guard inside the BIA [build]ing quietly clucks his tongue at the McG[o]

Ms. Schultz, formerly a reporter for the Chicago Tribune, *is a free-lance writer. She covered the Wounded Knee Episode for the* Chicago Daily News *and* Harper's.

"Can you imagine meeting in a tepee at
e of year?" he asks. "Why does McGov-
up with it?" He is quiet for a moment,
kes a swig of his Coke. "Maybe he's
g to run for President someday."

ng this last powwow, held in a house
l, the Senators and Indians stare at one
through mirrors of South Dakota his-
ch mimicking images of themselves. "I
uest a Senate investigation of reserva-
nditions," Senator Abourezk says. He
ave added: "You are fed by the govern-
othed by the government, your children
cated by the government, and all you
d are today is because of the govern-
ou cannot insult the people of the United
f America or its committees." He might
ded that; but Abourezk is more discreet
n. John Logan, who said those words to
Bull ninety years ago. The Indians in
ght answer with the words of Chief Red
"They made us many promises, more
an remember, but they never kept but
y promised to take our land, and they
"

overn will leave the reservation that
r his home in the Black Hills, on land
tes gave to the Oglala Sioux "forever"
and then took away in 1876. But the
seventy reporters covering the story
ay on, glued to the BIA parking lot,
which has been dubbed the "rumor mill." Everybody drives endlessly around the lot like high-school seniors in their fathers' cars, whispering what's-the-buzz-tell-me-what's-happenin'. The hell of it is, nothing ever happens, for the town of Pine Ridge is as quiet as a broken clock. Old Indian men with faces of stone sit on the narrow rock ledges of Main Street and watch the procession of rented cars; their heads swivel left as the cars leave for roadblock No. 1 on Big Foot Road twelve miles away, near Wounded Knee, then right as the cars return to the parking lot. Occasionally one of them wanders over to the lot and offers some colorful quotes for a price.

The sole reprieve from this purgatory is Naylor Joles, a gypsy from Chicago who runs a sideshow called the Crazy Horse Café, where a man can eat with his hat on and his guard down. Naylor is a white man who married a Sioux and manages to fit into the reservation like tumbleweed and denim and still keep flashes of sanity. He knows when we need coffee and where to get bootleg whiskey on a Sunday night.

The paleface press slowly becomes as bored and disillusioned as the redskins who fail to perform as advertised. A reporter from London, dressed in blue jeans, leather jacket, and new cowboy boots, lends a Mohawk Indian leader his copy of *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*, for

"The object of the game, which is still being played, is to twang white heartstrings, for when you no longer have clout you turn to sympathy."





THEN AND NOW
Top: Pleased with their work, troopers of the Seventh Regiment, U.S. Cavalry, duly pose for historical pictures after massacring Indians at Wounded Knee in 1890. Bottom: Unpleased with their fix, federal officials endure temporary captivity and media attention after straying across border of Indian "nation" or AIM turf.

Terri Schultz

BAMBOOZLE ME NOT AT WOUNDED KNEE

it turns out the Mohawk has never read it. A Chicago reporter watches as several Indians shoot a cow for food near Wounded Knee. They pull the trigger, and the cow blinks but does not fall. The Indians are mystified. The reporter takes the rifle, shoots the cow once again, this time between the eyes, and it keels over. The reporter then shows the Indians how to cut up the carcass. In nearby Whiteclay, Nebraska, a UPI reporter dictates his story from the only available phone, in the local bar, when a beer bottle crashes down on his head, courtesy of a patron who doesn't like his lead. It is hard to judge who was correct, for both sides of the dispute in Wounded Knee lied enthusiastically to compensate for an overwhelming mediocrity, and the main Indian spokesman was commonly referred to as Chief Sitting Bullshit.

Beer and boredom

THE DISPUTE IS NOT ALL THAT complicated. Dick Wilson, president of the Oglala Sioux Tribal Council, fears and despises the 300 upstarts of the American Indian Movement who seized Wounded Knee last February 27 and—given Wilson's appeals for official help—managed to stage one of the year's leading media events. Wilson and his supporters would agree with AIM that unemployment, alcoholism, and suicide rates are far too high on the Pine Ridge Reservation; that the government has broken every treaty and shamelessly stolen their land. They see how they have been trapped into leasing their best land to white ranchers, how they are shepherded into low-income housing projects in villages far from their own property, how they have always been lied to. But to Indians like Wilson, the militant American Indian Movement is more of a threat than a savior. AIM has a street-gang cast; its city-bred leaders here, with real guns, slouch toward Pine Ridge to be born. Even worse, their antigovernment attitudes endanger the few reservation Indians who actually have jobs, for these Indians owe their jobs to the omnipotent Bureau of Indian Affairs.

"You have to go to work or school just to keep from dyin' of boredom. That's why so many young people are drunk," says Saundra Kay Wilson, teenage daughter of Dick Wilson. Saundra and her mother Yvonne sit around their kitchen table in Pine Ridge waiting for Dick to come home. Mrs. Wilson's six children have nothing to do today—all the schools closed down when "the trouble" started. Empty Budweiser cans cover the table, and there's more beer in the refrigerator. "I'm so nervous over this whole thing, I can't cook, can't even concentrate. If I have a beer I will be okay," says Mrs. Wilson as she snaps another tab.

A photographer from Minneapolis k c timidly on Mrs. Wilson's front door and a s he may take a family picture for his newsp "Okay, everybody," says Mrs. Wilson. P your beer cans under the table." The phot gr pher waits politely. "Go ahead," Mrs. W s says, smiling. Click. Everyone puts his e back on the table as the photographer le e

"Mom, the top button of your blouse w open when the photographer was here," Sa di Kay says. "Why didn't you tell me?" I Wilson fumbles for the button. "What ki an impression are people going to get?"

"If those Indians aren't out of Wou k Knee soon," says a man introduced as Duc Wayne, "we'll go out and fight them *an* t federal marshals." Then he passes out o t table.

The long-awaited Dick Wilson enters, a ic of a man with a stomach that matches his g He slams the screen door and straddles a k en chair with the cockiness expected fro a ex-plumber who now makes $13,500 a ye a tribal president on a reservation where the re age annual income is $1,800. His home, a e motel, is in bad need of paint. He has no ye taken down the "Pine Ridge Motel" sig i front of his kitchen window.

"The only major Indian problem is AI Wilson begins. "They're just bums tryin' t ge their braids and mugs in the press. We're g n get 'em the hell out of Wounded Knee; I a 900 angry Indians on my side. I can't hol m people back much longer." Listening to in through the golden haze of several glass beer, I think, the way things are going we ul hold the Indians back another 200 years.

Trapped in the I

ONCE IN A WHILE AN EVENT OCCURS. Un r crisp Dakota sky, smoke pours from Aro DeSersa's one-story turquoise bungalow i th new subdivision of Northridge, just nor Pine Ridge. DeSersa, Indian public rela or man for AIM, is out at Wounded Knee. h neighborhood children gather on muddy l vn to watch volunteer firemen haul out ch re mattresses and antelope skins. "Dick W so hired someone to throw a Coke bottle filled it gasoline through the baby's bedroom win v someone whispers. Mrs. DeSersa huddles n nearby bungalow, shaking, a rifle hidden u le a blanket. Her five children are safe, an e oldest son, his face twisted in rage, vows, kill whoever did it. I'll kill him." In the W to clay, Nebraska, bar the bartender rubs his l ge back and forth across the rim of an empty e bottle and says, "Don't believe it. They pro b set their own house on fire, just so's they ul blame it on the Wilsons."

ıding in the rubble behind his house the morning, feet spread, arms crossed, the emaining teeth in his mouth gleaming in ı, Aaron DeSersa tells a group of report- have ordered the caravans to come from uis, Des Moines, St. Paul, and Oklahoma, ıge the firebombing of my house by Wil- goon squads. I will ask the Secretary of terior to declare martial law on the res- ɔn."

neighbor, Hobart Keith, leans his bulging ıcross the backyard fence and cheers him Wilson is a paper Caesar," Keith says, the morals of an alley cat." Keith warms subject. "You should keep twenty U.S. als here under *my* command. Fire the In- olice force, teach people law and order." ɔps, listens to a German reporter inter- g DeSersa, then adds, "I left the reserva- long time ago, but came back in 1959. now I see even Jesus Christ himself 't help this reservation." "Why do you a reporter asks. "Because," Keith says, humanity repels me."

state fire marshal inspects the DeSersa and reports that faulty wiring, not a started the fire. House fires are fairly ɔn on the reservation. The marshal re- last year that it takes only twenty-five es for these houses to burn to the ground.

SITTING in the Crazy Horse Café in Pine ge and have just made a deal with an old ho says he can show me how to sneak deral marshals into the village of Wound- e. The old Sioux, his features blurred in dow of his tan Stetson hat, drives me in en Datsun over rutted roads and buffalo o the nearby village of Manderson, tells eep low along the bed of Wounded Knee then waves goodbye as I climb the first ading to the Sacred Heart Catholic ı three miles away in Wounded Knee. low Wounded Knee Creek until it ends y, then backtrack and follow a different . I want to get to Wounded Knee to find out our graven images. Twice federal pass near me, and once a helicopter dips ıd. I walk across arroyos, through herds s, and after four hours realize I am lost. n by now is gliding along the treetops. risk of being seen and stopped by po- climb to the pasture above me to get my s.

ı halfway across the open pasture that Wounded Knee when four small figures on the ridge. We see each other at the ıstant, and they shout vague curses and ifles in my direction. Unsure what to do sit down. They regroup for discussion, ıddenly a loudspeaker blares from their hidden police car: "Keep coming toward us, we've got you covered."

I start to walk their way when a new voice, an Indian voice, breaks from down in the wooded stream behind my back. "Turn around and come toward me," he says. "I've got you covered." I want to run to him, but the police radio crackles once again. I put my hands in the air, turn to the ridge, then to the stream, then back to the ridge. So this is the DMZ. The lone Indian calls up to me once more, and I think I hear his voice waver. The voices above me do not waver, so I go to them, defeated.

"What do you think you're doing?" the cop asks when I arrive at the top. "Taking a walk," I answer. He does not smile, but demands to see my press credentials, which I do not have. "How close am I to Wounded Knee?" I ask. "Half a mile," he says. "You almost made it."

The police drop me off at the roadblock on Big Foot Road, where I shiver in the cold and try to hitch a ride back to the Crazy Horse Café. A young federal marshal takes pity, brings me coffee and a bologna sandwich, then takes me aside. "Just remember, you don't know where you heard this," he says. "But if you want to get into Wounded Knee, drive to Denby Road just east of here, and take two right forks until you come to a place where you can park your car. Follow the stream from there on foot, and it will take you right to Wounded Knee. Nobody will stop you."

Early the next morning, I follow his instructions and get into the village in one hour.

Lost values, borrowed slogans

WOUNDED KNEE ITSELF IS THE EYE of a hurricane without the hurricane. Young Indian boys in buckskin race through the village in old cars, stirring up the dusty past. They tape M-1 carbine magazines together and drape them over the front seats, and when they walk, their hips swagger from the weight of their guns. They dress and act as if they believe everything the white man has written about them.

In front of the trading post, Eddie Whitewater, a Winnebago from Oklahoma, is sweeping at the sidewalk with an old broom. The walk is piled high with day-glo bumper stickers: "South Dakota National Historic Site." Every time Eddie gets the bumper stickers in a pile the wind scatters them again. "That's okay," he says, sweeping them up again. "I got nothing else to do today." The two cavernous rooms inside the trading post, scarred from that brief evening of inspiration when the Indian Nation rose again, are stripped bare except for a few jars of blue cheese dressing and some plastic tomtoms. A black telephone, wires cut, sits mute on a lunch counter. A penciled sign on the wall

"Young Indian boys in buckskin race through the village in old cars, stirring up the dusty past. . . . They dress and act as if they believe everything the white man has written about them."

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BAMBOOZLE ME NOT AT WOUNDED KNEE

says: "It is better to die on our feet than live on our knees," a slogan picked up from Londonderry. In Ireland it serves as an inspiration; here it reads like a borrowed cause.

The shades are drawn in the steepled country church. A dozen Indians, only their hair and boots showing from beneath blankets, sleep on the floor and pews, while a plaster of Paris St. Theresa looks on over her bouquet of plastic roses. In the church basement, rebels and refugees watch basketball on the color television set and occasionally talk. "No more red tape," says one. "No more promises," says another. "We want action *now*," says a third, and she turns back to her comic book. A single trough behind the church holds the mass grave that put Wounded Knee on the map. The grass on the graves is shaggy, the wooden crosses bent and broken, and the view is of a housing project. Only the names of the dead retain a semblance of romance: Weasel Bear, No Ears, Chase-in-Winter, Scabbard Knife. In front of the church an American flag is hanging—torn in half and upside down, of course.

The heart and bones of the old Sioux chief, Crazy Horse, are supposedly buried nearby. In 1877 Crazy Horse balked at being led into the prison at Fort Robinson, Nebraska, and was bayoneted by Private William Gentles of the U.S. Army. Crazy Horse's parents buried the remains of their thirty-five-year-old son near Chankpe Opi Wakpala, the Sioux name fo the creek we know as Wounded Knee, but kep the location of the grave a secret. Thirteen ar later, federal forces killed over 150 In an along the creek, and the mass grave was fed Stephen Vincent Benêt wrote a poem abou his valley of death: "I shall not be there. I sha rise and pass./Bury my heart at Wou ded Knee." The poem provided the title for Dee Brown's book *Bury My Heart at Wounded Kee* and the book's popularity in turn was am ng the considerations that led AIM to Wou ded Knee to plead a public case for the Ame an Indian. It virtually guaranteed them a boo press.

Down the hill from the grave, AIM le Russell Means entertains reporters in his Pi e room. "The federal government hasn't cha ged from Wounded Knee to My Lai and bac to Wounded Knee," Means says. He wears bra ded hair, a blue plaid shirt, and a red beaded el with his name on the back. "The federal ov ernment never changes," he adds. The repo er write it down. He stops, seems to lose his thi of thought, stares at the linoleum floor. "Ar you full-blooded Indian?" a white woman ask him. "No, didn't you know?" Means stops ay ing with his braids and looks up. "My g d father raped a white princess." The wo an's eyes widen, and Means unravels a long st g laugh. He has won.



THEN AND NOW

Top: As though mustered by Central Casting, massed Sioux warriors stare at the camera after performing a grass dance for an audience of U.S. Cavalrymen on August 9, 1890, five months before Wounded Knee massacre.

Bottom: Ever alert to photographers, modern militants "patrol" AIM perimeter in search of friendly publicity. This picture naturally hit front pages across the U.S.

ell Means grew up on Pine Ridge Res-
n, moved to Cleveland, helped form
1 1968 to protest police brutality in Min-
is. Last fall he led the Trail of Broken
s to the BIA building in Washington,
here the Indians caused two million dol-
mage and confiscated BIA records in or-
track down alleged fraud. Last year he
d to Pine Ridge with AIM to protest the
f Raymond Yellow Thunder, an old In-
ho was beaten up in a used-car lot in
Gordon, Nebraska. Yellow Thunder was
into the trunk of a car and driven to the
American Legion Hall, where a dance
ing held. He was stripped from the waist
shoved into the hall, and ordered to dance
style." Eight days later, he was found
The autopsy showed he died from a brain
hage caused by the beating. Rumors
that he had been tortured, burned with
tes, and castrated before he died. The
proved false, but they were enough.
ns and his partner, Dennis Banks, a tall
-faced Chippewa who fancies white silk
, demanded investigations by Congress,
stice Department, McGovern. Nothing
ed. They issued a call for 10,000 Indians
erge on Pine Ridge. Only a few dozen
up. The pent-up pressure finally burst
the Pine Ridge Sioux, and they ran-
the Wounded Knee museum next to the
post, causing $50,000 damage. When
ed Knee was hit again this year, AIM
ign on the museum door: "Keep your
of here."
whites were arrested in connection with
Thunder's death. After a two-and-a-half-
al before an all-white jury, three defen-
were found guilty of manslaughter and
nprisonment and received sentences of
r, and two years. They are out on bond
g appeal. Another was fined $500; charges
the fifth defendant, a white woman, were
d.
at's the next stop in this year's siege?"
rter asks Means. Means says: "Bang,
and laughs. "Why are you militant?" a
r asks. "Because I'm Indian." Means an-
'Are you encouraging the support of the
urches?" a reporter asks. "The churches
ipoff, to turn us into facsimiles of white
Means says, and yawns. After a while, he
xt door to a trailer where the rest of the
rs are watching the six o'clock news. He
ped direct the cameramen that day, even
d events they missed. He is upset they
use more footage, but admits the white
tepee they finally put up looks nice. In-
e tepee white attorneys and Indian at-
are shouting at each other. Several re-
, pencils flowing, lean heavily against the
as if blown there by a high wind.

Just out of camera range sits a young Indian man with words to explain Indian hatreds and hopes, but no one listens to him. He is a Mohawk, and Mohawks do not speak for the Sioux, even when the Sioux seem unable to speak for themselves. "Indian values sound romantic because all the patterns and attitudes of the last 200 years are based on exploitation," he says to an audience of one. "America had too many different interests to keep its relationship with the Indians healthy. The American economy must keep expanding, or it will choke. The Indians are givers and the Americans are takers, and when givers meet takers the givers lose." His Mohawk name is Kanatekeniate, but he uses the American name Tom Cook. Around his neck he wears a Sony tape recorder for his job with the Mohawk newspaper, *Akwesasne Notes*. So the press interviews the press.

"We don't want more welfare, more handouts," he says. "We want political rights. We want America to send us statesmen, not armed forces. We want the Indians who define themselves as Americans to get off the reservation.

"The spirit of what we are has been given us by the land, the air, and the stars," he continues slowly. "We cannot be separated from the earth. Old Indian men even look like the earth. But now our tribal structure is replaced with municipal government, a white man's government with elected bodies of representatives. Our spirit is ripped apart, and our definitions treated with contempt. What Indian things remain in us are broken and scattered."

His words paraphrase those of Chief Black Elk, who said after the massacre of Wounded Knee: "A people's dream died there. . . . the nation's hoop is broken and scattered. There is no center any longer, and the sacred tree is dead." Tom Cook looks up at the sun, hesitates. "It's hard to bring it together to make sense anymore," he says at last.

When Cook drove out of Wounded Knee late that afternoon, he asked the government agents at roadblock No. 1 if they would like to hear his tape of a meeting in Wounded Knee. Six FBI men, dressed in green khaki and black baseball caps with "FBI" written in white felt across the brims, bent into the car windows. "The Indians are praying for us," the cassette squeaked, while one man searched the car trunk. "People across the country, even non-Indian, are praying," it squeaked again. "The National Council of Churches will airlift food to us," it rasped, and the young FBI men listened, somber and thoughtful, until another car approached and they scurried off, rifles ready.

"If the FBI and marshals leave, there will be no crisis and we will have no story. Why do you stay?" I asked one of them. "They shot at our men," he answered. "We can't let them get away with that. We'll stay until we get them."

'Our spirit is ripped apart, and our definitions treated with contempt. What Indian things remain in us are broken and scattered.' "

Terri Schultz

BAMBOOZLE ME NOT AT WOUNDED KNEE

EVERYONE IN SOUTH DAKOTA steps carefully around the words "racial problem" but the local whites' simmering neurosis about the Indian bubbles into full-fledged paranoia as these stalemates drag on. At Pine Ridge, a Justice Department spokesman drops strong hints around the parking lot that white ranchers are to blame for the cut electric and telephone wires leading into Wounded Knee. In Custer, every white I meet has a gun under the front seat of his car, and Custer mayor Gene Reese is quoted as saying that the people of his town "may have to take it upon themselves" to ward off future Indian attacks. "They came here because of our name," says Mrs. Hobart Gates, wife of the Custer County prosecutor. "How can we possibly negotiate a symbol?"

Even 115 miles away in urban Rapid City, whites skitter like colts in a burning barn at the mere mention of the "Indian problem." James Knehn, longtime executive director of the *Rapid City Journal*, tells me: "We haven't yet run an editorial about Wounded Knee because we still aren't sure what to think. We've sent our own reporters out there a couple times, but mainly we use wire copy. We're so close to the situation and things are so tense, you can't say anything about the Indians without offending somebody."

A longtime friend in Rapid City, who has attended Bible class once a week ever since I've known him, says he doesn't talk about the "Indian problem" with anyone other than his wife. "Ever since Indians smashed up four bars in town," he explains, "you can't say a word about them having valid complaints, or people accuse you of being pro-Indian. It's not worth losing friends over." I try to cash a check in a Rapid City motel, and the owner's wife explains they no longer keep cash on hand. "No, no Indians ever robbed us yet, or anywhere else I've heard of, but with all this going on you never know what might happen next," she says. "Why, we never noticed the color of skin until those Indians busted up the town. It set them back a hundred years."

Whites in Custer have been even more virulent since the Indians burned down the town's Chamber of Commerce on February 6, the same day they attacked the courthouse. Actually, press reports about the fiery death of the building were greatly exaggerated. When I first tried to check those reports, I could not even find the charred remains of the building, and when I did find the foundation, I paced it off, reluctant to believe what I saw. The late Custer Chamber of Commerce, by my calculations, had apparently been the size of two hot dog stands set side by side.

As I did my pacing, a 1963 Ford brake in the middle of the intersection of Custer Fourth Streets a few feet away. The dr wore glasses and a baseball cap with the l turned up, from under which he peered at through his windshield for several minutes nally, unable to contain himself, he left his running and hurried over.

"You the appraiser?" he asked. "No, a er," I answered. "Fur one of them liberal pie magazines?" he asked. "Not exactly." " know," he began, unprompted, "we were ta down at the fillin' station the other day, an decided those goddamn Indian idiots go goddamn business here. Why, it sounded li Fourth of Jooly party over here when burned down this here Chamber of Comm The people of South Dakota got more stuck in their faces in the last year than body in the United States." The skin of his was rough, filled with a thousand hills and lies, and his narrow lips barely moved whe talked. "Most of us hillbillies work in ti and mines—I worked in mines all my life, I love my land," he said with a sweep o hand toward the spring-ripened Black Hills nestle lovingly against the town.

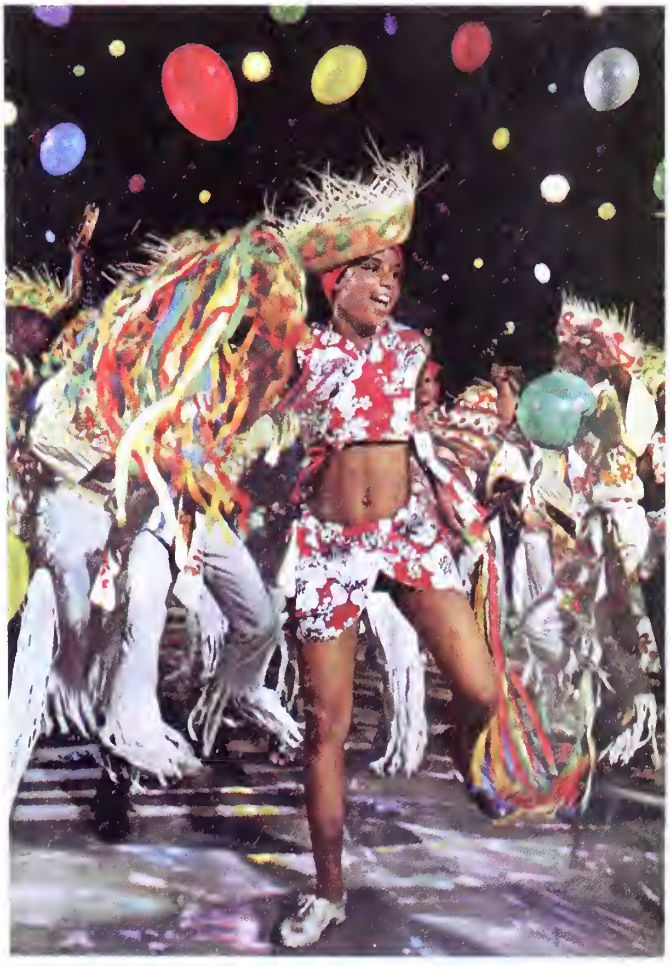
Two weeks later, a U.S. marshal was shot paralyzed from the hips down as the result fire fight near Wounded Knee. That was en for U.S. Assistant Attorney General Kent zell, who had tried to let the alleged upri collapse of its own accord. At a press co ence, Frizzell declared, "The fun and game over," and so they were. Desertions had cu rebel ranks to a few hard-core militants portedly armed with two 50-caliber mac guns and home-made land mines. As the s tion worsened, government armored cars m closer to Wounded Knee, and a showd seemed to be at hand. Or so it was said. of us knew the facts: the press was fi barred from the scene. For us, the fun games *were* over—at last.

These, then, are the stories of Wounded K and Custer, of Gordon and Rapid City. St of battles without glory, heroes without bra romance without vision. The reporters shre the stories into pieees, tossed them into the and recreated them as they fell into desig their own choosing. We tightened up the f smoothed the edges, covered up the blem like portrait artists with fussy elients. We u good eowboy-and-Indian stories beeausè thought it was what the publie wanted, and were harmless, even if they were not all For the truth is buried in too many cent of lies like fossils embedded in layers of s Let the Recording of the Event make d the event—and don't believe everything i media.

GOOMBAY GOES BOOM AGAIN JUNE 3rd

en summer can't wait any longer.
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VERSE

by W. S. Merwin

THE FOWLER

Even between your two hands
you have to decide
before the fowler's
one doubting eye

without knowing the number of feathers
on a single one of your limbs
or in either of your wings
as he does
and without having been told that you are flying
and casting the flight shadow
in the black pool of his eye

and without seeing the threads of the snare
nor knowing the story
beyond having to decide
between one hand and the other
in midair

NOVEMBER 1972

The landscape
of a link disappearing between species
and phyla
and kingdoms
is here
after what we have said goodbye to
and before what we will not be here to see
only we know this
as we are
the earth sealed with tar
the walls climbing
the feathers warm around the heart
the memory of unmarked woods
standing facing something we cannot see
exchanging familiar speech
archaic greetings of those who reappear

ATTENTION

The hours stand and watch
while I wait for the glass egg to hatch
what makes me think it will hatch
warmed only by my attention
I never saw one hatch

I never saw one
like this one
I never saw this one before
but I see it now
containing its transparent cloud
it never hatched before
always it was waiting
it was not born of a bird
but of the glass of the world
which always waited

as I do
for something to happen for the first time
in the egg
warmed only by my attention
and the burning of the old wings

APPLES

Waking beside a pile of unsorted keys
in an empty room
the sun is high

what a long jagged string of broken bird son
they must have made as they gathered there
by the ears deaf with sleep
and the hands empty as waves
I remember the birds now
but where are the locks

when I touch the pile
my hand sounds like a wave on a shingle b
I hear someone stirring
in the ruins of a glass mountain
after decades

those keys are so cold that they melt at my
all but the one
to the door of a cold morning
the colors of apples

W. S. Merwin is the author of many books of poetry, among them The Miner's Pale Children *and a translation of* The Song of Roland.

)NTEMPORARY

f I came down out of these
ark clouds that now build up against the mountain
er day with no rain in them
ed as one blade of grass
rden in the south when the clouds part in winter
ıe beginning I would be older than all the animals
the last I would be simpler
ould design me and dew would disappear on me
uld shine through me
l be green with white roots
rms touch my feet as a bounty
o name and no fear
ıturally to the light
row to spend the day and night
ıg out of myself
life

NCAMPMENT AT MORNING

ant tribe of spiders
tents at dusk in the rye stubble
lay I see the color
planet under their white-beaded tents
the spiders are bent
de fires in damp September
r live instruments
see the color of the planet
heir tents go from above it
me that way in a breath cloud
g my steps
the tents rising invisibly like the shapes of snowflakes
words on a journey
inscriptions of settled people

THE HORSE

In a dead tree
there is the ghost of a horse
no horse
was ever seen near the tree
but the tree was born
of a mare
it rolled with long legs
in rustling meadows
it pricked its ears
it reared and tossed its head
and suddenly stood still
beginning to remember
at its leaves fell

IN WINTER SILENCE

So who am I who was alone to see
this thorn-apple tree
at this hour of this day of this January
of this world

And who then
am I who to no one not even certainly to me
at another time would be able to impart
the blue sky deepening and winter sun
burning white through those
exact thin dark tangled branches

more than halfway down
many radiant traeks now

white reflections on the high yellow waxen
thorn-apple sun-offerings
few leaves lanterns in the afternoon







John Diele

WHY WE MIGHT HAVE TO MOVE TO THE COUNTRY

a story by Kenneth Bernard



Barbara Bergman

Kenneth Bernard teaches at Long Island University. He is the author of Night Club and Other Plays.

THAT PIG OF MINE is always getting me into trouble. Last week she got loose and rooted in Dottie Burke's garden for over an hour. Yesterday she got in with the Ferguson pigs, and that is likely to ruin *them* forever, for she is not any ordinary pig. We got her originally for the purpose of eating our garbage. But she has since won a place in our hearts on her own. What we really need, anyway, is something that eats tin, paper, and plastic. The raccoons and woodchucks and skunks, we discovered, will easily take care of regular garbage. Or we can make a compost heap for the garden.

I have taken to calling her "fat little pig," as in "Hello, Fat Little Pig." To which my daughter answers, "Daddy, pigs are supposed to be fat." To which I answer, "Well, then, when is a pig fat?" She is still pondering that one.

For a while we were uncertain about the sex, and the boys argued about such things as the shape of pig haunches. Eventually, without ever having reached a scientific decision, we all agreed it was female. But it would not upset us to find out she was male, as all we ever call her is "Pig," as in "Eat your garbage, Pig" (or, in my case, "Eat your garbage, Fat Little Pig"). We did spend one evening after supper talking about names. But we got too literary, names like Amanda and Jethro and Captain Pig. Just plain "Pig" finally seemed the best name for a pig.

Pig is very playful. Our children ride on her back and roll in the mud with her. She will chase sticks and balls but not bring them back. Sometimes she jumps. And when she is happy or excited she snortles furiously. Of course, she eats like a pig, especially since we've taken to supplementing her garbage with pig feed and milk. She also has the bad habit of taking nips out of the Burke and Ferguson children, so that when they come over their parents always say, "Don't play with their nasty little pig." But they do anyway.

Our original plan was to get a small pig each summer, fatten her with leftovers, and sell her at auction around Labor Day just before we returned to the city. The first few years we did not get a pigpen built in back of the old chicken house. Instead we shoveled out a lot of old chicken manure, cleared out the junk, and the children made a kind of clubhouse out of it, with a kitchen corner, a lookout loft, and so on. But then they started climbing out a window to the roof and jumping into the rhubarb patch, so I chased them out. One year Mr. Ferguson heard we wanted pigs and bought us two, but he never told us until the following spring, by which time his son Chuck had gotten them pretty fat and wanted the pork chops himself. This year we finally got one, though we were sorry that two are better, because lonely pigs don't fatten so quick.

Well, our pig is not lonely, but it is not big company it has. Our daughter is its best companion. She wheels it in her carriage, dresses it in doll's clothes, ties hats on it, reads to it, and feeds it with a baby bottle. The boys grin mostly for chasing and scaring it. It runs and hides now when it sees or hears them. They used to throw the two cats at her also, but now the cats avoid them too. Our daughter would like to take baths and sleep with Pig, but my wife put her foot down on that: Pig is not allowed in the house.

The real problem with Pig is that Labor Day is coming up soon and no one wants to auction her, for sooner or later she is sure to be slaughtered. We obviously cannot bring her back to the city. The neighbors would complain, for one thing. And who ever saw a pig on a lead? Kennels will have nothing to do with her. Mr. Ferguson would be happy to feed her over the winter, but he, too, would expect some ham or bacon eventually. Being a farmer, he would never understand raising a pig to die of old age—especially when Pig would be weighing several hundred pounds and need *tons* of garbage. Or would he?

The boys affect manly indifference to their fate, but they are worried. Our daughter frets and loses sleep. Several family meetings have been devoted to the problem. One idea was to rent Pig to institutions as a garbage disposal unit over the winters, for example, orphanages, homes, lunatic asylums, hospitals, schools, and jails. Another was to train her and give her debut to a circus. The children actually did try to teach her to ride a bike. After that, they tried balancing balls, then jumping through a flaming hoop. Pig failed in everything. One desperate idea was to make her a mascot to a football or baseball team, but we decided no team would want to be nicknamed the Philadelphia Piggies or the Omaha Oinkers. A final idea, which no one believed in, was to contribute Pig to the space program. But pigs obviously weigh more, and more, than monkeys, and are not built for space suits or space travel. That leaves us with only one real possibility. For that you have to look back at the title. And I am not at all certain I want to do it for a pig. Would you?

Caprice bends over backward to put you at ease.

Caprice Sport Sedan in front of the San Francisco Opera House.

fort and luxury are
rably tied together in
ce.

the available reclin-
assenger seat, shown
that independently ad-
o and back. Sink back
is sumptuous seat and
the world go by.

Then picture your-
self behind the wheel.
You're sitting on
full-foam seats.



Stretch your legs out. Way out. You've got a good yard or so.

Reach out, feel the new soft rim steering wheel—power steering, of course.

Look around. Handsome woodlike vinyl accents, rich feeling knit cloth or pattern cloth fabrics, assist grips on the front doors.

1973 Caprice. You might not want to look any higher.

Chevrolet. Building a better way to see the U.S.A. Chevrolet

Take a second to buckle up. It could save a lifetime.

THE EDUCATIONAL EXPERIENCE

by Donald Barthelme

Music from somewhere. It is Vivaldi's great work, *The Semesters.* The students wandered among the exhibits. The Fisher King was there. We walked among the industrial achievements. A good-looking gas turbine, behind a velvet rope. The manufacturers described themselves in their literature as "patient and optimistic." The students gazed, and gaped. Hitting them with ax handles is no longer permitted, hugging and kissing them is no longer permitted, speaking to them is permitted but only under extraordinary circumstances.

The Fisher King was there. In *Current Pathology* by Spurry and Entemann the King is called "a doubtful clinical entity." But Spurry and Entemann have never caught him, so far as is known. Transfer of information from the world to the eye is permitted if you have signed oaths of loyalty to the world, to the eye, to *Current Pathology.*

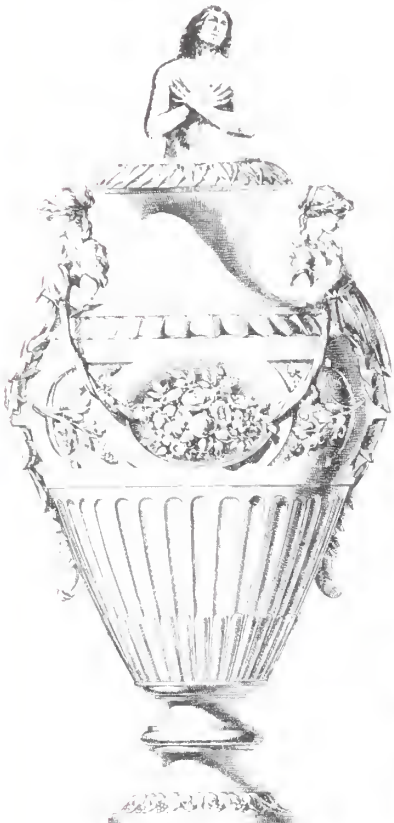
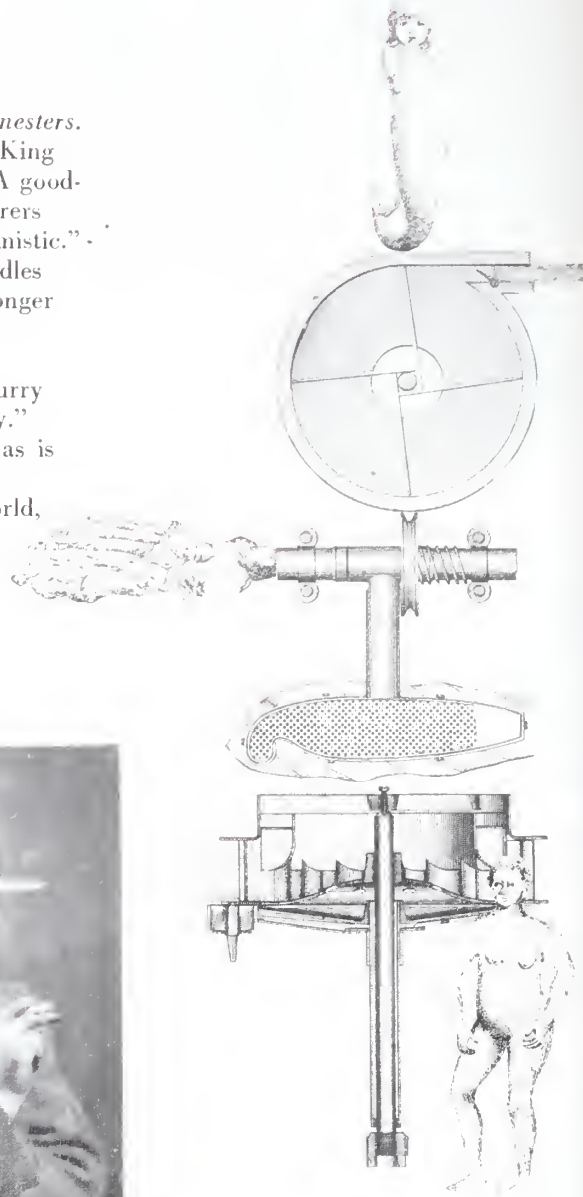




Fig. 6

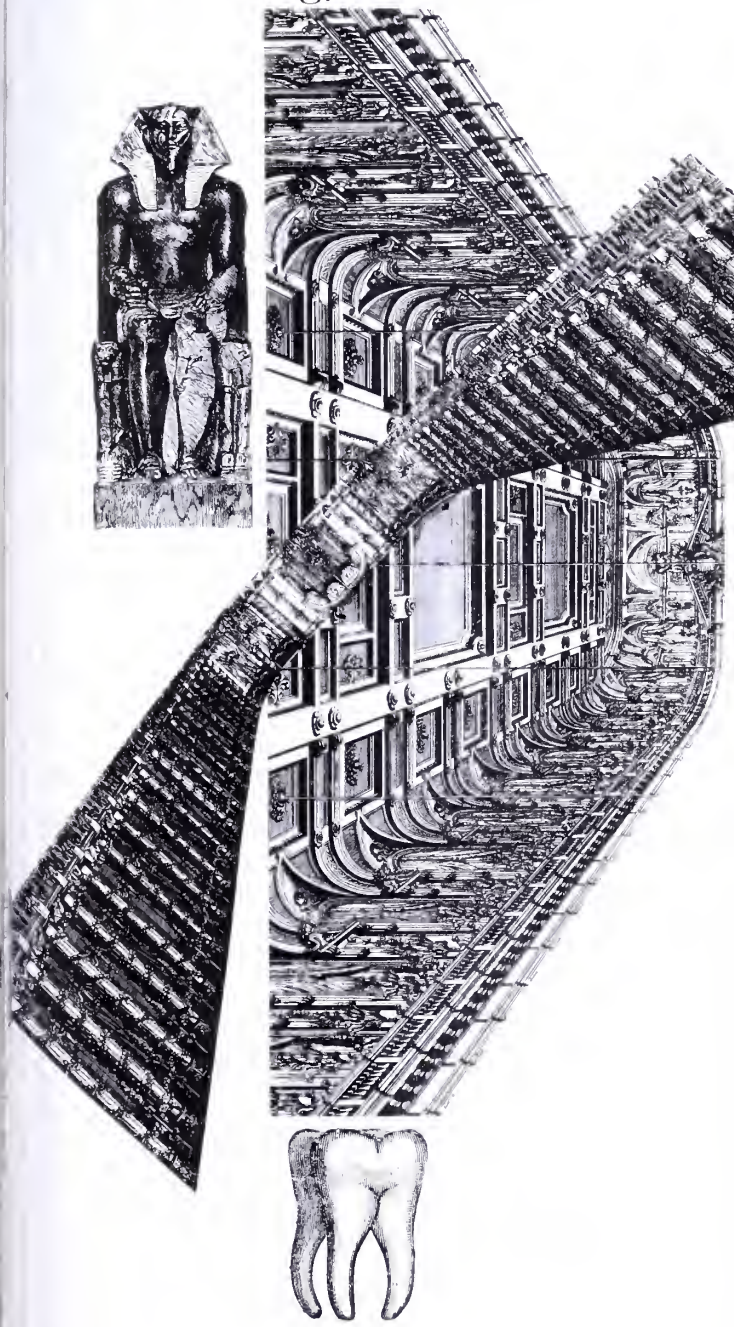


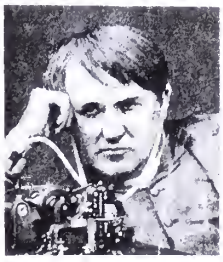
We moved on. The two major theo s of origins, evolution and creation, we argued by bands of believers who gav aw buttons, balloons, bumper stickers, pie s o the True Cross. On the walls, photog hs of stocking masks. The visible univers was doing very well, we decided, a gr d of movement, flux—unimpaired vital . We made the students add odd figures thi like 453498*23:J and 8977?22MARY This was part of the educational expe nc we told them, and not even the hard p t —just one side of a many-sided effo Bu what a wonderful time you'll have, w told them, when the experience is ov done, completed. You will all, we told them, be more beautiful than you are and more employable too. You will ha a grasp of the total situation; the t al situation will have a grasp of you.

Here is a diode, learn what to do with it. Here is Du Guesclin, stable of France 1370-80—learn what to do with him. A divan ither a long cushioned seat or a council of state—figure at which times it is what. Certainly you can have your gerous drugs, but only for dessert—first you must chew r cauliflower, finish your fronds.
)h they were happy going through the exercises and we told m to keep their tails down as they crawled under the wire, wire was a string of quotations, Tacitus, Herodotus, Pindar . . . n the steady-state cosmologists, Bondi, Gold, and Hoyle, to be leapt over, the students had to swing from tree to tree he Dark Wood, rappel down the sheer face of the Merzbau, age in unarmed combat with the Van de Graaff machine, sew king masks. See? Unimpaired vitality.



Fig. 27







We paused before a bird's lung on a pedestal. "But the mammalian lung is different!" they shouted. "A single slug of air, per hundred thousand population . . ." Some fool was going to call for "action" soon, citing the superiority of praxis to pale theory. A wipe-out requires thought, planning, coordination, as per our phoncon of 6/8/71. Classic film scripts were stretched tight over the destruction of indigenous social and political structures for dubious ends, as per our phoncon of 9/12/71. "Do you think intelligent life exists outside this bed?" one student asked another, confused as to whether she was attending the performance, or part of it. Unimpaired vitality, yes, but—

Donald Barthelme's most recent book is Sadness, *a collection of short stories.*

And Sergeant Preston of the Yukon was there in his Sam Browne belt, he was copulating violently but copulating with no one, that's always sad to see. Still it was a "nice try" and in that sense inspirational, a congratulation to the visible universe for being what it is. The group leader read from an approved text. "I have eaten from the tympanum, I have drunk from the cymbals." The students shouted and clashed their spears together, in approval. We noticed that several of them were off in a corner playing with animals, an ibex, cattle, sheep. We didn't know whether we should tell them to stop, or urge them to continue. Perplexities of this kind are not infrequent, in our business. The important thing is the educational experience itself—how to survive it.

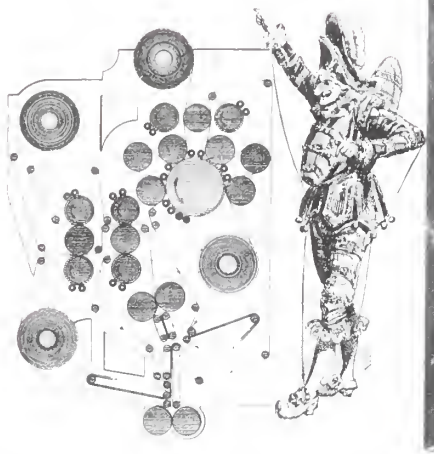


Fig. 36

We moved them along as fast as we could, but it's difficult, with all the new regulations, restrictions. The Chapel Perilous is a bomb farm now, they have 8,000 acres in guavas and a few hundred head of white-faced enlisted men who stand around with buckets of water, buckets of sand. We weren't allowed to smoke, that was annoying, but necessary I suppose to the preservation of our fundamental ideals. Then we taught them how to put stamps on letters, there was a long line waiting in front of that part of the program, we lectured about belt buckles, the off/on switch, and putting out the garbage. It is wise not to attempt too much all at once—perhaps we weren't wise.

The best way to live is by not knowing what will happen to you at the end of the day, when the sun goes down and the supper is to be cooked. The students looked at each other with secret smiles. Rotten of them to conceal their feelings from us, we who are doing the best we can. The invitation to indulge in emotion at the expense of rational analysis already constitutes a political act, as per our phoncon of 11/9/72. We came to a booth where the lessons of 1914 were taught. There were some wild strawberries there, in the pool of blood, and someone was playing the piano, softly, in the pool of blood, and the Fisher King was fishing, hopelessly, in the pool of blood. The pool is a popular meeting place for younger people but we aren't younger anymore so we hurried on. "Come and live with me," that was something somebody said to someone else, a bizarre idea that was quickly scotched—we don't want that kind of idea to become general, or popular.

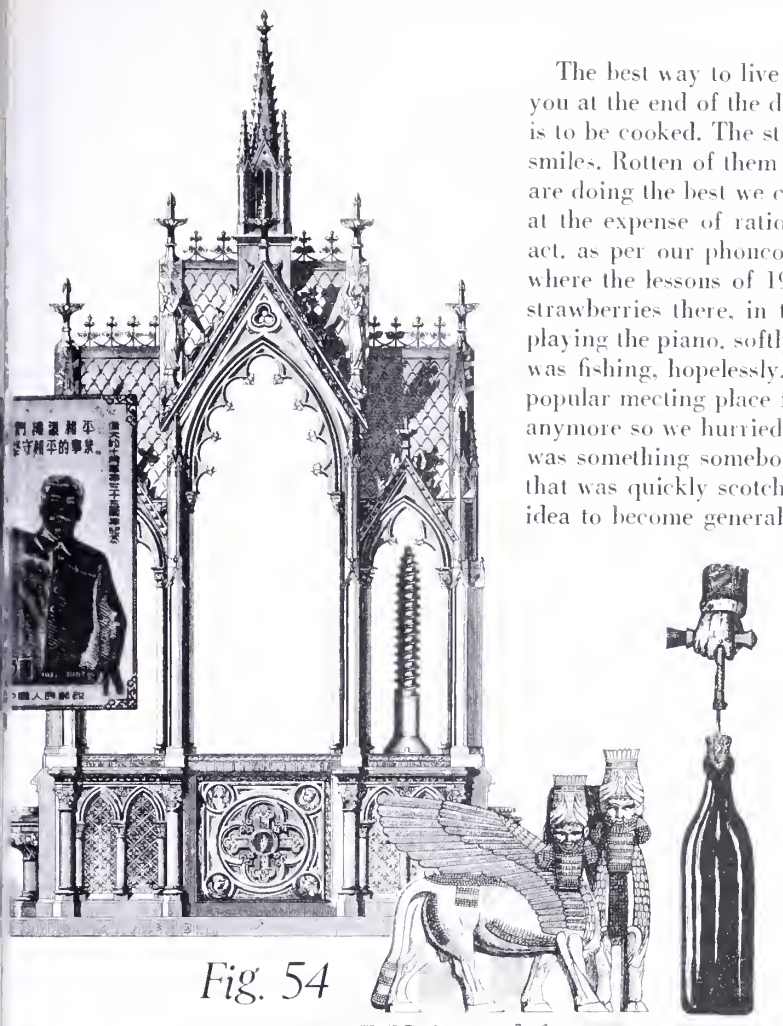


Fig. 54



"The world is everything that was formerly the case," the group leader said, "and now it is time to get back on the bus." Then all of the guards rushed up and demanded their bribes. We paid them with soluble traveler's checks and hoped for rain, and hoped for rodomontade, braggadocio, blare, bray, fanfare, flourish, tucket.

Kevin Phillips

CONSERVATIVE CHIC

The evolving style of the New Republican Majority

TWO SWALLOWS DON'T MAKE A SUMMER, and two Nixon election victories don't make a New American Establishment. Not yet, anyway.

Compare 1973 with 1968: the same lawyers are running the bar associations; the same newspapers, magazines, and TV networks are shaping public opinion; the same names are in the social Four Hundred; the same people have the same fortunes. But even though little seems to have changed, there is plenty of evidence that the new Nixon coalition—the "New Majority" of November 7—is beginning to shift the tides of American wealth, culture, and power.

The New Majority really has two vital components. The first is most of traditional Republican America: John O'Hara's Packard and Princeton-alumni suburbia; business, big and small; the more prosperous agricultural areas of the nation. The second—better publicized of late—is the increment of conservative Democrats from the South, the Rocky Mountains, and the Catholic ethnic areas of the North.

Only the traditional GOP segment of the coalition got the rewards for President Nixon's first four years; the conservative Democratic groups got campaign promises, slogans, and a few token patronage jobs. Even the "Southern strategy" was more oratory than action, save for the crucial Supreme Court appointments.

Cultural and political timidity characterized President Nixon's first term in the White House. As late as winter 1971-2, Nixon strategists were still unsure of their political direction and future. The New Majority was still a question mark, to say nothing of a new "establishment." As for GOP coziness with big business, there is nothing new about that: it is old establishment politics right out of the Union League and downtown clubs.

Having said this about the first Nixon term, I hasten to add that the second term is shaping up very differently indeed. To quote *The Wall Street Journal*:

> *A longer-range goal, which aides say Mr. Nixon cherishes, is the creation of that Republican majority blueprinted by author Kevin Phillips. The seeming solidity of the South for Mr. Nixon, plus signs of defection of heavily Catholic blue-collar workers from the Democrats make Phillips' new GOP coalition appear a realizable goal in the view of White House strategists.*

Aides say that President Nixon hop[es] t[o] transform the New Majority into a perm[a]ne[nt] ruling coalition. While this may be a slig[ht] e[x]aggeration, the commitment is there, and [it] will have a tremendous impact on the United [St]ates. Over the next four years, White House att[em]pts to solidify the New Majority are likely to ta[ke] up the establishment—or, as C. Wright Mi[lls] would say, the "power elite"—in a way th[at] the first Nixon term scarcely hinted at. Consid[er] the following aspects of an establishment.

HEALTH: Few people realize the simpl[e] fru[th] that in 1972 Richard Nixon receive[d] h[is] highest percentages in the *poor* states—fro[m] th[e] Rockies to the Deep South. He receive[d] h[is] worst percentages (relatively, at least) [in] th[e] richer states (Massachusetts, New York, Co[n]necticut). Because of the huge Nixon tri[um]p[h] the socioeconomic cleavage was hidden, [but] it was there—a sharp contrast with the 1856–94 national pattern of Republican appeal.

Despite his victory, Nixon failed to ca[rry] and the New Majority does not include [the] East Side of Manhattan (Park Avenue, [Fi]fth Avenue, etc.), archetype of American [wea]lth and fashion. The elite suburbs of Boston [and] San Francisco also gave Nixon a poor vot[e].

None of this means that the White Ho[use] against wealth. On the contrary, such an [arg]ument would be palpably ludicrous. The [ex]Administration is closely allied with the [boo]geoning affluence of California, the South[west] the Southwest. The President and his to[p] visers admire businessmen: U.S. Steel, Sta[nda]rd Oil, and General Motors certainly have f[ree] at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, and small-[to]nessmen supported Nixon on November [7] roughly, a 5-to-1 margin. If George Babbit[t] still alive and well in Zenith, he'd have [a] 100 percent A-OK for Nixon-Agnew. N[ot] Administration's hostility is toward a [c]*new* concentration of wealth, offensive [to] average New Majoritarian: the knowled[ge] dustry, part of which Oregon Congresswo[man] Edith Green has described as "the povert[y] eation-industrial complex."

When the Republican party left Washi[ngton] in 1932 after the defeat of Herbert H[oover] wealth in the United States came from ma[n]

Kevin Phillips, author of The Emerging Republican Majority, *is director of the American Political Research Corporation.*

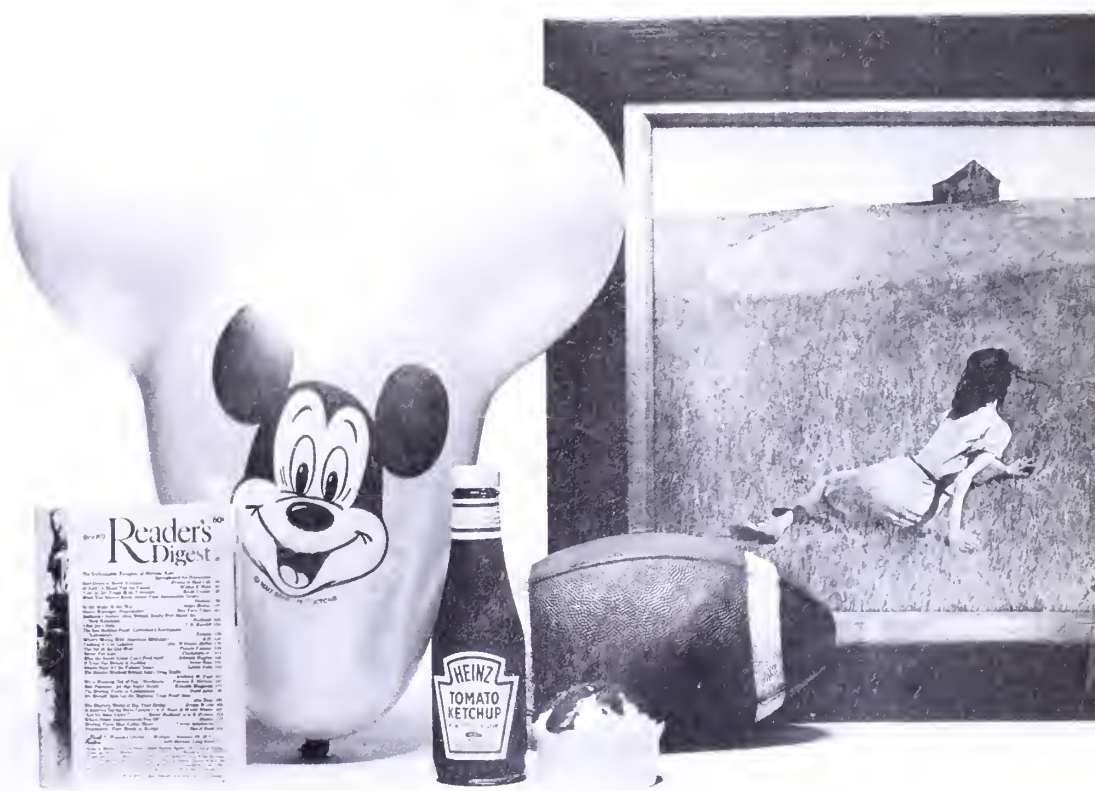
extractive industries, commerce, and
These sources of wealth are still large-
iblican, but a new one has been added.
970, *about 35 percent of the U.S. gross*
l product came from the production, dis-
ion, and consumption of *knowledge*—
ses such as universities, communica-
dustries and networks, foundations, think
education and knowledge technology
ies (from General Learning to CBS and
, sociological, urban, and poverty con-
, and so forth. Well-heeled liberals from
ocations are responsible for the increas-
emocratic outlook of many fashionable
nd suburban districts.
nuch as the wealth of the knowledge in-
and the poverty-education complex bal-
during the Sixties because of government
nd research spending, the establishment
ed is vulnerable to federal spending cut-
The Nixon Administration, in turn, rep-
tax-revolt constituencies of suburbia and
gry South and West. Thus, the White
is cutting back social and educational
ns, as well as mounting direct antitrust
against segments of the knowledge in-
(cf. the suit against IBM).
ervatives don't like to talk about redis-
n of wealth, but that is what is taking
trimming federal social, urban, and edu-
l programs will take money from the lib-
ablishment and presumably pass it back
New Majority in the form of tax credits
ample, to property taxpayers and paro-
chool parents) and avoidance of further tax increases. Traditional big business, aligned with the Republican party, can expect sympathy over the next four years. Limousine liberal economic interests are those that will be sacrificed to ease the burdens on the New Majority.

CULTURE: Beyond any doubt, the New Majority will have an especially great impact on this facet of America. Virtually every element of the Nixon coalition dislikes the Sixties' cultural hegemony of the *New York Times*, CBS, Harvard, the Ford Foundation, Norman Mailer, *Oh! Calcutta!*, and the Portnoy's Complaint-mongers. The Administration has already taken up cudgels against the liberal media.

Among newspapers, the *New York Times* is in disfavor, but the brunt of the Administration's anger is directed against the *nouveau*, Kennedy-era *Washington Post*, which Presidential aides have accused of colluding with McGovern in the 1972 campaign. *Post* reporters have been barred from White House functions, and the Administration is giving its newsbeats to the conservative-leaning *Washington Star-News*. President Nixon has told aides that he wants more attention paid to newspapers in the South and West.

Nothing comes higher on the target list of the New Majority than network television, linchpin of the liberal establishment. Presidential advisers smile like Cheshire cats when they talk of network hierarchs taking cyanide by 1974. The idea is to force control of TV news and programming out of the N.Y.-Washington axis and back into the hinterland.

"The Administration will try to cement its coalition by creating a new managerial and communications establishment that merchandises the values that Middle America holds dear."



a participatory
cy. So read all about
on cancer, crime, and
it the world the million-
ouse built. Savor your
cheese and ketchup.
at pigskin. Groove on
ul sounds and those
d soul words. And take
te liberal!

Kevin Phillips

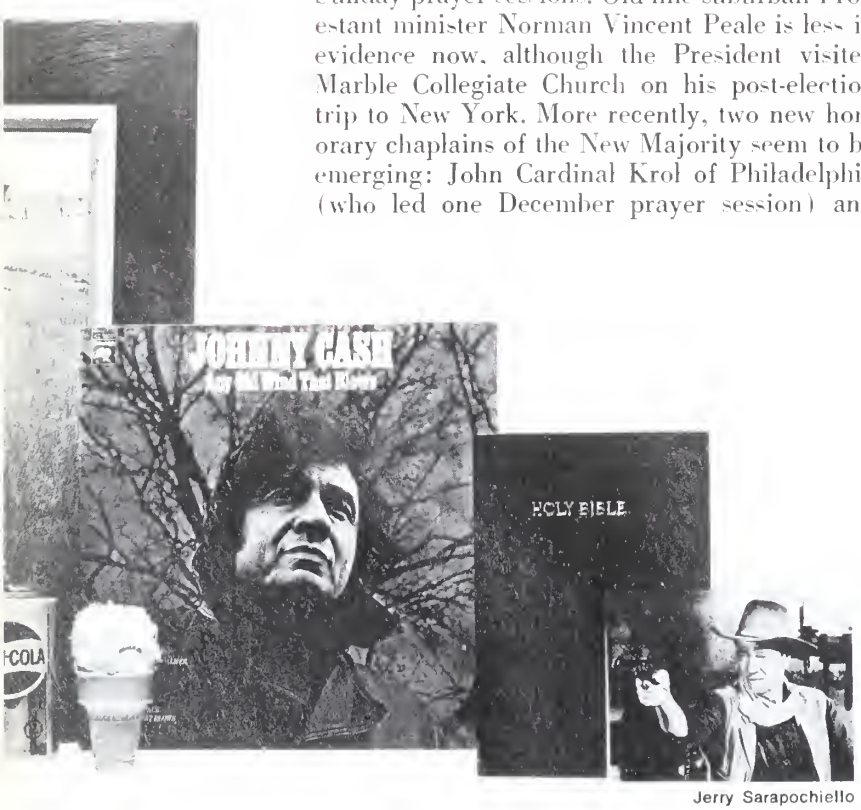
CONSERVATIVE CHIC

LITERATURE: The "style" of the Nixon White House and the New Majority remains belligerently Middle American. Like the average Carolinian, Nebraskan, or small-town Ohioan, the New Majority's high command in the White House feels most comfortable with *Reader's Digest*. DeWitt Wallace and Hobart Lewis are friends of the President, and the Administration likes the "How I Found God/Support Your Local Cops" kind of article the *Digest* runs so often. Except for a few conservatives like Victor Lasky and Allen Drury, authors and literary types are not welcome in the White House.

Back in 1968, Murray Kempton snidely noted that Nixon had been elected President by all the places in America without bookstores.

ENTERTAINMENT: The President likes John Wayne movies—*Chisum* and others—and he watched *Patton* three or four times. In New York, he likes musicals; in autumn, it's pro football. Locker-room-style comedian Bob Hope appears regularly at the White House, and Disneyland is much admired. (Half of the White House used to work there.) Evidence of how these California Republican biases are being broadened to encompass more Southern and Catholic New Majoritarianism can be found in visits to the White House by stars like Johnny Cash, Clint Eastwood, and Frank Sinatra.

RELIGION: To woo the New Majority, Quaker Nixon has established nondenominational Sunday prayer sessions. Old-line suburban Protestant minister Norman Vincent Peale is less in evidence now, although the President visited Marble Collegiate Church on his post-election trip to New York. More recently, two new honorary chaplains of the New Majority seem to be emerging: John Cardinal Krol of Philadelphia (who led one December prayer session) and Southern fundamentalist leader Billy Gr
(A recent book, *Religion and the New Ma*
cited Graham and his fellow fundamental
a pivotal factor in America's political futu



Jerry Sarapochiello

EDUCATION: Quite a few Nixon people
an anti-Ivy League chip on their sho
Two former Presidential advisers, John M
and Chuck Colson, turned down admiss
Harvard for reasons of inverted snobbery
son insults Harvard and the Ivy Leagu
chance he gets. Richard Nixon himself
this attitude. There are plenty of Ivy Le
around, but the mood in the upper echel
quite different. A number of the Presi
senior White House aides went to the Univ
of Southern California or UCLA, and the
House usually schedules campus visits for
like the University of Tennessee, Drake
liam and Mary, General Beadle College, a
Air Force Academy. The university dean
or presently serving in important jobs
from the University of Chicago, Southern
odist, Duke, and so forth.

ETHNICITY: Black may not be too be
in Administration eyes (although th
ord is equivocal), but "ethnic" certai
These days, Presidential receptions for l
of the New Majority invariably include C
Poles, Cleveland Hungarians, Connecticut
leaders, and Italo-American War Veterans
manders. In state after state, GOP ethnic
and associations are being formed.

Do all of these changes and shifts add u
new establishment? Only in a tentative w
takes more than Bob Hope, the *Wash*
Star-News, Billy Graham, Cardinal Krol,
Sinatra, and the *Reader's Digest*. To be
there are plenty of signs that the "square
terrevolution" of the New Majority is e
the Sixties' liberal establishment. Th
against poverty, the *Washington Post*, CB
Ford Foundation, the Ivy League, etc., no
constitute the glass of fashion. But does th
ministration have much of an establishm
offer in its place?

POWER: Before the White House can
late any Southern, Western, suburban,
nic New Majority into a permanent coa
the President's tacticians will be obliged
tablish power centers that reflect the view
interests of Middle America. It won't be

There is a saying, "Knowledge is p
Maybe. If the saying is broadened to argu
"knowledge and communication is power,
it is probably true. My guess is that the A
istration will try to cement its coalition b



ast week we moved Chicago to Dallas.

average week, U.S. sched- airlines carry three-and-a- million passengers an av- e of 800 miles. That's the valent of picking up every woman and child in Chicago ansporting them to Dallas.

more than 75 percent of the ers who go by common car- etween U.S. cities go by air- . In travel between the U.S. oreign countries, airlines ac- for 90 percent.

oday's traffic volume is noth- ompared to tomorrow's. Air travel will almost triple in the next 10 years.

To accommodate this growth we're moving ahead on all fronts. With automatic ticketing, with ways to sort and handle your baggage by computer, with imaginative systems to make air travel even smoother, easier, more pleasant.

All this takes money—money that depends on earnings. While the airlines of America are doing better financially, we consistently earn less than the rate of return which the CAB has judged to be adequate for our business. Your understanding of airline economics, and your support of policies that will enable us to continue to serve you, will help improve our service, already the best of its kind in the world.

How can we bring about the future you want? You can help by learning the facts. Write for the illustrated booklet, "Where Your Airline Ticket Dollar Goes," to Air Transport Association of America, Dept. 109, 1709 New York Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

The Airlines of America

The Shortest Distance Between People

ELITE LIBERAL	STEREOTYPE	NEW MAJORITY
Brookings Institution, Ford Foundation	THINK TANK	American Enterprise Institute, Hudson Institute
Harvard, Yale	UNIVERSITY	University of Southern California, The Air Force Academy
New York Times, Washington Post	NEWSPAPER	*Washington Star, Nashville Banner, New York Daily News*
Leonard Bernstein	MUSIC	Lawrence Welk
The Best and the Brightest	BOOK	*Six Crises, The Emerging Republican Majority*
Marlon Brando	ACTOR	John Wayne
N.Y. Episcopal Bishop Paul Moore	RELIGIOUS LEADER	Billy Graham
Noam Chomsky, Herbert Marcuse	INTELLECTUAL	Irving Kristol, Herman Kahn
Leonard Woodcock	LABOR LEADER	Peter Brennan
Philip Hart	SENATOR	Howard Baker
Volvo	CAR	Cadillac
Last Tango in Paris	MOVIE	*Patton*
Willem De Kooning	ARTIST	Andrew Wyeth
Concert for Bangladesh	ENTERTAINMENT	Disneyland, *Six Flags Over Texas*
Tennis	SPORT (PARTICIPANT)	Bowling
Baseball	SPORT (SPECTATOR)	Football
Dienbienphu	BATTLE	Lexington
General Giap	MILITARY HERO	Hap Arnold
The New York Review of Books, The New Republic	MAGAZINE	*Reader's Digest, U.S. News & World Report*
Quiche Lorraine	FOOD	Charcoaled steak
Beaujolais Fraise	DRINK	Pepsi-Cola

ating a new managerial and comm ic
establishment that merchandises the v
Middle America holds dear—and th
America dislikes the liberal establish
abandoning.

It probably has to be that kind of e
ident Nixon himself is something of a
tual, but few of the people around
bother with pretension. Advertising me
most noticeably those elevated from
executive positions at J. Walter T
chief of staff H. R. Haldeman (form
Flag insecticide account supervisor),
Council director Ken Cole (French's
and Press Secretary Ron Ziegler
Besides, the New Majority is fund
at odds with the policies pushed by t
educated liberal elite of the Sixties, a
list reactions against intellectual elite
easily result in a new intellectual estab

To be sure, there are signs of cha
intellectual community. A few neocon
intellectuals like Irving Kristol, Edw
field, and Pat Moynihan are leaning in
Majority direction, and a few think ta
tably William Baroody's American E
Institute for Public Policy Research
man Kahn's Hudson Institute—are cle
ing stature. But the basic thrust of
Majority does not appear to be intel

Thanks to the failures of the liberal
ment in the 1960s—in everything fro
the welfare explosion, don't-blame-the
sociology, and mockery of patriotism t
cultural elitism—the bonds that unite
Majority are largely negative: there ar
things that people *just don't want one
longer*. To meet these demands, the Ad
tion must empower somebody to dism
old programs, the old bureaucracy, an
communications establishment and to s
mechanisms.

Managerialism is central to Admi
planning, and so is the matter of giving
munications industry a new social and
direction. Liberals exaggerate, but there
danger that this could go too far, br
controlled media and controlled culture
of national Disneyland lobotomy.

If the White House is successful, th
establishment of the Sixties will begin t
This won't create a new establishment o
but if the Administration can successfu
tralize the governmental authority n
win the battle, America will have an
dented ruling power structure—a ma
elite based in the White House with
few roots in the business, cultural, edu
and political community of America
Such an establishment would be more ir
than the coalition that originally brou
office.

PALENESS OF HEART



Susan Meiselas

Notes from the journal of a white woman in New York

by Mary Richie

: OTHER DAY, a Sunday, I went walking in tral Park. Most of the people walking or in the park were black. Whites rolled by ft bicycles, as if in another dimension of I was walking in a People's Park in an n city. Blacks everywhere, nuggets of on picnic blankets, grave groups of boys irls sipping from white paper cups. Even years ago, I did not see so many blacks r down in the park. I felt happy, as if, a er, I were being accepted, without stares, self-contained natives. Three black boys down the path. One was wearing a sculpt- ither headpiece of gold and red and the ing colors of the pheasant. His chest was his eyes glittering like a drunken priest's. of his two companions suddenly turned, his hand toward a nearby slope, and said friends, "Hey man, let's go climb the tain." Suddenly I saw a mountain and felt e expand. I remembered Mt. Tom, where run as a child down the smooth stones that shifted, as I was warned they would, but l firm under my commanding feet.

ittle while later I saw a white man coming d me, dressed in casual clothes, preoccu- lt was S. I spoke his name and we fell on other's shoulders, suddenly more than ls of friends, travelers together.

LATE ONE EVENING, after the reception at the Museum of Modern Art, I went along with D. and his friends to get a hamburger. We walked along Sixth Avenue, across the street from the Hilton. Three tall handsome black men stood together on the sidewalk, facing each other, as if there were a bonfire or a body between them. They wore large flaring hats, slightly cocked on one side; beautiful trousers tucked into soft, nearly knee-high boots; wide-shouldered jackets. Tall and gleaming, they stood like Spanish princes owning a piece of the New World. I guess I stared at them, for they beckoned to us and smiled, and I was pleased. I did not know then that they were probably pimps.

Sometimes I see white men I know, and know to be homosexual, dressed in a similar style, and I am displeased. It displeases me that they seem to be trying to lie about their lives, claiming both power and evil they do not possess. They are trespassing.

IN THE FREIGHT ELEVATOR the black porter asked me why I had not left my typewriter in the repair shop to be fixed. "Because they want too much money for the job," I said. I had decided I disliked the old typewriter too much to have it fixed. "I know how it is," said the porter. "Today in a store window on Madison Avenue I saw a pair of shoes marked $40. Why, if you made a hundred dollars a week you couldn't afford $40 shoes." He laughed wisely, a big

Mary Richie is the author of the novel A Romantic Education.

Mary Richie

A PALENESS OF HEART

older man, kind-looking. I had never known anyone in New York who worked for so little money. Why does he bother working?

L. and I walked together quite a lot that summer, the summer of miniskirts. I do my best, but L. is really very stylish. Whenever we passed by them, white construction workers always said something rude; hats even more than short skirts seemed to arouse their ire. I don't know why; perhaps they think only their women may wear hats. But the few black workers always smiled, and if they liked our getups would say, "Man, that's a look," very softly.

HE SLIPPED INTO THE BUILDING behind me, before the door could slowly swing shut on its spring. He carried a morning newspaper, and when I asked him whom he was looking for he said, "Dr. Brown. I'm delivering his paper." It was late in the afternoon, and I was carrying blueberries home from Gristede's. I said, "There is no Dr. Brown here," and he thanked me and left; but he kept his finger in the door so that it could not shut completely. I thought, he is only a boy up to mischief, and I went boldly back down the stairs to the door to frighten him away; but he saw me coming through the glass panel and burst in, rushing toward me. "You white bitch, how dare you tell me where I belong. You don't own this building. Do you! White bitch! White bitch!" He strode up the stairs at me, a big man, I saw now, with large biceps under his polo shirt. As he came toward me, he grew more and more excited, now believing his own oratory, now a hero, defender of his race. My key did not fit the lock to my door. I ran up the stairs, calling "Police!" and thought, this is absurd: he really believes I'm the one in the wrong. He was right behind me, grabbing for my ankles. I can run fast, but the building is only five stories high and what would I do when I reached the top floor? Someone in the building heard me screaming and unlatched his door, and at the sound of the bolt snapping, the man fled. The police came very quickly, but he was already gone. At that time I was not afraid, only amazed.

After that I began to feel afraid. I went to a party in midtown and left early, while it was still light. I came down through the empty lobby and saw a black man get up from lounging against a parked car and walk toward me. I fled back through the lobby, jumped into an elevator, shot upstairs, and made someone see me to a taxi. Next to the lobby door was a coffee shop, and the large black man was visible in the window, moving refuse cans. He looked out at me and shook his head sadly.

Even so, for several months I remained timid. R. sent a black employee over to me with the gift of an art book. I did not know him and drew back into my foyer when I saw him coming up the stairs. Later he said, with p reasonableness, "I don't blame you for l been frightened."

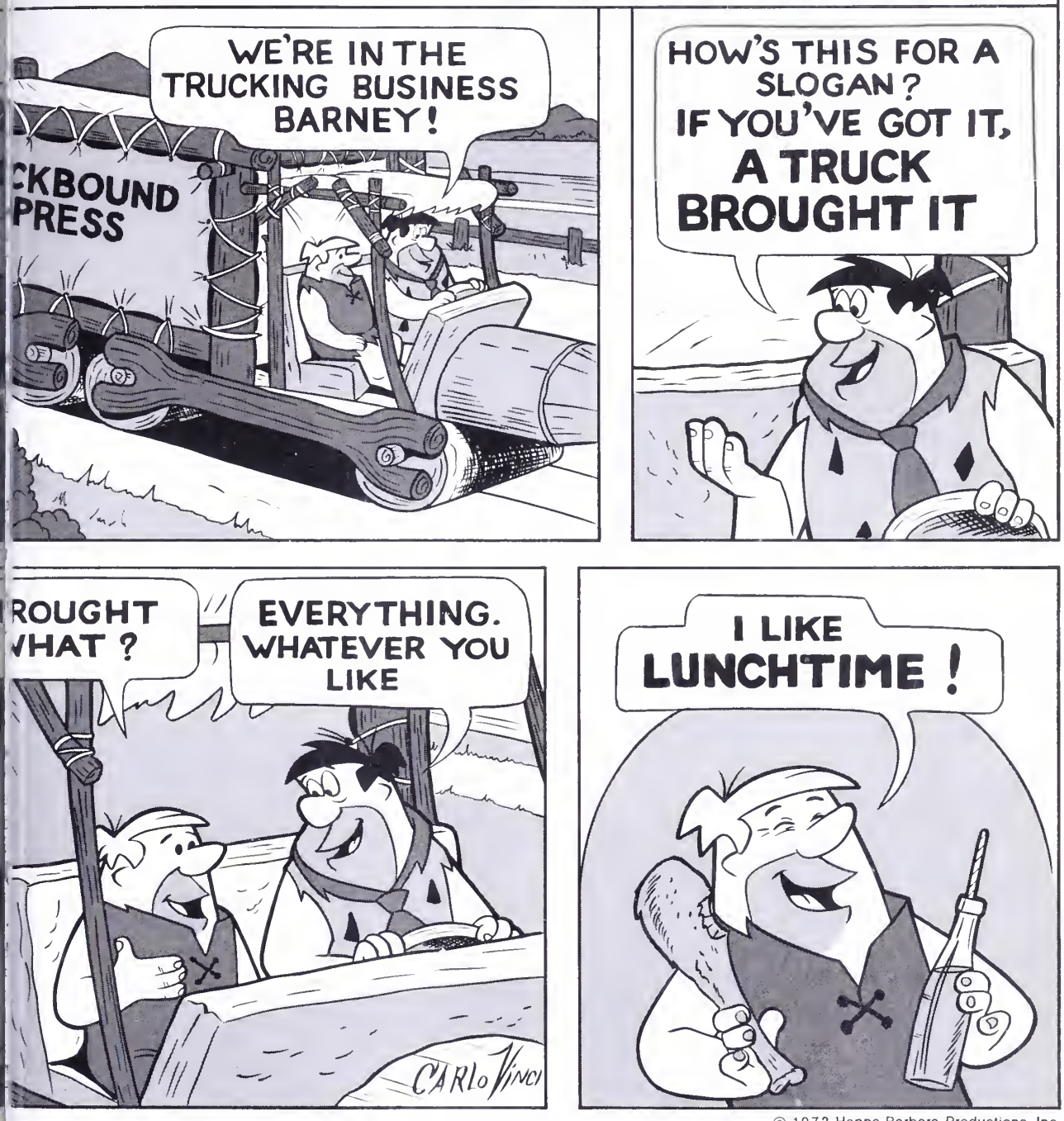
Another day, early in the morning, n rang unexpectedly. I answered it, and stairs came a black boy carrying a ve gainly bundle and making strange inc hensible noises. I jumped back into my ment, but the boy continued coming, s and gurgling and waving his hands. In fr my chained door he put down his bund did a string, and balloons floated up ab basket of flowers. He was a deaf-mute, a ery boy, and the flowers were to celebra publication of my book.

THE TWO B.s had just begun to live to and had just taken a house. Mr. B. wan have a holiday party to celebrate the beg of their life together and to make the sit clear to all their friends. It was a big with many people of importance in the world present. Miss B.'s oldest friend was with her young son and her black love whom she had left her husband. I don't why she had brought the child; perhaps the will of the black man, for he prided h on being very severe and good at "discipl the little boy. Perhaps to demonstrate his the black man cuffed the child and ordere to stand in the corner. The child began and a very dignified lady said, "Please, a a holiday, don't you think you could ov the child's fault? He is so unhappy." upon the black man struck the white lad knocked her to the floor. He had already c a disturbance by ranting at the house and guests, saying they were all parasites and in far too much comfort while others su However, he himself was known to be liv his mistress's money. Mr. B. had fled up fearing a scandal, and Miss B. had gone reassure him. Finally, the black ma dragged from the house by indignant gue

The next day the mistress, Miss B.'s friend, called and said, "I guess we can friends now." And Miss B. answered, "I guess we cannot."

ON MY WAY TO SKATE in the Park I the sea lions. A young black walked me and asked, with great gravity, "Wha is it, please?" I answered, returning his gr "Ten minutes to noon." "Thank you," he murmured ceremoniously. I knew I was playi game, there being two large outdoor clearly visible to him over my shoul thought, he is testing himself against w that's good. I forgot it was I he was challe that whatever I said I was giving him an to scorn me.

RED and BARNEY drive the INTERSTATES



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COMMENTARY

VIETNAM VIGNETTES

OPIUM TEA

Ngo told a charming story when I visited him at Tet. A bronzed Buddhist altar set from his privileged youth at the emperor's court overshadowed the drab room, home for his family of eight. A small table, set with teapot and cups, awaited visitors.

As we sat down, Ngo spoke of a special tea that Vietnamese emperors prized. The tea vines spiraled too high into the treetops for men to climb and pick them. And so, using a special technique, they trained monkeys to harvest the crop. The monkeys that brought back the best selection of tea leaves enjoyed an extra long pull on an opium pipe.

Once the monkeys had collected the tea (and their opium), court chefs fed the harvest to a horse. They slaughtered the horse as soon as the tea entered its stomach. Then they removed the tea, dried it, and prepared it for the emperor's table. It was very expensive tea, of course, for not only did they train monkeys and sacrifice a horse but they needed a plentiful supply of opium too. And so its prohibitive cost made this a delicacy only for emperors.

Ngo told this story as, following Vietnamese custom, he rinsed the cups with tea before filling them. "I wish I could offer you some of that special tea," he smiled. "But now I am a poor man and can share only very ordinary tea with you as we celebrate this new year." Then he invited me to drink tea and eat Tet cakes.

A BOOM, A BILLOW

While waiting for a plane to Danang, I watched American bombers a mile away. The uninvolved objectivity with which I stared at the sleek jets, their wings sloping back in fiercely powerful lines, confused and disturbed me. They swooped down, then up quickly to circle and swoop once more. A boom. A billow of dark gray smoke. Napalm.

That afternoon I met a boy at the *Helgoland* hospital ship in Danang. He sought me out because I came from Quang Ngai, his ancestral home. He had no nose, only two holes in the middle of his face. His mouth was off to the side. One eye was gone; there was a hollow in his forehead above the other. All his face was shiny red scar tissue. Most of the rest of his body was the same. One hand was partly usable, the fingers of the other soldered to his wrist. Napalm.

WALKING CLASS

Nguyet organized a walking class for amputees. Their legs were in varying stages of development. Some were still roughly hewn chunks of lumber, others sculptured imitati s of the good leg. The patients st gled to activate these strange ar appendages.

Nguyet drew lines on the floor' a race. Each person had to step every line as he crossed the ro A simple and effective process teaching an amputee to walk ag

The patients laughed at old B when he tried to sneak a head s and cheerfully taunted Toi when overstepped a line and had to re to "Go."

A crowd of spectators chee them on. Double amputees and p plegics spun their wheelcha around each other for a better vi A band of children not wearing l darted back and forth across course on their crutches as t teased the contestants.

EMPTY WHEELCHAIR

The face of a young girl appea in the window. She wore a patc peasant shirt and carried a hat leaves. "Will you take my fat home?" she asked in a compos voice. Her father had died dur the night after two years in the pr ince hospital. He had been harve ing rice when a bullet pierced spine and paralyzed him from waist down. The death had been long time in coming.

We went with the child to the h pital morgue and lifted the stretc into the truck. Weeping slight Ba Xang loaded her husband's t year accumulation of belongin three small cardboard cartons, wheelchair, an empty IV bottle. Th she climbed in with her daugh and we pulled away from the gro of curious children that had ga ered.

The contributors this month: Lady Borton was assistant director of the American Friends Service Committee project in Quang Ngai, Vietnam, from 1969 to 1971. She is now a freelance writer and photographer. Ursula Schwebs won a Science Fair prize at her school with her paper, presented here in condensed form. She also won first prize at the Northern Virginia Science Fair and special commendation from the Department of Agriculture.

Harper's *welcomes brief contributions from all of its readers who find themselves inspired to passionate statement. Please send entries, including stamped, self-addressed envelope, to "Commentary."*

ve hit a bump at the hospital he head wobbled back and eneath the rough blanket. Ba eaned over. Her hand, the skin l and coarse, the nails stained arred, looked like a bird's ut her touch was gentle as she e head firm.

Xang family lives in Son Hoa. gee camp on the road to My he drive to Son Hoa is one of st beautiful in the province welcome change after the barbed-wire strictures of Quang Ngai. The countryside moved past us, the Tra Khuc River, Buddha Mountain reflected in the water of rice paddies at its foot, men guiding wooden plows pulled by water buffalo, a row of women planting seedlings.

The road became bumps, the bumps holes, and the holes an impassable wallow. Two men plowing a rice paddy offered to carry the stretcher over the paddy dikes to the village. The rest of us followed with the boxes and wheelchair.

Once we passed the wallow, the road was again even, sandy, and pleasant underfoot. People in the fields looked up at the strange procession and nodded greetings. The afternoon sun spread its brightness on the water in the fields. The rice glistened in the wind. It was a peaceful scene I passed through, pushing an empty wheelchair.

—Lady Borton, Millfield, Ohio

LANTS HAVE FEELINGS?

November 1972 article "Love Among the Cab- by Peter Tompkins and Christopher Bird started teen-year-old daughter Ursula on a Stratford Ju- gh School science project. She fully believed your and wanted to repeat the Backster experiments Science Fair demonstration.

ed with the curiosity of youth and not inhibited ous names and titles, she ended up proving that r's experiments could not stand the scrutiny of a nior scientist. She also found the conclusion drawn article not valid, being based on an erroneous tation of limited results.

Science Fair judge, a famous botanist, gave her an nding" award and suggested that a magazine of gh intellectual standards as Harper's *may want to r report, so as to correct in its readers' minds the us impressions created by the Tompkins/Bird I hope you agree.*

experience of the last few months has made me d about Ursula's generation, still willing and able enge our generation and to prove us wrong.

—Dr. Dieter H. Schwebs

nts have feelings? I thought this was a very in- g question. I talked to many people about it nd that people also have strong feelings on this . Some firmly believe in the "green thumb" and lk to their plants. Others say that it is all nonsense. l a number of other articles on this subject, in- ; "Do Plants Have Feelings, Too?" by James Col- o says, "Many scientists do not believe Backster." sist that his polygraph results can be explained in nore mundane ways. Personally, Collier says, "I'm e." There is also "Can Plants See and Hear?" by ss, who says, "I regret that I cannot go along with ckster's startling conclusion that plants see, think ar." There is also "Do Plants Think?" by Brett He says. "Apparently there's more to plant g than knowing how to plant or pot and water." f these articles go back to the experiments made ve Backster of New York City. *Harper's* reports, te, more than 7,000 scientists have asked for re- of Backster's original research. Between twenty and thirty universities are said to be replicating his principal experiments." I cannot hope to compete with all these (unnamed) universities, but I got really interested in the subject and decided to try to repeat Backster's principal experiments and do some of my own. I hoped to prove or disprove that electrical measurements show that plants have feelings as Backster claims.

Backster used a lie detector. I could not get one, but since a lie detector measures the resistance of the skin of a human subject, I figured that I could also use a resistance meter. Fortunately for me, my father has a sensitive ohmmeter and my mother has many plants. So I wired a large poinsettia to the instrument and found that the meter showed both resistance and voltage. It also reacted strongly to what was going on in the room around the plant. Was Backster right?

MATERIALS

In my project I used for my experiments the following things:

1. Electronic volt-ohmmeter Model 830
2. Contacts, so as not to harm the plants' leaves. They are made of paper clips, spring clips, and office bind material.
3. Vaporizer, plastic bags
4. Different plants: poinsettia, African violets, and philodendrons

COST

1. African violet, replacement for one I destroyed during experiments	$1.25
2. Philodendron for experiments and display	$5.98

Everything else was available around the house at no cost.

Total: $7.23

TIME

1. Reading and research	62 hours
2. Running all experiments	15 hours
3. Writing report	55 hours
4. Making posters and setting up display	10 hours

Total: 172 hours

COMMENTARY

My first series of experiments was designed to find what I was really measuring when I connected a plant to the instrument. It was easy to understand that a plant would have resistance, just as the lie detector measures the resistance of the human body. But why did the meter wiggle when I walked around the plant or touched it? Also, why did the meter show a small DC voltage and no AC voltage? Where did the voltage come from? Why did the meter change when I came close to the plant without touching it, just as Backster had reported?

First, I found that I could measure my own body resistance, and I also generated some voltage when I took the wires in my hands. I tried this out on a number of persons and found that everybody generated some voltage, but in different amounts on different days. I figured that static electricity must have something to do with it, since I remembered that I get sparks only on dry, cool days at home, in school, and in cars.

From other experiments I learned that we all walk around with an electric charge that must come from the electricity in the air. I also found that the charge is higher and our resistance is lower when the humidity in the air is lower. Leather soles discharge to the ground better than rubber soles and reduce the charge and the resistance. Plants live in the same air as we do, so they also show an electrical charge. I found that I could influence the charge a plant has just by approaching it without touching. This was particularly important, since I could now understand how Backster got reactions on his lie detector connected to the plant without actually touching the plant.

I felt that I was now ready to repeat Backster's three principal experiments: watering the plant, boiling water and killing living cells, and burning a leaf. I used the volt-ohmmeter to measure my results. The instrument is very sensitive.

I attached the meter to an African violet and got the reading of 5.3 million ohms before I poured water. When I poured water in, there was a movement of the needle, likely because I moved toward the plant. After I poured the water and moved away, the meter showed no change of resistance. After about ten minutes, the needle climbed to 6.3 million ohms, indicating that the resistance of the plant increased by about 10 percent. I also measured the voltage and found about the same increase.

My experiment confirmed what Backster had reported. The resistance of the plant (and its charge) increased. However, Backster came up with a conclusion I cannot confirm. He stated that the plant "was experiencing an emotional stimulation." I do not know if my plant was stimulated or not. The short wiggle was the same if I poured the water or not. The long reaction to watering could be explained by the plant and the water together taking on a larger charge than before.

My next experiment was on the use of boiling water to kill something. Backster had concluded that the dying cells had transmitted a message to the plant, giving a reaction on the meter. I did this same experiment except that I started without anything in the water. I added a plastic bag over the plant to keep the humidity confined within a small area. I found that the resistance plant went down from six million ohms to two ohms over a period of twenty minutes. I found t plant also got a "message," but not from the d cells. It simply reacted to the increase in humidity air around the plant caused by the boiling water, without the killing of cells. This explains why Ba plant reacted *the same way* to the death of any l life. Backster "also noted that the repeated kil shrimp in the immediate neighborhood of the eventually brought less and less reaction, indica form of adaptive logic or even memory in plants experiments gave me a much simpler explanatio air around the plant got saturated with humidity.

My next test repeated the experiment with fire plant leaf. I took a candle, lit it, and connected a p tia plant to my meter. As I approached the pla the heat, the meter showed a little quiver. Even a the flame under a leaf there was not much re Backster says in his article that when he even t about burning the leaf the needle jumped off th I do not know if my plant was afraid of the ca fire. It did curl a leaf when I came too close w candle, but, like Backster, I got a much stronger r when I only moved on my chair or came close plant with a match; lit or not lit made no differen meter simply reacted to my charge, particularly was moving on a plastic chair, even without appro the plant.

I wanted to check out another one of Backster's but not enough information about his experiment ported. "Backster found that when plants are thr with overwhelming danger or damage, they react . . . a human being reacts—they 'pass out' . . . T discovered when a woman physiologist, visiting Canada, asked to be shown the reactions of Ba plants . . . the plants . . . failed to react."

I could not get a woman physiologist from Can I had to do it myself. I repeated my experiment different shoes and soles and found that the pla meter just about ignored me when I was wearing rubber-soled shoes, particularly on a humid day. I changed to leather shoes, the meter reacted st Wet soles reduced the reaction to almost zero. Ba did not report what shoes the lady was wearing, i were wet, or what the humidity was on this day, question his "discovery" that the plants went into faint because the lady roasted plants as part of h At least, I was able to show the same lack of re and I do not roast plants for a living.

Backster and others also are working on the i ESP working with plants. I believe they were una understand some of their experiments, so they us idea of ESP to explain them. They have conclude ESP or telepathic transmission from human to p likely. Though, for lack of information, I was una repeat their experiments, I believe that a natural or one of my proven effects would explain them w having to use ESP as the reason. —Ursula Sc

Arlingto



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BOOKS

THE WORLDLY PALIMPSEST OF THOMAS PYNCHON

by Earl Shorris



V. Lippincott, $5.95; paper, $1.25 (Bantam Books).
The Crying of Lot 19. Lippincott, $3.95; paper, $.95 (Bantam Books).
Gravity's Rainbow. Viking Press, cloth, $15; paper, $4.95.

THE DEBATERS—Heraclitus, Parmenides, and Pythagoras—are seated on the altar of the church of Saint Germain-des-Près. Behind them, a great mural depicts Christ, Aphrodite, and Orpheus in an endless odyssey. Noam Chomsky, Claude Lèvi-Strauss, and R. D. Laing sit in the audience, each in his separate pew. Overhead, V-2 rockets and B25 bombers pass each other en route to their respective targets, and across the street at the Deux Magots, Yankee sailors, fascists, physicists, paranoiacs, highwaymen, and Maltese nationalists practice alchemy by stealing each other's mail. The synapse that connects them all is misshapen, horrifying, apocalyptic, clumsy, and, above all, ambitious.

The synapse functions as a great tent, the unifying element of a circus that floats up and back across centuries, transcending its audiences, amusing them to death before it moves on, always featuring the same acts, changing only the costumes. The performance is an orgy, and every performer is a god-philosopher-clown. A garrulous and omniscient ringmaster provides the direction and commentary, speaking through a post horn, assuring the audience that the grotesque wonders within the tent prove the existence of the world outside.

There are some jokes under the tent, many of them in the form of comic names: Genghis Cohen, Benny Profane, Geli, Slothrop, Scheissvogel, Roger Mexico, Stencil, Mafia, Winsome, Charisma, Oedipa, and a rock group called the Volkswagens. Almost all of the names are also clues, for the form of the show is a search, a mystery in which everyone wears a mask that must be removed to reveal the object of the search. As the show progresses, the ringmaster provides clues to the clues, increasing the tension with the stripping away of each new mask. Because the performers wear masks, the circus can have no other structure; the masks rather than the performers interact, the ringmaster presides over everything, omnipotent, capricious, possessed of a seemingly preternatural intelligence.

To make the show more interesting, the ringmaster, who is also an artisan of diabolical capability, sometimes repaints the masks during the intermission, implying that beyond metempsychosis, which Chomsky, Lèvi-Strauss, and Descartes might explain through the existence of structures in the mind, there is a kind of schizophrenia of sanity, the territory of Laing.

The show belongs to Thomas Pynchon, master of fact, cataloguer of mythology, genius of the arcane history of man. In his new novel, *Gravity's Rainbow*, Mr. Pynchon has found an ending for the show, one that has no earthly sequel.

Mr. Shorris, a contributing editor of Harper's, *is currently at work on his third novel,* The Prodigy.

Perhaps the readers of his novels should have expected s ending, knowing that he viev human situation as a grand an ble subject, as deep as myth broad as dreaming. His novel cule the concept of invention toy with our perception of w calls preterition, the holes of m that disable the present; the doubt on every human act. It work of the cruelest of meta cians, the art of disappointmen gious and therefore despairing world. With each novel he d and enlarges the cloud he cast wonders why he bothers to sp all. It is the same question tha be asked of any Jeremiah. is the force that impels them lonely act?

We live, we speak, Beckett answer: what other choice is able to us? We also read, an Pynchon makes that pleasure task. The man is nearly deaf, some sort of vendetta against th ple stage direction of dialogu said," and he writes in spasms a brave effort, this seeking of own pulse and daring to hew but the pulse Mr. Pynchon has is not a rhythm that sweeps into it; he writes in the most ing, hobbling prose style this s a German philosopher. A Cal doggedness is required to rea 760 pages of *Gravity's Rainb*

> *"Are you blokes* aware," *they trying to teach him English glish too, heaven knows why, a it keeps coming out like C Grant " that Jerry—old Jer you know—has been* in *that T Hague there, shooting his bloo rockets at that London, a-and* ing, *the . . . Royal Dutch Sh headquarters* building, *at the seph Israel-plein if I rememl correctly, for a radio* guida *transmitter?"*

The pity is that Mr. Pync stylistic goals are admirable; searching for the same complex

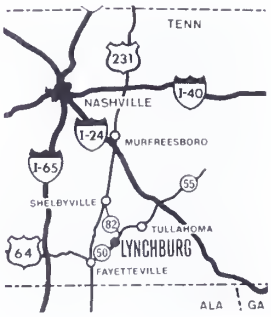
of complexity that Joyce,
, Faulkner, and now William
se so beautifully. There is no
to think that he will not soon
d. The man is only thirty-five
old, and the language of each
novels is more interesting than
t.

writer of less intelligence, the
c flaws would be fatal—imag-
hn Kenneth Galbraith's ideas
rx's style. There is no danger
with Mr. Pynchon. The struc-
f *V.*, published when he was
wenty-six years old, is a bril-
dea for a novel. The puzzle of
le is Venus, but not merely
as she was known in one place
me. V. is Venus moving west-
nd forward in time, Venus in
her incarnations: Asherah, As-
Astarte, Isis, Urania, and
dite. V. is the Venus of love
esire, the goddess of rape, in-
adultery, ritual prostitution,
d here, armed there, protec-
f sailors, the Phoenician crea-
e Hebrews called Shame.
us and her variations are the
re of the novel; the search for
the plot. But Pynchon is a wily
t: the question of the identity
the revealing of variation after
ion on his palimpsest, takes
during two generations, wan-
e world, and picks apart much
foolishness of modern Amer-

fascination of the novel, like
scination of Venus herself, is
tible. One arrives at the Louvre
first time, knowing that she is
ready to scoff, to be greater
emptation. The long and nar-
xhibition rooms are prepara-
he marble is cool and the light
y. There is an urge to touch
atures of the philosophers, to
hat connection with the Golden
The guards are there, those
entime crusts in black wrap-
born to interfere. The Golden
asses into a final room. It is
ed with tourists and children
ing their passports with the
of her on a pedestal. Evanes-
tyles, lacquered hair, aesthetic
ness, the dampness of stupidity
room. She is turned today to
the light along her right side.
s, cracks, chips, a stone, that's
is. And then there is a fantasy
ching one's lips to the elegance
r back, a certainty that her
s are not stone, the desire to



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CHARCOAL MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

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feel her breath, to experience the smoothness of her promise. She wills her worshippers into love. It is the Venus that Thomas Pynchon knows so well. It is the population around her he despises so thoroughly.

For the love of Venus one forgives her flaws. So it is with the novel; the idea overcomes the lack of character, the callow jokes, the Procrustean shoes that pinch at every other step, the unsteady tone. Venus saves the novel. She is the only truly realized character, and she was there in our minds before she took up with Benny Profane the sailor, or Benny went hunting alligators in the sewers of New York, or Stencil went to Malta, or Ayn Rand or materialism or phony Bohemianism or war or politics were ridiculed.

AS V. IS IN ONE SENSE a novel of East Coast lunacy in the 1950s, Pynchon's second novel, *The Crying of Lot 49*, is an exploration of West Coast lunacy in the 1960s. It is a brief work, more direct than either of the others, and it has a character, Oedipa Maas, who is drawn with sufficient life to give the novel a line of progress in its own time. There are some carry-overs from *V.*: The Kazoo Concerto, the name Chiclitz, and the Yo-Yo image, though we are spared Mr. Pynchon's borrowing from the Greek in connection with the Yo-Yo-apocheir (a combination of away and hand, used in *V.* as a pun on aphelion).

The one important aspect of *The Crying of Lot 49* that does not appear in either of the other novels is that we care not only about Oedipa's search for the paranoid post-horn gang, we care about Oedipa herself. She is human, an eviscerated Californian falling into the cavity of herself, finding in the floating debris around her nothing solid enough to hold her up.

The success of the novel resides in the possibility of the reader experiencing a parallel to Oedipa; seeking the unknowable as she does, tinkering with the dark places of the mind that lie in wait for one in a state of islands, technology, paranoia, drugs, cash culture, and the fearful inability to admit the existence of the resolutions of responsibility, age, or death.

It is a terrifying novel. There are few other places in literature where the idea of the void is more certain. Even Beckett is overshadowed here, for he lacks California as a prop. Even Beckett cannot give us the anguish of a woman married to a former used-car salesman who has become in his middle years a Top Forty disc jockey and an eater of hallucinogens. There is no better guidebook to the society that has grown up in California, no more fierce admonition against getting lost in its mores.

GRAVITY'S RAINBOW, the gigantic resolution of his circus *sub specie aeternitatis*, proceeds, like all of Mr. Pynchon's novels, on several levels and is superficially organized around a search, this time for a German rocket. The novel begins in England during the last days of World War II. Buzz bombs have been replaced by the terrifying V-2 rockets that fly faster than sound, announcing themselves by their explosions. The book follows a group of English, American, German, African, and Russian scientists, soldiers, mystics, fools, crooks, perverts, victims, and children through the search for the secret German rocket that may or may not have been launched or even completed before the German surrender. The incidents that move the plot are unrelievedly horrible; simple deceit is the kindest act in the novel, the ugliest depravity is its routine; a Hebrew prophet could not paint a worse or more didactic picture. *Gravity's Rainbow* is as ambitious as *The Divine Comedy*, but it unfortunately lacks the grace, clarity, and loving commitment to true imagination that makes art of Dante's work. Perhaps the world is too old and too complex for great works of imagination to be made. Perhaps a modern Dante would find the naming of Purgatory and Hell an infringement on the copyright of history and be limited to satire and senseless mysticism. Mr. Pynchon would seem to say so; he has become a philosopher of the worn-out world, an implier of entropy, a pitchman for the comedy of death.

At the core of his work is the notion of a layered culture—the palimpsest is his metaphor—in which each new variation is written over the last. He seeks always for the original writing, then passes through the variations, adding his own work as the latest, perhaps the last, layer. The result is not a wholeness ac through continuity, but a l shards, the last of which conta apocalyptic atom.

Heraclitus wrote the o parchment on which *Gravity's bow* is superimposed. The n made of strife, seeming to agre Heraclitus that everything liv the death of something else an the end of strife is also the e the world. But it is a novel mainly on the Orpheus myth menides' answer to Heraclitu solid sphere of "it is," provid philosophical tension. The reso is perhaps a victory for Her or the promise that the Pythag harmony of opposites will follo messianic future.

Man, as conceived in *Gra Rainbow*, is the creature kno Orphism; he has eaten the as the Titans, punishment awaits the Netherworld of a universe of Night. One may only wait f release of the soul from the bod end of the terrible transmigrati the freedom that comes after pu tion.

The Orpheus of the novel fin Underworld by descending th a toilet. He chases the secret r from England to France to Ger As Orpheus belongs to Apoll Dionysus, the hero of Mr. Pyn novel is a mathematician and m organ player and a lover of dru ness and sex. In his journeys u back from the Netherworld h only encounters most of the Pantheon but ranges across lonian astrology and Hebrew sails on a ship called the *Anubi* an Egyptian weighing of the h of the dead, meets himself in R version of the Orpheus myth, us reason to think of the twi Mani's vision, and manages to entrance to Christianity through ravages of science gone berserk. characters range from Hansel Gretel to Hades, from the Tita the Erinyes, from General Ele and I. G. Farben to Athena. Inc tions mix and fade; the palimps fluid, no erasure is complete; myths of Western civilization ev for we are the society of history accumulation, an idea that Mr. chon has caught exactly.

In arriving at that expositio Western civilization, the author onstrates his astonishing erud and ability to integrate ideas, b



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he sacrifices the novel. What a comic tour of the history rn thought, a history that fi- erwhelms even Mr. Pynchon s his novel to a soggy end. not be otherwise; the time is for cosmogonies. Men have n the moon, teaching us that the silver egg of Night from ros was hatched; mysticism out for fools.

ynchon thinks otherwise. In h for the mysterious rocket, Slothrop moves from Poisson ions in London and crackpot at a former mental hospital the city to orgiastic sex on ch Riviera. THEY seem al- be menacing him, menacing . Everything is suspicion— d counterspies and counter- pies. The hero goes AWOL, Germany, trades with black ers, contests the Russians to will discover the secret of et.

while, we learn about the iece by piece, one agonizing time, as the evil nature of revealed: the monstrous Bli- rturer of sweet Gottfried; rine, the Russian brother of k African Enzian who leads y's black rocket corps; Greta, star and mother of little ianca, who is revealed in the of a Japanese officer; and the inconsistent Eurydice- Pavlovian theory, plastics gy, rocket science, and a vi- motion picture film as world r are presented to us along ial, political, and economic There are comic moments, ames. The plotting is mar- intricate, but there are no rs to give us an experience novel; we follow shadows to nclusion.

760 ingenious pages, the s explained. Then we are told are in a theater, and that pse is imminent. But we shall re apocalypse alone. Coming is the gentle one, he who has ourged by incarnate evil. It (God) fried (peace). That is elation and the resolution of *s Rainbow*, the culmination brilliantly intricate enormity onstruction, the final coruscea- the grotesque synapse.

world is ended, a thought of rable magnitude but not of eat immediacy. Other prob- lems, duties press: dinner or Viet- nam, a child refusing neglect, Nixon- ian compassion, evening's breath en- tering through an open window, an unsettled tooth. The novel is a dis- appointment; circus is not really drama; and the clowns of Mr. Pyn- chon's circus are not truly funny. It can only be concluded that the form of his humor is a deceit, a pose, yet another of the masks he manufac- tures.

Of course we laugh, but it is dire comedy; we laugh from uneasiness, hoping to save ourselves, to avoid his sneer by staying out of the circus. Satire has its failings as art, but Mr. Pynchon's work fails beyond that, for it allows us the luxury of cruelty and it lures us into smugness by being a puzzle, a game of Botticelli at which only the most literate can play.

The novel skates along the macro- cosm but fails to touch the limits of the universe; they are perhaps more easily reached through the inspection of a single point from which lines may emanate that touch infinity's curve. Even if it is dreamed, the world must be made of things, begin- ning at some point. So novels are made of chapters, paragraphs, sen- tences, words. It is there, in the words, that Mr. Pynchon's novels fal- ter: the earlier novels lack things, the new novel has its things in lists. In neither case do the things have flesh, and without flesh there cannot be character.

PERHAPS IT IS THE GENRE that fails, perhaps hopeless and haughty satire can be no more than Mr. Pynchon has made of it. Great art comes upon us like an unexpect- ed scent of new flowers; we are resur- rected by it. Satire leaves us the less for having read it. We laugh and in- flate ourselves, rising like eighteenth- century balloonists on a bubble of superheated air, adoring the view from the heavens. Nothing has been made; the most brilliant satire is still an assertion of the world as it is, for it is dependent upon the masks we have already assigned, a confirmation of our prejudices. Satire holds no promise; it is to the world as criti- cism is to art. Both satire and criti- cism have their functions, but only art and the world can stand by them- selves, facing each other in profound opposition. The novel of satire is no more than a road map, full of sym- bols, an accurate guide to the ex- plored world, a Baedeker, an amus- ing preachment, even a command- ment.

For all of its inventions, Mr. Pyn- chon's work lacks imagination; it is never more than an argument with the world. The art of fiction demands more. Whether the writer proposes comedy or tragedy is of little matter; the heart has its requirements. □

DORIS LESSING: THE PHOENIX 'MIDST HER FIRES

by Josephine Hendin



Summer Before the Dark, by Doris Lessing. Alfred A. Knopf, $6.95.

DORIS LESSING HAS FALLEN into the ashes of burned-away need. She has written for twenty years, but never so movingly as in *Summer Be- fore the Dark*, a novel of the libera- tions, the blessings of middle age. Mrs. Lessing's heroine ages into the sweetest salvation. Kate Brown, a sensual woman, wife, mother, soother, goes to Spain with a young lover. But she falls into a fever more ec- stasy than disease and wakes to find all her old passions burned out. In the ruins of her pleasure, she becomes whole, elated, and free. How to ex- plain this odd affirmation by a writer whose great subject has always been the living fire, the strife of polities, the primal wars of the bed?

When I met Doris Lessing she sat alone in a closed, outdoor café. With dark brown eyes and beautiful skin, her thick black hair knotted tight under the collar of a shapeless coat, Mrs. Lessing sat replete in her ec- centricity, an attractive woman in an old woman's guise, scrubbed into a

plainness chosen and pervasive as belief. She is done with theories on marriage and the political hopes that once filled her work. She speaks of world disintegration, of the irremediable starvation of children, of wars senseless as quakes and storms. The human race, she says, is insufficiently "evolved" to solve its problems; it has nowhere to go but down in irresistible catastrophe. Her pessimism looms clear and free as a fire that burns away the past and all hope for the future. Mrs. Lessing sits, radiant in her bitterness, growing testy if it is questioned. But how to explain the conversion of a rationalist, a left-wing ideologue, a writer who was so full of the future that she virtually created "new" women as the prime subject of fiction?

Doris Lessing has always been a clinician of one female mind. Her heroines are always changing, yet always the same—those intense, troubled women for whom life is a succession of traps created by their mothers, their lovers, and finally by themselves, by personalities that have the habit of confinement. Her best talent has been for the passions of trapped lives—the desperate loves, intense rationalism, intellectual energies that all go reeling in the most rebellious directions. Intelligent and tough, sensual and eager for life, Mrs. Lessing's heroines have everything but the freedom to be successful in one area of life without paying for it in another. Her most intelligent women are mindless in love, easily controlled by their men, or by anyone else's expectations. They let themselves sink into misery so total that it destroys all ability to feel or respond. They may bolt, dumping their husbands and even their children. But once free, they do it all over again.

Despite the intelligence of her heroines and the reflective style of Mrs. Lessing's work, her characters never gain enough insight into themselves to get them off the treadmill of submission, rage, and guilt. Mrs. Lessing endows them with the logic of the psychically jailed, for whom even thought is a process closed as a knot. They retreat from understanding into abstraction. This is not sexual politics so much as politicized sex. As Martha Quest, heroine of the five-volume series, *Children of Violence*, grows apathetic in her pregnancy and motherhood, she feels more and more for the plight of the world's oppressed workers and joins the Communist party. But she never really confronts her husband or the causes of her own paralysis. Women Communists like Anna and Molly in *The Golden Notebook* want to liberate themselves more than the workers. They grow cynical about the possibilities for world revolution while they grow contemptuous of how conventionally Communist men treat them. As Anna bitterly asks Molly: Where are the free men for the free women?

Doris Lessing's work delineates not ideology but ideologues, people who need a climate of abstraction, for whom politics is the soul writ large. No one else has so effectively welded political dreams with sexual fantasies or more successfully made great social facts and private anguish converge in the single, tense charge of probed experience—the anguish of women doomed never to say I want, I need, but to live concealed in the abstractions of dogma. Only Martha Quest ripens, and only in the epilogue to *The Four-Gated City*, after a third world war has exploded civilization, can Martha thrive, far from her "loved ones." None of Mrs. Lessing's women can flourish in the world as it is, none can resist the engulfing power of others. Is cataclysm the way to peace?

FOR DORIS LESSING THE WAY seems to have been through the wildest disorder. As Martha Quest tired of the limits of sanity and drove herself mad, so Mrs. Lessing chose to enter the abyss of insanity. "It's very easy to send oneself round the bend for a couple of days. I did it once out of curiosity. I do not recommend that anyone should do it. I'm a fairly tough character and I've been in contact with a very large number of people who've been crazy, and I know quite a lot about it, and I knew exactly what I was doing. I sent myself round the bend by the simple expedient of not eating and not sleeping for a bit. I instantly encountered this figure I call the self-hater." She describes the self-hater as the internalized voice of a mother coercing and belittling her child into "the ways she finds it least offensive." Mrs. Lessing seems to relate [illegible] "another dimension which is very close to the one that we're u[illegible] and that people under stress [illegible] doors to."

In *Briefing for a Descent into Hell* Mrs. Lessing explored th[illegible] mension through the mind of a [illegible] tal patient who, in his madness [illegible] his apelike brothers copulatin[illegible] feasting on bloody meat. Naus[illegible] he "purifies" himself and pra[illegible] salvation and escape in a "r[illegible] crystal" from outer space. T[illegible] images are bizarre, the nove[illegible] and peculiarly primitive. But t[illegible] he is mad and male, a wa[illegible] through space and time, Mrs. [illegible] ing's hero is not unlike her M[illegible] and Annas and Mollys, for wh[illegible] freedom exists on earth but o[illegible] an otherworldly form—a dre[illegible] utopian Communism or of al[illegible] telligences, unknowable sexes. [illegible] Mrs. Lessing seems to ask, wha[illegible] ter questions of male and [illegible] when every earthling is loath[illegible] Does Mrs. Lessing believe in [illegible] crystals? Martians among us[illegible] wouldn't take much, would [illegible] somebody . . . for intelligent [illegible] tures to disguise themselves i[illegible] a way that they would not be [illegible] nized?" Doris Lessing believ[illegible] outsiders. But she is done wi[illegible] mad and their ferocious enco[illegible] with the hater within.

Doris Lessing now praises t[illegible] demptions of time, celebrat[illegible] erosion of need. She has given [illegible] the promise of people and p[illegible] and slights having needed th[illegible] all. "When you get to be n[illegible] aged, which I am, it is very co[illegible] to look back and to think tha[illegible] of the sound and fury one's be[illegible] volved in was not that nece[illegible] There is quite often a sense of [illegible] mous relief, of having emerged [illegible] a great welter of emotionalism. [illegible] having emerged, she has eml[illegible] "Biology," an ideology of [illegible] "We're very biological animal[illegible] always tend to think that if on[illegible] a violent state of emotional n[illegible] is our unique emotional need o[illegible] when in matter of fact it's pr[illegible] just the emotions of a young w[illegible] whose body is demanding th[illegible] have children. It's hard for [illegible] people to take, but 90 percent [illegible] . . . thoughts are in fact expre[illegible] of whatever state or human [illegible] we're in. . . . Anna and Mol[illegible] women who are conditioned

Josephine Hendin teaches at the New School for Social Research and is the author of The World of Flannery O'Connor.

who are trying to be an- know a lot of girls who don't get married or have children. y vocal they are about it. ey're trying to cheat on their . And I say it will be nice to . happens. It will be interest- see how they're thinking at

LESSING'S "BIOLOGY" ignores plenitude of human personal- one vision of passive failure h we are all "Biology's" f burden, whipped to the tor- f youth, eased only with age nacteric. We owe even our s to some mystical meno- hat ushers in the self-knowl- mind and will could never "An attractive young wom- l Mrs. Lessing, "finds it very separate what she really is r appearance. Because you gin to discover the difference what you really are, your . and your appearance when a bit older, which is the most ng experience. . . . It's one most valuable experiences I ly ever had. A whole dimen- ife suddenly slides away and lize that what in fact you've ing to get attention has been u look like . . . It's a biologi- g. It's totally and absolutely nal. It has nothing to do with really is a most salutary and ing experience to go through, g it all. Growing old is really linarily interesting."

Lessing the woman sits hid- her clothes, her mind con- n generalizations about wom- Her fine eyes alternately and veiled, her face rising ation, falling into weariness, ch alternating the intelligent trite, she has the arrogance een masquerading as a rag- But Doris Lessing the writer lways, no theoretician but a ate chronicler of felt experi- *Summer Before the Dark* cid and sure, masterful in her of Kate Brown, another "shedding it all."

Brown rises from her fever ured. No longer the yielding, nan who was easily engulfed r people's demands, she has w burned away her desire to her need for other people. In dress, her hair undone, she walks through her old neighborhood glittering with contempt for the friends who cannot even recognize her. At the theater, watching Turgenev's *A Month in the Country*, she rises to a radiant disgust. As Natalya Petrovna, "the mirror of every woman in the audience who has been the center of attention and now sees her power slip away from her," agonizes over her love for a young student, Kate, who has only days before gone off with a much younger man, mutters, "Oh nonsense, nonsense . . . couldn't anyone *see* that what they were all watching was the behavior of maniacs? . . . Really they all ought to be falling about, roaring with laughter instead of feeling intelligent sympathy at these ridiculous absurd meaningless problems."

FREEDOM APPARENTLY requires this pure, unsparing contempt, this grumbling repudiation of desire. Looking back on her life, Kate sees marriage and love, sex and friendship, work, success, and making money all collapse into one ashen glimpse of life as an unbroken fraud. Her anger divides her from her former self, gives her a thousand new insights. But, granted wisdom, she has, like Martha, no clear sense of herself apart, no way to shape her life for the future, no means of escaping the rage that even now binds her to the memory of what she was. Like Martha, who thrived only on her island, Kate can flourish only alone and apart on those private, narrow islands of sleep, in dreams of freedom.

With an absolute sympathy, Doris Lessing writes of Kate's dreams of a seal she finds injured and lost on a hill far from the sea. Through dream after dream Kate carries it in her arms, protecting it against every disaster. The dreams all vibrate with those inviolate relations between self and self. For the seal is Kate, wife and mother, a helpless, broken animal sealed in an alien world, a fish out of water, craving some clear northern sea. In her last dream, she sets the seal down safely in the sea, watching it disappear among other heedless beasts, and is lightened, finally delivered of this perpetual, damaged child after a lifetime labor. If in her waking life she mutters angrily, puts people off with her looks, puts them down with her contempt,

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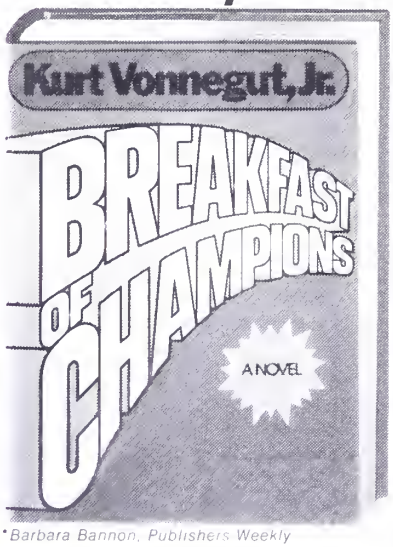
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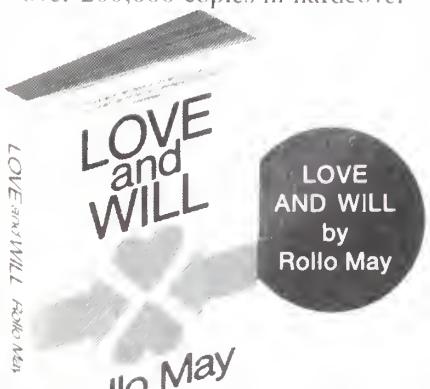
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WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN HOOD?

by Alvin L. Schorr



The Politics of a Guaranteed Income, by Daniel Patrick Moynihan. Random House, $15.

ONE DAY, WHEN I WAS working at the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare during the Johnson Administration, I was called to the office of a high government official who said, more or less, "It looks as if we are going to get our welfare amendments passed. Think about how we can say that they alter the course of public welfare." Th dent came back to me through reading *The Politic Guaranteed Income*; it was a stance of a winner preparing write history. Here we have han, a loser, doing the same or trying.

Having so quickly establi critical posture, I should disclo in a series of *New Yorker* a based on his book, Moynihan to me as being defensive ab own prior positions and disir to trust public opinion. A case calling the kettle black, as I h make clear. At other times I had more complimentary thi say for me, and I for him.

Moynihan's detailed accou the legislative history of the I Assistance Plan (FAP) is pr as accurate as memory and ext files can make it. It will fas anyone who wants to understa political process, and it shou muse reformers to watch how w recipients themselves recede view as the debate progresses the book is complex, and it is c as with Moynihan's "The Negro ily," that many who have not r will cite it, and readers will for it a point of view that the a will deny.

THE FIRST CONTROVERSY to surfaced is a whodunit. killed FAP? *The Wall Street Jo* gleefully attributes to Moyni book the assertion that liberal social workers did it. Anticip such a view, Moynihan quite di says, "This misreads the event. al votes defeated Family Assist but this in the main was a trium conservative strategy." His the that liberals and conservative gether defeated the moderates ever they are). But theory and sion are somewhat differently anced in the book, so that M han's respect for conservatives contempt for liberals leave one ing that the latter are the true prits after all.

The argument is really three-s Sen. Abraham Ribicoff has note striking omission of President N

Alvin Schorr is general director of the munity Service Society of New York, mer official of HEW and OEO, and aut a number of books, including the forthc Children and Decent People.



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summer (and autumn) playground, laced with freshwater lakes and deep running rivers and bordered by miles of seashore. The ambience inspires golf, tennis, swimming, boating, fishing, antique and handcraft ting, sunbathing and healthy appetites. The air, scented by sea and forest, positively encourages deep hing, invites naps and restful slumber. Up top we show the 200-room Algonquin Hotel in the resort town . Andrews-by-the-sea. One of many hotels and motels, large and small, in the area. Algonquin daily rates from $22 to $31 double, per person, Modified ican Plan. St. Andrews has a championship course (green fees are $6 per day), even an kating rink and hockey school. Family vacations cialty. The atmosphere is informal, the pace ed and the people warm and friendly. e and discover it yourself.

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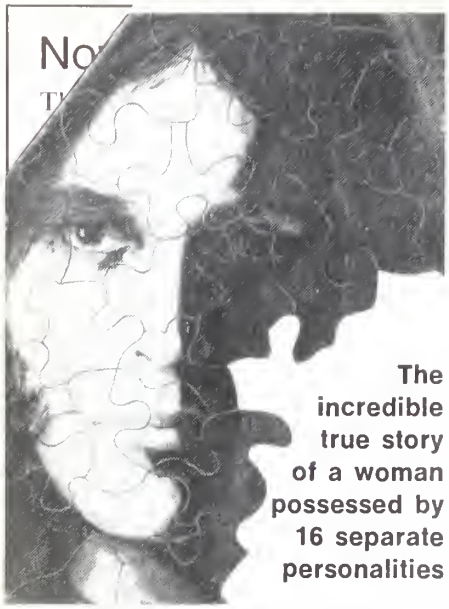
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ROUGH BEAST is the most original journal of ideas on the American scene of recent years. —Robert Nisbet

I think the ideas developing in ROUGH BEAST are the most interesting to live with politically these days. Maybe ROUGH BEAST is the only political magazine around which has originality and fiber. —Norman Mailer

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from those in the dock. In *The New Republic* Ribicoff describes the President's withdrawal from politicking for the bill and his ultimate refusal to accept a bill barely distinguishable from his own. HEW Secretary Caspar Weinberger and Presidential aide John Ehrlichman have added, "Many people in this Administration were never really comfortable with the idea." And another important Administration figure, economist Richard P. Nathan, argues that the bill failed because the liberals, *including Moynihan*, did not take seriously the President's insistence on "workfare" as opposed to guaranteed income and departed from the President's original intent.

All these interpretations suggest that it was never clear, inside the Administration or out, what FAP was supposed to do. The President favored something, so much seems plain, but not what Moynihan favored and possibly not what he finally understood the bill to be. In writing his book, Moynihan has the unenviable task of championing his own view of FAP and protecting his boss, the President. Yet, in *The New Yorker* articles, he seems to have shifted his indictment to the left. Small wonder there will be ambiguity. But it is certainly curious that within a week of the 1969 television address launching the bill, Moynihan was quoted as saying that if FAP died, it would be the liberals who had killed it. Either he is a man of remarkable and tragic prescience or he had prudently laid out his line of retreat in advance.

The issue has a deeper meaning than may appear, for the ambiguity in the inner circles of the Administration may have been the result of deliberate policy. Everyone knows that successful politicians sometimes use different arguments to sell the same policy to different publics, but few will defend a policy of deception. With beguiling candor, Moynihan does just that: "Ideologically, the American public is conservative; in practice, it is liberal. . . . The three Presidents of the nineteen-sixties each in his way understood that the American public was willing to accept liberal programs when cast in non-liberal terms. . . . The mark of the mature political mind in this period was the ability to understand [this]." The President's first television speech was designed to suggest that the Left (in extending welfare to the working poor) and Right ("workfare" and seeing an "end to the tunnel") would both win FAP. However, it wasn't long before both sides began to suspect that each were being had, and, that being the case, it's hardly surprising that the same feelings developed inside the Administration. Nevertheless, a majority of votes was to be garnered in Congress.

THE POLITICAL PROBLEM was closely mirrored by a technical problem lemma in the design of FAP, a dilemma that should have been anticipated. FAP is a form of negative income tax, and Yale professor James Tobin, one of its early proponents, wrote in 1966 that there are "inescapable conflicts" in achieving its objectives. One cannot at the same time provide a substantial payment to families that earn little, build in a strong incentive to earn more, and limit the cost of the program by avoiding payments to those who do not need them. Many families must live on starvation income or large sums of public money must be laid out. Moynihan understood this, but it apparently did not occur to him to explain it and take the chance that his fellow citizens might take some wholly different course in reforming welfare. In this technical matter, as in the overall strategy, the commitment was to obscure and to win rather than to clarify.

There were alternatives. In the book, as in the Administration's campaign, they get little attention. Moynihan refers to one alternative, the children's allowance, which he once advocated and perhaps still does. He dismisses it almost in passing as inefficient and expensive, suggesting that he has not looked very deeply into that question. At any rate, the alternative is really to replace all social security systems to prevent dependency and not to burden welfare with problems that should be dealt to other systems. If social security were fully used to prevent poverty and not, as is increasingly the tendency, for the benefit of the non-poor—and if we added new programs that the country can support them, the children's allowance program is one nominee, federal insurance for the long-term unemployed another), few people would ever need welfare

mate is that, by well-under-
ocial security devices, we
three years reduce welfare
ight million people instead
asing them to twenty-four
as FAP would have done.
Moynihan calls frequently
ial science," readers may
ith the impression that FAP
oduct of systematic research.
, as he says, social science
the news that welfare was
ing well, little more. More-
h respect to how the public
spond to a guaranteed in-
Ioynihan says the evidence
best mixed," and there was
nce of any kind as to what
would have. Even so, Ad-
tion leaders continued to ar-
welfare encourages family
and that FAP would pre-
In the book, though not dur-
eat of the debate, Moynihan
dges that there is little evi-
bout welfare breaking up
and none at all about the ef-
FAP.

E READING of this book, with
ted facts and statements, may
to conclude that it was not
r, who was set up from the
g, who killed FAP, but
lood and his jolly yeomen
g it too cleverly. The cam-
r welfare reforms was con-
n a strategy of ambiguity
curantism that was regarded
le *realpolitik*. An unsolved
in the program's design
rity appear fatal. Social sci-
s exploited more than it was
And the Administration it-
have been caught up in the
n it created.
are not criticisms of the
hich more or less faithfully
what went on, but the critical
realpolitik is success, and
led. One wonders, then, why
n did not question the strat-
leception rather than the lib-
e conservatives, and, by plain
e, if not intentionally, the
t. □

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The Lazy Man's Way to Riches

'Most People Are Too Busy Earning a Living to Make Any Money'

I used to work hard. The 18-hour days. The 7-day weeks.

But I didn't start making big money until I did less—a *lot* less.

For example, this ad took about 2 hours to write. With a little luck, it should earn me 50, maybe a hundred thousand dollars.

What's more, I'm going to ask you to send me 10 dollars for something that'll cost me no more than 50 cents. And I'll try to make it so irresistible that you'd be a darned fool not to do it.

After all, why should you care if I make $9.50 profit if I can show you how to make a *lot* more?

What if I'm so sure that you *will* make money my Lazy Man's Way that I'll make you the world's most unusual guarantee?

And here it is: I won't even cash your check or money order for 31 days *after* I've sent you my material.

That'll give you plenty of time to get it, look it over, try it out.

If you don't agree that it's worth *at least a hundred times* what you invested, send it back. Your *uncashed* check or money order will be put in the return mail.

The only reason I won't send it to you and bill you or send it C.O.D. is because both these methods involve more time and money.

And I'm already going to give you the biggest bargain of your life.

Because I'm going to tell you what it took me 11 years to perfect: How to make money the Lazy Man's Way.

O.K.—now I have to brag a little. I don't mind it. And it's necessary—to prove that sending me the 10 dollars... which I'll keep "in escrow" until you're satisfied... is the smartest thing you ever did.

I live in a home that's worth $100,000. I know it is, because I turned down an offer for that much. My mortgage is less than half that, and the only reason I haven't paid it off is because my Tax Accountant says I'd be an idiot.

My "office," about a mile and a half from my home, is right on the beach. My view is so breathtaking that most people comment that they don't see how I get any work done. But I do enough. About 6 hours a day, 8 or 9 months a year.

The rest of the time we spend at our mountain "cabin." I paid $30,000 for it—cash.

I have 2 boats and a Cadillac. All paid for.

We have stocks, bonds, investments, cash in the bank. But the most important thing I have is priceless: time with my family.

And I'll show you just how I did it—the Lazy Man's Way—a secret that I've shared with just a few friends 'til now.

It doesn't require "education." I'm a high school graduate.

It doesn't require "capital." When I started out, I was so deep in debt that a lawyer friend advised bankruptcy as the only way out. He was wrong. We paid off our debts and, outside of the mortgage, don't owe a cent to any man.

It doesn't require "luck." I've had more than my share, but I'm not promising you that you'll make as much money as I have. And you may do better; I personally know one man who used these principles, worked hard, and made 11 million dollars in 8 years. But money isn't everything.

It doesn't require "talent." Just enough brains to know what to look for. And I'll tell you that.

It doesn't require "youth." One woman I worked with is over 70. She's travelled the world over, making all the money she needs, doing only what I taught her.

It doesn't require "experience." A widow in Chicago has been averaging $25,000 a year for the past 5 years, using my methods.

What *does* it require? Belief. Enough to take a chance. Enough to absorb what I'll send you. Enough to put the principles into *action*. If you do just that—nothing more, nothing less—the results *will* be hard to believe. Remember—I guarantee it.

You don't have to give up your job. But you may soon be making so much money that you'll be able to. Once again—I guarantee it.

The wisest man I ever knew told me something I never forgot: "Most people are too busy earning a living to make any money."

Don't take as long as I did to find out he was right.

I'll prove it to you, if you'll send in the coupon now. I'm not asking you to "believe" me. Just try it. If I'm wrong, all you've lost is a couple of minutes and an 8-cent stamp. But what if I'm right?

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Joe, you may be full of beans, but what have I got to lose? Send me the Lazy Man's Way to Riches. *But don't deposit my check or money order for 31 days after it's in the mail.*

If I return your material—for *any* reason—within that time, return my *uncashed* check or money order to me. On that basis, here's my ten dollars.

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THE HARPER'S GAME

PROVERBIALLY SPEAKING by Jack Paul, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Proverbs are ancient wisdom—but must they remain ancient? Let's bring them up to date by writing new endings for familiar beginnings. Such as: "A fool and his money . . . are soon invited places," or, "There's many a slip . . . in the ladies lingerie department," or, "Where there's a will . . . there's a lot of newly discovered relatives." Choose any three of the following beginnings of wisdom and add your own wit. Or, in your wisdom, you may pick any other three proverbs to improve.
Send your entries to "Proverbially Speaking," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be postmarked no later than June 8 and become the property of *Harper's Magazine*. Winning entries will be published in the August issue. Decision of the editors is final.

First Prize: *The Macmillan Book of Proverbs* by Burton Stevenson (Macmillan).
Runners-up: *Dictionary of Word and Phrase Origins* by William and Mary Morris (Harper & Row).

Where there's smoke . . .
Birds of a feather . . .
People who live in glass houses . . .
All work and no play . . .
He who hesitates . . .
A stitch in time . . .
Too many cooks . . .
Early to bed and early to rise . . .
A word to the wise . . .

Winners of "Form 1040," the April game that asked readers to provide an example of a remarkable historical tax deduction, are:

First Prize
Historic Gold Coins by Burton Hobson (Doubleday):

Noah—Deduction: casualty loss. Although I was given advance information, the recent excessive precipitation and resultant flooding damaged valuable vineyards and grazing land. Please note no claim is made for equipment depreciation, even though God knows how I'll get that boat off the mountain; or for additional dependents, despite the indication that the damn cats and dogs have moved in with us permanently.

—Arnold B. Sawislak
Hyattsville, Md.

Runners-up
Supermoney by "Adam Smith" (Random House):

Queen Isabella—Deduction: three ships complete with supplies and crews. These vessels were a political contribution to an independent party and used for economic and political exploration. They were never used for pleasure cruises.

—Barbara Andrews
Chicago, Ill.

Neil Armstrong—Deduction: travel expenses—500,000 miles at eight cents per mile.

—Joel Morris
Teaneck, N.J.

Paul Revere—Deduction: payment for elocution lessons and three visits to an ear, nose, and throat specialist. Although friends told me I had an excellent speaking voice, I had to take lessons to learn to project my voice in the interests of national security. The visits to the specialist were necessary to cure a bad case of laryngitis I contracted while performing a service to the patriots who, alas, were sound sleepers.

—Teresa Gerbers
Glenmont, N.Y.

King (name unknown)—Deduction: depreciation on services of all my horses and all my men in vain attempt to put one Humpty-Dumpty together again. Also, one cemetery plot, one tombstone, and fee to cutter for burial services of said Dumpty. Personal use to the crown for this tragedy, nil. Wall has been properly repaired as suggested by Royal Streets & Parks Commissioner.

Although Mr. Dumpty was but a shell of the thing he was before the mishap, the epitaph on his grave rightfully read, "Here lies a good egg."

—Bobby Hammack
Burbank, Calif.

Lazarus—
Though you've questioned my
traveling expense
(Why I journeyed, and how, and from
whence),
I've a witness who'll prove
That He saw this great move:
My deduction makes infinite sense.

—Elaine Stallworth
Willow Grove, Pa.

Potemkin—Deduction: a zillion rubles for construction of apparent prosperous farms and villages, to be viewed by boat-borne Catherine the Great as she glides down the river. An educational and scientific experiment in the art of camouflage, which will be of inestimable value in generations to come.

—Patty S. Blair
Berkeley, Calif.

Henry VIII—
Considering all my jewels and gold
My tax bill's massive. I've been told
By my accountants, all of whom
Are loath to have their monarchs full
It's times like these that I regret
The end my former wives have met,
For were they here to say they'd know
me
Then I'd deduct their alimony.

—B. Pellegrini
Tantallon, Md.

Salome—Deduction: tuition for dance lessons. Skill gained thereby not for personal pleasure; put to work in service of Chief of State. Political goal achieved: diplomatic severance of capital importance.

(N.B. Veiled reference to "an illegitimate" claim not appreciated.)

—Bruce Redford
Providence, R.I.

Robin Hood—Deduction: am applying for tax exempt status as a nonprofit organization. My business partners and I operate a philanthropic foundation the net proceeds of which go directly to the poor. Main source of income donations, principally from the rich.

—P. A. Kaufman
Oxon Hill, Md.

FUTURE GAMES: Readers are invited to submit their own suggestions for games. Those who invent games eventually published in the magazine will receive credit lines and prizes.

TARTING POINTS

refire Ways at the Reaper

one knows that any can be overcome by applying the right of know-how, elbow and stick-to-it-iveness. es for death too; surely our minds to it we can nd it altogether, or at at on our returns. You he energy and tenacity, will provide, from a us harvest of personal ce, folk wisdom, and l yearbooks, some sweet of truth, half-truth, and ht falsehood to help you ger, or at least keep you e buck-and-wing as you off the mortal coil, or to whichever comes first.

white.
conceived at midnight. -tzu is credited with the ervation, "The child you at midnight will have atest longevity."
a first-born child of par- s who are young and lthy and who will them- es live to a great age.
female.
tivate body vermin. The kaghirs of Siberia and Navajos believe that ere there's lice there's e.
n't smoke. (But consider words of the Honorable sco Hearn: "If you smoke ood joint every single day a hundred years, you will to be a very old man.")
a distinguished scientist. surprised. Colette: "Be- surprised is one of the est methods of not get- g old too quickly."
born in America.
ve to Norway.
oid your mother-in-law.
e Dieri, an Australian e of aborigines, believe s will contribute to lon- vity.
the in urine, ice water, or ow. The Kwakiutl In- ans, the Hopi, and eccen- c Englishmen, respective- find these elements pre- vative.
nduct a major symphony chestra.
brave. "He who encoun- s head winds will live a ng life," say the Eskimo Labrador.
intelligent and educated. equire a fetish. Crow women used to keep a rattle handy that had the power to confer extreme old age, and Arunta men made an elixir of long life from particles scraped from their fetish objects.

17. Eat and drink amusing things. Two Martinis every morning do it for Thomas Hart Benton, who is still painting at 84, and a nonagenarian steelworker swears by an onion a day. (A compromise might be a Gibson breakfast, after which you consume the cocktail onion.)
18. Be financially comfortable.
19. Practice shunammitism. Abishag the Shunammite, a nubile young maiden, kept the aging King David of Israel warm at night and thereby prolonged his life. Shunammitism works well for elderly male rats, and, apparently, for elder statesmen as well.
20. "Honor thy father and mother, that thy days may be long in the land." (the Old Testament).
21. Remove any gray hairs. The Xosa tribe of Africa and Miss Clairol concur on the efficacy of this method.
22. Enjoy your work and refuse to retire.
23. Don't worry.
24. Have one and a half lovely children.
25. Have a smashing sex life.
26. "Whoever is not mean will live long," goes a Hopi axiom. Be nice.

—Gwyneth Cravens

Ms. Cravens is on the staff of Harper's.

THE STAFF OF LIFE

Special services for old people in our society take countless forms, from summer camps to nursing homes, and all of them can be defined as life-extending. Most, however, require trained personnel and expensive equipment. I'm particularly glad to be able to report on a program that makes a marked contribution to longer life but that can be started and run by people of almost any age equipped with common sense and energy, and that uses already available facilities. It is usually known as a nutritional program; in fact, it provides far more than the sensible diet that is obviously an important factor in prolonging healthy life.

All across the country, food centers for the elderly are being set up. School cafeterias, church halls, and recreational areas of housing projects have come alive with meal programs for senior citizens. Widowers who couldn't or wouldn't face the chore of food preparation when their wives died, widows who found it impossible to get up the energy to cook just for themselves, old people of both sexes terrified by spiraling food costs—all come to these centers early and stay late. They meet new friends and generally find themselves participating in the nutritional program before long—helping with the cooking, the serving, the cleaning up, or the planning of menus. From there it is a relatively short step to getting involved in other activities and becoming the sort of busy and independent person whose old age is likely to be enjoyable and prolonged.

Like the meals-on-wheels program—which has been in existence for several years to provide housebound, isolated elderly people with decent meals and mealtime companionship—the new nutritional centers are staffed largely by volunteers. Many are sponsored by volunteer groups under the aegis of neighborhood churches, temples, or community centers.

Impetus for forming these groups has come through grants from the Older Americans Act. With or without government money, I hope readers will try setting up nutritional centers for senior citizens in their own communities. Many people—including some senior citizens—will probably help.

Please remember that it is hard to overestimate the significance of eating to the elderly person. From a strictly physiological perspective, nutrition is intimately connected with both physical and mental health. In a broader context, eating has deep meaning. Many of life's most beautiful moments are shared around a table; so, too, sorrow is often assuaged as friends share grief at dinner. There is no time when one feels more alone than when there is no one to share a meal.

—Monsignor Charles Fahey

Father Fahey is director of Catholic Charities for the Diocese of Syracuse.

Do Not Go Gentle

Books on aging demonstrate wildly contradictory attitudes toward the subject—all of them perfectly sensible. For, depending on the quality of life, old age can be anything from an invigorating culmination to a hideous burden.

An engrossing and generally optimistic overview of the process of growing up and growing old is offered in *The Ages of Man* by Lorus J. and Margery Milne (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $6.95). As always, the Milnes supply a rich lode of facts, examples, and interpretations.

For a heartening personal treatment of aging, try *Learn To Grow Old* by Paul Tournier (Harper & Row, $4.95). Reading this book is like having a luxuriously long conversation with a wise, well-informed, and sympathetic old friend. A Swiss medical doctor and psychologist, Tournier has cultivated the poet in his soul to splendid advantage.

Sharon Curtin, who is young, has cultivated the reformer in hers. Our society, she feels, abandons old people to the shadows when they still have much to give in the way of wisdom and experience. In *Nobody Ever Died of Old Age* (Little, Brown, $6.95), she recounts her forays as a registered nurse into the country of the old—retirement villages, pensioners' hotels, homes, New York sidewalks—and paints strong, lucid prose portraits of old people ranging from skid-row panhandlers to rich matrons. She suggests that old people "rise up angry" and start the revolution with a tactic borrowed from Women's Liberation—consciousness-raising.

Experts in all fields seem to agree that people who are active and involved in productive work—whether it be consciousness-raising or knitting—are apt to live longer than people who are unoccupied and alone. For this reason as well as others, senior citizen centers around the country constitute a valuable resource. A directory of them, which costs $2, was published by the Government Printing Office in January 1970. Although it is obviously not up to date, it is a useful guide.

AROUND CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

NTRAPAROUNDWRA

THE PERSONAL PERSPECTIVE

There was a time when the young looked to the old for the story of the past. Today the practice is neither much followed nor, more to the point, much enjoyed. Hoping to recapture some of the fun of listening to firsthand reports of days gone by, we asked several people in their 80s and 90s to share their earliest memories of public events.

Their accounts offer a fulcrum for a wealth of shifting perspectives—the past views the present; the present views the past; the future, by implication, views the present, as the past. Herewith, a kaleidoscope of history.

I was born on November 7, 1890, in a small town of retired farmers in Wisconsin. My earliest clear recollection of an important public event is the Spanish-American War in 1898, when I was seven years old. I do not recall that the sinking of the *Maine* impressed me so much, but I was much interested in the naval war that followed. I used to cut out pictures of the warships from the *Chicago Record*, a daily paper we took. I used to nail these pictures up on the wall in an old henhouse in the backyard, and I used big nails for some reason, so that the pictures hung for several years.

One other early recollection is of my Uncle Joe, who lived with us for a few years, taking off for the Klondike in 1898. He had bought a couple of sled dogs, which were kept at our house for a while.

—George E. Cleary

George Cleary practices law in New York City.

As a child I remember watching a torchlight parade in Dallas, Texas, in 1893. When the parade was over, a handsome man, C. A. Culberson, running for governor, made an eloquent speech that he began by saying, "Friends and neighbors. . . ." I wondered afterward why a neighbor couldn't be called a friend.

—Mamie Willett Wathen

Mrs. Wathen, mother of four children, writes short stories and reviews books.

One of my earliest clearly dated memories is of the year 1888 and the political campaign when Benjamin Harrison and Grover Cleveland were pitted against each other for the Presidency of the United States. Feelings ran high over the protective tariff issue, Harrison favoring a high tariff, which was supported by the manufacturing interests of my city. I remember the torchlight processions that were staged by Republicans and Democrats and the excitement in the streets. This was the first Presidential election in which I sat up and took notice. I had reached my ninth birthday shortly before it started.

I do have an earlier memory, I think of the summer of 1886, when, with my parents and grandparents, I spent two weeks at Saratoga Springs, during which we took a trip to Lake George, had a boat ride up the lake and back, and on the return trip a stopover at Mount McGregor to see the cottage in a woodland setting where General Ulysses S. Grant had died the year before.

—Oliver M. Wiard

An architect for many years, Oliver Wiard is now retired.

What is the first public event that I can remember? I believe it would have to be the Chicago World's Fair on opening day in 1893. As an eight-year-old youngster I was immensely impressed as we stood in the crowd waiting for the signal, at noon, for the unfurling of the flags of all nations. Later, while visiting the exhibitions, like most boys of those days, I was thrilled to stand in the Transportation Building beside Engine 999, which was famous as a part of the well-known 20th Century Limited train, running overnight between New York and Chicago.

—Thomas T. Logie

During World War I, Thomas T. Logie was a major attached to General Pershing's staff. He later founded a manufacturing company in Bridgeport, Conn.

People alla time axin' me, "You used to ride with Jesse James?" I say, "Yeah, but not since I been here." "What you done when you was with Jesse James?" I say I done what he told me to do. "Was Jesse James robbin' banks?" "Yeah, he robbed banks. He robbed anything that there was enough money in." "Robbed trains?" I say yeah. "What'd you do?" "Done just what he told me to do."

—Charlie Smith

Quoted in *Rolling Stone*, February 1, 1973

Charlie Smith, at 130, is the oldest living American.

It was a cold rainy evening in the fall of 1901. We had been visiting my grandmother, who lived in a small town in rural Germany. After bidding her goodbye we went to the station to catch the midnight express that would take us to Hamburg, where we would board the ship that was to take us back to the United States. As we paced impatiently up and down the station platform, a gentleman approached us and asked us if we were Americans. When he received an affirmative answer, he then asked us if we knew what had happened in the United States that day. When we said that we did not know, he told us that our President, William McKinley, had been fatally wounded by an assassin. I burst into tears and wailed, "What will happen to our poor country?"

My father tried to console me, telling me that other Presidents had been assassinated and that our country had gone on to bigger and better things. But I refused to be comforted. By the time our train arrived I was convinced that when we came to New York, we would have no home and no government. My trip back across the Atlantic was filled with misery and foreboding. Of course, my father had been right, and I had worried needlessly. But for a twelve-year-old in a nonviolent age, the killing of a President loomed as a great disaster.

—Carrie Sinn

Mrs. Sinn, better known as Aunt Bunny to generations of girls at the camp she ran, now teaches crafts at a Golden Age Club.

My dad came from Illi homestead in South Dak 1881, before it was a sta never heard about any events out there on the outside Howard. Neve newspapers. In fact, I read newspapers until I playing baseball aroun state and got my name papers. I remember wh was about ten, there was tle between Pierre, the c and Mitchell. Pierre w north, kind of out of the and the folks in M wanted their town to b capital, so they sent s trains all over the state t vince people. Mitchell nev get to be the capital, bu had the Corn Palace the decorated inside with c corn in murals, and the on shows. You can bet sweet life they did!

I can remember about '05 when I was thirteen my brother and I got u early one morning and the horse and buggy to the station in Howard. We toc Chicago, Milwaukee & St. to Mitchell—you had to c at Woonsocket in those d to see a show. There w street show, with slack walking, tightrope bicycle trapeze acts, acrobats, jug First time I ever saw an I was there, with all his fea selling elixir. And then i the Corn Palace, there was Philip Sousa's band.

—Bert Brad

Bert Bradbury played baseb the Dakota League, ran a tire- shop, and was a county sheri now makes furniture.

In the summer of 1893 father, August Herrmann, tain of a coastal schooner, my mother, my three si my brother, and myself voyage from Fall River, M chusetts, to New York Ci was eight and I remember clearly sailing up the East R past Blackwell's Island called Welfare Island) and ing a huge terraced garde was planted with magnifi flowers in the shapes of a c a heart, and an anchor, a was told that they signi Faith, Hope, and Charity.

—Alice H. Roo

Mrs. Rooney still enjoys trave Last summer she visited France Spain.

READERS

/ impression that as older his memory be- n as to names, faces, s that come newly into i his old age. On the d, I have a theory that uter, called Brain, be- not pressed with new in old age, is better to be used for mem- *early* youth.

of my earliest recol- ire:

George ran for mayor York; I remember his

V. Debs went to jail cago, I think.

Adams acted in *The inister.*

ny mom to give me a and all alone I went to Princeton to watch guration of Woodrow as president of Prince- s was long before he governor of New Jer- I haven't the faintest y I went there.

—Morris L. Ernst

ng lawyer, Morris Ernst is r of numerous books, in- he Best Is Yet. . . .

ly remember the bliz- '88. We were living at onkers when my father istructing a section of / Croton Aqueduct. He taken the train to New n business and because storm could not return week. Mother was left the big house with my ster, less than two years and myself, who was huge snowdrift piled up middle of the second nd remained for over eks, and I dug a tunnel it to the porch. Trades- ed unsuccessfully to de- od to us for a week. wonderful to enjoy good at over 90. My mother be 101 years of age. I rn in Billings, Montana, 2 in a log cabin on a -section (160 acres) ac- by my father from the ment. I was the second orn in what has become ie largest city of Monta- h a population of nearly . The Crow Indian Reser- was nearby.

—Jules R. Breuchaud

uchaud helped build the New ity subways during his career truction work.

UTOPIA, CONT'D.

As we have hoped all along, readers are beginning to send us material that extends discussion of topics treated in **WRAPAROUND.** The letters and items that follow are in response to the March issue on the utopian urge. We continue to welcome further information and thoughts on the subject.

Tucked away inconspicuously in the Flint Hills of eastern Kansas lies the ghost town of Utopia. All that remains is an unused church.

Utopia was a cattle loading stop on the Santa Fe railroad before the turn of the century. In 1910 its population was listed at 35. Information as to who the original settlers were and whether or not they had any intention of building a "utopia" at that spot is unavailable.

During the early part of this century a man named Babson attempted to rejuvenate the town by declaring it the future population center of the U.S. He opened the Babson Institute in the nearby town of Eureka. The college closed down a few years ago because of low enrollment.

I live in Hamilton, which is five miles north of Utopia. I was assigned to live here when I joined VISTA. My job is to try to stem the tide of ghost-townism in this area. Before I left my home in Detroit, my parents, who were not happy about my joining VISTA, told me that I was too idealistic and that there will always be problems in the world. Since then I have written home and told them that I have found Utopia. It is both frustrating and encouraging to know it is just down the road a ways.

—Don Mooradian
Hamilton, Kan.

I found it surprising that your March WRAPAROUND carried only brief mention of the cooperative movement. Co-ops have been experiencing phenomenal growth for the past ten years; in agriculture, food processing, retail stores, housing projects, buying clubs, credit unions, medical care associations, memorial societies, pharmacies, even eyeglasses. They are playing a new and ever larger role in renovating our strained and imbalanced economic life, and demonstrating that people can handle their own economic affairs.

The ownership and management of business is everybody's business. In co-ops, everyone has a vested interest, not just money but benefits. Communes and similar communal societies will not survive unless they are economically and spiritually well based.

—Lytle W. Robinson
Tucson, Ariz.

It struck me that many of the comments printed in the March issue had a common theme—an expression of views on improving the quality of life. The girl who started ballet lessons, the fellow suggesting a look at educational alternatives, even the larger topic on utopia fit into this theme.

But there was something missing. All utopias, whether public or private, carry the implicit assumption that the general state of health of the citizens is good. By this I mean that for the *quality* of life to be optimum, disturbances to that life, such as the many small medical discomforts which make the difference between a good day and a great day, must be at a minimum. Consider the kinds of daily discomforts we all live with from day to day: colds, flu, headaches, mysterious pains in the back, disturbed stomach. How absolutely splendid it would be if our lives were no longer beset by these subcritical, nonfatal annoyances. Indeed, since it is not understood how diseases are related over time—such as the relation between all our life-long colds and complications of later life—it just may be that the elimination of these minor stresses throughout life would have a profound impact on the quality of life during our terminal years. Such a possibility is truly, in my view, utopian.

Utopian, but certainly not impossible. However, there is a hang-up. It seems to be the case that our major efforts in research are concentrated on the terminal afflictions. And, since colds and headaches rarely kill, research in these areas receives considerably less than optimum support. If any area of public health is ready for a concentrated, NASA-type effort, it would be, in my view, this group of annoying disorders that causes us to miss a week or so of work each year.

—Wayne Lee Harman
Washington, D.C.

Your roundup of American utopias in the March issue made no mention of the Single Tax Colony of Arden, Delaware, started early in this century and still operating.

The founder was Frank Stevens. Among the early residents were Upton Sinclair, Scott Nearing, and Mother Bloor, as well as aspiring writers, socialists, anarchists, lawyers, and, of course, single-taxers. Henry George Day was celebrated annually. There was a Guild Hall, a gardeners' guild, a library guild, a weaving shop, a metal shop, etc.

Paved roads, electricity, street lights were the results of WPA projects in the FDR era. Arden later became, in effect, a bedroom community for Wilmington, seven miles south. But it is still there, a fond memory for some of us, who spent summers there in the Thirties, when the world was young.

—Irving Fagan
Washington, D.C.

Judging from material sent us by a reader in response to the March **WRAPAROUND,** utopian aspirations are alive and well in *The California Tomorrow Plan,* edited by Alfred Heller and published by William Kaufmann, Inc. (1 First Street, Los Altos, Calif. 94022; cloth, $7.95; paper, $2.50). The book offers a concise strategy for the citizen concerned about the Los Angelesization of California (and, we might add, of America) and, through comparison and projection, explores some of the state's alternative futures.

It is possible—*essential,* Heller believes—to construct an institutional framework that applies the systems approach to the sociological, economic, political, psychological, and environmental problems that heretofore have received only fragmented, ad hoc attention. The book is already being used in college courses in California, and we recommend it to anyone interested in doing something about planning the quality of his and his children's future.

IDEAS WRAPAROU

There's a Place for You

Douglas Ashett, Kingston, Ontario, Canada: "WRAP-AROUND should solicit and print a list of summer programs for discussion and encounter where adults can meet others of similar interest. In the 1950s the Great Books Foundation ran a series of summer institutes of one-week duration, and this gave people an opportunity to learn to lead and participate in exciting discussions of new literature. Today it might be more appealing to combine the strictly verbal encounter with some nonverbal expression and thus strike a balance between the strictly cerebral and strictly sense approaches that are popular today. But the basic question is, where can my wife and I go to meet people and learn without taking formal courses at a college?"

☞ Again, we will happily make space available for information that readers would like to pass on to Mr. Ashett.

Roy Weitz, New Hyde Park, N.Y.: "A suggestion for WRAP-AROUND. Everybody talks about how much leisure time we have today, yet we will almost certainly have even more in the very near future. What new 'leisures' will we have to fill up that time? Does the future merely hold 36 holes of golf instead of 18, or will there also be some kind of qualitative change in our various entertainments? Perhaps WRAP-AROUND could explore the nature of leisure today and the leisure outlook for tomorrow. I am particularly interested in tomorrow: how are holographic movies and television coming along? Will the Disneylands of the future plunge their jaded paying customers into wild physical experience? What will the function of the book be (if there is a book as we know it)? How about sex, that perennial favorite? Does anybody have a *new* sport? What are the potentials of video cassette technology? I'm sure there are many readers who have their own favorite areas of interest."

☞ We have all had moments that have flashed us out of the ordinary, the workaday, into the realm of ecstasy. Some of these highs vanish as quickly and as mysteriously as they come upon us; others we carry with us our whole lives long. If you can recall such an experience and what distinguished it most from normal consciousness, please pass it along—in fifty or so words—to **WRAPAROUND.**

☞ What has disappeared from your landscape in the past year that you miss the most? A pear tree? A migration of geese? The courthouse facade? A cigar-store Indian? A shop specializing in crystal doorknobs? A marsh? A particular rush of light that shaped early mornings in May? There is a place for small commemorations (fifty words will do nicely); send them to **WRAP-AROUND.**

☞ There's no way of telling anymore where our nerve endings leave off and the telephone cord begins. Life without the telephone is scarcely imaginable. Even when we go to a remote, unconnected place, the telephone still intrudes upon us with its blatant absence. Telephone stories have replaced fish stories and atrocity stories in many an anecdotal repertoire. If you have a telephone tale, condense it into fifty words and send it to **WRAPAROUND,** Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

BRUSHING DEATH

In a previous issue we ... out the growing rese... terest in near-death ex... and suggested that read... us accounts of their o... brushes with death. V... received a great many ... and would like to hav...

Our original thought ... by collecting personal ... ences we might add t... mentation of the theo... death comes to us by sta... in an instant. So far, ... there has been no pa... the letters we've receiv... we could confidently ge... from—especially when ... perience in question is ... quisitely subjective. H... some of the best letter ... received. We'll save furt... cussion until we have a... lated more responses.

What follows is my ... tion of an accident I rer... vividly not just because ... uation in which we fou... selves seemed fatal dur... progress, but, too, beca... my psychological, em... and sensory experience w...

My friend lost control ... auto we were riding in ... suddenly realized we wer... ing into the cab of a large ... Surprise, of course, was ... tial reaction. It ended q... my mind and body su... to the threat and speed ... first impact. The interest... pect of time in this si... should be noted here—it s... after the first crash, to ... most suspended as if th... cident was happening in ... motion. For some reaso... haps a heightened awaren... a new, dangerous expe... combined with the detac... the mind affects in crisis ... second elongated, enablin... to notice in detail my p... logical reactions to our ...

Sounds of ripping meta... the feeling of being held ... in a turbulent force fie... most seemed to be flashi... on a television screen, alt... I was simultaneously awa... the battering I endured. A... auto bounced back, then ... again into the end of the t... trailer, the screeching of ... against metal, the shatteri... glass, and the seeming ...

Exchange: Where to go for information

Judith Sachs, New York, N.Y.: "In response to Ms. Margaret Crowley's question in the April Ideas section, yes, there are places to answer questions on consumer problems, ecology, etc., although, unfortunately, there isn't any one source at present. The Environmental Information Center, Inc. at 124 East 39 St., New York, N.Y., is helpful, as is Consumer Action Now, Inc. at 30 East 68 St. N.Y. (they'll tell you how to set up recycling centers too). There is also the International Institute for Environmental Affairs at 345 East 46 St., N.Y., and certainly the local chapter of the Sierra Club can answer questions too.

"If you want a different, but useful voice, try the Department of Agriculture in Washington, D.C. on nutrition, food, and consumer affairs. They are surprisingly helpful and have wonderful little pamphlets to show you how to plant tomatoes or save money by sewing your own clothes. There must be other sources closer to Ms. Crowley's home in Eugene, but as long as she can wait for an answer from N.Y., the above organizations will be happy to oblige with answers."

W. G. Tomek, Ithaca, N.Y.: "On sources of information for questions on food, nutrition, consumer problems, and environmental issues: the land-grant university in each state has an extension faculty. Their explicit objective is to provide continuing education and information for the public (in contrast to resident students). Thus, Ms. Crowley could contact the extension service of Oregon State University. In New York, the extension staff in the Dept. of Consumer Economics or the Dept. of Human Nutrition, College of Human Ecology, and the Dept. of Food Sciences, Dept. of Natural Resources, and the Section of Ecology and Evolution, College of Agriculture & Life Sciences, Cornell, Ithaca, N.Y., would be sources. No doubt, staff members at non-land-grant universities also would be pleased to answer questions."

Reuben W. Taylor, El Paso, Tex.: "A note in connection with your suggestion for information that might help Ms. Crowley, or anyone, is to look in your phone book under the heading United States Government; one can go down to the county level, where he truly receives courteous, authentic, and prompt replies from places such as Cooperative Extension Headquarters, K.T. Humphrey, Extension Agent, 158 S. Main Street, Mt. Morris, N.Y. 14510; or a person can use his own feet, as we do, to visit the Federal Building, with a helping of fresh air, exercise, and sunshine."

VRAPAROUNDWRA

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at the moment, and
was my lack of any
calmness. My life did
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be horribly mangled.
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—Cheryl Stoner
Watseka, Ill.

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enicillin, I could rouse
to answer.
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e saying where it was
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at this time that I real-
at I was seriously hurt.
ing very strange hap-
hen. My brain, or self,
made a tour of the darkness that was my body, checking everything out. Very dispassionately, rationally, I judged that I would live. I just knew that I would, and was strong because of that knowledge. I kept calm, and helped myself.

—J.L.G.
New York, N.Y.

Some years ago I had a near-fatal accident: a truck tire I was (over-) inflating exploded in my face. My first thought was, "Well, that's it"—a thought which was, so far as I can remember, unaccompanied by any emotion, not even resignation. Finding myself still alive a split second later, I simply assumed that I was going to be all right, and never doubted it afterward. I was blinded, yet managed, without ever having recovered my balance, to get myself to fall in what must have been the only clear space on a concrete floor covered with hard objects. Cupping my hands over my eyes, I let myself fall as slowly and carefully as possible, rocking gently as my head approached the floor, so as not to jar it. I had not yet completed this rocking motion when I heard the voices of what must have been dozens of people standing around me. I felt flattered by this, but mostly I was dumbfounded, because I knew that only a few people had been within the immediate vicinity; it was inexplicable. Immediately someone asked if he should call an ambulance. I wasn't sure, but I graciously said "no," or I tried to. Someone else said with some urgency, "Yes, call an ambulance," and an ambulance was called. I lay completely motionless, and felt very calm. I *knew* that it was imperative for me to remain motionless and to avoid panic, but I found it extremely easy to do so. I felt content, serene. Also a bit proud: "See how well I can function in times of adversity." Soon I felt a large gob flow from the vicinity of my eye and down my cheek. I assumed it was the remains of my eye and some surrounding flesh, and noted the sensation with detached interest. I pictured vaguely what it would be like to spend the rest of my days blind and disfigured, and looked forward to it as a new life. I thought how intense the pain would be when my sensations returned, and felt no fear of this. Someone was bending over me and trying to get me to remove my hands from my face. Very slowly I figured out that this was wise, since there was no danger, and especially since my hands were coated with grease and dirt. As I removed them I heard someone gasp. I felt sorry for her. The man bent over me was reassuring me that everything was going to be all right, in a voice which betrayed that he was convinced that the opposite was the case. I thought, how ironic; I wished that I had the strength to speak, so I could console these people, since it was they and not I who needed consolation.

Months later, I finally realized the significance of the inexplicable haste with which people had come to be standing around me right after the accident: I must have been unconscious while they were gathering. This struck me as a revelation. For I had experienced a continuum of time, exactly as if I had been conscious all the time. In fact I *had* been conscious all the time, *my* time. There was a portion of time missing, but it was not *lacking*. It was of no importance how long that period of time might have been—it had no significance for me whatever, whether it was a split second or an eternity. What I am trying to say is that I discovered then that death really didn't exist. Or rather, *my* death did not exist for me: it played no role, since it could not be felt, not even for an instant—there was no room for it in a continuum, not even at the end of a continuum. This was not merely something I realized philosophically—for on a logical level, it was utterly obvious—but something I felt: I was no longer afraid of death; "death" had vanished.

Still, it had not yet occurred to me that my accident had in fact brought me close to death. Not until a couple of years later when I found out that a collection had been taken up for flowers for my funeral, and after I heard the song "D.O.A." (Dead on Arrival), which described a fatally injured man's last feelings, did I realize, with a certain amount of revulsion that hitherto had been absent, that, for a while there, I was just barely alive. I realized that the clarity of mind I had experienced was illusory: I had actually had a very poor conception of what was going on, and my thoughts had been so slow. What seemed like strength of will and peace of mind had actually been a lack of will and mind. I now relived the whole experience, in a way, and it seemed as though all my normal feelings, emotions, thoughts, desires had ebbed away. I felt that afterlife was out of the question; since here, before death, everything that I associated with being alive—intellect, sensation, emotion, discretion—was disappearing. Nothing worth keeping seemed to be surviving the transition. This conviction, too, disappeared after a few days.

—Peter Christensen
London, Ont., Canada

About five years ago, I was involved as a passenger in a head-on collision between ourselves and what later proved to be a drunken driver. Both cars were totally demolished. The only person injured, I sustained nothing more than a hairline fracture of my much maligned nose, a small cut above the fracture, and a number of flamboyant bruises. Even so, it was very close.

From the moment of impact until our car ceased kangaroo-hopping in the middle of a snow-covered field, I possessed a clear sight never before experienced. I was both inside the car and above the entire scene. I saw everything and I knew I was going to die.

Almost concurrently, I knew a terrible wrath, a magnificent outrage, an absolute emotion that bellowed, "NO! NO! Goddammit, I will not let this happen. Not now!"

And it did not happen (obviously). The car stopped, and I got out right away, swearing profusely, still boiling with rage, intent upon committing murder if the other driver wasn't dead already.

Then, standing there in the snow, I watched the vapor from our smashed radiator mingle with snowflakes, and felt my own warm blood falling down my face and knew I was alive. I shrank back to my own physical and emotional limits, and began to cry.

—Barbara Lawrie
Ottawa, Ont., Canada

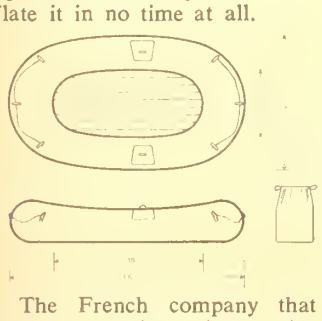
TOOLS FOR LIVIN

FOLDING TRANSPORTATION, AQUATIC DIVISION

Allan Grecco, a **WRAPAROUND.**friend who shot the rapids of the Colorado River last summer, insisted that we discuss inflatable boats in this issue. He prefers an inflatable like the Kiak Dinghy to both canoes and rigid rafts. Because there are no seats or supports in the Dinghy, there is more room for lateral motion and maneuverability. Furthermore, the fabric texture is comfortable and splinter-free in case of sudden jolts ("There are lots of stumps in unexpected places," according to Grecco).

Other praiseworthy features, he says, include an I-Beam extending along the length of the boat that keeps it as rigid as possible (boats that sag when you get into them will be difficult to paddle because your weight will cause a drag); and vinyl-urethane skin that is designed to be impervious to the effects of heat and cold (these boats don't blow up like balloons in summer or become brittle and crack in winter; they are unaffected by gasoline, salt water, and chlorine). The manufacturer says that, since all seams are double-sealed, the average Dinghy's life-span is 5 years, but with good care and cleaning you can expect up to 10 years of adventure.

The Kiak Dinghy Mr. Grecco likes so much is 7′6″ long when inflated and can hold four adults, or up to 800 pounds. It packs into its own 7″ x 14″ x 22″ carrying case. With foot-operated bellows you can inflate it in no time at all.



The French company that makes the Kiak Dinghy also makes the Pyrawa Canoe. Safe and easy enough for kids to handle, this 10½′-long boat holds two adults and their gear, or up to 550 pounds. It weighs only 19 pounds itself and folds into an even smaller packet than the Dinghy, so it is perfect for backpacking to remote lakes and streams as well as for white-water running and ocean surf.

Both these inflatable boats are available in many sporting goods stores throughout the country. To get you on the water fast, we offer each in a bag, plus oars, foot-operated bellows, repair kit, and instruction manual—everything you'll need except life preservers. The Kiak Dinghy sells for $79.95; the Pyrawa Canoe is $99.95.

HOT SPOTS

Some like it hot, but not as hot as Carolyn Davies' window sill. Ms. Davies has discovered a tool that will be of great interest now. "Since summer is upon us, everyone is very conscious of the temperature. It's so hot. It'll be hot tomorrow. Over and over. What most of us don't realize is that all year long temperatures in various parts of our homes, garages, cars, and yards fluctuate between great extremes. I would never have realized it myself if I had not picked up a tiny Taylor 'Maxi' thermometer ($.98) at the dime store and put it in a pot of begonias on my window sill one 'mild' April morning. Yipes! The needle fairly bounced up to 120°F! I couldn't believe it. Took the thermometer away to a shady spot to cool down, then back under the begonia. Zip! Right back up there to 120°! That was why my tender plants were looking so miserable. Several more experiments revealed that the same window sill dropped to 38°F at night when the chair in the center of the room was registering 65°."

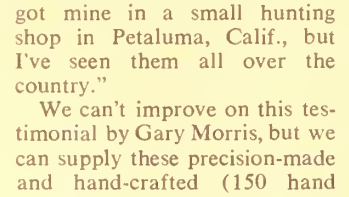
The **WRAPAROUND** staff was intrigued with this thermometer and stuck several around in different places. Even in a completely air-conditioned building the temperatures vary wildly. The most convenient feature of the Maxi is that it comes with double-faced adhesive tape rings so it can be mounted to any surface. The smaller circle of adhesive is used to stick the Maxi on a wall, or the side of a boat, or in a picnic cooler. With the larger circle the thermometer can be mounted on the outside of a window pane "looking in," so the temperature outdoors can be read from within the room. Great tool.

IN PRAISE OF POCKET KNIVES

"If you have ever had to clip something from the newspaper and haven't had a scissors handy; if you have ever had a piece of string to cut but did not want to wear your teeth out; if you have ever needed to skin a rabbit, deer, or fox in a hurry and have not been near a butcher shop, then what you should have had is a pocket knife. Probably the most handy tool since the wheel.

"The one I carry is a Case XX. The model, the Sodbuster Jr., is 3⅝″ long closed and about 6½″ open. It is made of stainless steel and has a fantastically hard plastic handle. I got mine in a small hunting shop in Petaluma, Calif., but I've seen them all over the country."

We can't improve on this testimonial by Gary Morris, but we can supply these precision-made and hand-crafted (150 hand operations each) American knives. The Sodbuster Jr. is $6.75, while the larger 4⅝″ Sodbuster is $7.75.



A WARNING THAT WORKS

It would be hard to decide which is more terrifying—being stuck in the middle of the road in a disabled car with no means of warning oncoming vehicles, or driving one of those oncoming vehicles and suddenly finding yourself almost on top of that disabled car. One way of seeing to it that the problem never arises is with a tool suggested by W. R. Kyser, Safety Director of the Houston (Texas) Independent School District. He recommends a triangular warning sign ($6.95) that will not burn out, as flares are known to do, and that will be effective during the day as well as after dark. The warning sign comes in its own reusable plastic case. When opened it forms a red reflective triangle about 16 inches high on sturdy legs. Mr. Kyser says it is "almost impossible to blow it o
to damage it. At night
flective surface appears
two times larger than it
can be seen for a great di
I relied on it once (tha
no more often), and I
test to the fact that it
its use well, and traffic
away from and slowed
disabled automobile."

The sign is already in
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GROW POWER

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A MATTER OF TI

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Timing devices have co
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RAPAROUN INFORMA

isions on the face of are eliminated.
ie latest developments tate electronics, the I's originators have to produce a new more accurate and e functional than or- pwatches. As it has moving parts (the id switches), it is re- and nearly indestruc- perates on C-size al- teries that give about of use and is uncon- guaranteed for one can make the "Ac- available to you for ipletely postpaid and



's a bit much for you, st an old favorite that the same basic timing . It is the Marcel stop- 451. This is the silver- ed beauty that mea- to fifteen minutes in a second, which may u need if you are play- all or other yard sports. jewel Swiss watch with feature, it has a two- rantee. It's available in orting goods stores and hops or you may order is for $23.50.

NG BOOKS

Harper's were delighted that our printed pages he mosaic of **WRAP- D**—are available as pages. It was Mrs. Ro- ilse of Dallas, Texas, l us we were on "Talk- ks."

"Talking Books" is a national program of the Library of Congress that brings free library services to the handicapped. Through open reel tapes, tape cassettes, talking book machines (special record players), and Braille books distributed by regional libraries, printed matter reaches people who are unable to read conventional print and people who can't hold a book or turn a page because of muscle or nerve deterioration or paralysis.

Books and magazines are mailed postage-free to and from the reader, who can choose from a staggering list of titles: the classics, how-to books, poetry, criticism, mysteries, essays, nature studies, biography, history, politics, science, and humor. An equally wide spectrum of magazines is offered, and so are children's books.

Mrs. Hulse, who worked with adult literary discussion groups until she began to lose her sight and was forced to quit, says, "It was some lonely years for a while, so I got a kitty and a dog. I have telephone and TV, but nothing stimulating except 'Books.' It's good to have the books and all the magazines they send, so you keep young."

Another service for those unable to see is Recording for the Blind, an organization that records educational books so that students of all ages can complete course work that will enable them to compete in the sighted world. The RFB maintains a cooperative relationship with the Library of Congress.

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TTERS

man's view of Vietnam

ze that one is sowing strong antimilitary wind oting a rebuttal of Gloria s article "Arms and the [April]. But I fear that your readers may be too nvinced that the old roster ypes she trots out in her at- ie Army represents reality. s, in the interest of balance truth, you will allow me to the defense.

is to believe Ms. Emerson, officers are imbeciles and ve about it; and none of es his country in good faith rve only themselves. Their n to service of country must , she implies, because no es in this country anyway. Emerson's black-and-white, ented view, all enlisted vise, forward-looking, artic- mples of folk wisdom and dness, and all officers are cretins—horrid examples is bad. I can't help but be- Ms. Emerson knows better. int of view, although paro- es have the virtue of being sixteen years' experience er who fits none of the sim- ories she stamps the Army issed my family in Vietnam ouldn't feel worried about ulinity even in the presence asculator like Ms. Emerson. nded a battalion of 1,000 ie Mekong Delta while Ms. was being briefed up North. ud and honored to have the ility of serving as their lead- ected them and am down- e that the feeling was mu-

American soldiers—and this lwark and the blessing of cracy—one has to earn re- prescriptive right and no a paper give it to you. My performed its mission in We also fought harassment from high places—together. One of my jobs was to see that my soldiers were protected from "hassle" of any sort, and, from all that I can gather, they felt I succeeded.

I worked with Colonel Hackworth in Vietnam and often had the chance to discuss leadership problems with him. He seemed no different from the vast majority of my officer colleagues in Vietnam . . . I'm proud of being a human being first and an officer second, and I don't give a fig for medals and career points. I respected and took care of my men in Vietnam and had a lot of company among commanders there who feel as I do and did the same.

Lt. Col. Frank J. Schober, Jr.
Alexandria, Va.

Characterizing all U.S. military officers in Vietnam through rear-echelon stereotypes is one of the cheapest journalistic shots the war has produced. If Gloria Emerson had bothered to talk to the artillery FOs [forward observers] and company commanders who lived and fought with the grunts in the bush, she would have found that many of those officers—those getting shot at—knew only too well the cost of directing a war from air-conditioned house trailers and steam baths. If she had ventured beyond the battalion headquarters, she would have found that in every combat infantry company in the bush, officers were not only the last to eat, they also got last choice of C rations.

I'll never forget the first time I returned to a fire base after a ten-day patrol. A major in freshly pressed fatigues walked up to my RTO (radio-telephone operator) and ordered him to shave before entering the battalion mess hall. The soldier sat down on his helmet, lowered his head to his knees, and mumbled, "Oh, my God, my God." My company commander, a captain, told the major it might be a good idea if he left the area. He left.

Joseph A. James
New Orleans, La.

It appears to me that Gloria Emerson is not only ignorant of basic facts concerning the American officer in Vietnam but is painfully insensitive to the individuality and humanity of the U.S. officer as a person. Her opening words, "I did not like or trust the professional U.S. Army officers I met during two years in Vietnam," are a manifestation of a severe social disease known as prejudice, and, in this era, it is hard to believe that anyone could dislike or mistrust an entire group of people, when she has known only a minute fraction of that group. Ignorance breeds generalities. It seems that the author is more concerned with coloring a "good story" than with presenting an objective account of her experience in Vietnam.

It is extremely unfortunate, and downright cruel, that the American officer has to bear the blame for a senseless war, instigated and operated by Washington civilians who for the most part have never set foot in Vietnam.

Ms. Emerson spoke of nine different commanders directing the fifth battalion, 7th Cavalry, between August 1966 and October 1969. She stated that they served an average of 4.2 months, "just long enough to have combat commands on their records." What she failed to state was that the reason for the brevity of these commands was that most of these commanders were either severely wounded and were evacuated from the field or were killed—hardly an ideal way to "win their birds." My husband served with the fifth battalion from October 1967 to April 1968 and remembers these gruesome facts vividly.

Joyce W. Davison
Fort Leavenworth, Kans.

Gloria Emerson replies:

To Lieutenant Colonel Schober: Colonel Schober says Colonel Hackworth seemed no different from the vast majority of his officer colleagues in Vietnam, yet Hackworth quit the Army, which he loved, in disgust. So

did Major Bunting. The Colonel sounds as though I were the only person who was criticizing the Army, ignoring the acts of these distinguished officers. I wonder, too, how he would explain the existence of Vietnam Veterans Against the War, whose members seem to have much harsher opinions than I do. My point again is that professional military profit by war, need war, like war, and most enlisted men do not.

To Mr. James: I am glad Mr. James wrote us about the major who wanted the RTO to shave. I met many of those majors, but I would have been honored to meet the captain who told him to go away. They were very rare. Mr. James must know it, for, after all, he says that he will never forget the incident.

To Mrs. Davison: It has always been my understanding that General Westmoreland pressed hard, and with success, to have more combat troops in Vietnam, and the Pentagon favored this, so I cannot agree that it was civilians in Washington who created the war (although God knows they played an important role). I would also disagree that casualties were the reason that, from 1965 through 1971, there was such a turnover of battalion commanders in U.S. Army divisions. It is simply not true.

From outside Cuba

Being a Cuban, I felt that, despite its objectivity and honest viewpoint, Joe Nicholson Jr.'s article ["Inside Cuba," April] does not present a true picture of my country.

This article gives the reader the impression that Castro's government has become a blessing rather than a curse to the Cuban people. It is a fact that there have been numerous improvements since the advent of the revolution in 1959. It is also a fact that there is not enough food available. I cannot imagine why Mr. Nicholson, on the evidence of a single family, has concluded that everyone gets sufficient food. I can show him some of my mother's letters in which she tells me of how she has to be a magician in order to make the rations she gets last until her turn comes again to buy food.

Ten years ago people in Cuba were interested in political freedom. Today, and this is a fact, they worry about what they'll eat the next day. Perhaps it is easier for people living in Havana to get better and more food than those in rural areas. Mr. Nicholson should have gone to my hometown and he would have written a different article.

The American public knows very little about conditions in Cuba, and articles like Mr. Nicholson's give a somewhat blurred picture of the true reality. I do not want to say that Mr. Nicholson has given a purposefully wrong picture of Cuba, but, in all fairness, I want to let the readers also have the other, ever-present, side of the story.

Oswald F. Diaz-Duque
Astoria, N.Y.

I couldn't resist the enticing cover promising a well-prepared description of present conditions in Cuba. Of course, how was I to know that you would present as insipid and incompetent a piece as Nicholson's? Wastes of words are spent in his impressionistic, totally subjective descriptions of how particular people impressed his fibrillating heart. Parrot-strings of figures for production, food, etc., are given without their relationship to the total or past picture. Perhaps the only fact that was given that may stand to study by itself is the existence of a twelve-page-thick file belonging to a young painter. But even that number may be incorrect.

I don't think counterrevolutionaries are such a minute fraction that you should be forced to use such a rara avis as a 1973 horn-eyeglassed club habitué to give "the other side of the picture." I don't think it meaningful to try to find in Cuba answers to the latest "in" thing in the U.S. liberal circles, be it integration, male chauvinism, homosexuality, or whatever ticks Nicholson's fancy. First of all, it would require a superb translation effort to put through the Cuban minds the concepts involved, and Mr. Nicholson is certainly not qualified.

Roberto E. Balbis
Orlando, Fla.

Joe Nicholson's view of contemporary Cuba bore an incredible likeness to the laudatory reports written by New Left activists, including myself, in the middle and late 1960s. He, like us, was favorably impressed with the way that Cuba, unlike most Latin American nations, has freed itself of U.S. domination. . . .

But I found Nicholson's re[port] be sadly incomplete and uns[ophi]cated. I was pleased to see h[im] attention to the Cuban gover[nment's] persecution of homosexuals, [but] take strong issue with the p[ortra]of Cuban homosexuals as sor[ry] of isolated counterrevolu[tion]caste. Many Cuban gay peop[le] been intimately involved w[ith] Cuban revolution since it beg[an], many of these same gay peo[ple] tinue to serve—tragically, I [would] say—the revolution that h[as] trayed them. On the other han[d] is no doubt that the avera[ge] Cuban is disillusioned. But t[o] that only gay Cubans are [dis]sioned is similar to implying t[hat] Jews are dissatisfied with life [in] Soviet Union, or that only bla[cks] challenging the status quo [in] United States. Cuban gay pe[ople] disillusioned not only beca[use] government has issued antih[omo]ual pronouncements, not o[nly] cause they live in constant f[ear], also because such pronoun[ce]and repression reflect overall [cli]of rigidity and inequality.

I believe that any discus[sion] contemporary Cuba is boun[d to] unsatisfactory if it does not d[eal] the long-range implications [of] tutionalized *machismo* (whic[h Ni]olson describes), the gover[n]repressive response to Afr[o-Cu]religion (*santería*) and to n[ew] tempts of black Cubans to [re]separate identity, and the [pro]number of Cuban workers [to] not gung-ho but rather questi[on] legislation as the 1971 "law [a]loafing" and the noticeable [at]ment of privileges by some [of] Communist party bureaucra[ts].

Allen [Ot]
Westwoo[d, Ma]

Joe Nicholson Jr. replies:

The complaints I wrote ab[out] the most widespread, those v[oiced] the anti-Communist Rafael, [the] mosexual Carlos, the old la[dy], the factory worker Nelson. F[rom] most discontented Cubans [I] mention *santería* or any 19[70s] Apparently the Cubans hav[e] ceived Mr. Young's list of w[hat] discontents ought to be. Mr. [Young] seems to be extending to C[uba] New Left's penchant for telli[ng] ing people what their co[nsci]should be, while blithely [ig]what their complaints are.